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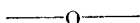
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PAPAL DELEGATE TO CANADA.

University of Ottawa
REVIEW

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 2.

DIES MIRABILIS.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CON-
SECRATION OF HIS GRACE JOSEPH THOMAS DUHAMEL,
ARCHBISHOP OF OTTAWA.

Rich in love
And sweet humility, he is, himself
To the degree that he desires, beloved.
— *Wordsworth's Excursion.*

Hushed be Care's dolorous sigh,
And loosed the voice of Joy,
Let ocean-mouthed multitudes acclaim !
Let thousands, Duhamel,
Troop fast and trooping tell
Of life-long toils that with Worth bind thy name ;
Till surging, throbbing down the wind
The praise of old and young peals out combined !

Two Sister Cities now
Before the altar bow,
And breathe for thee the simple, fervent prayer ;
That heart engrossing strain
Folk dotting dale and plain

In sympathetic concord waft on air,
 And over wide and wider bounds
 Murmur the cadence of the sacred sounds.

While echoes every street
 With tramp of thronging feet,
 And merriment and Muse ringing clear,
 Loud organ tones that swell
 Mix with the clang of bell,
 And Oratory wins responsive cheer,
 And woos the Music her speaking string
 To audible creations swift of wing.

Wide from the Town's pent heart
 To its remotest part
 Chorussed, the thunder rolls all dins above ;
 To thee, unsought, it brings
 A boon denied to kings—
 A loving people's offering of love :
 Regard based on shared Hopes and Fears,
 The shine and shade of five and twenty years.

As Moments come and go
 Well may the Triumph grow ;
 This purple-pinioned Day's bright fingers bind
 A crown all pride to see,
 Immortal wreath for thee
 Who wear'st the graces of an bumble mind
 To robe a spirit which, as Throne,
 Three sisters, Wisdom, Truth, and Virtue own.

Ah ! sweetly speak thy days
 As song's most liquid lays—
 Though Modesty innate would have them dumb—
 Of ceaseless Charity,
 Of Griefs stilled silently,
 Of Helpfulness too broad for word to sum,
 Of vigils kept by wrecks brought low
 And crushed, by Fate's enormities of Woe.

No knight of dead Romance
Who fleshed or sword or lance
Where flashing spears lit stubborn Victory,
In steel-clad breast could feel
For Glory more zeal
Than thou to spread aloft in spacious sky,
No pompous gawd, Pride's symbol frail,
But Faith's bright flag, to weather bolt and gale.
In mystic rhythm rolls
Ever athwart our souls
Some chime of steeple crowning hallowed fane,
And, thick as stars that gem
A lakelet's diadem,
Shine chancel-lights by street, and road, and lane :
All were illumined by thy hand
Which rears the frequent spire around the land.
Beneath yon towering dome
Soft Mercy makes her home,
And ever there Veiled Angels pain appease,
Keeping a sleepless guard
By fevered cot and ward
While Science changes agony to ease ;
Thy beneficence props these halls,
And Mercy's pile thy tenderness recalls.
And should one farther stray
Along the public way,
Soon palaces their chiselled fronts unfold,
Beneath those spreading caves
The Lap of Ease receives,
Orphan, and outcast, and infirm, and old :
Each stately structure seems to bless
Thy tender heart, Friend of the Fatherless.
And many a tranquil place
Thy chiefs, Religion, grace—
Monastic heirs of famous saintly lines ;
And many a lamp sun-bright
Wise teachers trim to light

Youth delving lore in Wisdom's Parian mines :
 The thick-sown school and monastery
 Alike can trace auspicious births to thee.

 So, as all these be thus,
 Be thou more praised of us ;
 In will a thousand, one in corporal power,
 Thy goodness sighs to deem
 Too few thy gifts that teem,
 Linking some good to every blessed Hour :
 Thy soul counts each rare act to be
 But setting for its pearl, Humility.

 Magnanimous, paltry pride
 Thy greatness doth deride,
 Though Admiration make thy people glad,
 Though Truth proclaim thy fame
 Ennobles Manhood's name,
 Though alien Race and Creed their tributes add ;
 Thou wouldst have God alone scan merits,
 Meek Prophet of the Kingdom Faith inherits.

