



The Immaculate Conception.

(CARL MULLER.)

"The Blessed Virgin is represented as very young, standing simply with clasped hands, beautifully attired in graceful, modest robes and veil, the twelve stars about her head. The poise of her head upon the column-like throat is full of the gentle dignity of innocence. The girlish face is sweet, the features classic in outline, the eyes clear as limpid pools, the expression one of wistful sadness. There is a great simplicity about the picture. Many critics consider this the finest modern painting of this subject, and it certainly has claims to consideration. Caught up in the clouds, the earth beneath her feet, the sun as a background bathing her blue and white robes with refulgent light, crowned with stars, our Lady seems to float aloft; one foot rests upon and presses down the dragon emblem of Satan, in whose claws is an apple, the emblem of sin. The light falling radiantly upon the figure of our Lady, and the darkness of earth as opposed to the light of the upper ether is significant of the brightness of heaven contrasted with this weary world."

M. G. NIXON-ROULET, in the
Catholic World for December.

The above will be reproduced in stained glass for the 21 ft. aperture in the summit of the dome of the new Arts Building, at a cost of about \$2,000 by a benefactor whose name we are not at liberty to publish.—ED.



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A Canadian Shrine.

With apologies to a modern writer, the Saint Lawrence, "exulting and abounding river," is worthy of what it is, the gateway of the Dominion. Take a stand anywhere upon its banks or, better still, taking boat, go down with that mighty volume, as it sweeps onward to the sea. And as you gaze from shore to shore, whether the stream narrows down almost to a passageway, or broadens out into a beautiful and placid lake, you cannot but be impressed with the same characteristic features everywhere,—all is rugged, stately, massive and enduring. Not the genius of man, but Nature herself in her own workshop has wrought this fitting portal of a nation—illustrative at once of the character of the people and of the qualities of the institutions.

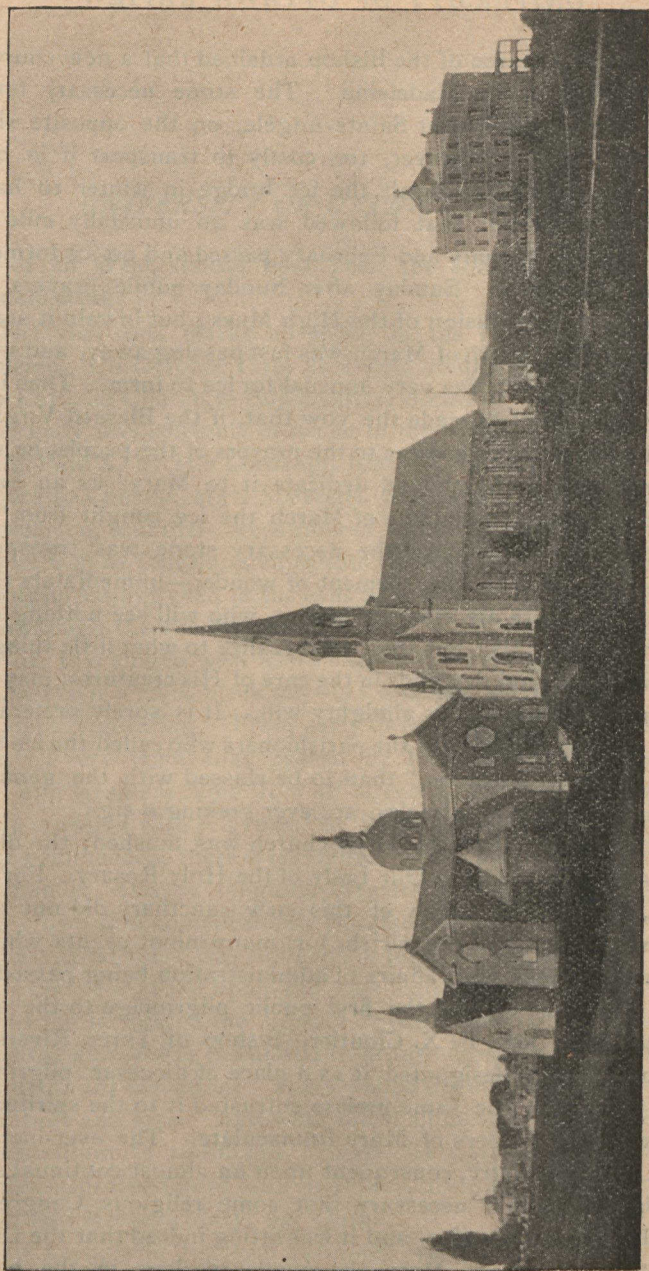
Nor is the St. Lawrence devoid of historic associations. True, its banks are not adorned, nor are they disfigured by the ivy-clad ruins of "castle, battlement and tower," that in other lands carry the mind back to the deeds of amorous knights or to the fabulous exploits of warriors and kings. It leaves to other scenes to awaken the sentiment of romance, or to kindle the idle fancy of fairy adventure. Yet it is rich in treasures of heroic deeds, and abounds with memories of the self-sacrifice and courage of the hardy pioneer.

The banks of the St. Lawrence appeal to us as Catholics especially, because the soil is sacred soil, consecrated to God

by the religious instinct of a people, who in the New World have renewed all the glories of their forefathers in the Old. Scarcely a promontory runs out into the flood, which is not marked by the Cross of Christ. Over every village there gleams in the sunlight the spire of the parish church, pointing to heaven with the same emblem of man's redemption. And these manifestations are only the weak outward expression of the spirit of religion that enters so deeply into the character of the Canadian people—a spirit that means as much to them as the air they breathe, and with which mingle their lowliest pursuits as well as their highest national aspirations. Such a spirit, so fostered, is sure to crystallize in monuments of piety and devotion. Further, it is in the midst of a Catholic peasantry, imbued with that spirit, that God has ever been pleased to make His presence manifest in wonders of His predilection, tenderness and love; witness the Sanctuary of Cap de la Madeleine.

Cap de la Madeleine is a small village, situated within a few miles of the town of Three Rivers, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence. It is famous, or, to speak more exactly, is fast becoming so for a shrine of Our Lady of the Rosary, which it possesses. St. Anne de Beaupré on the lower St. Lawrence has long been known all over Canada, but it is only within very recent years that Cap de la Madeleine has come into prominence. Nevertheless it may be said to have a history that goes back for more than two centuries.

On the 11th May, 1694, an official diploma issued at Rome by the Superior General of the Dominican Order, granted to Rev. Father Vachon, the first pastor of Cap de la Madeleine, the privilege of erecting in his parish the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary. It is very probable that this venerable priest, who has left a reputation for sanctity, took good care to avail himself of such a powerful means of stimulating the piety of his people. But, when death removed him from earthly scenes, there was none to take his place and until the year 1844, the parish of Cap de la Madeleine remained without a resident pastor. Therefore, when the Very Rev. Father Désilets, in 1867, undertook to restore the ancient cult of Our Lady of the Rosary, he surely had to lay the foundations anew.



The Canadian Shrine of Our Lady of the Rosary, Cap de la Madeleine, P. Q.

In 1878 a decree of the Bishop ordained that a new church be built at Cap de la Madeleine. The stone necessary for the structure was prepared at Sainte-Angèle, on the opposite side of the river. It was, however, too costly to transport it in boats, and it was decided to await the ice bridge in winter to haul it across. The winter that followed was an unusually mild one. The months of January and February passed and no ice formed on the St. Lawrence. Sunday after Sunday public prayers were offered at the conclusion of the High Mass; but in vain it seemed, for already the month of March was fast passing away, and at that advanced season it was very unusual for ice to form. Then it was that Father Désilets made the vow that, if the Blessed Virgin obtained a favorable answer to the prayers of the people, he would preserve the old church and dedicate it to Mary, as an ex-voto offering. About the middle of March the ice caught from shore to shore. In a few days the necessary stone was transported, and, —what adds another element of wonder—immediately the ice broke up. There are many of course, who will see nothing out of the ordinary in this; but they, who realize to what little things the Providence of God descends in the care of His creatures, may see in it a manifestation of His almighty will. It is surely preferable to share the humble faith of the parishioners who called the ice-bridge “the bridge of Rosaries,” than to be classed with the generation who in the midst of miracles, are ever seeking a sign.

In course of time the new church was finished; the old one dedicated as a shrine to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. For many years, however, the fame of this new sanctuary did not spread beyond the limits of the parish, for, many minor events which are concerned chiefly with affairs of administration being passed over, 1883 marks the date of the first public pilgrimage to the shrine. In 1900, Rt. Rev. F. X. Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers, in a Pastoral letter, designated it as a place of diocesan pilgrimages. Two years later the same prelate entrusted it to the spiritual care of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate. The ever-increasing work of the ministry, consequent upon an almost continual stream of pilgrims made it necessary that some religious Congregation should take charge of it, and it was fitting indeed that the Oblates, devoted children of Mary, the wonder-workers in the mission-

fields of our West, should have been the community selected for the noble work.

The year 1904 marks an epoch in the history of Cap de la Madeleine. On October 12th, an event, unique even in the annals of the Catholic Church in this country, occurred, when the statue of Our Lady was solemnly crowned in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X, by His Lordship, Bishop Cloutier. The Apostolic Delegate to Canada, Mgr. Sbarretti, celebrated the High Mass on that occasion, and there were ranged about the altar fifteen mitred heads as well as four hundred priests and religious. The scene was certainly imposing; even in the eyes of a sceptic, it must have been so. Although the sun looked down from a cloudless sky, a piercing wind, that tinged with white caps the waters of the St. Lawrence, made it a cold, bleak day—a Canadian autumn day, clear, fresh and invigorating. From early dawn worshippers were at the shrine. Every train that passed by had its quota to swell the ranks, and steamers came from all directions on the St. Lawrence, densely crowded with pilgrims. By 10.30 o'clock, when the solemn service commenced, there were fully 15,000 people present upon the grounds. Only a religious ceremony could bring together such a crowd in a comparatively isolated country place—a crowd, so orderly, that there was not even a loud or angry word. The sudden silence that fell upon the vast concourse of people when Bishop Cloutier placed the sign of royalty and power upon the head of the statue was calculated to arouse those forces in the soul which make for salvation. Tears welled up in many eyes—tears of gratitude and love. And what did it all mean? Simply this,—the most illiterate could not mistake its significance—it was a magnificent profession of faith in Jesus Christ, our King, and His Immaculate Mother, Mary, our Queen.

The keynote of the two sermons preached on that day by Archbishops Begin and Duhamel, as well as of the special prayer recited by Bishop Cloutier was, that Mary might look upon this land, to guard it, as the heritage of her son. That it may prosper and abound, that its citizens may be upright and its laws just, that the Church may find herein the freest and widest scope, will have an echo in every Canadian heart.

C. M.

Literary Department.

Soul Thoughts.

(Written for THE REVIEW.)

My soul was wrapt in gloom, my weary heart
Beat with a strange discouragement ; life but seemed
A dreary waste that led into the dark,
When, lo ! an angel whispered me a thought :

As in some wild primeval, and remote,
Whose mighty trees dejected hang their boughs
Mossed o'er and knarled by uncounted years,—
No sight of laughing bud or scented bloom
Shows there, but sad the sere leaves rustle round,
And a weird chant the troubled winds intone,—
When suddenly some songster of the skies
Dips his light wing, and on a trembling branch
Exultant perches, and with rapturous throat
Makes the far forest ring and ring again
With notes ecstatic ! By the spell transformed
Awakened Nature joyful aspect takes,
And resonant each hillside answers back
In cheerful mimicry !

Or where doth loom
Some vast cathedral pile whose columns tall
In gloom are shrouded, so the shadows deep
Weigh on the straining sight ; should then the sun
Burst from a cloud and flash his glory full
Thro' the rich-tinted windows : all about
The beauties erstwhile hidden flash in view ;
The polished shaft, the paintings' mimicked life,
The statued angels and the golden scrolls
That spell the Words of Life, and unto man
Give welcome hope of sempiternal weal—
E'en thus did brighten up my pensive soul.

