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DECEMBER.



H, holly-branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go,
And stockings pinned up in a row,
These are thy gifts, December !
And if the year has made thee old,
And silvered all thy locks of gold,
Thy heart has never been a-cold,
Or known a fading ember.

The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be,
Oh, sing a carol joyously,
The year's great feast in keeping !
For once, upon a Christmas night,
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light,
To where the Christ was sleeping.

HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

CHRISTIANITY IN ANCIENT AMERICA.



Those who have a knowledge of the history of America extending no further back than the time of its discovery by Christopher Columbus, it will seem strange to learn that the America of pre-Columbian ages possesses a history as interesting as it is important—a history, whose records bear unimpeachable testimony to the unity of the human race, and to the early Christianization of the tribes of the Western Continent.

When the Spaniards first visited America they were astonished to find evidences of Christian civilization, which plainly indicated that the religion of Christ had been introduced into Mexico, Central America, and Peru, through the agency of Christians from some foreign country, either from Asia or from Europe.

Not only had the American aborigines well defined conceptions of the primeval truths of religion, but they also possessed clearly-limned traditions with regard to many of the revealed truths of the Christian dispensation, which plainly proves that they had received their knowledge of those subjects from some foreign source.

According to the learned P. de Roo, in his "History of America before Columbus," the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians believed in the existence of one Supreme Being, in man's immortality, and in an everlasting reward and punishment. Their knowledge of the Universal Deluge was very distinct, nor was the Tower of Babel forgotten by them. These facts, however, are not so very astonishing, since almost every nation and tribe under the sun has preserved in its records a knowledge, more or less distorted, of these primitive truths. But we begin to be astonished upon learning that the mystery of the Blessed Trinity was not unknown to the ancient Mexicans. Indeed, they celebrated the first feast of their year in honor of a certain idol, which although but one idol, was worshipped under three different names, and although having three names, was worshipped as one and the same god. These three names were 'Totec,' the frightful and terrible Lord; 'Xipe,' the disconsolate and maltreated man; 'Tlatlah-

quitezcatl,' the mirror flaming with splendor. This idol was paid divine honors throughout the length and breadth of the empire as the universal Deity.

Again, how are we to account for the presence of the crosses and Christian crucifixes found everywhere, from Labrador to Chili, by the early discoverers of America? These crosses and crucifixes were held by the early tribes in superstitious veneration and set up in the most hallowed places, not merely as ornaments, but as objects of worship. The cross which they venerated was indeed the Christian cross, the only one ever venerated in the wide world, for before Christ's saving blood had transformed it into the emblem of our Holy Religion, it was held by all nations in the utmost horror and contempt.

The most striking analogy between the Christian religion and the religion of these ancient tribes of Central America, is found in the fact that they possessed a sacramental system almost as complete as the one now used at Rome. The sacraments principally administered by them were Baptism, Penance, and Holy Eucharist. In some localities baptism was administered by immersion and by aspersion in others, the performance of the sacred rite being always accompanied by a certain formula which was, however, often unintelligible. Sahagun, a reliable authority, tells us that in Yucatan where baptism by aspersion obtained, the sacred rite was performed under the invocation of the Blessed Trinity, of which mystery the natives had an accurate knowledge. The ceremony was even accompanied by the imposition of a white cloth and the presentation of a lighted candle. In fine, baptism was conferred throughout the vast Empire of Mexico, and the peculiar circumstance of imposing a name upon the children on the occasion of their baptism was everywhere observed.

A wonderful similarity is also discernable between one of the religious ceremonies of the ancient Mexicans and our sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. Sahagun and Acosta relate that the Mexicans used to celebrate a Pasch in the month of May—about the same time that we celebrate Easter. This celebration was preceded by a fast of forty days during which time the people abstained from meat, wine and spices. With roasted maize, blite seed, and the

black honey of the maguey, they formed a paste statue—the exact reproduction of the statue of their principal god. This paste statue with numerous small lumps of dough representing the bones of the god, was then blessed and consecrated, amid songs and dances, the very word “consecration” being used in the performance of the religious rite. From that moment both statue and bones were considered by all as the very flesh and bones of their god, Huitzilopochtli. The statue was subsequently divided by the priests into small pieces, which were distributed to all the people, each of whom received his or her portion with the greatest signs of respect and veneration, the most scrupulous care being taken that not a crumb should fall to the ground. Still more remarkable is the fact that the communicants were bound to observe the natural fast, that is from the previous midnight. Hence, water was, on that day, hidden from the little children who were also permitted to partake of the communion.

It is a well-known fact that auricular confession was practised by the Mexicans, as well as by several other nations of prehistoric America. Voluntary acknowledgment of sins and crimes—auricular confession—was frequently made in Peru, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Yucatan and Honduras. It was the custom among these people to confess their sins before every important undertaking, during time of sickness and at the hour of death. They firmly believed that their confessors enjoyed divinely delegated power to free them from their crimes and to render them agreeable to their gods. This happy change from sinfulness to sanctity was in many districts represented by putting on new clothes when confession was over. What is still more remarkable, this remission of sins by confession was admitted by the civil courts of ancient Mexico. Hence, many an old sinner went to the priest to confess his murders and adulteries, in order to keep his head, or to save his bones from being crushed between the swinging rocks.

Confessors were bound to inviolable secrecy, and this law was, with one or two exceptions, strictly observed. Sincerity and entirety in the avowal of one's sins were strictly insisted upon by the confessor before granting absolution. After absolution, which was in the Greek deprecatory form, the confessor admonished the

penitent and imposed a penance, which latter often consisted in sacrificing a human being and in performing other cruelties not less barbarous and criminal.

In addition to this sacramental system of the ancient American tribes so wonderfully analogous to the system of the Catholic Church, there existed a well-graded hierarchy of priests and pontiffs who were ordained and consecrated with great solemnity. Many of the priests, after voluntary choice, were obliged to lead a pure celibate life. In Mexico and Peru there existed, both for men and women, religious institutions which closely resembled the monastic orders of the Church in their observance of the three evangelical counsels. A very renowned convent was situated in Cuzco, Peru, and contained no fewer than fifteen hundred inmates, all of whom belonged to the families of the Incas and of the highest nobility.

Among these ancient nations, education was always invested with a religious character, and in the Empire of Mexico the schools were annexed to the temples, whose consecrated inmates became the professors of the students. The number of students attending these schools was in some cases very large, as many as six thousand having been instructed annually at the highest seminary of Guatemala, entirely at the expense of the state.

The religious ceremonies which accompanied the anointing of the Mexican rulers, the custom, prevalent throughout Central America, of using holy water, the casting out of devils by exorcisms, the observance of fasts on the eves and vigils of great feasts,—these and many other observances of the same nature, recall to our minds practices which are essentially Christian in their origin and import.

While, however, the religious system of the ancient Americans presents striking analogies with the Christian system, it must, at the same time, be admitted that there also exist between them very important and essential differences, especially in regard to the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. "But," to quote the learned de Roo, "adulterations, great as they may be, should not prevent us from admitting their common origin, when we consider that only three centuries after the Protestant coryphei said

Holy Mass, some of their successors celebrate the Lord's Supper with pure water in which dried raisins have been soaked for twenty-four hours."

The barbarous admixture of cruelty and licentiousness with which many of the Christian practices mentioned above were stained, was the natural outcome of the death or dispersion of the first preachers of the Gospel, which was followed by the gradual relapse of the natives into their heathenish customs.

Impressed as they were by the presence on our continent of such numerous vestiges of Christian civilization, the early Spanish discoverers cast about for the causes of them. Several of the learned men of the time, unable to imagine how Christian missionaries could have preceded the Spaniards in the evangelization of these ancient tribes, ascribed the introduction of these Christian practices to the work of the Devil. This theory, however, is generally rejected as contrary to common sense, for as Dr. deMier truiy says: "The enemy of the Gospel is not so stupid as to prepare the human minds to receive it, by making them believe its highest mysteries. Such ridiculous explanations only finish proving that the facts are undeniable."

Real historical causes should be found in order to account for the presence of Christian faith and Christian rites in ancient America,—and where else can we find the origin of ancient American Christianity but in the fact of some immigration to our continent from some Christian country, or at least of the arrival of a few men who may have planted here the seeds of Christianity.

Nothing then remains but to ascertain whether such Christian immigrations were from the East or the West—from Asia or Europe. However, as it is not within the scope of the present article to rummage the pages of history for traces of the country from which these immigrations proceeded, suffice it to say that the reader will be amply rewarded who will follow the learned Father de Roo, in his search through the lanes and by-ways of history for the solution of the difficulty, and if there be a drop of Celtic blood in his veins, he will feel the keenest pleasure and pride upon observing that same acute historian, after a most minute and rigid analysis of all the historical evidence bearing on the case, finally

award the palm to the ancient Irish, whose burning zeal, unable to brook the bounds of their island home, urged them across the broad Atlantic to the shores of a continent which first received from them the light of the Gospel, centuries before the birth of Columbus, and in honor of whose exploits, this same American continent was called in the Scandinavian Sagas and on the maps of Edrisi, the famous Arabian geographer, 'Irland it mikla,' Ireland the Great.

W. J. KIRWIN, O.M.I.



AN AUTUMN CRY.

I HAVE reaped what I have sown !
Lo ! I planted Folly's root,
And I gather now her fruit ;
And the blame ?—hush, 'tis my own.

Oh, I scattered foolish seed
In the April in the sun ;
Now when summer-tide is done,
What have I for Winter's need ?

Here is all my harvest store—
Sin—and I have had my fill ;
God, dear God, oh, give me still
One more sowing-time—one more !

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE,
in the *Catholic World*.

NATURE IN "IN MEMORIAM."



ONE of the principal characteristics of Tennyson's style, besides the melody and rhythm of his verse, is the manner in which he describes Nature and uses it to express his own moods and feelings. This quality, as well as that of melody, is found in a large degree in "In Memoriam."

"In Memoriam" is perhaps the greatest of Tennyson's poems, though it is not so ambitious as the "Idyls of the King" and others of his works. It was prompted by the death of Hallam, Tennyson's dearest friend, which occurred in September, 1833. They had been acquainted for only four years, but Hallam's death had a great effect on Tennyson, and caused him to write that admirable elegy, or rather, series of elegies. Although the poem was not written till 1850, "In Memoriam" is the expression of the various thoughts aroused in Tennyson's mind at the time of Hallam's death, and it is the history of the poet's sorrow, its beginning, its progress and its climax.