 As erst, so to the end,
 Tried councillor, true friend,
 We from thy fostering fondness none shall wean :
 Our grateful hearts replete
 With love for thee will beat
 Their blessings, while upon thy strength we lean :
 Thy schemes one testimony bear
 God is thy Patron, and His flock thy care.

 Hushed be Care's dolorous sigh
 And loosened the voice of joy,
 Let ocean-mouthed multitudes acclaim !
 Let thousands, Duhamel,
 Troop fast and trooping tell
 Of life-long toils that with worth bind thy name,
 And ever as the years increase
 Preach still Goodwill's two Gospels, Love and Peace.

MAURICE CASEY.

THE THEME OF "THE TEMPEST."



AMONG the numerous productions of Shakespeare's genius, none perhaps is more suggestive of true moral principles and of higher conceptions than *The Tempest*. Multiple, inconsequence, appears the theme of this drama to the cursory reader, according as he deduces it from the general impression, or from the words of the personages brought on the scene.

In several passages of the play we are struck by the presentation of the idea that man though by nature ever subject to higher power, nevertheless always nourishes an innate but futile desire for complete liberty. He hates dependence, and strives to escape from it ; but if his endeavors to throw off the yoke of one master succeed, he unconsciously bends the head before a new tyrant perhaps more inhuman than the first. Ariel, Caliban, Ferdinand, Alonso, Prospero himself, are evident examples of this inconsistency of man.

No less striking than the first truth, is the thought of a Providence, watchful and paternal, who disposes all for the best. Trials, sufferings and dangers, contribute either to withdraw man from the path of sin, or to test his love and strengthen his virtue.

Besides these themes which seem to have an equal claim to our meditation, there is a third, which, if not the most salient, is certainly developed in a manner calculated to produce the deepest impression, and is resumed in an aphorism full of sense and vigor :

"The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance !"

Words indeed noble, heroic, sublime even, on the lips of a man whom injustice and ingratitude have reduced to the lowest depth of misery !

Unjustly bereft of his ducal crown, by an ungrateful brother, Antonio, banished from his dukedom by order of the king of Naples, an enemy to him inveterate, and exiled on a savage island, Prospero sees at last the long desired dawn of deliverance and of the return of fortune. By a providential disposition, the king, his court, and Antonio are at sea on a voyage from Tunis.

Favored by the assistance of Ariel, an airy spirit, Prospero rouses against them the fury of the sea and of the winds. The vessel tempest-tossed, is on the point of foundering, and the unchecked elements threaten death to every soul in it. Miranda, daughter to Prospero, at the sight of such a danger, is moved with pity and laments the lot of the noble creatures whom she supposes to be ship-wrecked. Her affliction provokes the first manifestation of Prospero's heart, who, in words which repudiate the natural desire for vengeance, reveals to her the sole motive of his conduct, together with the comforting assurance that nothing ill shall betide to any of his enemies.

* * *

"Be collected ;
No more amazement ; tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

* * *

No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter
* * * Wipe thou thine eyes ; have comfort ;
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such prevision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there's no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel,"
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Satisfied with his present condition, he would calmly die in obscurity, but for the future welfare of his daughter, his sole consolation. His hope is to bring his enemies to renew ancient bonds and live in tranquillity.

The tempest has accomplished part of his design. He has seen his enemies cast upon the deserted coast of the island. Notwithstanding his confidence in Ariel he apprehends some accident. His interview with his messenger betrays in him great anxiety. On hearing of Ferdinand's rash conduct, in throwing himself into the foaming waters, he asks with visible emotion,

"Was not this nigh shore?"

as if to calm his just fear by the possibility that Ferdinand "may yet be safe"; and the news of the ship's final landing on the island, dispels all dread and provokes a word of praise for Ariel, and a promise of liberty :

"Thy charge exactly is performed ;
Thou shalt be free...."

Victim of dark treason and bitterest ingratitude, Prospero sees a favorable occasion to take Christian revenge. Sebastian and Antonio have planned the murder of Alonso. Informed of this execrable plot, Prospero, on the eve of its execution, despatches his messenger to Gonzalo and warns him of the danger that threatens the king. Ambition is incapable of such an action, and less so vengeance. What in fact can Prospero hope for his action? He does not seek reward, since he conceals his name by sending Ariel. Nor can he have in view the bettering of his condition, when those whom he saves, are the very men who are the cause of his misery and affliction.