Müller is, of course, the principal, and most reliable authority, but there exist other, and more 'popular' works on the subject. First among these may be mentioned volume Forty-one in the admirable "Story of the Nations" series; "Vedic India," by Ragozin. Articles dealing with Brahmanism, Buddhism, with the Aryan race may be found in various volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; but, for our present purpose, it must suffice to give, briefly, some few of the principal and most interesting facts. It is to be hoped that, here and there, there may be found those who may thereby be induced to study this fascinating subject for themselves.

One further word may be added, by way of preface, namely, that the choice of "Great Poems" must, in many instances, be, of necessity, purely arbitrary, a matter, in short, of personal taste. Those chosen here, if I may say so, can hardly be objected to on such a score, least of all, that marvellous collection with which we are now to deal.

Asia, one may say, is, pre-eminently, the home of religion and philosophy. All the forms of religion which have influenced the history of man, Vedantic, Hebrew, Christian, Mahometan, have had their origin in the East. The *Rig Veda*, our special subject, is a collection of sacred texts, 1028 in number, "The oldest book of the Aryan family of nations," the date of which "cannot have been later than 1000 B. C., while it was probably much earlier."¹ According to a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,² "The earliest event in Hindu chronology which has any pretence to be called historical is the war of the Mâhâbhârat. The account of this is contained in a poem written about 500 B. C.; which is one of the Vedas," but events therein referred to are supposed to have occurred in 1400 B. C. "The Vedas," the same writer continues, "are a collection of hymns and sacred poems containing the religious doctrines of the Aryans at that remote period, and embodying the earliest system of philosophy which we possess."

This collection of texts, hymns, prayers, and ritual, known as *Veda*, "knowledge," or *Sruti*, "revelation," has come to be re-

¹ Vedic India, p. 114.

² Vol. 2, p. 698a.

garded, by later generations, "in the light of sacred writ."³ "The hymns of the Rig-Veda," we are further told, "constitute the earliest lyrical effusions of the Aryan settlers in India."⁴ Again : "The earlier hymns exhibit the Aryans on the northwestern frontiers of India, just starting on their long journey. Before the embassy of the Greek Megasthenes, at the end of the 4th century B.C., they had spread their influences as far as the Delta of Lower Bengal."⁵

It would far exceed the limit of these articles, intended, as already explained, to serve as mere introductions to more serious study, were we to quote one half the passages bearing on the subject. A few words may, however, be devoted to showing, briefly, what were the fundamental ideas of this earliest system of Aryan religion. "The earliest religious life of the Penjâb Arya, and its outer forms," we are told,⁶ were "beautifully simple—almost entirely family worship." It invoked, however, a great many gods, "consequently, the religion it embodies is decidedly POLYTHEISTIC; the spirits of deceased ancestors come in for a large share of honor and worship, so that ANIMISM may be said to be a conspicuous feature of it ; an early tendency to view the deity as pervading the universe, both as a whole and in its minutest parts, animate or inanimate—a view exhaustively expressed in such words as these : 'He whose loins the seas are' is also 'contained in this drop of water'—early reveals a strong attraction towards PANTHEISM ; while many are the passages which explicitly inform us that the various gods are only different names of 'that which is One'—more than hinting at a dim, underlying MONOTHEISM."

NATURALISM—the worship of the Powers of Nature, is, however, the religion of the first Vedas. The "two worlds," Heaven and Earth, the divine couple ; these are the primitive conceptions ; the "shining ones" who, later, become "gods." It is interesting to note, in passing, that the name given to the sky, is '*Dyâus*,' derived from *Div*, "to shine, to be brilliant." And this *Dyaushpitar*, of the Aryans, "Heaven, the Father," is "no

³ Enc. Brit., vol. 4, p. 201, d.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Vol. 12, p. 780, b.

⁶ Vedic India, p. 114

⁷ Ibid, p. 132, et seq.

other than the Greek ZEUS, ZEUS-PATER, Latin DIES-PITER, JUPITER, then DEUS, a god, and Christian DEUS, God... *divus*, *divine*, and others."⁸

But the sky came to be worshipped under another name, expressive of another concept, that of the *covering firmament*, the dome, or vault, and was personified as Varuna, from the Sanskrit root *vri* 'to cover';⁹ who "from a simple attribution, rose to be perhaps the sublimest figure of the Vedic Pantheon."¹⁰ "Scattered through the Rig-veda are several hymns indited specially in his honor," and it is these invocations, addressed, surely, to that "unknown God" to whom the Athenians raised an altar,¹¹ that

" Father of all, in ev'ry age,
By ev'ry clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."¹²

which show us, more clearly than aught else can possibly do, how near akin we are to these men.

F. W. G

The North Wind.

(Written for THE REVIEW.)

No Saga e'er told
Of a Viking bold
Who loved thee, North Wind, more than I,
As he steered his sail
Through the snowy veil
That shrouds the face of Iceland's sky.

'Tis because some strain
E'en now doth remain
Of that fierce, wild blood in me
Which drove him to roam
Where the breakers foam
And break on some unknown sea.

⁸ Ibid, p. 137.

⁹ p. 141 seq.

¹⁰ p. 140.

¹¹ Acts 17, 23.

¹² Ope;—"Universal Hymn."

When his steel-blue eye
Scanned the grayish sky
Where it met with the cold, green sea
In search of a land
Of which no man
Had dared to solve the mystery.

For my heart quick beats
And the red blood leaps
Like a hound to the hunter's horn,
When I list to your cry
As thou sweepst by
O'er the wastes of the snows forlorn.

Then I ride with thee
O'er the wintry sea
Like Eric's fair-haired son,
And hear in the wail
Some mystic tale
Of old by the Sagas spun.

And I yet seem to see
The Valkyrie
As they speed by on winged steed
To the battle-field
'Mid clash of steel
Where Odin's chosen bleed.

Oft, too, like the tune
Of an ancient rune
You moan through the sighing pines,
And its rugged art,
My Northman heart,
Yet feels though forgot are the lines.

Yon classic Greek !
I leave him to seek
And bask 'neath his Attic sky,
More dear to me
Full of mystery
Art thou as thou sweepst by.

For the Viking strain
 Of blood doth remain,
 And leaps to your cry in its flow,
 And my soul harks back
 Like a hound on your track
 As you speed o'er the wastes of snow.

REV. LUCIAN JOHNSTON.

Baltimore, Md.

The School System in Nova Scotia.

In the Maritime Provinces, Catholics and Protestants all go to school together. That is the rough truth. The school law is for all; the public service, of education, superintendents, supervisors, commissioners and inspectors, is for all. No religion is to be taught during school hours. The Lord's Prayer is sometimes said, and a hymn is sometimes sung at school opening. A chapter of the Bible is likewise sometimes read, in a Protestant or in a Catholic version. Pupils may absent themselves from all this.

Of course there are private institutions, Catholic *collèges*, and some Anglican day and boarding schools, for well-to-do people generally; and at the Baptist and Methodist colleges there are collegiate schools. But we speak of the general system only.

And even with regard to it, what has been said must be modified. For, in some large places, such as Halifax and St. John, a compromise has been reached, whereby the Catholics are in schools under Catholic teachers, just as Protestants. The School Boards, however, have authority everywhere in prescribing studies, in inspection, and so on.

In Halifax, some forty-five per cent of the population is Catholic, nearly all English speaking. There the Catholic schools are built by the Archbishop, and are his property. They are leased to the School Board for a term of fifteen years. In the schools for girls, the sisters of charity commonly teach, as they do in St. John. But in Halifax they have in their school rooms religious pictures and statues—a happy custom, which has not yet been generally adopted in New Brunswick. Too often, elsewhere, in

order to find a Madonna, it is to a non-Catholic schoolroom you would have to go, as to a non-Catholic drawing-room.

There is no doubt that before the general school laws were passed, Catholic schools were often badly equipped. We should confess that our better equipment is often due to pressure from without ; and that whatever may be said of our magnificent Oxforas and Etons of centuries ago, we have been far from taking the lead in modern times, in proportion to our means. Everyone knows this about the United States specially ; where the great sums given to education by non-Catholics are out of all proportion beyond what the smaller number of rich Catholics give. And we even hear Catholics sometimes grudge at the gifts, and sneer at the vanity—unbecoming manners, which would quickly change were the gifts to ourselves.

The Catholics in the Maritime Provinces have not managed to establish anything like a central university ; nor have they joined any composite body such as the University of Toronto. There is a constant complaining in Nova Scotia that Catholics are not fitting themselves, and are not fitted, to take higher positions in the world's life. It used to be common for wealthier Catholics to send their sons for education to Europe. A small number now go to Dalhousie University, Halifax, where students enter at about eighteen. Two Catholic institutions give degrees, St. Francis Xavier's University, Antigonish, N.S., and St. Joseph's, Memramcook, N.B. There are *collèges* under the Swedish Fathers, at Carraquett, N.B., and at Church Point, N.S. But all these Catholic institutions take, as part of their pupils, young boys. In the same way has been recently re-established St. Mary's College, under the Archbishop of Halifax. But these are outside school systems.

As to the religious teaching in the public schools, an article has lately appeared in the St. John *New Freeman* to the effect that Catholics in the Maritime Provinces well know how unsatisfactory the religious teaching is for those who have to meet the world. The writer speaks less of the individual souls. But he takes as his text the words of an American priest, wondering why the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Catholics fall away, when in strange, or irreligious, or immoral surroundings. They fall away in num-

bers, this priest says, when they go to the United States. Is it the public school system? We all know how the Irish fall away when they go to London, and the Bretons when they go to Paris. Yet both have had more religious teaching in their schools. A recent writer on France remarked that the failure in the higher schools there was not in the secular teaching. The pupils took good places at competitive examinations, but in the religious teaching which was a matter too much of 'devotions,' 'practices,' and picturesque observances; too little instruction, too little mentality. Priests in Nova Scotia deplore the lack of knowledge of religion too often found in the people. In New Brunswick a middle aged farmer said lately that when he was young, the Protestants brought their New Testament to school, and the Catholics theirs. They read and learnt off. But now, he said, our people anyway get little or no knowledge of the New Testament or of any exposition of Christianity. To his parish the priest used to come, once a fortnight or so, just for the Sunday. But as far as the New Testament is concerned, we evidently in this country do not care about the children knowing it, for we do not put it into their hands, and have them read it in our schools, even where Separate Catholic Schools exist. We speak of the growing Protestant ignorance of the Bible. But people living in glass houses have a restraining rhyme upon their tongues.

However, the ignorant you have always with you. And satirical and critical and bewailing persons are always in a certain danger of forgetting, that though things are bad, they never were quite good.

F. W. S.

The Gatineau.

(Written for THE REVIEW.)

Long years the noble river looked alone
 On forest walls and towering cliffs of stone,
 But now it kisses the reflection rare,
 Of pleasant villages and homesteads fair,
 Nestling in beauty spots along its tide,
 'Till Ottawa embraces it with pride.

Grand mountains, robed in royal apparel,
Kings o'er a wide domain of hill and dell,
Of ancient forests where the stately pine
Waits the keen axe, of silver streams that shine
In many a graceful sinuosity,
Loath the sweet woods to leave for the salt sea,
Of spacious lakes where oft the wild goose bides,
These are the Gatineau's proud Laurentides.

Far in the wild North-East a lonely lake
Gives the great river birth, the red deer slake
Their thirst therein, but seldom white man's foot
Disturbs the moss-grown solitudes where bruit
The winds and waves alone, the whirr of wings,
The unchecked concourse of all wild, free things.

Five hundred miles the river sweeps along,
Drinks from the great lakes, Blue Sea, Baskatong,
Welcomes its tributaries, dark Desért,
The merry Pickanock and that austere,
Mysterious stream which travels underground
The Kazubazua, gloomy and profound.
The Eagle flies to join it, and the Stag
To meet it fleetly springs from crag to crag.

Hark ' to the thunder of the Pagan Falls,
Leaps the wild flood adown its rocky walls ;
The mountains towering o'er the cataract
Vibrate and tremble to the dread impact.
Uncounted years has that tremendous voice
Told them its tale, what awful mysteries
Those listening hills have heard evoked afar,
In the dim woods where pale Wendigoes are.
The silent Indian here has mighty tongues
To tell in deafening tones his ancient wrongs,
His struggles and his triumphs, his defeat,
His long, hard life where Northern tempests beat.