The most general quality of Tennyson's works and that for which he is especially noted, is the perfection and beauty of his verse. His metre is distinctively his own and often differs from the regular form. Tennyson also carried the choice of words to its highest point, always selecting words that would best give the impression he wished to convey and in such a manner that the sound would be adapted to the sense. He realized that he was a late poet and that he could only attain eminence by the perfection of his works. For this reason he did not seek depth of thought as much as smoothness of expression.

Next to this quality, however, is Tennyson's method of treating Nature. Tennyson was naturally shy and retiring and spent most of his life in seclusion, far from the world and its turmoil. As a consequence, he had not that knowledge of human character and feelings which is necessary to make a good dramatist but, on the other hand, he was observant of all the details of natural scenes and it is in depicting such scenes that we find him at his best. And in "In Memoriam," where his beloved friend is the subject of his work, is it not natural that he should exert all

his powers especially when describing scenes which are connected with the object of his own grief? But besides describing Nature very realistically, the poet also uses it to bring out human moods and feelings. He always describes Nature as in accordance with the state of mind of the personages in the scene, and thus makes a stronger impression on our minds.

Tennyson's soul has been deeply touched by the death of his friend, Hallam, whom he loved like a brother. The sudden death of one so closely united to him, causes him to meditate deeply on the various mysteries of life and death, and although he begins the poem with an expression of strong faith, doubts and fears soon begin to harass his mind. As he trusts solely to his reason, he is not able to solve these doubts. His sorrow was almost infinite, and as he looks to the world alone, he does not obtain any real sympathy such as his heart longs for. The result is that he can find no rest, and in this mood he visits the deserted house where his friend used to live. He describes the house and its surroundings in these verses :

“Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street ;
Doors where my heart was use to beat
So quickly waiting for a hand.
A hand that can be clasped no more, —
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.
He is not here ; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.”

Here we see how Tennyson, in a few expressive words, gives us a perfect idea of the loneliness of the street and of the desolation in his own heart. He chooses epithets that reflect the state of his own mind.

After this scene of loneliness and restlessness, Tennyson's mood becomes that of calmness and resignation, when he turns his mind to the noble ship that carries the remains of his dead friend.

Then the poet becomes possessed by calm despair. He expresses this mood in the following verses :

“ Calm is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only thro’ the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground ;
 Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
 And on these dews that drench the furze,
 And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into green and gold ;
 Calm and still light on yon great plain
 That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
 And crowded farms and lessening towers
 To mingle with the bounding main ;
 Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
 These leaves that redden to the fall ;
 And in my heart, if calm at all,
 If any calm, a calm despair ;
 Calm on the seas and silver sleep,
 And waves that sway themselves in rest,
 And dead calm in that noble breast
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep.”

With what art does not Tennyson describe this scene which so forcibly shows the tenor of his mind? Every feature of the whole picture is expressive of peace and quiet. The measure is steady and even and indicates the unbroken calmness of despair. The poet reaches the lowest depths of despair, and the only adequate means of expressing the state of mind is comparing his despair with calmness in Nature.

The continuance of the despair expressed in the preceding stanzas causes a reaction and soon the poet’s mind is again stirred up. His soul is again tempest-tossed and he expresses the state of his feelings by portraying a storm without. The warring elements vividly show the turmoil in his own mind. He describes the storm in these stanzas :

“ To-night the winds begin to rise,
 And roar from yonder dropping day ;
 The last red leaf is whirl’d away,
 The rooks are blown about the skies ;

The forest cracked, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And, wildly dashed on tower and tree,
The sunbeam strikes along the world :
And, but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass
I scarce could brook the strain and stir
That makes the barren branches loud,
And, but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud
That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire."

The picture is indeed very vivid and admirably portrays the wild unrest which occupies Tennyson's mind. In the third stanza, there is a lull in the storm. This pause is brought out by a change in language and it portrays a momentary change in the poet's feelings, a change which is caused by the reflection that the ship which bears Hallam's body is not disturbed by the storm which is raging in England. The change, however, is but a temporary one, and in a short time the poet's mind is again agitated by alternate hope and fear.

These are only a few of the examples to be found in "In Memoriam," but I think that they are sufficient to show how close an observer of nature Tennyson was, the care he took in selecting words and how he uses Nature to express his various moods. These qualities are found in all his long poems but in none are they found in a greater degree than in "In Memoriam."

J. V. MEAGHER, '04.

HOP CULTURE.



IN this fair Dominion a great number of the sturdy inhabitants are employed in agriculture. The fertility of the soil and the diversity of the climate permits them to raise, according to their location, great quantities of peaches, tobacco and flax, as well of barley, wheat and oats. We have often read of our different kinds of fruits, vegetables and grains, but seldom, if ever, have we seen mention made of hops. Our geographers seem to have over-looked the fact that hop-culture is carried on in Canada although last year, ending June 30th, the export alone of this province was \$15,710. Such being the case, little is known of the cultivation of hops beyond the districts where they are raised, so it is my object in the present article to treat briefly of the nature and culture of the plant.

The hop plant is perennial, but is not productive the first year of its cultivation. Thus the hop-grower has to wait two years to have his labor and expense repaid, although the first year is perhaps the most trying and expensive owing to the preparation of the soil and the extreme care that must be taken of the tender young plant.

The ground, which should be rich and well drained, is plowed in early spring and harrowed several times before the hop-plant—which is imported or procured from some neighboring “hop-yard”—is planted, generally in rows eight feet apart. With the practical eye of an economist, the farmer makes use of the intervening space between the rows as a potato patch or a corn field, or something of a like nature. In autumn, as soon as the stems have withered, the hills are covered with straw or manure to protect the roots from the inclemency of the winter.

About the first of May of the second year, the hop hill is stripped and exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Soon the tender plant is perceived shooting up and seeking about for something upon which to climb. When the stems have assumed the length of about a foot, two poles, from 15 to 20 feet long, are driven into each hill to support the climbing vines. So many of these poles are required for an ordinary hop-yard that the cutting and sharpening of them should be done during the preceding winter ;

the wood used for the purpose being spruce or cedar as they are the most durable. The poles erected, the healthiest-looking vines are trained to climb, two on each pole. As the young vine gradually mounts the pole, the farmer keeps the ground in good condition by cultivating, hoeing and weeding it over and over again—in fact he labors almost continually in his “yard” from the time the hills are stripped until they are covered again in the fall.

The vine reaches its full growth about the beginning of July, when the large lower leaves are broken off to the height of a man, to allow the nutriment, which would otherwise go to feed these useless leaves, to be employed for the development of the branches nearer the top. After this the growth of these branches is rapid and are soon laden with leaves and blossoms. Then the color of the “yard” gradually changes from a dark to a light green, and the tender blossoms develop into hops.

When the hops have become firm, with the inside gummy and with seeds of a brownish color, they are ready to be gathered in. The picking, which is the most enjoyable part of the whole industry, begins about Sept. 1st. The boxes, required for picking, are made beforehand, of light wood (bass-wood, for example) and so as to contain about 50 cubic feet of the hops. These boxes are brought out and placed at one side of the yard—one for every three rows or, if the crop is light, one for every four rows.

Before picking begins, all is bustle and activity about the farmhouse for several days in preparing all things necessary for the convenience of the large number of hands employed, and this unusual stir continues until the hop season is over. Three pickers are ordinarily set for each box and one pole-puller for three boxes. The proprietor, with the idea of getting all done as cheaply as possible, hires for the most part young people. Every night the numerous full boxes are emptied into large sacks made purposely to hold the contents of a box and are transported to the hop-house to be dried.

Hop picking is looked forward to by the young people of the district as the happiest time of the year. At such rare re-unions for the performance of labor, the work being light, the time in the “yard” flies past on the wing of jest and song. After supper the

farm-house becomes the rendezvous of all the young hop-pickers who assemble to pass the evening in singing, story-telling and many other amusements so fascinating to juvenile hearts.

Simultaneously with hop-picking, the process of drying goes on in the hop-house. This building consists of four departments : the heating-room, the kiln, the store-room and the press-room. The heating-room is the largest of the four, and directly above it is the kiln—the two chambers being separated by small slats arranged about five inches apart over which is spread the kiln-cloth. Two or three massive stoves furnish the heat required, which is brought in close proximity to the kiln-cloth by means of pipes. The amount of each day's picking is spread upon the kiln-cloth and the hop-drier sets his fire a-going. The ventilators below are opened to carry the heat upward, and the one over the kiln is also set ajar to allow a free passage for the steam escaping from the hops. The fire is kept up all night, and from time to time brimstone is thrown on as a mean of whitening the hops. It takes about twelve hours to dry a kiln containing fifteen boxes.

Back of the kiln is the store-room into which for the moment the dried hops are stored to make place for a fresh supply of the green product. The fourth chamber contains the press, and besides may serve for general purposes such as the sleeping apartment of the drier, etc.

The picking and drying over, attention is then turned to the pressing. The process is simple. The press-room being immediately under the store-room a hole is made in the ceiling through which the hops can fall directly into the press. The pressed bales weigh from 175 to 200 pounds and after being sewed up are ready for shipment.

Most of the home product is sold to brewers to make beer and porter, but it also serves other purposes, such as an ingredient in preparing medicines and for making yeast. The price paid for it ranges from 14 to 20 cents a pound. Four tons is a fair crop from six acres of land while the total expense of cultivating, picking and drying would not exceed \$300. The profit therefore would be great and considering this it is really strange that more hops are not cultivated.

T. E. DAY, '03.

BEGINNING A UNIVERSITY COURSE ON FIFTEEN CENTS.

(CHRIS. MASON BRADLEY in *The Men's Magazine*.)



WHAT the care and culture of self through self-sacrifice for self-education has always largely engaged the attention of even the normally ambitious American youth or young man, is the motive of this sketch of my own experiences in earning my way through a preparatory school and university.

The fitness of the individual for such an education or its value will not be touched upon. Its methods of attainment by men of limited means have not been so thoroughly exploited, although we have countless examples of men whose struggles for advancement through self-education have been brought to light by subsequent brilliant careers. A mention of the names of our three martyred Presidents would recall to the minds of any young man, posted in the history of his country, their fight for learning in the face of poverty almost extreme. It is no more than reasonable to suppose that thousands of American youths in their generations were doing the same things in the same ways—and are at present anxious to do the same things in a different way, for our educational system has expanded with the progress in other directions. The only constant element is the same personal capital with which those men started. The conditions now, with the admirable and almost universal public school systems, extending through the preparatory period, are easier. Yet the requirements are greater, and to many who long for the pleasures and advantages of “higher education,” the University seems impossible.