This action, nevertheless, is but the prelude of what Prospero has planned in his mercy towards his foes—reconciliation and remorse for sins yet to be effaced by the tears of repentance. The marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda, while uniting two pure affections, will, he hopes, open the way to the realization of his admirable plan. But with what prudence and wise moderation he proceeds in an action of such importance! Ferdinand's love will be put to the trial of a long and arduous slavery. Nor is his conduct, so severe and brutal in appearance, to be attributed to any grudge, since it served to cement by degrees an affection and an attachment henceforth inviolable :

"All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love ; and thou
Hast strangely stood the test ; Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift."

Prospero's project is pointing to a head. The achieved union of Ferdinand and Miranda has renewed and rendered more intimate the relations which cold ambition had broken. What now remains to be done, but to throw off all magic and disguise, and to reveal himself to those who are already his friends, although still irreconciled? The story of their sufferings and desolation, reported by Ariel, put an end to all further hesitation and delay, and provoked these words, impressed with compassion and mercy:

"Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
 Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
 Though with their high wrongs, I am struck to the quick,
 Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part: The rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves."

The hour is then come for the manifestation of truth. The day of repentance and pardon has dawned. The king, Antonio, Sebastian, all the attendants and the court, appear before Prospero, who, amidst the solemnity and music prepared for such a scene, speaks the words of forgiveness and oblivion. First to Alonso.

"Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter."
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian."

Then to his perfidious brother:

"Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong—
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art."

His compassion goes still further, and prevents him from declaring to the king the abominable design of Sebastian and Antonio:

"But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
 I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
 And justify you traitors; at this time
 I'll tell no tales."

Merciful towards his greater enemies, will he not be kind and forgetful towards his lesser ones? Caliban, his slave, has conspired against him, and together with Stephano and Trinculo, has sought to murder him. He pardons and frees Caliban:

"Go, Sirrah, to my cell:
 Take with you your companions; as you look
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely."

Having liberated Caliban, he grants like freedom to Stephano and Trinculo. One might accuse Prospero of reproaching his enemies with their faults, and thereby, apparently taking revenge from the confusion he brings on them. But it is not to be forgotten that Prospero's purpose is to excite his foes to repentance, real sorrow and shame, at the sight of their base conduct towards him. He wants to prepare their minds and hearts so that his last word of "forgiveness" shall cleanse all vestige of the past. His hope, as he himself expresses it, is that every action of a time so lamentable, should sink into complete oblivion,

" Let us not barden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone."

Therefore if to the evidence deduced from the text, we add the testimony of the impression left upon the mind after an attentive reading of the play, it seems to me indubitable that in *The Tempest*. Shakespeare wished to impress us with the moral grandeur of the man who, though "struck to the quick by the high wrongs" of his enemies, nevertheless could "with his nobler reason take part against his fury," and who, at an hour when all his unscrupulous enemies lay completely at his mercy, could still conform his conduct to that truly Christian maxim,

" The rarer action
Is in virtue than in vengeance."

L. BINET, O.M.I., '01.



"THE FAT BOY."

MANY are the pleasant characters genial, humorous or jovial—that we owe to the creative genius of the unrivalled Dickens. In this circle of amusing beings must be numbered one who, though not, as some, remarkable for the humor of his speech, or as others, for his rollicking jollity, yet by his extraordinary unwontedness of manner appeals with irresistible force to our visible faculties—Joe, the wondrous Fat Boy of Pickwick Papers.

The chief traits of this uncommon personage may be very briefly summed up. He was a very corpulent young man whose time was divided between sleeping and eating—that is all. In the words of Dickens, he was "a fat and red-faced boy in a state of perpetual somnolency, whom no speculative observer could have regarded for an instant without setting him down as the official dispenser of the contents of the hamper which contained the consumable articles."