Then speaks the flood a tale of drivers bold,
 Who dared the dangerous tide for scanty gold,
 The cheer o'er some exploit—the sudden groan,
 As the black depths engulf a fated one—
 The wan corse circling in the eddy's pool
 Oe'r-arched by spray-born rainbows beautiful,
 Like Hope divine. eternal, promising
 Life in the resurrection's golden spring.

CAMEO.

Canadian Cameos.

DE LAUZON, SENESCHAL OF NEW FRANCE.

A hero, less widely known but equally intrepid and of high repute amongst his contemporaries, is Jean de Lauzon, Seneschal of New France. He was the son of the viceroy of that name, who honorably distinguished himself in placing colonial affairs upon a sound financial basis, and in giving an example of integrity amid prevailing corruption. The younger de Lauzon, on leaving the military school, had obtained a commission in the famous *Regiment de Narane*. With that corps and with the Picardy Regiment to which he was subsequently transferred, he saw distinguished service in the several campaigns in the Netherlands. Filial devotion led him to forsake that brilliant career at arms and to follow his father to the wilds of the world, where he soon won the love and admiration of his fellow-colonists, so that, as an old chronicler observes, "there were none who would refuse to follow him into the field." He married Mademoiselle Anne de Pres, sister-in-law of the celebrated Plessis-Bonchart, Governor of Three Rivers, and thus attached himself by the strongest ties to the land of his adoption. During the first year of his father's administration the Iroquois had been even more than usually active.

The murder of isolated settlers and the capture of women and children were becoming of such frequent occurrence, that a new campaign against the savages was being carefully planned, and many hopes were built upon the daring soldier, who was all too willing to lead that forlorn hope. In the meantime, however, his brother-in-law, M. de l'Espinay, had gone forth with a small hunt-

ing party, and their absence was so prolonged that the liveliest fears for their safety were entertained in Quebec, especially as it was known that roving bands of tribesmen had been observed in the vicinity of Ile d'Orleans, whither they had gone. The wife in her agonizing grief and terror appealed to the young Seneschal, and his generous heart was touched. He volunteered to go in search of the missing colonists, taking with him seven sturdy Indian fighters, and believing that he might at the same time strike a blow which would prove a salutary lesson to the whites.

They paddled in their canoe to the very centre of Ile d'Orleans, where stood a deserted house, upon which they hoped to seize as a basis for operations. A reconnaissance, however, showed that the Iroquois to the number of forty, apprised of their coming, lay in ambush there. De Lauzon, thereupon, made an attempt to intrench himself and his party behind a rock, which directly overlooked the spot where the canoe was moored. The Iroquois by a rapid sortie forestalled this intention and planted themselves firmly behind the natural fortification, directing the whole force of their muskets upon the defenceless Frenchmen.

De Lauzon, who was imbued with the same faith and piety which had animated the Dollards, knelt and publicly made for himself and his companions the sacrifice of their lives, asking only the divine protection that they might sell their lives as dearly as possible and thus uphold in the eyes of their ferocious foemen, the prestige of the French name. He well knew how much depended upon such a result, and he freely offered his own life that it might be attained. He gave no thought therefore to the possible chances of escape, but replied to the repeated demands for surrender, on the part of the Iroquois, by a vain and desperate fusilade. Loading and reloading as swiftly as might be, those eight determined men continued the unequal contest, until at last de Lauzon, who was constantly putting himself into the foreground, fell covered with wounds. He was, as became a valiant leader, the first to perish. His companions still fought, furiously, heroically, and dropped, each in turn, till but one man was left. He was overpowered, wounded, exhausted as he was, and carried into captivity, where he likewise was put to death. A Frenchman, who escaped from the enemy, bore to Quebec the details of the heroic

contest, which he had heard related about the camp-fires of the Iroquois.

De l'Espinay, who had been warned in time, made his way safely to Quebec, only to learn the melancholy news of the death of the chivalrous young Seneschal and of his own brother Cortlandt de l'Espinay who had accompanied the expedition. Upon the shores of that fair, green Island of Orleans, which lies gem-like in the St. Lawrence, confronting the grim citadel of Quebec, were found the dead bodies of the Seneschal and his comrades, surrounded by a quantity of charred bones, which proved how dearly their lives had been sold. For the Iroquois, according to custom, had burned the remains of their dead, leaving untouched the bodies of their foes.

LAMBERT CLOSSE.

The city of Montreal, during those strenuous years, likewise numbered amongst its most valiant defenders, the brave and romantic Lambert Closse, its Town Mayor. He had been an Indian fighter from his youth, well versed in Indian stratagems and inured to their ferocious methods. His wife, Elizabeth Moyen, had seen her home at Ile l'Oie, sacked and put to the torch by the Iroquois, whilst she and other members of her family, had been carried into captivity.

Full of those high ideals so prevalent in that epoch, and as remarkable for his ardent piety as for his valor and success at arms, it had been his dream to strike a blow for the Holy Sepulchre and to take part in some new crusade for its rescue from the infidel. He was however, destined to remain in the narrower limits of the new colony and to die at his post, while defending Villemarie from the savages.

It was in the harvesting time of the year, and many were abroad in the fields, when word was brought to the Town Mayor that the settlement was not only menaced by a strong force of two hundred Indians, but that a number of colonists were exposed to their ferocity, unarmed and defenceless. It was even feared that the first attack would be made upon the hospital of the Hotel-Dieu, where so many lay ill and helpless. Lambert Closse lost not a moment in placing himself at the head of the sole available force of twenty-six men. Commending himself to God, he hastened to

the attack, with a coolness and presence of mind, no less admirable than his intrepidity. He so deployed his little army that he maintained the unequal struggle from early morning until three in the afternoon. Again and again he drove back the Iroquois, forcing them to abandon each point of vantage they had secured. At three in the afternoon, the heroic commander fell, pierced with numberless bullets, but the town was saved and the lives of numberless colonists. The shadow of Mount Royal fell upon the grave of another hero, but the disastrous news was carefully concealed from the savages, who withdrew into the fastnesses, pursued by the phantom of his great reputation, which that day's contest had so immeasurably enhanced. Crouching over their watch-fires, they told wondrous tales of the lion-hearted Frenchman whose exalted courage and eminent piety remained likewise a tradition amongst his fellow-colonists.

Those men of old, heroes, of whom brief mention has been made in these pages, and who are few amongst many, were actuated by virile and solid Christianity, which caused them to disregard life itself in the performance of their duty. In their earnest life of toil and endurance, they heeded as little the sneers and taunts of the impious as the arrows of the aborigines. They thought it no shame to their manhood, to stand out as boldly for their faith as for their country, to receive the Sacraments frequently at the foot of the altar and to commend their high achievements to the protection of heaven. The French amongst all nations, have been pre-eminently great only when they were conspicuously Catholic; their national glory suffered its eclipse when their faith waned. Sedan would have been impossible in the days of the deepest fervor, so a considerable victory would be impracticable under the administration of a Combes.

A. T. S.

Science Notes.

The Water Power of the Ottawa Valley.



Chaudière Falls.

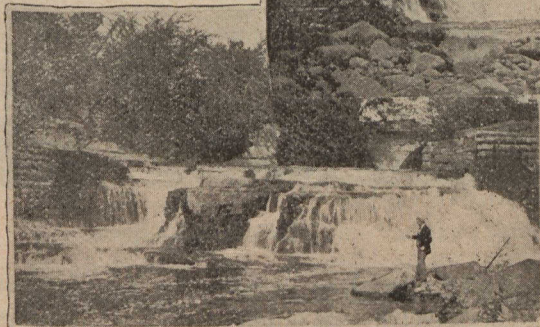
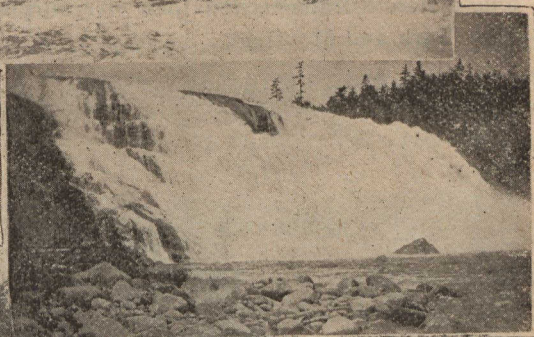
The valley of the Ottawa lies in the centre of Canada, dividing Ontario from Quebec. The mighty river takes its rise in 49° N. L. and 76° W. L., to follow for 600 miles from the height of land due east into the St. Lawrence. It rivals the Rhine in length and the Danube in magnitude, its maximum width being as much as 4,000 feet, and many of its tributaries are larger than the largest streams of Great Britain. The Gatineau, the largest of these, divides the northern shore into eastern and western halves. Among other feeders on the same side are the Nation, Lièvre, Coulonge and Du Moines tributaries. On the Ontario side enter the Madawaska, Bonnechere and Petewawa. These drain a territory ten times the size of Massachusetts, a region in extent some 43,000 square miles. The volume of "Ottawa's tide" pouring over our Chaudiere in the spring flood is approximately equal to that of Niagara, in fact the peculiar rise of the

river at times bears out the belief that several large lake reservoirs lie hidden in the unexplored up-country. The northern tributaries seem to converge to a common source where the water, to use the Indian expression, "runs both ways," owing no doubt to the level nature of the watershed. The fact is, a voyageur may mount the Ottawa to Mattawa and Lake Kippewa and back again by way of the Gatineau without, practically speaking, leaving his canoe.

Of course there are portages to make owing to



Galetta Falls.

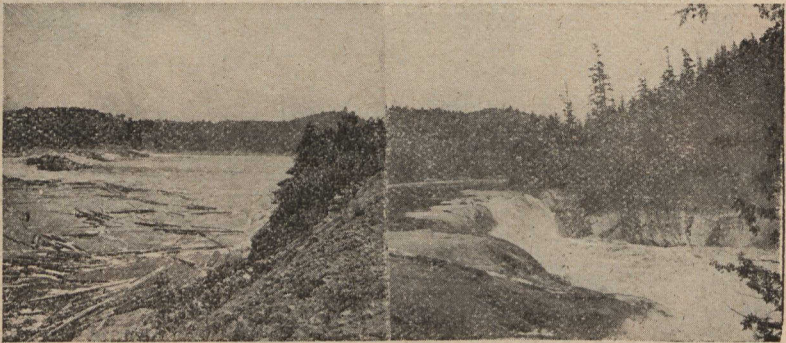


Almonte Falls.

High Falls on the Lièvre the many rapids and falls, for the river bed of the parent stream drops rapidly towards the sea.

It is to these rapids and falls, worthy reader, the compiler of these few notes would draw your attention. Hitherto the vast forests of red and white pine have been the absorbing interest in the white man's money-getting view, if we except the hunter's glory in its hardwood groves, when the maple and the sumach are painted by the early autumn frosts. But of late the busy sprite of

progress has flitted northwards. Water is power. And power is everything nowadays. It is gradually dawning on observant men that the purling rapids and crashing cataracts of the Ottawa valley, once harnessed, may work and work and work. According to Andrew Holland's report made for the Board of Trade in 1892, there are 1,000,000 horsepower of electric energy available, 859,000 within a radius of thirty miles and 200,000 of it within eight miles of the city. As yet little over 50,000 horsepower is used at the city, according to late statistics by Geo. Johnson. So that although Canadians come next to the United States with respect to developed power and have no reason to be ashamed, there is no reason why we should follow their lead. Ottawa may easily be the foremost manufacturing city of Canada, and by long-distance transmission loan her surplus power to Toronto, New York and Montreal.