A University education—how shall I get it? My own experience is the experience of many others in results. In its details it is but a type. I began with an aim, honesty of purpose, a splendid stock of determination and parental encouragement, all of which should be properties of any well regulated youth. The preparatory school was not a matter of great difficulty. By carrying a paper route, which netted \$16 a month, and by tutoring boys for entrance into the preparatory school, I managed to work

through the four years, exercising the most rigid economy. Two of my vacations were spent in law offices, where I learned stenography and typewriting, besides coming into contact with and learning not a little of what I hope to make my future profession. The third vacation I spent in a telegraph office, where I became knight of the key. These vacations were planned by me with the object of equipping myself for self-support upon going to the University. In my last year as "prep" I secured the correspondency of one of the local papers, writing the school news, so that if the question were put to me I would be prepared to say that I was an experienced newspaper man.

It was necessary to leave home to go to the University at the conclusion of my preparatory work. It required some time and a good deal of care and thought to choose a University of recognized standing where the expenses would be least. I chose one a thousand miles from my home. The question was to get there, get started and stay there. It required what seemed to me a great deal of money which neither my parents nor I had. This is where great many young men stick perhaps for the best. But I had my original stock, with the added encouragement of what I had been able to accomplish. It was go ahead or go back, as it always is.

I spent a profitable summer as a water-front reporter on a paper and became acquainted with the captains of a great many vessels. I failed to get transportation to the city in the vicinity of the University but engaged to work on a coal collier, which I did, arriving at the University with barely enough money to register and buy the necessary books for the first course I had chosen. It was the first time I had been away from home and I knew no one at the University. It was discouraging to see so many young men with so much money. I became acquainted with some of them, and promptly spent all my reserve which had been carefully sewed into my inside pocket before I left home. I met a great many good fellows in this way before the opening day of the University—men who afterwards did a great deal for me.

When the opening day came I had registered, had purchased my books, had made a few friends, and had but 15 cents. I secured a job at waiting on the table in the men's dormitory. My work



THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP
Presented by the Citizens of Ottawa.

was to carry coffee to 300 young men three times a day, for which I received my board, room and \$8 a month. I was promptly dubbed "Hebe, the coffee boy," but kept the place throughout my freshman year, earning additional money as stenographer. A great many opportunities were given me and others in my circumstances by the Faculty committee on employment. During the vacation I secured a place as reporter on a city paper, and at the opening of the University had enough capital to start an ice cream parlor. This paid well as long as the hot weather lasted but it took a good deal of time, and I was compelled to give up the venture in the middle of the semester, having lived on ice cream without selling any.

My money was all gone by the first of December, and I was in a bad predicament until there occurred a vacancy in the editorship of a funny paper. The place was offered to me and I promptly assumed the rôle of clown. I got along nicely in this new capacity until late in the second semester when the business manager quietly sold the paper and plant, folded his portable stove and left for the Klondike. I suspended publication and went to work as a writer, getting some work to do as an assistant to a correspondent of one of the city papers. I thus finished my sophomore year. The vacation was spent as a reporter in the city, and I came back with sufficient funds to begin the college year.

During my career of the first two years I had made many friends who were financially well fixed. Some of them were not keen enough to keep up with their University work, and I had frequent appeals for help. Being short of money and seeing a hard year before me, I now began to charge these friends for my services. In a short time I had secured a good clientele, in fact, as much as I could do. These men came to depend on me to do all their work in the way of theses, set papers, etc., and my prices were advanced correspondingly. Things were going along very smoothly, and I was enabled to live in luxury on my income, when a rude shock came near the end of the year in the shape of a Faculty investigation. The outcome of it was my expulsion for writing a graduating thesis for a senior.

After two year's valuable experience on a city newspaper, I was re-admitted to the University through the intervention of the president, who went sponsor with the committee for me. I opened up a telegraph office on the campus, and found that the income from its management would almost meet all of my expenses. I secured the editorship of several student publications, and got through the year comfortably. A part of my penalty for my thesis writing was the losing of almost all of my University credit for the junior year, it was necessary for me to attend the University a fifth year. This year was made easy by reason of the fact that I secured the correspondence of a city paper. News was plentiful, and my newspaper experience and journalistic connections made it possible for me to earn more money than was required for my University expenses. I saved the surplus, and at the end of my senior year after graduation, found my balance large enough to outfit myself and buy transportation to New York, where it is my intention to enter a professional school of one of the Universities.

In conclusion, the sources of income at a University are editorships, managerships, tutoring (not carried too far) small business enterprises, personal services, and manual labor. If a young man can do anything well he can generally find a market that will bring him sufficient returns to enable him to pursue his studies. The Faculty committees on employments are very great help. Yet it is very unwise for anyone to enter college without at least one semester's expenses in advance. This will enable him to establish himself. In deciding to earn one's way through a University, the first essential is to lay aside all false pride and be willing to do what there is to be done.

In review of this living it is necessary to skip innumerable incidents and discouragements. But the man with the right spirit will not be daunted by them. One of our most noted University presidents has said : "The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going."

THE UNFINISHED MASS.

(ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.)

It was in the spring of the year 1675 that Philip, King of the Wampanoags, assembled his warriors and commenced a war of extermination against the colonists of New England. Advancing up the Connecticut river, this fierce warrior laid waste to village after village, massacring the inhabitants, and burning their dwellings.

England, in an endeavor to protect her colonists, sent over a few regiments of soldiers which, upon arriving, were divided into separate contingents of a few score men, in order to more thoroughly cover the country.

Among these numerous companies was one commanded by a dashing young Irish officer named Begley. Captain "Joe," as he was familiarly called, was detailed to proceed up the river in the too plainly visible trail of Philip, and to assist and support the unfortunate settlers.

Nothing daunted, though Christmas, the greatest of all feasts, especially to one of his nationality, was but a few days distant, the young officer, in obedience to his duty, set out.

It was the day before Christmas, and the little column had been steadily marching since morning, consequently as evening was approaching, the site of the ruins of old Fort Pynehon was indeed a welcome, for it would at least afford a protection. Philip, in his march of devastation, had almost erased all trace of the former little settlement, but the little chapel, whether by an instance of luck or as a proof of Divine Providence, was left quite intact. Here the weary soldiers rested for the night. Erecting a temporary fire-place, they kindled a little fire, around which they were soon eating a meagre supper, and warming their almost benumbed limbs.

Outside, the night was bitterly cold, the fleecy cloudlets travelled swiftly in the clear atmosphere, and the moon silently threw her beams over the frost-bitten earth. It was a characteristic New England Christmas Eve, and the warm and ruddy fire

was consequently a very comfortable place. Captain "Joe," after a short reconnaissance, returned to the little building, where he discovered that the men, with the exception of the guard, had all retired. As the safety of the camp was well established, the young Irishman rolled himself in his heavy army blanket, and with his feet towards the fire was soon locked in a healthy sleep.

He had been plunged in this heavy slumber for some time, when he seemed to hear the church clock strike the hour of twelve. Surprised at such an occurrence in this solitary location, he arises to ascertain the cause, when he perceives that the little chapel is brilliantly illuminated.

Thinking that something dreadful is about to happen, the captain looks towards the altar, and here he is again astonished. The altar is draped as for the sacrifice of the Mass, the candles are lighted, a white cloth is spread over the marble surface, the sacred book is in its place, in fact all but the celebrant are present.

At that instant, from a side door, advances a priest enrobed in pure white sacramental vestments. In his hands he carries a chalice covered with a white silk cloth. His feet, which seem to glide over the floor, do not give forth a sound, and the little chapel is plunged in a complete silence.

The priest quietly ascends the steps of the little altar, places the chalice on the marble, opens the book, and descends again with the same absolute stillness.

Facing the tabernacle, he then pronounces the sacred words which commence the celebration of the holy mystery : *Introibo ad altare Dei.*

As no one responds he slowly turns towards the entrance of the chapel, and perceiving the captain, who with an attentive and anxious eye has been following his every movement, makes a sign for him to approach.

Leaving his place the officer advances, noticing as he proceeds that quite contrary to the movements of the minister of God, his footsteps resound through the little building.

Arriving at the foot of the altar, the priest requests him to respond to the Mass. Although educated in the Catholic religion,

Captain Begley is quite unable to fill this function without aid. Consequently the priest hands him a prayer-book, and, after making the sign of the cross, the officer responds: *Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam*. The Mass is continued, and the soldier, with the aid of the missal, answers with the alacrity of an acolyte.

The Mass being finished, the priest descends from the altar, and in the same silent manner follows the officer into the sacristy. When he has relieved himself of his vestments he turns to the officer and in a voice which is both soft and sweet, says :

“ My friend, you have to-night rendered me an inestimable service. May God’s grace bless you forever, for now the gates of Paradise, which were closed to me while the sacrifice remained unfinished, open again.”

Noticing the cloud of perplexity which pass over the young soldier’s face, the priest continues :

“ One morning a few months ago, when I was a missionary here, and was offering up the morning sacrifice, the village was suddenly attacked by Philip and his band of marauders. I was at the moment elevating the consecrated host towards heaven, when a bullet crushed through my skull. Afflicted thus before completing the sacred mystery, God has permitted me to come back until I could finish the sacrifice. And so every night at the hour of twelve I have been leaving my tomb to return to this chapel to finish the Mass. But as no one appeared to respond, I was night after night compelled to go back discouraged.

“ With your assistance, young man, I have said my last *Ite missa est*, and the gates of Paradise are now open to me.

“ In extending me this boon, God in his mercy gave me the power to promise the fulfilment of any wish which my liberator might expect. This, then, is an epoch of your life, my son, think deeply and reflect well before you declare your answer.”

The Captain, overcome by an emotion difficult to understand, remains for some time in deep thought. Before his eyes float many worldly pleasures, which would be his for the asking, but the presence of the resurrected priest causes him to think of his own last days yet to come. So, quietly turning to the priest, he

says, "As God has chosen me as an instrument for your deliverance, so I wish you to be to me ; warn me three days before my death."

"Very well," replies the priest, "and now kneel while I bless you."

Deeply impressed by the priest's manner, the Captain complies with his request.