Joe's corpulency is particularly to be noticed. One day, while he was sleeping on the seat of a carriage, his services were required. In answer to the summons to come down from his perch, he rolled slowly off the seat like a big balloon, and it was only by dint of extraordinary exertion that this remarkable achievement was accomplished. He was indeed a wonderfully fat boy. His extraordinary rotundity rendered him an object of downright amazement to all those who met him, even to the usually imperturbable Mr. Samuel Weller. The first time this latter worthy set eyes upon him, having a vague idea of the disease called dropsy he could find no better application of the word than to this young man's plumpness. Hence "Young Dropsy" was entered on the Baptismal Register of the Weller parish as being the name of our interesting hero.

Joe had a very unfortunate tendency to fall asleep at the shortest notice. "Joe, Joe," exclaims Mr. Wardle, "Damm that boy, he has gone to sleep again. Be good enough to pinch him, sir—

on the leg, if you please, nothing else wakes him." Two seconds had scarcely elapsed when Joe was again in the same state of lethargy, whence he was aroused this time by sundry unceremonious taps on the head. On one occasion, in particular, Joe answered to his name with unusual alacrity, for at that particular moment he was only "three parts and a fraction asleep." Once, indeed, Joe remained awake, thoroughly wide awake, and that happened to be at a time when he should have been snoring his loudest. Thus it came to pass that he surprised Mr. Tupman and Miss Rachael Wardel in the very act of kissing and hugging each other, and for some minutes continued a bewildered spectator of this interesting scene. Mr. Tupman, on noting the presence of this intruder into private affairs, considered Joe altogether ignorant of what had just taken place, thinking that at the time, the Fat Boy was, as usual, fast asleep. But the worthy Mr. Tupman made a bad mistake, which he soon perceived by the consequences; for Joe lost no time in communicating what he knew to his old mistress, who was as much astonished at the declaration as our "*blanc-mange-like*" hero had been himself. Another occasion may be mentioned on which he was unusually awake and particularly loquacious. "I say," said he to Sam, "What a pretty girl Mary is, isn't she, I am so fond of her, I am." But he had to suffer the consequences of this unwonted occurrence, for Sam seized him by the collar, led him to the street door, and dismissed him with a harmless but ceremonious kick.

But these instances to the contrary notwithstanding, Joe was by no means inflicted with insomnia as the following passage relative to his somnolent propensities, amply proves:

"Mr. Perker had been congratulating Mr. Pickwick for a while on his happy exit from the Fleet when a most startling knock was heard at the door: it was not an ordinary double knock but a constant and uninterrupted succession of the loudest single raps, as if the knocker was endowed with perpetual motion or the person outside had forgotten to leave off.

"Dear me," said Perker, ringing the bell, "we shall alarm the inn; Mr. Lowten don't you hear a knock?"

"I'll answer the door in one moment sir," replied the clerk.

The knocker appeared to hear the response and to assert it was quite impossible it could wait so long. It made a stupendous uproar.

"It's quite dreadful," said Mr. Pickwick, stopping his ears.

"Make haste, Mr. Lowten," Perker, called out, "we shall have the panels beaten in."

Mr. Lowten who was washing his hands in a dark closet, hurried to the entry, and, turning the handle, then opened the door.

The object which presented itself to the eyes of the astonished clerk was a boy, an uncommonly fat boy, habited as a serving lad, standing upright on the mat, with eyes closed as if in sleep. The calmness and repose of his appearance so very different from what was reasonably to be expected of the inflicter of such knocks, smote him with wonder.

"What's the matter?" inquired the clerk.

The boy made no sign. He breathed heavily, but in all other respects was motionless.

"Where do you come from?" inquired the clerk.

The extraordinary boy replied not a word but he nodded once, and seemed to the clerk's imagination, to snore feebly.

The clerk repeated the question thrice, and, receiving no answer, prepared to shut the door, when the boy suddenly opened his eyes, winked several times, sneezed once, and raised his hand as if to repeat the knocking. Finding the door open, he stared about him with astonishment and at length fixed his eyes on Mr. Lowten's face.

"What the devil did you knock that way for?" inquired the clerk angrily.

"Which way?" said the boy, in a slow sleepy voice.

"Why, like forty hackney coachmen," replied the clerk,

"Because master said I wasn't to leave off knocking till they opened the door for fear I should go to sleep," said the boy.