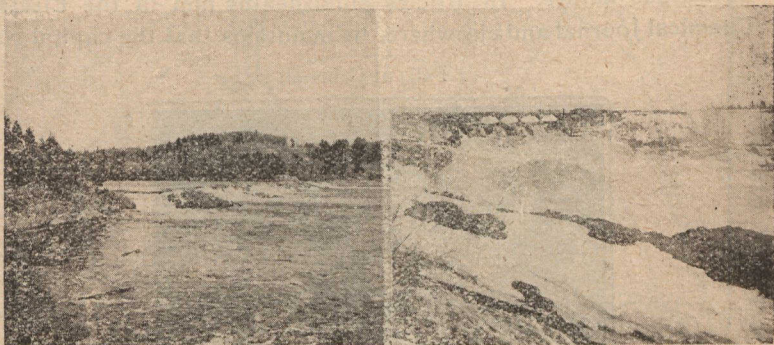
Falls at Kirk's Ferry.

Falls at Hog's Back.

A Westinghouse electrical engineer who has for a number of years been engaged in the development of important water-powers writes:—

“First-class water-power, the development and utilisation of which has been made possible by the perfection of the three-phase system of electric power transmission has wealth-producing possibilities which are almost limitless. *They are possibilities that go on forever.* The supply of water is constantly renewed in a continuous,

never-ending circle of water from ocean to atmosphere, back to earth and through the streams to the ocean again. It is a greater



Falls on the Gatineau.

Paugan Falls.

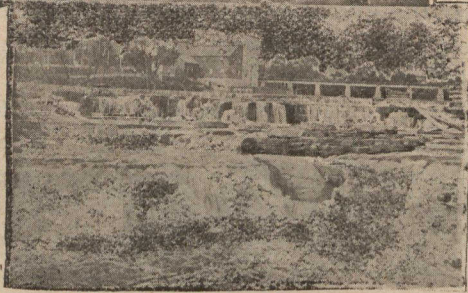
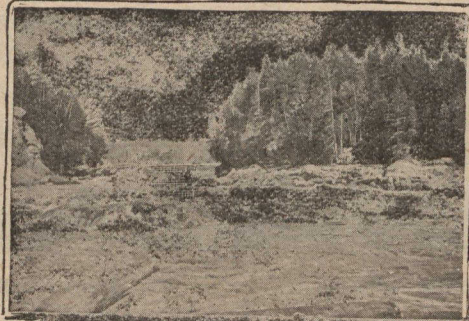
treasure than the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania ; greater than the gold mines of California. It is greater than these for one reason, and that is because it is inexhaustible. When you take one million tons of coal out of the earth in Pennsylvania for instance, there is nothing but a hole left. The same principle applies to the gold mines, for the wealth in both places vast as it is, has to fail, dangers arising from anti-trust legislation, labor disputes, devastating fires, serious accidents, abnormal increases in the cost of raw materials, for instance, cotton, crude rubber, crude petroleum, lumber or pulp stock, etc."

"The cost of operation of a power-transmission plant, properly installed, is a very small proportion of the gross income obtainable from such a plant, if located within striking distance of any adequate manufacturing market, and the net returns upon investments of this nature are likely to be unusually satisfactory. The great value of well-located natural powers is going to be more generally understood, and I expect to see a very great expenditure of money in such developments during the next ten years."

Mr. Booth and Mr. Eddy have already realized this and have harnessed the Chaudiere. The MacLarens at Buckingham utilize 25,000 horse-power. A syndicate is just now being formed, with a capital of \$1,000,000, for the development of the Chats. The

fact that Mr. Louis Simpson, the man instrumental in originating the Haanel commission idea, is behind this venture, speaks for its serious nature. In articles published by him in the *Electro-Chemical Journal* and elsewhere, he maintains that the capital cost

Falls at Calumet.



Upper Falls, Almonte.

of development, including cost of property, will not exceed \$35.00 per E. H. P., and that afterwards the total cost of one E. H. P. year will be but \$3.00.

It is evident then, the question of water-power is of vital interest to Ottawans.

The illustrations accompanying this article and the chart reduced from a map published by the *Free Press* in '92, will enable the reader to appreciate better than words can convey, the distances and the magnitudes of the various falls. It will be noted that the railways are well distributed and convenient for transportation. The entire district abounds in iron, phosphate and graphite ores, with galena and mica at many points.

W.

Religious Topics.

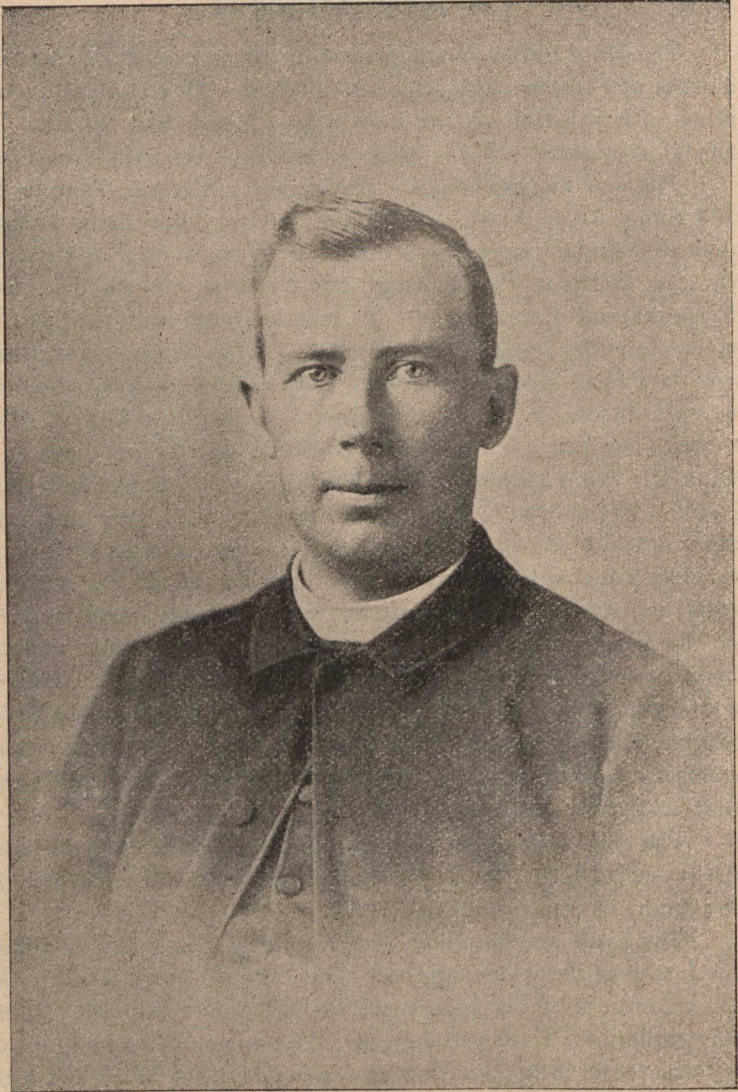
A New Diocese.

The Holy Father has approved of the proposed division of the diocese of Peterborough, and has called Rev. D. J. Scollard, parish priest of North Bay, to the new see of Sault Ste. Marie. The official announcement was made on Sunday, the 13th November.

The new diocese consists of Nipissing, Algoma, Thunder Bay and Rainy River districts, a larger territory but more compact than that remaining, which is made up of the counties of Northumberland, Durham, Peterborough and Victoria, and the districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound. It includes practically all that immense territory lying north and west of Lake Nipissing, Mattawa, and the French Rivers, northward to the shores of James Bay and westward from the Province of Quebec to the boundary of Manitoba, a territory more than two-thirds of the total area of old Ontario. From Mattawa to Rat Portage, or, if you like it, Kenora, is about one thousand miles. This territory possesses unexcelled agricultural lands adapted to mixed farming, has vast forests and extensive deposits of mineral. As there is abundance of wood and water and the climate presents no obstacle to settlement, a portion of the great migration to the North West has of late deflected here. Along the Duluth extension of the Canadian Northern the country is largely settled by squatters from all parts of the United States. The new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway promises to rapidly convert it into a populous, prosperous section, a central Canada, that will serve to bind the distant East and West.

The chief centres are North Bay, an important port in view of the projected Georgian Bay Canal, Sudbury the mining centre, and the Sault, or Soo as the Americans have it.

The Sault may be taken as epitomizing in its complex features the future of the whole region. The Ontario town sprang from the wilderness known before only to Marquette and the Hudson Bay explorers. To-day it is great. The reason of its rapid growth is to be found in its situation on the rapids of the St. Mary's River, by which the surplus flow of the Father of Waters falls into Lake Huron. The power is utilized in pulp mills, car shops, mineral and electro-chemical works. Another feature of this capital of New



BISHOP-ELECT D. J. SCOLLARD.

Ontario is the enormous traffic through its canal: more freight locks through from the Great West in the eight months of navigation than in a year at Suez.

All of this territory was hitherto included in the ecclesiastical boundaries of the diocese of Peterboro, a diocese over 1,100 miles long. The diocese, peopled mainly by the sturdy Irish immigrants of '63, was separated from Kingston in 1882 with Right Rev. J. F. Jamot, first bishop. He was succeeded in 1887 by Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, now in Hamilton and since 1889, Right Rev. R. A. O'Connor has been in charge. How successfully these pastors of souls have labored is evident in the prosperous state of things parochial throughout the jurisdiction. During Bishop O'Connor's time, fifty churches or chapels have been erected, and the mission work among the Algonquins has made eighty-two per cent. of the Indians Catholic. The writer remembers meeting the bishop tired and worn after a trip of eight hundred miles in a birch-bark canoe, with weather not always like the summer days of Muskoka.

Thanks to the labors of bishops and priests, two-thirds of the population of Nipissing is Catholic and one quarter of that of Algoma, for with the steady expansion of civilization the Church has kept pace. As in the old Roman Empire, she added bishop after bishop in province after province, so here, too, she is not behind hand in judicious organization. To guide the spiritual destinies of the vast northern half of the diocese known as New Ontario, a typical young, vigorous, sanguine and progressive priest was chosen, a man for the emergency, Father Scollard. He was called while busy laboring in the vineyard over which he is now supreme pastor, for during the last year Father Scollard has been building a splendid church at North Bay.

Bishop-elect Scollard, was born in the township of Ennismore, on November 4th, 1862. He studied classics and philosophy at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. His career was exceptionally brilliant, and on December 21st, 1890, he was ordained priest by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor. After a stay of 5 years at the cathedral, he removed to North Bay, where he has been located since.

Father Scollard's past record is an earnest of the success which awaits his ministrations in the great north land. The University and the REVIEW wish him from their hearts *ad multos annos*.

The Reviewer's Corner.

Book Review.

To be recommended as an excellent little book for a week's spiritual reading: THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, by Rev. A. A. Lambing. *Benziger Bros., New York.*

"MORAL BRIEFS," by Rev. John H. Stapleton. *Benziger Brothers.*

This book recommends itself to every Catholic reader. It will make every reader better acquainted with his duties towards God, his neighbor and himself. The chapters on "Parental Dignity," "Authority and Obedience," "Educational Extravagance" and "The Massacre of the Innocents." are especially timely and instructive. The author has the rare gift of saying a great deal in a small space, and he has succeeded in putting old topics into a new and attractive form. His arguments are clear and concise, and can be easily understood by the ordinary reader.

"THE WAY THAT LED BEYOND," by J. Harrison, author of "Kind Hearts and Coronets."

The above, just received from Benziger Brothers, is an interesting novel from the pen of one of our gifted writers. He understands Catholic belief, and possesses the art of revealing its treasures and consolations in a most pleasing way. The interest aroused at the outset is held closely to the end, which, like most love stories, satisfies all concerned except the villains. A well-woven plot, well drawn characters and tastefully chosen language make the work commendable as a novel. We can recommend it as a good Christmas story.

Miss Katherine E. Conway has in press a new volume, the fifth of her popular Family-Sitting-Room Series, under the title, "THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEWOMAN AND THE SOCIAL APOSTOLATE."

Other topics treated in this little book are "Broad-Minded Women," "The Novel Habit" and "The Uses of Prosperity."

Many consider it the best of the series. It will appeal to the home, the school, society,—to various organizations of women, religious, philanthropic and intellectual; and it is sure to be greatly in demand at the Christmas season.