When he arises the priest has disappeared, the lights are all extinguished, and, but for the faint reflection cast by the glow of the soldiers' fire, the ruined chapel is buried in complete darkness. Regaining his place by the fire, he again rolls himself in his blanket, noticing, as he does, that the soldiers are all soundly sleeping.

The war continues for some years, and the Captain, first promoted to a Colonelcy, is afterwards re-called to a garrison near his birthplace in Ireland. Here he marries, and his union is blessed with two children.

He is sitting, one evening, watching the glowing effects of the setting sun, when he perceives a vague form approaching across the brilliant campus. Upon close scrutiny he recognises the visitor. It is the priest whose midnight Mass he had served so long ago, across the ocean in New England.

With the recognition of the man comes the recollection of the circumstances. This man has come to warn him of his death ! Colonel Begley had ever been a brave soldier, but now the thought of death caused an uncontrollable tremble to pass over him, and the perspiration stood out on his brow in large cold beads. The messenger stands silently before him for some moments while he is unable to control himself. Finally he speaks, though his tone is hardly above a whisper.

"Father, I remember you, and I know too well the purpose of your visit. You are to announce the approach of my last hour !"

"Did you not ask it?"

"Without doubt, but I was young then. I had no affectionate wife, no loving children. How can I leave them to the not too tender mercies of this cold, unsympathetic world."

"Alas, my child, all your supplications will be in vain. The sovereign Master has pronounced the sentence, and in three days you must present yourself before his tribunal."

Colonel Begley, the brave and gallant soldier who has a countless number of times unflinchingly faced the weapons of his country's enemies, is unable to bear the thought of leaving his darling wife and children, and the unfortunate man bowing his head in his hands, weeps bitterly. Recovering himself he finds the priest still standing before him.

"Pardon me, Father, he says, for this involuntary burst of sorrow ; I am thankful to you for the warning and will spend the three days in preparing to appear before God. Your blessing now is all I ask."

The priest extends his hands and gives his blessing, and as in the ruined chapel years before when the colonel lifts his head, the priest has disappeared.

Left alone, the officer seeks out his wife and by degrees tells her of the approaching separation. The poor lady is naturally prostrated, but perceiving that her emotion only increases her husband's sorrow she rapidly recovers.

"It is God's will," she remarks, "and we must obey. Let us lift our voices to Heaven and in Christian fervor pray to Him to watch over our children and lead them in the right. As for you, dear, you must spend all your time in prayer that you may be well prepared to appear before the Tribunal."

Three days afterward, the little family are grouped in their chamber awaiting the signal for the colonel's death. The good man has been to confession and has received communion, so that he feels quite fit to meet his Maker. He now charges his wife with the care of the children while he embraces them for the last time. Then while pressing his wife to his bosom, an angel appears and touching him on the shoulder beckons him to follow.

* * *

"I say, Captain, wake up, wake up ! This is Christmas morning, and a beautiful one, too. My, but you sleep soundly this morning, this is the third time I have shaken you."

"Where am I?" ejaculated Captain "Joe," as he recognized the ruined chapel and the soldiers about him.

"You are pretty much in the land of dreams" replied the soldier, "but come, get up and we'll all be wishing you a Merry Christmas"

"A very singular dream, muttered the young Captain, as he hastily arose, "but thank God, only a dream."

CHAS. J. DOWLING.

3rd Form.



THE ONE GIFT.

What shall I bring you, little Christ,
 What shall I bring to you?
 Shall it be frankincense and gold?
 Oh, shall I come as those of old,
 With myrrh and balm and spice, and lay
 Them at your feet this Christmas day?
 What shall I bring you, little Christ,
 What shall I bring to you?

Hush! I who lie within the stall,
 I have no room, no room at all,
 For all the gifts that you would bring,
 And put before your little King.
 But oh, I have a place apart
 Where I should have you lay your heart!
 Will you not bring this gift to me,
 Will you not give your heart.

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, in the
Rosary Magazine.

MAINLY ABOUT BOOKS.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY.

SECOND PAPER.

NOW does old Father Christmas, with a reverend and joyous mien, heralding a goodly train of wassailers and gleemen, proclaim through all the realms of Christendom a high and hearty festival, bidding mankind to rest them for a space from toil, and yield without reserve to wholesome joy and unlicentious revelry ; mirth and hospitality arise, and exercise benevolent sway, reigning in undisputed sovereignty, and welcomed universally with loud and fervent acclamation. Christianity is humanity. Of all our gala days, Christmas brings out that fact most clearly. The literature of a people is the mirror of their thoughts and their life. Consequently, if we consider that Christmas is, on the one hand, the most divine, yet human, of all our feasts, and that literature is, on the other hand, the intellectual history of a people, revealing all the strength and all the weakness of their souls ; it would be surprising, indeed, if Christmas had not produced a special literature. As a matter of fact, there is no anniversary with a more distinctive and world-wide literature than Christmas. On the day that Christ was born, St. Luke tells us, the angel of the Lord appeared to the shepherds abiding in the field with their flocks, "and suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying Glory to God in the highest, and on earth good will toward men." Thus, the first Christmas hymn was sung by angels, and its sentiment has enlivened and humanized real Christmas literature from that day till our own. It gave hint and inspiration for the sacred bard of every land. St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in the fourth century, the father of the Latin church poetry, introduced hymns into the services, and the birth of Christ is the theme of one of the best. Quaint but pathetic versions of the great event are to be met with from the polished Greek of Anatolius, patriarch of Con-

stantinople, to the uncouth Danish of the bards of Denmark, in all the European literatures of the earlier centuries. The custom of singing Christmas carols is supposed to be coeval with the observance of the day, and a sculpture on a sarcophagus of the second century is supposed to represent a group singing in celebration of Christ's birth. Manger songs gave place to sacred dramas, and these degenerated into farces, or fool's feasts, which grew almost as indecent as modern mural theatre-posters, and they were forbidden by the Catholic clergy of the thirteenth century. An examination of our standard hymnals shows that the great festival has inspired the poets of the Church from the days of St. Ambrose to those of Father Faber. The old Catholic poets made Christmas their theme quite frequently, and I could, if I had the necessary space and time, make a long series of most agreeable extracts from their works on the subject of the birth at Bethlehem. The great ode of Milton, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," is one of the finest Christmas hymns ever written in any language. It is, however, impossible to read this magnificent poem without becoming conscious of the fact that it is permeated and baked through and through with Catholic inspiration and Catholic doctrine, chief among which is that of devotion to the Virgin. A great poet is all the greater when he projects his art along the lines of Catholicity. It is the Catholic atmosphere, for example, that makes Longfellow's *Evangeline* so immeasurably superior to all his other writings. I wish I could say that our modern English poets were as successful in the treatment of Christmas as were their forefathers. True to their English natures, they seem to think that poultry, cooked to a turn, and not *poetry*, is the proper pabulum for Christmas. Whatever has been done in the British Isles for the celebration of Christmas in recent verse, is the work of the Irish and the Scotch. The poems are as much alike as egg and egg. They need not detain us here. The English writers of prose have shown a much finer appreciation of old Father Christmas than the poets. Among the numerous writers of Christmas stories Dickens stands pre-eminent for the power of touching the heart (and opening the pockets) of the reader. Thackeray, the

great rival of Dickens, wrote Christmas stories that prove him to have been very different from the cynic for which he was sometimes mistaken. But it is pleasant to record that in the matter of the celebration of Christmas the youthful literature of America has much that is good to say for itself. It was an American poet who caught sight of Santa Claus—child's prattle for St. Nicolas—making his rounds the night before Christmas, and gave us this happy picture of him :

“ He has a broad face, and a little round belly,
Which shakes when he laughs like a bowlful of jelly.”

The series of papers on Old Christmas, in Washington Irving's pleasant “ Sketch-book,” contain some of the most delightful accounts of the festival that our literature possesses. We are continually reminded on reading Irving's “ Old Christmas,” of the visit of Mr. Spectator to Sir Roger de Coverley's country-house, and more particularly those portions of it which are described in papers contributed by poor, amiable, easily tempted Dick Steele, whose essays have a striking affinity, both in style and matter, with the writings of Washington Irving. But I must not allow myself to wander into the boundless waste of comparisons of authors. After all, it is unfair to subject Christmas literature to the text of our usual reading. Christmas literature is intended to fill the reader with a tranquillity of peace, a satisfied hope, such as he had never experienced outside of the covers of the Christmas story-teller—such a soft gladness and chastened joy as might become the mind of some meek angel ; an angel who believes in sympathy and kindness and charity without stint, and pity for the poor and oppressed of all the world. As to recent contributions to Christmas literature, a great deal might be said, but I am not the agent of any publisher, and I am silent.

* * *

Although I ventured to state, in my first paper, that I had a strong dislike for proffering advice, it must not be concluded that I do not like to receive advice in literary matters. On the contrary, with the enormous and steady increase in the volumes of our literature—volumes good, bad, and indifferent, but principally the two latter classes—poured upon us daily in a torrent by the

press, we must all, I have no doubt, rely more and more upon sympathetic selection, judicious editing, and critics who know how to discriminate. Criticism means judgment: a critic is a judge. Our newspapers and magazines are full of pleaders, adulators, and praise-mongers, or blame-slingers, who, no doubt, consider themselves keen literary critics, since they command pay from the great publishers, but who are, in fact, no critics at all. What is wanting in the press of our day is the upright judge. The keen analysis of an ideal critic would be able to pierce through the coverings to the central idea of an author. Just as Cuvier or Agassiz could reconstruct the whole skeleton from one of its bones, or the entire fish from one of its scales, so the perfectly equipped critic can estimate correctly the theory and morals of a poet or a prose essayist, if he have only a sonnet or a fragment of an essay before him. Samuel Coleridge somewhere remarks that, to appreciate the defects of a great mind, it is necessary to understand previously its characteristic excellencies. An author should be priced by his best. The man who can elucidate the beauties of an original work is a first-rate critic; and imparts information to his reader beyond value, but in order to do this he must be himself an original thinker, and I know of few worthy of that description among the critics of the day, and hardly any among Catholics.