The Fat Boy being so much given to sleep, a sudden waking generally had a confusive effect on his intellectual faculties. For instance he was one day charged by Mr. Pickwick to carry a message to certain of his young friends who had taken up lodgings in a distant part of the city. Joe played the anaconda inside a hackney coach all the way, and woke up suddenly when the coach came to a standstill.

"Now whether the suddenness of this awaking had jumbled the fat boy's faculties together, instead of arranging them in proper order, or had aroused such a quantity of new ideas within him as to render him oblivious of ordinary forms and ceremonies, or (which is also possible) had proved unsuccessful in preventing his falling asleep as he ascended the stairs; it is an undoubted fact that he walked into the sitting room without previously knocking at the door; and so beheld a gentleman with his arms clasping his young mistress's waist, sitting very lovingly by her side on a sofa, while another lady and her pretty handmaid feigned to be absorbed in looking out the window at the other end of the room. As the sight of this phenomenon the fat boy uttered an interjection, the ladies a scream and the gentleman an oath almost simultaneously."

Thus the confusion of his thoughts caused by his constant state of torpor had led him into a pretty fix indeed.

As to Joe's consuming abilities, they are not to be contested. In fact, how could he preserve his extraordinary rotundity if nurture were not plentiful. The mere expression "eatables" was enough to awake him at any moment. On one occasion, while the party were out witnessing a military display, when the time came for dinner, Mr. Wardle called upon the Fat Boy to hand him the food.

"There was something in the sound of this last word which roused the unctuous boy. He jumped up and his leaden eyes which twinkled behind his mountainous cheeks leered horribly on the food as he unpacked it from the baskets.

"Now make haste," said Mr. Wardle: for the fat boy was hanging fondly over a capon which he seemed wholly unable to part with. The boy sighed deeply and bestowing an ardent gaze on its plum pies unwillingly consigned it to his master."

The next time Joe's services were required, everybody was surprised to find him awake. The surprise would not have been so great if they had seen him previously abstract a veal patty which he had just engulfed.

Nearly every morning when at his farm, Mr. Wardle used to go out rook hunting. Of course Joe made one of the party. When Mr. Wardle would kill a bird he would order Joe to bring it up. There was usually a smile on the youth's face as he advanced to do his duty. He laughed when he retired with the birds, for they were generally plump ones, and indistinct visions of rook pie floated through his imagination.

Christmas Eve at Wardle's was a time of pleasure, not only for the family but also for the servants. It so happened that Joe, Sam, and old Mrs. Wardle's maid, Emma, were all three in the kitchen. An unusually long silence was finally broken by Sam:

"Your master's a verry pretty notion of keeping any thin' up my dear; I never seed such a sensible sort o' man as he is, or such a reg'lar gen'l'm."

"Oh that he is," said the fat boy, "don't he breed nice pork?" The fat youth gave a semi-cannibalic leer at Mr. Weller as he thought of the roast legs and gravy.

"Oh you've awoke at last have you?" said Sam.

The fat boy nodded assent.

"I'll tell you what it is young boya constructor," said Mr. Weller impressively, "if you don't eat a little less and exercise a little more, ven you comes to be a man, you'll lay yourself open to the same sort o' personal un-convenience as was inflicted on the old gen'l'm'n as wore the pigtail."

"What did they do to him? inquired the fat boy in a faltering voice.

"I'm going to tell you," replied Mr. Weller: "he was one of the largest patterns as was ever turned out—reg'lar fat man as hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for five and forty year." Here Mr. Weller recounted the adventures of the fat man as wore a pigtail, and the recital was seen to affect Joe a great deal.

They then proceeded to the parlor where the sport was going on. Mr. Wardle, altogether taken up with the pleasant scene before him stood with his back toward the fire, heeding nothing but what was going on in front of him. The fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use and summarily devouring a particularly fine mince pie which had been carefully put up for somebody else."

Indeed the drollness of Joe's manner is rendered still more striking by the Fat Boy's connection with Mr. Samuel Weller, a fact easily shown by the following quotation :

Mr Pickwick and his friends were to pass Christmas at Ma or Farm.

When they had reached Dingley Dell they found the fat boy waiting for them with a cart for their luggage. Mr. Pickwick with his three usual companions started on foot across the fields while Sam was directed to stay a d help load up the cart and then to go to the farm house in company with the fat boy.