It will be uniform in style and price with the other volumes, whose circulation is now far up in the double thousands, and which are always in demand as gifts and premiums. It was published about November 1st, with the Messrs. Thomas J. Flynn & Co., Boston.

AU PAYS DE LA VIE INTENSE. Abbé Félix Klein, *Professeur à l'Institut Catholique, Paris.*

America has a fascination for the Frenchman of France. Perhaps because he has left there a luminous trail of glory; perhaps because there is much in the progressive temperament and versatile genius of the people that appeals to him. M. l'Abbé had the advantage of many friends on this side of the water. The book is dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt, and it goes without saying that the strenuous president is given ample space, in fact the title of the book is a distinct homage to his aggressive personality. The chief features of the book are its Americanophile tendencies and its clear appreciation of the religious and social side of our complex life to be expected from a priest privileged to a *tête à tête* with the leaders of the great American Church. Wonderfully accurate notwithstanding in an incredibly short visit, is our judgment. Of course he does not tell new things, but he presents the familiar with a charming choice, aided materially by his beautiful French diction. He speaks of the University of Ottawa, on page 86, in these words: "If it is to be desired that our Canadian brothers take a part in the culture of modern days instead of allowing the adversaries of our faith to accomplish this progress for them, it is largely on the young and flourishing University of Ottawa that we can count for the realisation of such desires." Coming to us as an experienced stranger, he sees large opportunities for Canadian energy, Catholic generosity and Oblate zeal.

THE HISTORY OF THE NORTHERN INTERIOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. Rev. A. S. Morice, O.M.I. *Wm. Briggs, Toronto.*

"A remarkable achievement and a valuable contribution to Canadian history," says the *Toronto News*, and the press of British Columbia echoes the approbation. It is the work of a missionary priest and savant. Father Morice is the best living authority on the anthropology of the coast tribes. He has already published several philological works, following on the pioneer outlines of Father Petitot. In this last and best of his efforts the Pacific Province is realistically pictured in all the savage environment of the pre-European period. On to this stage he introduces the adventurous fur traders of the Hudson Bay Company. Mackenzie, Fraser, Stuart, Connolly, Ogden, pass in review and their life work with them. Follow the bands of Christian evangelists, the Demers, the Nobilis, the D'Herbomez. The mutual interrelations of the two invasions of New Caledonia, as the country was then called, call forth many a dramatic page. The discovery of gold led finally to permanent settlement and organization.

A chapter deals at length with Father McGuckin, O.M.I., sometime rector of the University of Ottawa, formerly first missionary to the Chilcotines and known from Kamloops to Sitka.

It is refreshing to note how successfully the author scores Bancroft's "irretrievable inaccuracy," and more especially Bryce's narrow-minded bigotry in connection with the Rebellion, etc. The appendix, dedicated to Prof. Bryce, is as neat a piece of exhortation as we have seen of late.

The book is nicely printed, furnished with original illustrations, and a hitherto unpublished map. Why have we not more of this kind of work in this new country?

"LEX ORANDI," by Geo. Tyrell, S. J. *Longmans Green & Co., New York; London.*

The text serving as a key to this new book, from Father Tyrell's rich treasury, reads: "Do men gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles? A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit." Those who know Father Tyrell, as he reveals himself in his very clever, edifying and interesting work need not be told the charm that lies in this lat-

est of the series, that began but a few years ago, when he charmed and satisfied the Oxford Catholic students from his Sunday afternoon pulpit. Only those who have entered into the spirit of: *Nova et Vetera*, *Hard Sayings*, *Oil and Wine*, *Faith of the Millions*, *External Religion*, etc., etc., can tell how deep is the thrill that is awakened by the announcement of another utterance, that will help find the way to the nearer converse with God through the mind, as well as through the heart. *Lex Orandi* or 'Prayer and Creed,' justifies Browning's assertion: "Religion's all or nothing; it's no mere smile o' contentment, sigh of aspiration, Sir—no quality o' the finelier tempered clay, like its whiteness or its lightness; rather, stuff o' the very stuff; life of life, and self of self." The introduction is to the effect, that truth ought to be approached from many sides, and that religion is not merely a means to temporal ends, to personal protection, and advantage, or to social and national prosperity, any more than it is, as Aristotle taught: "Simply a department of justice and duty." Father Tyrell wants to impress upon this rationalistic, as well as would be mystic age, that religion is all that Chateaubriand pictured it in his æsthetic *Génie du Christianisme*, and more and more than a golden halo of illusion framing a world of prosaic fact. The main object of the author seems to be to convince us that the "religious sense" is quite distinct from the moral, æsthetic sense distinct from what we call "the sense of the ideal," that it is "the sense of God." That religion must make us strive for perfect co-incident of our will with the Divine, that the mere idealist is doomed to no less dismal a failure than the mere realist. Father Tyrell, all through this delightful book, impresses one with what he seems so sure of, viz: that the sense of God, the love and need of God constitute the life of religion, that it is an essentially natural life, and "that beliefs that universally and perpetually foster this life must be true to the ultimate nature of things."—Spiritual reading such as this is likely to become the most fascinating reading, if only all could know!

Among the Magazines.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY SYMPOSIUM.

“The talk was of the life after death, and it will not surprise any experienced observer to learn that the talk went on amidst much unserious chatter, with laughing irrelevancies more appropriate to the pouring of champagne, and the changing of plates, than to the very solemn subject in hand. It may not really have been so solemn. Nobody at table took the topic much to heart, apparently. The women, some of them, affected an earnest attention, but were not uncheerful; others frankly talked of other things; others, at the farther end of the table, asked what a given speaker was saying; the men did not, in some cases, conceal that they were bored.”

A self-satisfied, well-filled, world-loving, after-dinner crowd is scarcely the element, qualified to discuss fittingly, the Eternal Verities. Yet a prominent American writer, in a department headed “The Editor’s Easy Chair” in a recent issue of Harper’s Magazine, makes just this flippant element, the factors in such a discussion. His point of view, or rather, different opinions of his talkers, would be amusing, in connection with a more trivial subject, but as arguments for or against the existence of a hereafter, they are wearisome and pitifully inadequate. Over the walnuts and the wine this superficial, up-to-date crowd, voice their clever (?) opinions in the up-to-date small talk, now so much in vogue, and with the utmost coolness. In fact, the tone of the whole article leads one to believe, that it is a case of casting pearls before, well—. One talker, “the closest listener,” I think, has an “acquired antipathy for another life.” He says, “you see I can’t trust immortality to be permanently interesting. The reasonable chances are that in the lapse of a few æons I should find eternity hanging heavy on my hands. * * * I was born, I suspect, an indifferentist, as far as this life is concerned, and to another life I have an acquired antipathy.” Contrast this with, “We see now, as through a glass darkly, but then, Face to Face.” Of course, such a side issue, as the existence of God, is not reckoned with at all. The whole book of Genesis counts for nothing

as a record of Creation, for has not man "evolved?" The great stand by of "the first speaker" is one Metchnikoff, who is quoted in his book, "The Nature of Man," as saying that we are not only the descendants of an anthropoid ape, but of an anthropoid ape gone wrong. Probably neither the quoter nor the quoted, has paid much attention to a little work, destined to live long after they have been forgotten, in which this sentence occurs, "Be not too confident of thine own opinion." Surely, though, they are familiar with another man, who wrote,

"I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; * * * *
Let him, the wiser man who springs,
Hereafter up from childhood shape
His action, like the greater ape,
But I was *born* to other things."

According to M. Metchnikoff when we become more perfect animals, we shall still further "evolve"—this time "an instinct of death," which after about a century and a half of living, will leave us perfectly willing to die naturally, without the least hope for anything better in the Great Beyond. No mention, though, of evolving into "a perfect man, unto the fulness of the stature of Christ;" that would suppose the exercise of too much unselfishness and humility. Metchnikoff on the basis of scientific knowledge, denies that it is possible for a man, being dead, to live again. The arguments and teachings of the Christians and the Buddhists, of the philosophers and the Stoics, are condemned by him as unscientific and fallacious. So far has science strayed from the straight and narrow way,—still—millions of people the world over, recite daily, "The third day He rose again from the dead."

Another paragraph of this very interesting conversation runs: "We can't be too grateful to science for its devotion to truth. But isn't it possible to overlook one kind of truth in looking for another? Isn't it imaginable that when a certain anthropoid ape went wrong and blundered into a man, he also blundered into a soul, and as a slight compensation for having involuntarily degenerated from his anthropoid ancestor, came into the birthright of eternal life? So that at best, the spiritual power which has animated all sorts and conditions of men, of all times and all

countries, and the eternal reward they have been promised for its exercise, is a blunder." Thanks very much for the information. The only sentiment worth anything in the whole article is uttered by "a woman who caught on to the drift of the conversation." She contends that there is a mystical something within us, which shapes our being. "I have known people....characters....natures ...that I can't think are wasted. And those that were dear to us and that we have lost...." The light skirmisher fellow suggests that "someone bet himself that he has an undying soul," and then goes on to accumulate the proofs. In a satire, on a book published two or three years ago, whose chief characteristic was its abundance of up-to-date small talk, the reviewer makes a woman waiting for callers con this table: "Ten words make one epigram; ten epigrams make one wit; ten wits make one tired." Had Dean Howells happened to read that, he might never have sketched his "light skirmisher." Verily there is a great deal of ego, in Mr. Howells' philosophy: he might with profit remember once in a while that "egoism and genius in the world."

E. M. M.

In his article "The Rupture of Diplomatic Relations between the Holy See and the French Government," in the November number of the *Catholic World*, Rev. Dr. Creagh gives a clear and concise account of the case. He shows the flimsy pretext used, by Premier Combes, to break the Concordat. "Mr. Combes," he says, "made a mistake when he offered diplomatic battle to the Vatican and invited the public to witness the conflict. He should have continued his favorite policy of accomplishing his purposes with majorities within the Chamber or force without, and giving no reasons or inventing such as will appeal only to persons who share his peculiar views on religion and government." The reverend gentleman's conclusion is the only one that any fair minded student of the case can arrive at, viz: "That the French Government had power to break off relations with the Vatican and did so, but for a reason which was worse than none, because ecclesiastical authority, in the interest of all that is good and sacred, interposed in a matter in which it alone was competent,"

But Combes is merely the tool of the French Freemasons, the puppet of the Grand Orient. He is their instrument; he carries out their propaganda, but behind him, grim and gaunt, stands the Revolution, in the person of Freemasonry with its thousands of organized and paid employees; for all that vast army of Government officials are the tools of the Grand Orient rather than of the Government. Let Combes hesitate but a moment to carry out the orders of his superiors and with that moment begins his downfall.

Lately we have been receiving in our sanctum, *The Review*, a new weekly from St. Louis, Mo. Most of the articles are excellent, but in the number of Nov. 10th, we met with an article entitled "A Catholic Daily in New York," which grated on our sense of justice. The writer condemns the paper, and we agree with him. But when he gives as one of his reasons for so condemning it, the fact that the paper did not previously bear an altogether spotless reputation, we feel that we cannot agree with him. We should like to know what the paper's previous reputation has to do with its new work under a new management. We recollect belonging some years ago to a picturesque little ivy-covered church in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia. Three years before, the church had held an Episcopalian congregation; yet we found the atmosphere none the less holy, we believe the piety was none the less sincere on that account. If we were to accept such a principle as this, the most fervent convert must become a dangerous Catholic, because of his former traits.

SCRUTATOR.

Exchanges.

This being the Christmas number, we suppose it is in order to give the season's greetings and compliments to all the editors of college journaldom, to wish them a pleasant vacation, and hope that after the short respite from the toils and hardships of the literary life they will return to their work with renewed vigor.

The local department in a college magazine is generally considered of little interest to any but its own students. This should not be the case. A "local department," abbreviated as to many of its attempted witticisms, with more space given to the portrayal

of the little world of the students' daily lives, their customs and their pastimes, would be much more readable abroad as well as at home, and would create a stronger bond of union between the different colleges. The doings of the student body of one university is bound to interest the inmates of other halls of learning.

We are pleased to find the *McGill Outlook* among the recently arrived exchanges. The account of the "tiff" between the McGill boys and the police differs quite perceptibly from the report in the papers. However, there are two sides to every question.