I would not stop novel-reading if I could, and I could not if I would. To prohibit novel-reading would be equivalent to blotting out a world of love and fancy, trial and triumph of nobility, generosity, and poetical justice. The leading novelists of Great Britain and America are, in my humble opinion, a fine company for a young boy or a young girl. It would not be too much to say that the great English novelists—Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Austin, Brontë, and the rest—have done more to level down, or up, to democracy than any other power. Furthermore, they permit every one who can read to cull some of the choicest fruits of minds so rich that their treasure cannot be met with elsewhere. Finally, in the fierce battle of self and self, which is only another name for life, they generally preach most powerful and winning homilies, while in the matter of purity they are, compared with the

romanticists of France, as driven snow compared with highway mud. Between the cover of a novel is not a bad place to hide a sermon, provided it is cunningly stowed away there, as the finder will be more apt to hearken than if the texts were thundered into his ears from the pulpit. The best American novelists have, I venture to think, painted for the world the very heart of Democracy, and some of them have done so quite unconsciously, but none the less effectively. It has been justly said that their European contemporaries vividly describe a civilization suggestive of centuries of wealth, accumulated elegance, practical refinement, and, alas! awful suffering of the poor and lowly. Taken together, the best—the intelligent reader should have none else—the best novels, I say, of Britain and America present us with a complete picture of the mind and intellect of the English-speaking world, and, in some cases, with its divergent codes of morality, and its broadly diverse manners and customs. But it is useful to remember that in novel-reading the petition, "*Da mihi, Domine, scire quod sciendum est*—Grant, Lord, that the knowledge I get may be the knowledge which is worth having," is never out of place.

* *

There is a novelist in Montreal I greatly favour, and his name is Mr. W. A. Fraser. He makes his tales interesting. Interest is the very greatest quality a story can possess. Mr. Fraser's "Outcasts," just issued from the press, furnishes exceedingly good reading, to my mind, it out-classes his "Mooswa." The "Outcasts" is, I think, more original than the former work, and, assuredly, that is not saying little. To the readers who love free life and fresh air in books, this story must prove a treasure; and, when it is added, that the life and air in it are as thoroughly Canadian as a pair of moccasins, the work needs no further description in order to win for it the attention and admiration of such of us as desire to find this great Dominion of ours producing some thing more intellectual than lumber, and politics, and thistles, and rye whiskey.

* *

Hall Caine is not, according to my poor light at least, the greatest living writer of English romance, nor does he deserve to rank with the masters of fiction, but I must do him the justice of saying that he is among novelists the very greatest of advertisers. In an advertising age it is useful, no doubt, to know how to advertise. Hall Caine seems to hug this stupendous truth to his heart in and out of season. The "artful dodges" he resorted to in bringing his wares before the eye of the public would of themselves form subject matter for an amusing article. This hint is thrown out here for the benefit of the magazines. The latest novel of Hall Caine, to which he has given the by no means original title of "The Eternal City," has been heralded by a long series of advertisements which must make the managers of grocery stores green with envy, they are so enticing and seductive. The book itself deals with Rome, and the heart of Rome, which is the Papal Court, and the novel discusses both subjects in a manner that clearly displays his total ignorance of them. To hear an English novelist libel the Pope and misrepresent Catholic doctrine, is not new. This book has, however, its redeeming feature; it is needlessly lengthy and hopelessly dull, and consequently, its "unbridled emotion, luscious sentimentality, forced pathos, and dubious taste," to quote the strictures of an English critic, are calculated not to do much harm by vitiating the taste of multitudinous readers, and giving them a poor, low turn of thinking; because stupid novels are read by few and are soon forgotten by everyone.

Every day brings its new ^{***}novel. The following lines, from "Munsey's Magazine," illustrate that *the* novel of the year is written, not once, but frequently, if we are to believe "periodical criticism," the which may Heaven forefend!

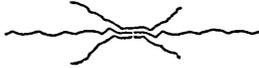
"From June around to May, it is published every day,
 'Till the public is beginning to be vexed;
 For its manifold disguises are continual surprises,
 And we never know what form is coming next.
 An adventure grim and gory, as a sweet New England story,
 Or as vapid social chatter 'twill appear,
 But, whatever way he names it, still the publisher proclaims it
 'Undoubtedly the novel of the year!'

One week among the stars we're investigating Mars,
The next into the slums we're hurried down ;
One week with crooks we gamble, the next we meekly amble
With lovers through a little country town.
To-day religion flooring, to-morrow we are soaring,
Corelliwise, into another sphere ;
We cannot help but read it, while its sponsors boldly plead it
' Undoubtedly the novel of the year ! ' -

Oh, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, oh, Mr. Leicester Ford,
Oh, Barrie, Gissing, Churchill, Hope, and Co.,
Wells, Pemberton, Corelli, Dunn, Allen, Ade, and Kelly,
And Kipling, we beseech you to go slow !
With masterpieces dealing, our intellects are reeling,
And discrimination's feeling rather queer ;
With confusion we are smitten, for we find that each has written
' Undoubtedly the novel of the year ! ' -

Oh, Dodd Mead, Lippincott, Doubleday, Macmillan, Pott,
Oh, Harper, Scribner, Appleton, and Lane,
Bowen Merrill, Stone, and Holt, we have risen in revolt !
You want to drive us crazy, it is plain.
So we humbly ask you whether you can't somehow get together,
Draw lots, and let it once for all be clear,
While each for favor itches, of all your novels which is
' Undoubtedly the novel of the year ! ' -

THE END.



University of Ottawa Review.

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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.

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No. IV.

DECEMBER, 1901.

Vol. IV.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Christmas is nothing if not a time to rejoice and to wish friends joy. It is an event to which no one can possibly be indifferent. Heralded in by much preparation, it is declared by signs that assume every conceivable form. Gaze into the shops, pick up a paper or a magazine, enter a church or a house, mark the empty lecture-halls—in every direction are the tokens of Christmas. And as the long-expected day is dawning, voices from old and young, rich and poor, breaks out in the oft-repeated greeting, "Merry Christmas."

THE REVIEW claims a good many friends. It greets them all most cordially. It greets the Very Revd. Rector and his devoted co-laborers, the professors of the University; it greets the students one and all; it greets the successful wearers of the

Garnet and Gray, as well as those who by their unselfish assistance contributed materially to the winning of the championship. THE REVIEW greets all the graduates of Alma Mater, all its benefactors, friends and well-wishers. To all whom it may have power to reach, THE REVIEW conveys the expression of its best wishes in a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

THE RECTOR'S CIRCULAR.

On account of the spread of the epidemic which exists at present all over the country, THE REVIEW has had to be curtailed in several of its regular departments, and will be issued as usual, from the Collegiate instead of from the main University building. Two members only of the editorial staff have escaped the quarantine. To explain the state of affairs as well as to allay unnecessary alarm, we are asked to subjoin the following circular, addressed by the Very Rev'd Rector to the parents of our students :

DEAR SIR,—

I hasten to re-assure your paternal solicitude : your son is in excellent health and spirits. So are his companions.

The actual sanitary condition of our numerous *personnel* (629) is remarkably good, when we consider that the contagion is spread throughout the whole continent. The Collegiate department, with 134, and the Theological department, with 88 boarders, have not yet had to register a single case. The Arts and Commercial departments include 260 boarders and 149 day scholars. Of these but one is an occupant of the infirmary, and his is a case of influenza. This happy state of affairs is due, under God's kind providence, to the intelligent and devoted care of our medical attendant, Dr. J. L. Chabot, to the excellent hygienic rules followed in the University, and to the enthusiasm for manly sport fostered among the students, who have just won for the fourth time in the last decade, the Rugby football championship of the Dominion of Canada.

However, we do not claim absolute immunity from the common ills which afflict poor fallen humanity. Every precaution that

modern medical science could suggest was taken to meet possible danger. When on Saturday, the 7th inst., three cases of the very mildest type of the epidemic were suspected in the diagnosis of the doctors, the authorities of the Board of Health were immediately notified and the patients promptly transferred to the Hospital. Two days after, when courteously asked by the health authorities as to the advisability of dismissing of our lay scholars and of closing the avenues to the University, we were proud to inform them that twenty-four hours previously we had vigorously enforced this very measure of our own accord, and had effectively quarantined the outside world. And this we did from a keen sense of our own responsibility towards parents who had entrusted their children to us as boarders.

It was our conviction that the danger lay not within our walls but without. This conviction was evidently shared by parents whose children had been home on Sunday, since they sent them back to us to provide for their safety. Even Dr. Law and his adviser, Dr. Robillard, shared our views in this matter. These two gentlemen are authorities of the Board of Health, whose kindness has been equalled only by their prompt, untiring activity and deep concern for the public health. They wished it clearly understood that the placing of the University "under observance" for two weeks, did not by any means signify that it was infected, but that such action was purely and simply a measure of prudence to satisfy public opinion, and further, to allow the boys to go unmolested and enjoy the 'Xmas holidays in their respective homes. Judging from the cheerful earnestness with which each student pursues his usual studies, we have every reason to believe that our expectations will be realized.

Rest assured that we are doing our utmost to alleviate the monotony of their enforced seclusion. May we ask you to cooperate by writing them frequently, foregoing, however, any reply for the present? Anything sent by parents and friends will be gladly received and highly appreciated.

My final request is that we all join in a fervent prayer for the speedy stamping out of the scourge throughout the land.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours devotedly in Christ and Mary Immaculate,

J. E. EMERY, O.M.I., D.D.,

December 11th, 1901.

Rector.

Circular II. Issued from our Collegiate Department.

OUR CHAMPIONS.

The Championship is home again, Hurrah! It is difficult to touch on this matter in terms of becoming modesty. To a brilliant past, 'Varsity has added one more season of sensational triumphs. Our Rugby Champions have covered themselves and College with glory. In September they made ready for a desperate contest; they are laden now with trophies, the scalps of worthy enemies dangling at their belts. Britannia, Brockville, Montreal, Toronto, in turn went down before their prowess. Is it blameworthy of us to take pride in our heroes? No! while the world acclaims the victors of the gridiron. Give them a triumph. For Pompey, substituting Ontario's victors, for Cæsar our veteran team and with other needed adaptations, we are tempted to borrow the words of the Tribune in Shakespeare's play:

“Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, and there have sat
The live long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers on his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?”

ATHLETICS HAVE GOOD POINTS.