From the last number of *Varsity*, with its war correspondent's story of the storming of the bicycle racks, we are led to believe that the young generation is returning to the "woad" habit.

"France in the Clutches of a Tyrant," is the title of a masterly article which appears in *St. John's University Record* for November. It denounces Mr. Combes' dastardly attempt to banish Catholicity from France. The other contributions are sound and readable and compare favorably with those contained in publications of more high-sounding titles and conspicuous exterior adornment.

Shakespeare and his characters are responsible for a great many articles in college monthlies. The *Niagara Index* in the October issue, has two out of three of its literary contributions dealing with Shakesperian subjects, one on the great bard himself and another on the character of Caliban. The first is "old wine in new bottles," things we have heard before in a new clothing of words. The second treats of that monstrosity of Shakespeare's imagination in an intelligent and fair-minded manner.

We derived pleasure as well as information from the *William and Mary Magazine* for November. It contains two excellent pieces of fiction, and critical articles on Edgar Allen Poe and on that rising poet, Sydney Lanier. This magazine offers wholesome and instructive reading from cover to cover.

The neat cover design of *The Agnetian Monthly* does not belie its interior, for a perusal gives ample proof of the ability and good taste of its editors in the different contributions. The literary

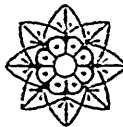
essays are interesting and well chosen, while the local notes are such as should make it very popular with the students of Mount St. Agnes College.

The Holy Cross Purple is an ever-welcome addition to the exchange table. November's issue is well up to the standard. "Holy Cross Night" as the annual alumni reunion is called, seems to have been a success. The alumni spirit is one that should be fostered in every college, for it is the best means of keeping up the love and veneration which all old students should feel for their Alma Mater.

One may always take up the *Fordham Monthly* with the assurance that among its pages will be found many literary good things. The November edition contains a number of very entertaining fictitious, biographical and poetical contributions.

Among the magazines lately received are: *St. Vincent College Journal*, *St. Ignatius Collegian*, *The College Spokesman*, *The Laurel*, *The Xavier*, *The Queen's University Journal*, *The Varsity*, *The Geneva Cabinet*, *The Vindicator*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *The Exponent*, *The Bee*, *The University Monthly*, *The Mitre*, *Acta Victoriana*, *The Young Eagle*, *Fox Collegii*, *The Ishkoodah*.

THE STICKLER.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

TERMS:

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VII.

OTTAWA, ONT., December, 1904.

No. II.

MARY.

"Purer than foam on central ocean tossed
Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

CHRISTMAS.

A Merry Christmas to our readers. Our joy in the advent of Him who was to be sent is mutual, the Christ child bringing with Him peace to men of good-will. The burden of the angels' song was not "good will to men," but "peace to men of good-will." The good-will is ours to give, the peace his guerdon in return.

PEACE.

The temple of Janus has its doors ajar this winter, and the early snowfalls in Manchuria shroud mounds of cannon food. The

efforts of earthly peace-makers at The Hague have then failed. We remember that Christ's vicar was refused a voice at The Hague. Perhaps there was a rarity of Christian charity at The Hague.

MADE IN GERMANY.

On the wall of our editorial sanctum, impaled on a wire-nail, hangs a foreign envelope with the legend thereon as follows :

*The University of Ottawa,
British Province, U.S.A.*

In the name of pessimistic Goldwin we ask, "Is this an omen of annexation?" And from Germany, too, the land of students and of the fabrication of culture? Why! we feel like throwing Carlyle's favorite epithet "pachydermatous" at them.—But hold! One of our United States exchanges sends this weird inscription on its wrapper :

*The University of Ottawa Review,
Toronto, Canada.*

Has some Baconburg advance-agent been claiming us?

HOBBIES.

Without a hobby, a notable part of a student's life is lost, not that singularity is a thing to be fostered nor the perennial race of cranks to be encouraged. But a definite sort of student activity should claim each undergraduate's spare moments. Be it debate or poetry, or an article for the REVIEW, the side issues are often profitable. Over side-issues every great man has at times unbent himself. Gladstone felled oaks at Hawarden as a methodical pastime; Roosevelt studies Celtic literature; in our museum we treasure Sir Wilfrid's collection of shells. An earnest life is valuable even in the bye-products of the less strenuous hours. All routine and no hobby makes Jack a dull, limited creature.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

Here is a society of worth and very much alive. The Central Bureau at New York is a veritable Scotland Yard in the religious world. From it emanate the messages that help to round up those journalistic 'yegg-men,' the cheerful liars of the anti-religious press. Facts once obtained are exposed to the action of that universal solvent, honest public opinion, so that all the people may not be fooled half the time, nor half of them all the time.

Last July our local morning paper published a sensational scarehead grotesquely illustrated, which proclaimed the vagaries of priestly ignorantism and cruelty in the case of a far-away Swiss epileptic, May Gillet. 'Tis a far cry to last July, but the recollection of the nasty thing rankled in us until at the close of October a retraction appeared. Accompanying it was evidence laboriously collected by the Catholic Truth Society, sufficient to stigmatise the whole story as a wanton and mischievous lie. The activity of the sleuths at New York and elsewhere will in time convince editors that nothing is to be gained by a paper in giving prominence to unproved slanders concerning what Catholics hold most dear.

 THE CANADIAN SOUL.

Canada is becoming more and more a fatherland, and is daily awakening to the consciousness of her distinct life. Political allegiance the Canadian cheerfully and reasonably owes to England. The individual too treasures tender memories of racial origins, the legacy of the best of the old world's civilization. To admire and love the reflection on us, it may be, of France's glory, of Scotia's fame, of Ireland's name or Albion's power, is nothing mean, but to Canada, the new national entity, belongs our first devotion, our patriotism. Whether reared on the historic slopes of the St. Lawrence, or cradled amid the blue lakes of Ontario, nursed in the sound of Atlantic breakers or under the shadow of the foot-hills of the Rockies, there is among us a fellow-feeling, a new kinship. When Körner asked—

Where is the German Fatherland?

As far as German accents ring,

he spoke of the old-world ideal of love of country. Not so with us. Where is the Canadian Fatherland? Wherever rings the note of harmony in common aims. The new-world standard is a broader kind, that does not make a man's tongue a test of his loyalty, provided he stand shoulder to shoulder with those who seek the common weal. The French-Canadian is no longer a Frenchman, neither is the Irish-Canadian an Irishman. They are component parts of a new entity in the world, the Canadian people with a soul of its own. That soul was baptized in 1867, and as dowry was given to it the northern zone. When on the night of November 3rd, from the confines of the three oceans, came the voices of the constituencies, who but felt the throbbings of a mighty life eager to accomplish its destiny. There is a Canadian soul. May it be magnified and made more vocal. 'Tis ours to participate in it, to make it known and loved.

DEBATE.

In our local debate, who so democratic as the visitors from Toronto, who so loyal as our Ottawa boys, and yet how much both found to say for their respective causes. Toronto said *more* and according to the constitutions won. Article 15 of these constitutions states, "the judges shall give to each side a number of points equal to the number of arguments established or refuted, and the division of 75 per cent. shall be in proportion to the number of points made by each team." Does not this tend to a mere accumulation of arguments at the expense of depth of analysis; does it not help towards total elimination of the charm of rhetoric and the potencies of persuasion? Between debate and oratory there is a whole gamut of variations and ideals differ, but the minimizing of the value of delivery defeats the aims of the Society.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"MR. EDITOR."

I send you my year's subscription for the UNIVERSITY REVIEW. For many years I have had a weight upon my . . . as to unpaid fees. I shall spare you details, but now I turn over a new leaf,

spurred on to do so by turning over the leaves of the latest issue of the REVIEW. In the years ago, I stood by *The Owl*, no matter how he blinked and hooted—and when he changed his feathers and took a new name, I let him go, though he came pretty steadily with each month. Well, it must be true that all elders are prone to believe “there has passed a glory from the earth.” One should not, however, be Toryish in things of the mind. I am willing to risk my dollar on *this* year’s REVIEW. I am much impressed with the amount of interesting reading matter contained between those cheery green covers. The contributions, from the actual students, strike me as earnest of distinction, should the writers feel a call to “Belles Lettres” higher than what goes as reporter’s work or as padding for some of our Catholic periodicals. The editorials strike me as very suggestive of keen observation, mother wit and *bon ton*—in a word, I wish to congratulate the University, the editorial staff and the casual old timer who can switch himself back to the sanctum, even if *The Owl* has flown. The bird of wisdom has been perhaps re-born. How many jolly recollections the solemn fowl evokes! More changes have taken place since he wore the Varsity cap and gown than those recorded on Parliament Hill and down by the Rideau Canal. Bygones are apt to provoke melancholy, even if the dear old timers have not all gone to the wall or under the sod; even if some of them now rank among the grave and reverend in Church and State. Allow me, a mere super in the world-drama, to wish you all the joy of present power to achieve something of more permanent glory and benefit than what can be achieved by mere brawn and muscle on the Oval, though I am sincerely glad “Ottawa College” has re-asserted its time-honored claims to distinction in the field. I never went in for athletics myself, I was never even “a College boy,” nor am I to-day a University man, but my sympathies, my faith and hope centre largely in College work. Here’s to the REVIEW for 1904-5, to the faculty, to the team and to Ottawa old timers.

OLD-TIMER.

Our Alumni.

The Fire.

(Lines on the burning of the Ottawa University, 2nd Dec., 1903.)

Hear the loud alarm bells ! Fire bells !
What a scene of wild commotion their horrid clanging tells !
 Do you see the red flame soaring
 Do you hear its muffled roaring,
 See the smoke and sparks out-pouring !
 Lo ! 'tis Ottawa's great College,
 That time-honored seat of knowledge !
 It is burning to the ground !
 See the people gather round !

Hear the rattling of the reels ! Fire reels !
What a feeling of anxiety through every fibre steals,
 As you see the horses dashing
 At a break-neck speed and crashing
 Through the streets with eyes a-flashing ;
 As you see the water streaming
 On the flames that bright are gleaming
 Through the well remembered halls —
 Hark ! A voice in anguish calls !

Hear that piercing cry for help ! Precious help !
There's a victim in the ruins ! Help ! Help ! Help !
 There's a livid frightened face
 Rushing through the burning place,
 Fleeing from the fiend's embrace.
 One of God's first chosen creatures,
 One who late with radiant features
 Gave to God his strength and life :
 'Tis a priest with death at strife.

See him stand at yonder window ! Woful plight !
He must jump the fearful distance ! Faces white
 Are upturned to see him fall,
 Horror fills the souls of all
 As his fingers grasp the wall

In a frantic effort. Then,
 In the sight of God and men,
 Knowing nought on earth could save,
 Leaped for life but found a grave. (*)

See that other victim there ! who can say
 But the wretches doomed forever in eternal flames to stay,
 What he suffers as he stands
 With his blackened face and hands
 Swollen, blistered by the brands
 And the flames through which he passed,
 Till he reached the street at last ?
 There to fall : to suffering brief
 Kindly death brought sweet relief. (†)

See the bursting of the walls ! Massive walls !
 He who saw them crumble down, the tragic scene recalls ;
 See again the leaping fire
 Rising higher, ever higher,
 Till it reaches up the spire ;
 Hear the hoarse, terrific smashing :
 Of the timbers downwards crashing
 Through the smoke and bursting flame—
 College now is but a name.

See the people home returning ! sad returning !
 While the last remaining embers of the College still are burning.
 Many hearts are filled with pain ;
 More from tears can not refrain ;
 Sad the thoughts all entertain.
 On that cold December day,
 The great College passed away.
 From its ashes may it rise,
 Towering upward to the skies !

Quebec, 24th December, 1903.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, B.A., LL.L.

(*) Father Fulham.

(†) Father McGurty.

Reminiscences.

By DR. O'HAGAN, '82.

A man is, I suppose, entitled to grow "reminiscent" when he has reached the middle years of life and holds within his mental vision life's morning and evening star. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since I first became bound by scholastic ties to the University of Ottawa, and I remember distinctly as if it were but yesterday my first visit to its classic halls.

It was under the "Old Regime" so dear to the students who hold in treasured keeping the names of Fathers Tabaret, Balland, Filliatre, Bennett and Barret. These were indeed names to conjure with. Since these days I have seen a good deal of the chief American universities, such as Cornell, Chicago and Columbia, and have also recently enjoyed a sojourn of eighteen months at Louvain, Innsbrück and Fribourg universities.

I may be pardoned therefore, if I make bold to say that I have some knowledge of university education in both the old and the new world.

And looking back to the University of Ottawa, what feature of its curriculum, what phase of its life under the "Old Regime," you will ask, stands out most clearly defined in my mind to-day? Unquestionably the clearness and purity of its teaching. Other colleges have been better endowed, other colleges have been better equipped, other colleges have received greater public recognition, but Ottawa University in the thoroughness and soundness of its teaching, stands, in the light of my experience, unsurpassed.

The weakest side of the popular university of to-day is its philosophical course. Students are led to believe that there is no truth or criterion of truth, and the course of philosophy in such institutions degenerates into a glib study and recital of the different schools and systems of philosophy.

But the course in philosophy at Ottawa University, as I remember it, disciplined the student's mind and established principles for correct thinking. It taught and it teaches that all science harmonizes with Catholic truth—whether we interpret the

manuscript of the heavens, or search for the secrets of God in the bosom of the earth.

May I therefore, be permitted in this page of reminiscences to pay my tribute to the good Oblate Fathers, who for more than half a century have toiled in the educational vineyard of Canada gathering fruit in abundance.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., LL.D.

OBITUARY.

MR. GAUVREAU.

Our esteemed professor and friend Rev. Father Gauvreau, has but recently returned from the sad but consoling duty of assisting at the death bed of his father. The late Mr. Gauvreau of Hull, was a widely-known and respected man, and an exemplary Catholic. After having reached a good old age, he passed peacefully away surrounded by his family.

Father Gauvreau and his relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of the students, all of whom testified their respect by attending the funeral in a body. R. I. P.

REV. P. A. TWOHEY.

The sad death of Father Twohey, parish priest of Trenton, Ontario, took place at Mt. Clement on the 25th October. An acute attack of typhoid took him off in his prime. He was born in Lindsay, and received his education at Regiopolis College and at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was ordained by Mgr. Fabre and shortly after made Rector of the Cathedral and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Kingston. After thirteen years of successful labor he was changed to Westport and thence to Picton. The last three years of his apostolic career were spent in Trenton. Death found him in his 49th year. Zeal, prudence and piety were salient characteristics, that made him respected and loved. Honored in life, the esteem in which he was held became even more evident in death. His Grace Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston

celebrated the sacred mysteries for the eternal peace of his soul, while Father Kehoe, a life-long friend, told the vast congregation and the fifty priests assembled 'round his bier, the virtues of the faithful steward gone before. R. I. P.

VERY REV. CANON McCARTHY.



The Very Rev. Canon Peter McCarthy, for the past twelve years pastor of St. Bridget's Church, succumbed to acute lung trouble on Thursday, 28th October. The universal sympathy expressed on all sides during his lingering struggle revealed him as one of the best beloved priests of the arch diocese. He was the true "*sagart arun*" ever occupied with his Father's business; "busy," as Father Whelan put in his funeral oration, in silent, earnest and far-reaching zeal. The late priest was born on May 3rd, 1851, at New Ross, Ireland, and when quite young came to Canada with his parents to settle at Pembroke, Ontario. He made his higher studies in the University of Ottawa, and was ordained priest by Archbishop Duhamel in 1877. Prior to his appointment to St. Bridget's, he devoted himself to the ministry at L'Orignal and Farrelton. He was created Canon in 1889. The Silver Jubilee of his ordination was celebrated in 1902. As Chancellor of the diocese and as founder and promoter of a large number of societies and fraternities, he filled several roles at once. But he filled them well, and his works shall follow him.

His Grace the Archbishop officiated at the Requiem Service, surrounded by a large number of Clergymen from all quarters, and in the presence of the bereaved parishioners sorrowing for their shepherd, guide and father.—R. I. P.

Athletics.

FOOTBALL

CHAMPIONS AGAIN, HURRAH!

Once again have the sturdy athletes in "garnet and grey"



proven that Ottawa College is the true home of gridiron championship. Once again has victory with all its accompanying honors and glory perched high on the standard of old Varsity. The garnet and grey banner which will soon hang in our new Rugby hall, will be another victorious pennant—the Quebec Rugby Championship for 1904. And what can be more appropriate that that the year which sees the rise of a new and nobler University home should also witness the triumph of her athletes in the world of sports?

For the successful termination of the Rugby season just past we wish here to thank all whose efforts on behalf of the old garnet and grey contributed towards it. To the faithful and conscientious practicing of every member of the team much is due. The final success of old Varsity is sufficient proof that every member of the team fulfilled the expectation of their supporters. To Captain Walters we extend our heartiest congratulations, for, though he had undoubtedly the best aggregation that has worn the College colors in years, he had also to pit them against the strongest opponents the Quebec Union has yet produced. The committee of management and Hon. President Slattery can take a pardonable pride in the achievements of the team this year, for all were un-

tiring in their efforts to make the season a most successful one. But there is one to whom, more than any other, our praise and thanks are due ; and that is our peerless coach, King Clancy. If we are champions to-day it is because we excelled especially in one department—scientific and team play—due in no small degree to the watchful training of our coach. His care and energy imbued the team with a spirit of confidence and strength that no opponent could resist.

In connection with this we cannot forget the loyal support the management received from the followers of the team both within and without the walls of the College. True to our old motto, "Ubi concordia ibi victoria," all worked to a common glory. May it long continue so and may the pennant of victory for years to come be a garnet one with grey lettering, V-A-R-S-I-T-Y.

MONTREAL 0—OTTAWA COLLEGE 11.

Before five thousand spectators, on their own grounds, and with ideal football weather, the Montreal footballers were defeated and whitewashed to the tune of eleven to zero. It was Saturday, Oct. 29th, and every football enthusiast in the metropolis was out to see the unusual spectacle of a team from that town cinching the Q. R. U. championship and that by defeating Ottawa College. But alas for vain hopes ! they reckoned not with their foe, for the game demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt the most evident superiority of the Varsity squad over the wearers of the red and black. In describing the game the *Ottawa Citizen* said : " As on many a memorable occasion in history good generalship won the day for Varsity. The team throughout showed the result of careful training, and it is quite the fact that the team which is this year fighting for the honor of Ottawa College is one of the best balanced organizations which have worn the garnet and grey for years. King Clancy, that past master of every wile known to the game, may well take pardonable pride in the team which, through his experienced coaching, has developed into the finest exponent of Rugby in the Quebec Union, and perhaps in Canada. College backs outkicked the Montreal trio. College scrimmage broke up that of Montreal to such a hopeless extent, that the latter were unable to get the ball out. McCreadie, Brennan

and McDonald can lay claim to quite a generous share of credit for College's success, for it is a fact that had it not been for their telling work in the scrim, Molson, Craig and Christmas would have been a deal more effective than they were. Filion and Filia trault were the fastest men on a line that was lightning fast and gave no chances. Their following up and sure tackling were features that won the admiration of the spectators. Walters played the game he put up against the Rough Riders the week before, that is, held possession of the ball. James, Nagle and Boucher have not played better ball this season. It is nothing new for Kearns to brand himself the most fearless of quarters. He was as cool as usual and got the ball out to Gleeson sharply every time. 'Brilliant' scarcely does justice to the work of the College backs. Gleeson's kicking was stellar, whilst Shea's long punts into touch were features of the day. Shea, Gleeson and Murphy, when the wind was against them, gave an exhibition of head work seldom seen on a gridiron. The feat of a fullback scoring a team's only touch is something to be proud of, yet O'Brien did it and his work demonstrated that he is the fullback of the year."

The game was one of the cleanest on record, and Mr. Wilkinson of Brockville had the players always in hand. His work, as well as that of the umpire, Mr. Ritchie, was satisfactory to all.

When the news of Varsity's glorious victory was telegraphed abroad the pleasure it brought to old supporters was clearly demonstrated by the numerous telegrams which were received while the team was still at the Queen's. Among others were one from Pres. Slattery, James Barrett, etc., as well as a most characteristic one which read:

T. F. CLANCY,—

I knew you would. I felt it in my bones.

FR. FALLON.

WESTMOUNT I—COLLEGE 18.



After the signal triumph of the wearers of the garnet and grey over the Montreals on the previous Saturday, everyone expected College to down the Westmounts easily on Nov. 5th. But though they won decisively the students were obliged to work for every point. The Westmounts, though they were not fortunate enough to win a match this season, clearly demonstrated that they have the material for senior company, and profiting by the experience gained this year will have a much stronger say in the disposal of the next Quebec Union Championship.

The game was a very fast and open one and on account of the great amount of kicking was a good game to watch. With the wind in the first half, College could not score until near the end, when Westmount being forced to kick from behind the goals, the ball went to McDonald who was carried over for a touch-down. Boucher converted; and Westmount secured a touch-in-goal. In the second half Shea dodged the whole fourteen for a touch-down and Kearns soon repeated the trick. The other four points were secured from rouges.

Messrs. Herb. Molson and Fry made most efficient officials to both teams. At the end of the game, word was received of the defeat of Montreal by the Rough Riders; and College once more became possessors of the title "Champions of the Quebec Rugby Union."

The Intercollegiate series was closed by playing off a tie in Ottawa between McGill and Queens Universities. The game was more open and perhaps faster than that played in the Quebec Union, but the tackling of both teams was below the average seen here. The backs were good punters and fair catches, but did not use the best of judgment in placing the ball. This most likely arises from the fact that they lack the experience of the older ex-

ponents in the Quebec Union. However, it was a most interesting game from a spectator's point of view, and it was of special interest to us since two of Ottawa College players, Richards of McGill and Kennedy of Queens, figured conspicuously in the struggle.

After the game an endeavor was made to have Queens, the Intercollegiate victors, meet Ottawa College for the Canadian championship, but the Kingston men could not see their way clear to take a fall out of the representatives from the Capital.

College waited for a month in hopes that the Ontario Union Champions would meet them in a game for the Dominion Championship. Hamilton Tigers, Ontario pennant holders, at last refused to meet College under Canadian Union rules. As neither the Canadian nor Quebec Unions recognize the Burnside rules and as Varsity knows nothing about them, the Dominion Championship for this year will remain unsettled. Let us hope that before another year the Unions may be able to adopt some uniform rules and prevent the unsatisfactory ending of the last two Rugby seasons.

COLLEGE II, 22. — OTTAWA II, 5.

Beaten by a score of 22 to 5, Rough Rider intermediates now relinquish all claim to the Bryson-Carling trophy. For the second time in two consecutive years, College II have won the cup, and now, according to agreement, it takes a permanent place among the other trophies Colleges football teams have won in former years.

Two games were arranged this season, College to play on Rough Riders' grounds on Saturday, Nov. 5th, and a return game to be played on Varsity oval on the following Saturday.

In fulfilment of their promise College lined up on Lansdowne Park. It was an ideal football day with a high wind blowing. College lost the toss and had to play against the gale in the first half. Not long after the game started the very limited number of spectators could see that College would win. College showed the results of diligent practice under King Clancy and were able to hold the ball by close and clever combinations. When not in

their possession, the ball was stolen almost every time from Rough Rider Scrimmage. Rough Riders displayed the same ignorance of the game and more especially the lack of team play which characterized their game of last year. Aided by a strong wind they succeeded in procuring only five points while in the first half College was unable to score. With the beginning of the second half College, now with the wind in their favor, started to score. The ball never crossed centre field, and eight times it crossed Ottawa's goal line, five times for rouges and three times for touch downs. The College team continued to play the same aggressive ball until the call of time. The wing line and scrimmage held their men to perfection. The back division excelled their opponents in every point of the game. The latter were rendered useless by the constant onslaughts of College wings.