Are not our violent games a vestige of barbarism? Is it not purely for the sake of football, for instance, that many a youth seeks the classic monotony of college? Why train the animal to the almost complete exclusion of the spiritual? How condone the fearful list of casualties? These are a few of the problems calling up debate at the end of each season. Is it considered barbaric of cultured Greece that she suspended every occupation to be present at the Olympic Games and there crown the victor with wild olive leaves, the sole honor so many aspired to? Suppose youths enter college entirely with the idea of training thews and sinews; if, like the lad that swallows his hard crust for the sake of the jam smeared thereon, he contracts a love for studies—what harm? Champions of the gridiron may fail in the class-room for lack of ability or application; at least they are not mere useless drones if they find this outlet for their energies. Better this than idle loafer and cowardly tough. Whatever brings the mind into play, exercises qualities of courage, endurance, perseverance directs individual effort towards a common end in disregard of self, cultivates confidence in leaders, deference to the wisdom and experience of others is nothing if not highly advantageous. What signifies a few accidents? The bruises and fractures of conflict are preferable to the tumors and toadstools of effeminateness. Excess of study is not a whit better than excess of sport; a due mixture of the poisons neutralizes the effects of each. Give us Athletics and—give them hot. Our professors will find in us, appetites none the less keen for their lectures.

VARIOUS.

The *Northwest Review* informs us that Rev. Father Cornell, O.M.I., is at present at St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg, where he will remain till the middle of January. He is taking a rest and change of air for the benefit of his health. The best wishes of THE REVIEW go with Father Cornell, who has been one of its most devoted managing-editors.

Sympathising friend: "It must be a terrible thing to have one's boy so far away from home and to feel that his life is in danger every day. I can imagine just how it must seem to you."

Tearful mother: "Oh, it's not the son in the Philippines I'm so uneasy about. It's Dicky. He's joined the college football team."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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Eighty young Salesian missionaries have just left Turin for South America.—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

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The students and many friends regret that Harrington, the stalwart centre scrimmage for 'Varsity, has contracted the epidemic and has been sent to Porter's Island. As his services were indispensable to the team he had not been vaccinated, and is now suffering in consequence. However, as the attack is an extremely mild one, the patient continues the practice of football, it is said.

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Those who delight in the graceful effusions of our Junior Editor will be in dismay when they find nothing this month from his active pen. He was one of those who frowned on vaccination, to his sorrow. A 'phone message to the Collegiate informed the Managing-Editor that in expiation, he has gone into complete seclusion; that a notice has been tacked to his sanctum door—"not at home"; that in his retreat, the whereabouts of which he has not divulged, he intends to devote himself to uninterrupted study and deep thinking, particularly on the knotty problems that interest knickerbocker society. The precocious young pendriver adds he is in no danger of starvation, having been careful to provide as plentiful a supply of that philosophical diet as is afforded by brown bread, molasses and water, with salted peanuts and dry prunes for dessert. He promises that his indulgent readers will not suffer long by his voluntary silence, and he moreover wishes all his friends the compliments of the season.

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The *Nexas*, of Alexandria, gives an interesting account of the re-blessing of the newly renovated church of St. Raphael. Rev.

Duncan Campbell, an old-time editor of the REVIEW, is pastor there. His Lordship Bishop Macdonell, of Alexandria, conducted the impressive ceremony of the re-blessing. Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I., and Rev. Dr. Antoine, O.M.I., professors from the University, delivered the dedicatory sermons respectively in English and French, while a few words of congratulation in Gaelic were spoken by Bishop Macdonell. The records of St. Raphael go back to 1785—to the settlement of a regiment of Highlanders in Glengarry County. St. Raphael it is that gave Kingston its first bishop. The present church which survives and perpetuates all the christian traditions of the pioneer time is a splendid structure in stone which, by improvements on the interior that reflect honor on the taste and energy of its pastor, has become one of the best appointed Catholic Churches of Eastern Ontario. THE REVIEW joins his many friends in warmly congratulating Father Campbell.

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In an attractive Christmas supplement, the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, endeavoring to regard Canada in other than narrow and provincial lines, sends its Christmas greeting to every element of our diverse population. The story of Christmas is told in eleven languages, while the address of greeting is directed to the various provinces in rotation, the other pages being devoted to general Christmas matter. We think the Mail Printing Co. is deserving of high praise for working out this unique idea of an all provincial and all-tongued supplement.



Book Review.

American Book Company, New York. 1. Barnes : *Natural Slant Penmanship Nos. 7 and 8*; 2. Reilly : *Practical Exercises on the Latin Verb*; 3. Bacon : *Une Semaine à Paris*; 4. Dryer : *Lessons in Physical Geography*; 5. White : *Art of Teaching*.

1. As abounding with many useful directions and models for the acquirement of easy, rapid, graceful hand-writing *Barnes's Natural Slant Penmanship No. 7* appears worthy of trial. *No. 8* offers examples that tend to familiarize the learned with the more usual forms of business transactions.

2. For the economy of time and effort in the class-room and study-hall, *Practical Exercises on the Latin Verb*, by Katherine Campbell Reilly will be a decided help. About three-fourths of the blank 80 pages are so partitioned that on a double sheet the student may copy out all the moods and tenses of each verb so as to have it before him whole and entire at a glance. The remainder of the book is ruled for parallel synopses. Large quarto, bound in limp cloth.

3. With a slight knowledge of French we could not obtain a better drill in the modern idioms of that language than from Bacon's *Une Semaine à Paris*. The matter is in catechistical form and as our knowledge of French increases we become more familiar with the great sights of the metropolis of France. This book contains 136 pages and is furnished with a sketch-map, illustrations and a French-English vocabulary.

4. A very valuable work at hand is Professor Charles Dryer's *Physical Geography*. The subject appears thoroughly and systematically treated, and we do not hesitate in recommending it to teachers and students alike, as something very efficient in its line. The unusually large number of well-adapted illustrations, maps and diagrams render the grasp of the matter more easy and perfect. It contains 450 pages, bound in half leather.

5. Emerson E. White in his *Art of Teaching* presents us with the fundamental and guiding principles of that art in a clear and

helpful manner and then applies these principles in methods of of teaching which are generic and comprehensive—all methods being exposed in the clear light of the best and fullest experience. All who have to do with the intellectual training of school children or students will glean much and see great obstacles vanish by a careful perusal of this master-piece. It is a book of 321 pages, bound in cloth.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of several well-bound volumes from the firm of John Murphy Co., Baltimore. *A Month's Meditations*, by Cardinal Wiseman, \$1.10; *The Religious Life and Vows*, by Mgr. Charles Gay, translated from the French, with an introduction by Rev. Wm. T. Gordon, Priest of the Oratory, \$1.60; *Meditations for Every Day in the Year*, by Rev. Roger Baxter, S.J., \$1.25; *Meditations*, by Rev. Fr. Noethen, the Church historian, \$1.25; *Questions on Vocations*, a catechism principally for parochial schools with an appendix on how parishes may establish scholarships, 30cts; are, we believe, books to be recommended for reliable information and guidance on spiritual subjects.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Juvenile Round Table, published by Benziger Bros., New York, \$1.00.

A Life's Labyrinth, by Mary E. Mannix, \$1.25; *Religious Education and its Failures*, by Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D.D., 10cts. Office of *The Ave Maria*.

Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, by Eugene T. Richards, M.A., Professor of Mathematics, Yale University. Price, 75cts.



Among the Magazines.

Since the late embroglio in China, public interest has been greatly occupied with Russia. Touching this subject, six timely and remarkable articles are published in the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia from the pen of Mr. Albert J. Beveridge, U. S. Senator from Indiana. In this same enterprising journal two new departments are announced. "A Home College Course,"

as one of them is called, designed for ambitious young people who are deprived of the means of a university training, will consist of special faculty composed of professors in a leading college and of studies carefully chosen. "To the Young Man Beginning Business," the second new department, promises to be a most valuable move.

The Canadian Magazine is a regular and most welcome visitor to our sanctum. Apart from an unlucky adventure or two into that fascinating excursion land of Catholic church government—a land however of thorns and cruel disappointments—we must in justice contribute our measure of praise to this bright publication. In poetry, fiction, history, travel, criticism, original research—in every department reached by human activity, *The Canadian Magazine* is doing valuable work. We realize this readily by glancing down the table of contents for November and December. In the first, are two articles of special interest to Catholics, who constitute "two-fifths of Canada's population"; one, a review of Hall Caine's "Eternal City" from the pen of the editor; the other, an excellent sketch, introduced by a good half-tone photograph, of the Most Revd. Louis Begin, Archbishop of Quebec, from George Stewart, D.C.L. In the Xmas number with its aptly designed native cover in the select menu, we may note particularly Mr. Albert R. Carman's "Visit to Westminster" wherein the interesting comparisons of English and Canadian public men include several Irish members of parliament.



Exchanges.

1. *Boston College Styles* ; 2. *King's College Journal* ; 3. *St. Mary's Chimes* ; 4. *Acadia Athenaeum* ; 5. *The Xavier* ; 6. *Victoriana* ; 7. *Presbyterian College Journal* ; 8. *Holy Cross Purple* ; 9. *The Young Eagle* ; 10. *Queen's Journal* ; 11. *Dalhousie Gazette* ; 12. *N. D. Scholastic*.

1. Treating of the question "Is there a school of American Literature," the writer, confining himself to fiction, answers in the affirmative and proclaims Irving and Cooper its founders. "Alfred the Great," as an educator and man of letters, is a good freshman contribution.

2. The issue contains several judicious clippings and an interesting account of the Yale Bicentenary.

3. Anna Tormby-Dooling, we know naught of her save by her "In Memoriam," is a poet from whom great things may be expected. We wish that we could reproduce her verses.

4. In an exhaustive article on "Physical Education," compulsory drill and the study of Hygiene are advocated. A lack of ungraduate work and lighter literature injures this otherwise well written journal.

5. "Metamorphosis" is a good college story. The Book Reviews are excellent.

9. Reviewing "Kim," a graduate claims that the critics are greatly undervaluing Kipling and that his work has steadily improved. We prefer, however, the valuation of Kipling, given in the October *Cosmopolitan*, that he has injured his books by his cynical indifference to the laws of art in presenting to us only vulgar forms of life. The same fault exists in nearly all his poems. His latest novel may be better than its predecessors but even that slight praise cannot be given to his latest "poems."

7. In an article entitled "A Trip to Dawson," we learn that the Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Anglicans and Salvation Army are all working there successfully and in perfect harmony.

8. "Pioneers in Elementary Education," gives us a history of the foundation of the Christian Brothers and an insight into their plan of work. "The Holy Grail" is an example of how to write a resumé of a poem.

9. The poetry page is better than the average one in a college paper; an odor of sanctity not at all obtrusive is felt in every line.

10. "Queen's University, A Historical Sketch," like all stories of the early struggles and final successes of a seat of learning is both interesting and instructive.

11. Dalhousie advocates, and disinterestedly also, the consolidation of the four Maritime Universities, Dalhousie, Kings, New Brunswick and Acadia. There are always two sides to a question, but when one considers these are four of Canada's oldest universities and that they have not been as successful as they could wish, the question is, to say the least, debatable.

12. The November issue contain a few essays, the usual amount of "Varsity Verse," and about a dozen short stories. The fact that this magazine contains a large percentage of undergraduate work than most of the exchanges, yet is conceded on all sides to be one of the best of our college papers is no slight honor to Notre Dame and the editors of the *Scholastic*.



THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME 1901.



HE doughty young Argonauts came from the west ;
 'Mong Ontario's teams they were surely the best ;
 But down went their pride, and their colors lay low,
 When Ottawa College boys at them did go.

The Argo's had boasted of what they would do,
 They had said they would master our old College crew ;
 While they of the College were sparing of words,
 But when in the fight they were swift as the birds.

Oh, the game was hard fought for the Argo's were men
 Who knew the great game and were fighting to win ;
 But the College boys just like the old-time fifteens,
 Gave the Argo's to see there were none of them greens.

There were men there from Brockville that stood on the stand,
 And boys from the city who thought it was grand ;
 There were men from Quebec, from Toronto, who all
 Had come to the foot-ball game in Montreal.

Oh 'twas fun just to see them a-kicking that ball !
 'Twas fun just to see them buck scrimmage and all !
 'Twas fun to see "quarter" come out t'other side,
 You'd have laughed till the people all thought you'd have died.

You'd have laughed at the play, you'd have laughed at the score
 You'd have laughed till your sides they were splitting and sore,
 You'd have laughed at the rooters, the ball and the men.
 You'd have laughed at the crowd who did cheer them again.

The way they did scrimmage that ball was a sight !
 The way that they punted would make your head light !
 And the way that they passed right through wing men and all
 Shows what they can do in the home of foot-ball.

The doughty young Argo's came out of the west,
They now will return to a much needed rest ;
For the way that the College Boys tumbled them there
Must surely have tired them, I do declare.

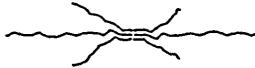
There were tears that the College Boys couldn't restrain,
There were cheers that resounded again and again ;
For they looked at their colors, the Garnet and Grey,
Which they saw floating high at the end of the fray.

Oh 'tis many a battle the College has fought,
'Tis many a victory's come to its lot ;
And now the boys stand in their glory and fame,
Don't come and repeat that there's nought in a name.

Long life to the victors ! They've won out like men.
They've fought out like heroes ; now, cheer them again !
If later you talk of the game of to-day,
Just give a hurrah for the Garnet and Grey.

L. E. O. PAYMENT.

Quebec, Nov., 1901.



Athletics.

QUEBEC CHAMPIONS.

The Citizen.

Montreal, Nov. 17.—The Quebec Rugby Football union championship for 1901-02 was won by the Ottawa College fifteen on the M.A.A.A. grounds, Saturday afternoon, when they defeated the Britannias by the decisive score of 30 to 14. The College has won five games during the season and lost two. It has vanquished the Brits on the gridiron on three occasions. The first of these matches was taken from it in the committee room subsequently and awarded to the Britannias. The Collegians have demonstrated that they are easily the superiors of any other aggregation of pigskin chasers in the Quebec union and they have obtained the coveted honors by fairly and squarely out-playing the teams against which they have been pitted.

The visitors arrived home at the Union station yesterday morning about 1.30 o'clock and were met by over 250 students from the University. The scene was one of almost unparalleled enthusiasm. The boys gathered to greet the conquerors were

clad in their night apparel which was fantastically decorated with designs, varying from a skull and cross-bones to a scene on a football field. They also wore grotesque headgear and brought with them a choice variety of tin-horns, vocal organs and leathern lungs. They were bent on showing their joy and they achieved their purpose. The players were carried from the train to sleighs that were in waiting and a procession was formed up and paraded the principal streets for an hour. The ebullitions of the happy students disturbed many a sleeper but no objection was made to their demonstration for everyone was in sympathy with them. The victory was celebrated with nearly as much eclat as was that of the first College champions in 1885.

The result of Saturday's match was never in doubt from the moment that Referee Wilkinson blew his whistle. The College jumped into the game from the start and had the ball over the line before the Brits knew where they were at. The points were run up rapidly and

at half-time the score was 30 to 0. The Brits strove with the desperation of despair in the second half, and as the College let up a little the Montreal players scored fourteen points. They were lucky to get so many for at least six of the points were gifts.

The match was played on the M. A. A. A. grounds, and was witnessed by between 1,500 and 2,000 people. Despite a cold wind and an occasional snow-flurry, the spectators, judging from their expressions of commendation, enjoyed the play. There was much kicking and running, and these features more than offset the dullness in scrimmaging. The wind blew a gale towards the end of the match, and as the Brits had it in their favor in the second half, the punts of their half-backs were great ground-gainers. The College tried to keep the ball in the scrimmage but were not as fortunate as on the preceding Saturday when they were playing the same team at Varsity oval. The grounds appeared to be heavy and wet, but after the match players stated that the gridiron was in fairly good condition. The snow had been cleared off almost entirely, but the

officials made a mistake in not having a larger area cleaned behind the goal-line. The points were all scored at one end of the field, and at this end the snow was taken away from but a small portion of the ground between the goals and the dead-line. Consequently, the back divisions were impeded by the beautiful when the ball went over the line and were unable to get the pig-skin away. If the match for the Dominion championship is to be played on the M. A. A. A. grounds this oversight should be rectified. There was considerable muffing on both sides, but this was excusable for the players' hands became fairly numb with cold before time was called. Considering the unfavorable conditions the quality of Rugby served up was excellent, and the spectators were eminently satisfied except for one thing—the College won. They admitted that the Garnet and Grey deserved to win but they would have preferred to have seen the much-lauded Britannias land the championship.

The Brits were outclassed and as a result out-pointed as the score would indicate. They were not the equals of the Collegians in any single department. Their

half-backs did not run or kick as well as Callaghan, Gleeson and Richards and their full-back, Irwin, was not to be compared with the agile O'Brien, who played a splendid game. The crowd even went to the extent of applauding Gleeson and Callaghan, when these two halves punted away down the field after seemingly being cornered. "Why those fellows kick with either foot," exclaimed a lady spectator disappointedly when Gleeson fooled a Brit wing by booting the ball with his left. The College halves used judgment when kicking, too and invariably their long pun's took the ball into touch.

Dooner never played better than he did on Saturday and he gave practical evidence of the fact that he had learned to buck the line scientiñcally, by scoring two touchdowns. He passed the ball to the halves with quickness and dexterity and did not make any errors. He would not have had so much to do though if he had not been fed by three husky gentlemen who frisked about the gridiron under the names of Captain Boucher, Manager Cox and McSwiggin Harrington. This trio did great and mighty things to the Brits'

scrimmage, and crumpled it up like so much tissue paper. Also they did regularly steal the ball when the Brits had it in their possession. Thirdly, they heeled out to Dooner with promptitude after they had filched the oval. And to crown all the irepressible Harrington dropped on the ball for a touchdown, the first he made this season.

The wings had a busy afternoon. Lafleur and Walters were the stellar performers of the day. The crowd's constant admonition was to "Watch Walters!" "Watch Lafleur!" And to tell the truth these individuals required a deal of watching. The Brits put up a job apparently to have Lafleur ruled off and thus put out of the way. Marshall, who was marking him, commenced to scrag him from the kick-off. Finally he succeeding in exasperating Lafleur and the latter retaliated. Both went off for five minutes. Shortly after they went on they had another scrap, which the referee did not notice. When Lafleur disentangled himself from Marshall's grasp and turned away, the Britannia wing made a rush at him from behind and struck at him viciously. Lafleur wheeled around and played a tattoo on

Marshall's jaw. The referee saw this mix-up and put off both players for the rest of the match. It was a loss to College for Ovide was in good form and Marshall was practically a non-entity. He could not follow up or tackle as well as any wooden Indian taken from in front of a cigar store. Lafleur was always conspicuous. He followed up fast and on one occasion took the ball from Gordon's hands, dodged several Brits and carried it over the line after a brilliant 25-yard run. Lafleur was labeled dangerous after that and Marshall set about to get him ruled off.

Hal Walters, the redoubtable, broke through the line with ease and was always on the ball. Johnson, who was supposed to hold him, might as well have tried to stop the cannonball express. Hal brushed him aside as if he had been another Donnelly. Walters and Dooner worked a combination charge that went through the Britannia line like water through a sieve. On the other side of the scrimmage was stationed Bob McCredie, and Bob was in it from the drop of the hat. He, too, was a thorn in the side of the Brits, but was too canny to be

drawn into such difficulty as got Lafleur into trouble. He simply said nothing and played football, and his exhibition of the latter was remarkably good. He worked all through with tireless energy and did yeoman service. French had to hold Cowan who was the most aggressive wing on the Brits' line. He performed this duty with pleasure to himself and satisfaction to the other members of the team. Devlin, Filiatreault and Corbett rushed their opponents off their feet and pestered Gordon in a way that the latter did not like. Devlin was one of the happiest fellows in Montreal on Saturday night for he, like Harrington, made his first touchdown and he also forced Christmas back over the goal-line for a safety-touch.

McKenzie, captain of the Brits, worked like a Trojan, but he could not play the whole game. His wind-carried punts in the second half were instrumental in making the Montrealers' score so large. Of the wings Johnson and Cowen made the best showing. J. Smith made his first appearance on a senior team and played a fairly good game.

The referee, Mr. Wilkinson, of the Brockvilles, and the umpire, Mr. W. Dier, of the same team, were quite satisfactory. Mr. Dier was a trifle lax perhaps but not culpably so. The game was hard and there was a continuous tussling and wrestling on the part of the wings, but of deliberate roughness there were very few instances.

At 2.30 o'clock the following players lined up in response to the referee's whistle:—

THE TEAM.	
<i>Britannia.</i>	<i>College.</i>
	Full back.
Irwin	O'Brien
	Halves.
W. Christmas	Gleeson
Mackenzie (Capt.)	Callaghan
Anderson	Richards
	Quarter.
Gordon	Dooner
	Scrimmage.
McAllen	Cox
Fisher	Baucher (Capt.)
Byrne	Harrington
	Wings.
Lightburn	Walters
Horsfall	Corbett
Strachan	Lafleur
Johnson	Devlin
Marshall	McCredie
Smith	Filiatreault
Cowan	French

Referee, Mr. C. Wilkinson; umpire, W. Dier; timers, E. J. Fry, Montreal, and Arthur Du-rocher, Ottawa; touch-line judges, W. Hagar and Dr. Irwin, Montreal; goal judges, J. Burns,

Brockville, and T. Y. Foster, Montreal.