The game being over, then came the usual struggle for the ball. Bawlf, the College centre-half had the ball in his possession when time was called, and by that very fact was the rightful owner, at least custom has it so. He would have escaped with it had not a sorely disappointed Rough Rider mob headed by Phillips, the senior Ottawa scrimmage man, attacked him. They rushed from the side line and quite a lively time ensued. When the crowd broke away, the college man still held the ball, but it was handed over to Ottawa as a souvenir of their defeat.

The unwarranted action of Mr. Phillips and his followers was anything but sportsmanlike. Why did they not leave it to the players to decide for themselves who should own the ball? It must be that they did not think their representatives worthy of the occasion.

The College team lined up as follows :

Full-back, Freeland ; halves, Masson, Bawlf and Doyle ; quarter, Ed. McDonald ; scrimmage, M. Smith, Shea, (Capt.), Collin ; wings, O'Neil, Wagner, Lajoie, W. McHugh, H. J. McDonald, R. Lapointe.

ROUGH RIDER II DEFAULTS.

According to agreement Rough Rider II were to give College II a return game on Varsity oval on Saturday, Nov. 19. At the request of the Rough Rider Executive, however, the game was

scheduled for Thanksgiving day. Not until a fair crowd of spectators arrived and college players were ready to go on the field did the news arrive that Rough Riders would be unable to appear as their Executive had failed to provide them with suits. This action was, to say the least, unsportsmanlike towards the spectators and players of both teams as it placed all at considerable inconvenience. However, College II gained their real aim, that of laying a permanent hold on the Bryson-Carling Cup.

Thus we see that the second team of this year have shown themselves worthy wearers of the Garnet and Grey in the Intermediate ranks. Besides possessing the title of winners of the Bryson-Carling cup, they can justly claim no small share of the honor which the Quebec champions deserve, for it is due, in no small degree, to the second team's faithful work, that their senior brothers have won that proud title. Continue, boys, for good work always deserves recognition, and it is the sweet path to senior ranks.

BASKET BALL.

Immediately upon the close of the football season a basket ball league was formed. Enough good men were procured to form six teams. Rev. Bro. Stanton was unanimously elected President of the League, and he chose the six captains and drew up the schedule. The six captains were Messrs. O'Neil, George, Sloan, Johnson, Joron and Bazinet. Two games were played every day until the series finished. Every team played good ball and the interest increased as the series drew near a close. Not until the final game was played were the spectators able to decide which was the better team. Captain O'Neil's team, however, by a brilliant series of victories succeeded in capturing the championship and are now the proud wearers of the pins presented to them as a reward or their good work.

THE NEW CIPHER,

OR

SHAKESPEARE AS A FOOTBALL ENTHUSIAST.

Fal-staff

ROmeo

PrOspero

PisTol

CaliBan

GratiAno

TrincuLo

Dola belLa

The new cipher was discovered accidentally by taking several of the masculine characters of the plays and counting a letter back for each name.

That Shakespeare knew a great deal about football goes without saying. He was, according to Coleridge, the man of a thousand souls; surely the soul of a footballer was one of these. The game is rarely mentioned by name, however, and it is supposed that in his writing days Shakespeare became so chesty as to consider the game *infra dig.* However, in KING LEAR, ACT I, SCENE IV, he puts in the mouth of Kent the words *Nor tripped me you base football player*, which evidently betrays the great poet's acquaintance with the finer points of the game. Again in MACBETH, ACT I, SCENE I, he speaks of the *hurly-burly* and *When shall we three meet again*, alluding in a veiled way to the scrimmage. The answer *In thunder, lightning and in rain*, to the interpreter means that he believed a game ought to be pulled off rain or shine. In the first act of the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR he speaks of *Rugby* and mentions the *Doctor* as master of *Rugby*.

We are not a little surprised to read in ACT III, SC. I. of JULIUS CÆSAR, *Hail Cæsar read this schedule*, but kings have since then been associated with the game. *Say aye and be the captain of us all* acclaim the mob in ACT IV, SCENE I, TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. Elsewhere the different features of the game are hinted at, in a mystic way. His predilection for a running game betrays itself in that line from KING LEAR, ACT IV, SCENE VI. *Nay an' you get it you shall get it by running*, and in TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,

ACT III, SCENE I. *Run boy! run! and seek him out!* Again the poet could not but have had a scrimmage in view when he voices the desire of that mighty tussler, Cæsar. *Let me have men about me that are fat.* What more suggestive too of the training methods than those words in the third Act of HAMLET. *Ay, there's the rub.*

That the Bard of Avon, by some subtle second sight, a gift of his high-strung temperament and wondrous brain, foreknew the football future and in a sense prophesied of our glorious team of '04, is patent to the critical reader on examination of the following four places, discovered by our cipher.

KING HENRY IV, ACT V, SCENE III. *O! Hal, I prythee give me leave to breathe a while. Thou hast done much harm upon me Hal. (Falstaff.)*

MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT I, SCENE III. *O! Father Abraham! I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. (Jonesia.)*

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT I, SCENE II. *Why man he doth bestride the narrow world. Like a Colossus, and we petty men walk under his huge legs. (Macredo.)*

KING LEAR, ART. III, SC. V. *But rats and mice (iege Rough Riders) and such small deer. Have been Tom's food (Tom is then a butcher or gallicé butcher) for many a year*

JULIUS CÆSAR, ART. I, SC. III. *Yond Cassius (Gleesonius) hath a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.*

KING HENRY IV, ACT IV, SCENE II. *Have ye any levers to lift me up again, being down.* Anyone knowing the Scrub heavy-weight will see 'the point' of this quotation.

Perhaps the most striking forecast is that of the ideal king, in the TEMPEST, Prospero, a king who, without a pun, prospered in all his games. He is claimed by Dowden to be the embodiment of the master-mind, or the reflex of the personality of Shakespeare himself, the creator of the other dramatis personæ. Every inch a king.

Being once perfected how to grant suits, how to deny them. Who to advance and who to thrash for overtopping. New created the creatures that were never, I say. Or changed them or else new formed them.

We can see a mighty coach taking his leave of the gridiron in the mournful words.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound. I'll drown my book.

We conclude this interesting investigation with the application of the cipher to the well-known soliloquy of Jacques in *As You LIKE IT*.

*"All the fields a stage,
And all the college byes are merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.
His acts being seven stunts. At first the 'Scrub,'
Fondly reposing in his cover's arms,
And then the pompous 'Spare' with sweater-loud,
And eager, posing face, standing well out
In view of the grand stand. And then the 'back'
Kicking like fury, with wondrous sprints, and dodges.
Then a 'Wing,' full of strange oaths, and padded like a tick,
Ready to tackle hard, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even tho' it mean a smash in the mouth.
And then the 'Scrimmager,'
In fair round belly, with good breakfast food lined,
With scowl severe and science of the upper cut,
Full of wise fukes and modern trickeries,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifte
Into the gaunt and desperate coach,
With slouched hat on brow; to keep his men on side
His sole ambition, and to get the ball,
And his big manly voice changes awhile
To piercing treble as he pipes the whistling sound.
Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history.
In second-childhood roosting on the bleachers,
Sans wind, sans muscle, sans sand, but rooting still."*

We expect to have the photograph group of the Champions of the Quebec Rugby Football Union for the January issue.—Ed.

Of Local Interest.

As the "Local Editor" takes up his pen, the thought comes to him that within a few short weeks the Christian world will be celebrating the feast of feasts—Christmas. And with this thought all the truth of the old adage "that time and tide wait for no man" comes home to him. How time does fly! It seems as if it were but a month or two since that eventful day of last December when the historic college building was razed to the ground. How short a year really is in the life of a student or, in fact, in the life of any man! On every side we are daily being reminded of the shortness of the time allotted to us in this world; but how many are there who take heed of the warnings? If we would but realize the importance of utilizing every minute of the day, a step in the right direction would be taken. College is the proper place to put a true estimate on the value of time. If we do not realize its value here, the odds are that we never will. Throughout life ours will be an aimless existence, and we will go down to our grave "unhonored and unsung."

"For all sad words of tongue or pen

The saddest are these: it might have been."

For those who have been laggard or who on account of circumstances have not been able to devote the requisite time to their studies, there is still some time left in which to prepare their matter and pass a successful Christmas examination. A successful examination is ever the forerunner of a happy vacation. If you don't believe it, try it, and see.

The annual meeting of the Inter-University Debating League was held in the parlors of the Windsor Hotel of this city, on the 5th inst. Representatives from Queen's, McGill, Toronto and our own Alma Mater were present. E. W. Sheldon represented McGill; A. M. Manson, Toronto Varsity; W. W. Swanson, Queen's; while J. E. Burke looked after the interests of the Debating Society of this institution. The business transacted necessitated two sessions; the first was held at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the second at half-past seven o'clock in the evening. After the evening session the delegates repaired to the rooms

of Mr. J. T. Torsenev, '06, the President of the Local Debating Society, where a sumptuous repast was spread. Here a very pleasant time was spent, speeches, songs, and stories being the order till the "wee sma' hours." Mr. J. E. Burke acted as toastmaster, and under his direction the following toast list was carried out:—

The King—The Toastmaster.

Our Guests—Mr. Torsenev, '06 ; Mr. Swanson, Queen's.

I. U. D. L.—Mr. Byrnes, '05 ; Mr. Manson, Toronto University.

Athletics—Mr. Jones, '07 ; Mr. Brennan.

Alma Mater—Mr. MacNeill, '07 ; Mr. Macdonald, '04.

The Ladies—Mr. Freeland, '05 ; Mr. Sheldon, McGill.

Songs were rendered by Messrs. Torsenev, Freeland and Burke. Mr. Bresnahan acted as accompanist. Rev. Dr. Sherry, O.M.I., the esteemed director of our Debating Society, welcomed in the name of the faculty, the representatives of the sister universities. Messrs Lapointe, Walsh, Heffernan, Cavanagh and Bushay also spoke. The singing of Auld Lang Syne and God Save the King, brought this very pleasant meeting to a close. The visiting delegates created a very favorable impression.

The University debating team met the Toronto representatives in St. Patrick's hall, on Friday, December 3rd. It was resolved "That in modern times a Republican form of government is preferable to a Monarchical one. The University of Ottawa having the affirmative side was represented by Mr. J. T. Torsenev, '06, and Mr. R. Byrnes, '06 ; Toronto sent Mr. W. E. Moore and Mr. J. D. Munro to uphold the negative. His Excellency Sir Elzear Taschereau, LL.D., the Administrator of Canada, and Lady Taschereau, assisted. Local Secretary, C. J. Jones, presided. The judges were:—Rev. Dr. Herridge, Sir Sandford Fleming, and Martin J. Griffin. The debate was a success and creditable to all concerned. Toronto won and is to be congratulated on their well-earned victory. Rev. Dr. Herridge in a neat speech declared that the westerners accumulated more points, although the palm for oratory went to Ottawa.

A charming feature of the evening was a reminiscent address

from Charles Murphy, Barrister, '86, an address we hope to publish later in the *Alumni* department.

On Wednesday evening, November 2nd, the first debate of the season was held. The subject of debate was "Resolved that government ownership is detrimental to the best interests of the country." Messrs. George and Reynolds argued for the affirmative, while Messrs. Derham and Bazinet upheld the negative. This proved to be a very interesting debate. The judges gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

Sunday evening, the thirteenth instant, another debate was held. The question for discussion was "Resolved that the introduction of Chinese labor into the Transvaal is for the best interests of the country." The affirmative was to be represented by Messrs. McNeil and P. Marshall, and the negative by Messrs. O'Toole and J. Marshall. Messrs. Marshall, however, were conspicuous by their absence, and Messrs. Walsh and Cavanagh, without any notice whatsoever filled the vacant places. The speeches were of a very high order and reflect the greatest credit upon the participants. There is certainly no lack of material in Ottawa College for Inter-Collegiate debating.

A regular debate was not held on Sunday, the 20th instant, and a Mock Parliament was substituted. Many bills were introduced, serious and otherwise. The affair proved a very great success.

A real, live Junior Debating Society has been organized under the skilled management of Mr. Hugh J. MacDonald, '04.