THE DOMINION CHAMPIONSHIP.

College 12. Argonauts 12.

(*The Witness*, Montreal.)

The great match is over, and the Canadian Rugby Championship remains undecided. For over an hour on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 23rd, the Ottawa College and Argonauts teams fought desperately on the grounds of the M.A.A.A., Montreal, to gain the coveted title of Dominion Champions, but when time was called the score stood 12 to 12. In clear but brisk weather, and on turf as hard as a city pavement, the giants of the Canadian gridiron strove for supremacy. Twenty-five hundred persons shouted themselves hoarse in the excitement of the moment. On one side of the stand, wrapped in the mysteries of the game, sat the frenzied supporters of the Western champions. Above the dull roar of the exciting scene one could hear them shouting words of encouragement; pleading in every possible strain with their favorites to push on. On the opposite side, College men were leaping like mountain goats, shrieking and yelling

and swinging to and fro under the canopy of their colors. Fragments of song and yell floated here and there, snatches of laughter were caught and repeated, swelling like the ripples in a pool, until they ended in the long barking roll of the college cheer. It was football pure and simple, fair and honest, but fought with the most pronounced antagonism.

Twice during the first half on that long turf the Argonaut men had been borne back over their own line. In spite of beef and brawn, in spite of hustle and concentrated grit, they had been unable during that time to stave off the magnificent rushes of College. Walters plunged into them like a stiletto; McCredie separated them with his bull-like rushes, Lafleur hurt when ever and wherever he landed his leonine head. But still the Argos fought and held, and grappled, and clinched with stout hearts and set teeth until the very end of the first half. At intervals the College line was smashed back into their own territory. For a brief time they would seem to be on the go, the next moment the flanks of the students heaved and waved expectantly. There were times

when you could scarcely see how the tide of battle was going. The intricacies of play were hidden in the rush, and through it all you could see from the swing of it that there was still a tremendous harmony of mental mechanism and physical energy. During the first half of the play, College had all the better of it, no less than 11 points going to their credit, while the Argonauts failed to score; nevertheless the Western giants held to their positions, reminding one of the mud turtle that takes a grip and holds on. During the interval of rest the Ontario champions determined upon new and aggressive tactics, while College remained firm. The teams reappeared, a cheer went up, College confident, Argonauts' hopeful. The whistle blew, the ball was in the air. A moment later the oarsmen came together, and by a mighty rush they dashed towards the College goal: inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard they forced the Garnet and Grey. Somewhere on the outskirts of a lofty scrimmage the line was reached, then hundreds of Argonaut voices rose in triumphant clamor.

The College men, bending for the next rush, rose in a line of garnet and grey with determined and drawn faces, a group of anxious but cautious athletes, who leaned forward in their anxiety to play. In that moment they certainly looked grieved and oppressed. Leather hooded, leather backed, covered with pads, and as hard-visaged as Vikings, they still swept on, determined to maintain their lead.

There could not have been a more perfect discipline on a field of athletic combat than was displayed by College. They formed in perfect unison, they punted and tackled with lightning rapidity: they caught beautifully and ran effectually. Their play was aggressive; their defence was strong. College felt the power of Eddie Gleeson behind the line. He was in the play from start to finish: he was always in the right place at the right time. His generalship was effective: it was timely and perfect. A word is due to Hal Walters, who played a star game throughout. He stuck to the ball as if he were joined to it. His work was fast, clean and aggressive. College played the game of their lives. They worked out

the play on a well planned and effective system.

That last five minutes of play is not likely to be forgotten. College must gain a point! they needed only one to equal matters; it must be achieved. Point by point the Western giants had added to their score, and a point in the lead, they felt that victory was theirs. With one mighty effort College came together and in a twinkling they rushed the ball into Argonaut territory. What a suspense! Would they score? Were they capable of holding the position? Inch by inch they tugged, struggled and shoved; inch by inch the oarsmen saw their victory passing; they, too, set in firm determination, disputed every move, fought every turn, but it was of no avail. College was not to be denied; the opportunity came, and with a mighty yell the Collegians rushed on; they broke away; the ball was in the air, and in an instant it was high over the goal line; the students had gained a point; the great match was a tie. For the remaining five minutes both teams fought as they never fought before. One little point meant victory, but it was not to be. The whistle finally blew

with College tugging fiercely near their own line.

The Westerners refused to continue ; they apparently had had enough ; they were ready to quit.

Both teams were on time commendably early, and when the referee's whistle blew, they lined up as follows :

<i>College.</i>		<i>Argonauts.</i>
	Full back.	
O'Brien		Ardagh
	Halves.	
Callaghan		Hardisty
E. Gleeson (Capt.)		Darling
Richards		Henderson
	Quarter.	
Dooner		Britton
	Scrimmage.	
Cox		Boyd
Harrington		Wright
Boucher		Russell
	Wings.	
Walters		Langton
McCredie		Kent (Capt)
Devlin		Hill
Filiatreault		Chadwick
Corbett		Wilson
Lafleur		Grant
French		Parmenter

Referee : Mr. Jack Savage.

Umpire : Mr. Hartland McDougall.

Touch judges : Messrs. Hager and Buchanan.

Timekeeper : Mr. Fry.

(From *The Citizen*.)

A MORAL VICTORY.

"Though College's score did not exceed that of the Argo-

nauts', the game was a moral victory for the Garnet and Grey.

The Argonauts expected a pretty easy try-out, but they were horribly surprised at the magnificent showing by the Quebec Union champions, and it could be seen from the first time that College got over the Argos' line for a try that the latter had cold feet, and an ardent desire to see the game over. The College team fulfilled the hopes of its most enthusiastic well-wishers.

It blocked the oarsmen at every turn and outplayed them in the features of Rugby at which they were said to be invincible. It was said that the kicking game was Argos' long suit. College met them at it and skinned them to death. At possession of the ball College had by a long odds the better of the fight, and in running and tackling they were certainly the equal of the Toronto aggregation. Each team scored two tries, one touch-in-goal and three rouges. College should have had another touch-in-goal, which would have made the score 13 to 12 in its favor and won the game, but the play was called back, the line judge claiming it went in touch before it was in goal. When it is known that College scored 11

points with the wind and 1 point against it, and that Argonauts' total score was made with the wind's assistance, it must indicate some superiority in the play of the Ottawa team. Taking into consideration the fact that the Argonauts were not willing to stake their chances on ten minutes of extra play at the finish of the regular time, the logical conclusions are strongly in favor of College's claim to victory. The latter team was aggressive to the last, and willing to continue the play. It was surely master of the situation."

Letter from Father Constantineau to manager of football team:—

"Lowell, Mass.,
Nov., 20th, 1900.

"MY DEAR MR. COX,

"I am not yet in condition to write a long 'Address to the Varsity Football Club,' still, feeling sure that a few words of encouragement of one of the oldest and best friends of the club would stimulate the boys, I most willingly add my 'V-a-r-s-i-t-y,' to the enthusiastic shout of all the students in wishing you success in your final game for the championship of Canada.

"All through the serious siege of sickness that I have had it was like a good and beneficent potion to learn that 'our boys' had won.

"Unfortunately the football news reach me only on Wednesday morning (Monday's *Evening Journal*) so that the enthusiasm is all over in Ottawa when it begins here.

"Tell the boys that not only Canada, but the United States also, has its eyes turned upon them. Each and every player must (and I am sure will) give the best account of himself. Determination, courage and especially the knowledge that 'victory is possible until the referee has blown his whistle,' such are the qualities that have always characterized the Ottawa College Footballers, and that have enabled them, on several occasions in the past, to snatch victory from their opponents when everybody but themselves had given up hope.

"Again expressing my sincerest wish that victory may perch upon your banner, and asking you to kindly remember me to ALL the boys,

"I remain,

"Faithfully yours,

"H. A. CONSTANTINEAU, O.M.I.

"P.S.—I am pleased to state that my health is improving steadily. There has been no recurrence of those attacks of heart-failure. As soon as I can conveniently travel, which I anticipate will be in four or five weeks, I shall leave here for San Antonio, Texas, where I expect to spend the winter.

"H. A. C."

THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

As the game played on Nov. 23rd resulted in a draw, another game had to be played on the

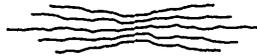
30th, and on that day College won the championship of Canada, defeating the Argonauts of Toronto, by a score of 18 to 3.

The game was one of the cleanest and most stubbornly contested matches ever witnessed on a Canadian gridiron, and while the score would lead one to believe that the game was rather one-sided, it does not fairly represent the difference between the two teams. Varsity's victory was due in a great measure, to superior team play under the guidance and control of Eddie Gleeson. This king of Canadian half-backs kicked two goals from the field, scoring 10 points for College, and this simply broke the Argonauts' hearts. They played on pluck-

ily, however, until the game was over.

The respective teams were as follows :

<i>College.</i>		<i>Argonaut.</i>
	Full Back.	
O'Brien		Beale
	Halves.	
Callaghan		Ardagh
E. Gleeson (Captain)		Hardisty
W. Richards		Henderson
	Quarter.	
Dooner		Boyd
	Scrimmage.	
Cox		Boyd
Harrington		Wright
Boucher		Russell
	Wings.	
Walters		Langton
McCredie		Wilson
Devlin		Strange
Filiatreault		Grant
Corbett		Kent
French		Chadwick
Laflaur		Parmenter





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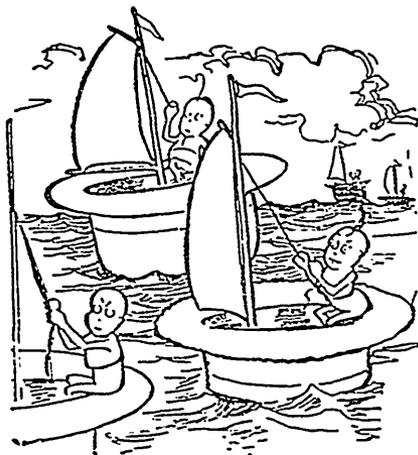
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