When Sam perceived this latter personage, he looked on him with great astonishment but without saying a word. He then proceeded to store into the cart, the oyster barrels, a large cod fish and sundry other articles of luggage which Mr. Pickwick had brought with him, while the fat boy stood quietly by and seemed to think it a very interesting sort of thing to see Mr. Weller working by himself.

"There," said Sam, throwing in the last carpet bag, "there they are."

"Yes," said the fat boy in a very satisfied tone, "there they are."

"Vell young twenty stump," said Sam, "you're a nice specimen of a prize boy, you are."

"Thank'ee" said the fat boy.

"You ain't got nothin' on your mind as makes you fret yourself have you?" inquired Sam.

"Not as I knows on," replied the fat boy.

"I should rayther ha' thought, to look at you, that you was a laborin' under an unrequited attachment to some young voman," said Sam.

The fat boy shook his head.

"Vell," said Sam, "I'm glad to hear it. Do you ever drink anythin'?"

"I likes eating better," replied the boy.

"Ah," said Sam, "I should ha' s'posed that, but what I mean is, should you like a drop of somethin' as would warm you, but I suppose you never was cold with all them elastic fixtures, was you?"

"Sometimes," said the boy, "and I like a drop of something when its good."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Sam, "come this way then."

The Blue Lion tap was soon gained and the fat boy swallowed a glass of liquor without so much as winking, a feat which considerably advanced him in Mr. Weller's good opinion. Mr. Weller, having transacted a similar peice of b siness on his own account, they got into the cart.

"Can you drive?" said the fat boy.

"I should rayther think so," replied Sam.

"There then," said the fat boy, putting the reins in his hand, and pointing up a lane; "its as straight as you can go, you can't miss it."

With these words the fat boy laid himself affectionately down by the side of a cod-fish, and placing an oyster barrel under his head, for a pillow, fell asleep instantaneously.

"Well," said Sam, "of all th cool boys ever I set my eyes on, this here young gen'l'm'n is the coolest. Come, wake up young dropsy."

But as Young Dropsy evinced no symptoms of returning animation, Sam Weller set himself down in the front of the cart and starting the old horse by a jerk of the rein jogged steadily on towards Manor Farm."

And thus it is readily seen that, though Joe is usually considered one of the minor characters of the Pickwick Papers, yet when he is singled out and the attention concentrated upon him he must be given a very prominent position amidst the droll characters of Dickens' creation. The absence of this amusing personage would certainly weaken the general effect of the novel; for the serio-comic nature of the Fat Boy adds a peculiar charm of its own to the Pickwick Papers. And so Dickens was inspired with a happy idea, indeed, when he traced the outline of Joe, the live-but-to-eat-and-to-sleep servant of the good-natured Mr. Wardle.

I M O, (age 14), '03.



ON SUICIDE.

One cannot read an author without imbibing a certain number of principles, and unfortunately these principles are not always of the best. It behooves one, therefore, to keep his mind ever on the alert in order to subject the ideas and thoughts of the writer to the test of truth. For instance, in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," when Cassius emphatically declares that

" Life being weary of these worldly bars
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure."

unreflecting minds might be inclined to add with Casca :

" So can I ;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity."

And yet the words of both speakers embody a most pernicious principle. That there is some truth, indeed, in the opinion of Cassius and Casca is quite obvious ; since the means of depriving himself of life are never wanting to man. Man, therefore, never lacks the physical power of taking his own life. But has he the moral power of doing so ? That is the question. To those who believe in the revealed law of God, His positive command, "Thou shalt not kill," is adequate proof of the illicitness of suicide. But there are others to whom this expression of the divine law is insufficient, and who demand proofs of the natural order. To them we say that suicide, being an injury to the perpetrator himself, to society and to God, is evidently a violation of the Natural Law.

It will be admitted by all that Nature's first law is, that man, as well as all other creatures, should seek his own preservation. We see the brute animals observing this law, and why ? Is it not because in protecting their existence, instinct tells them they are preserving Nature's highest gift ? Among all Nature's subjects the only one who violates this law is man. And in transgressing it, does he not do himself irreparable injury ? For no matter how unhappy may be his existence, it is immeasurably superior to non-existence, Therefore suicide is in diametric opposition to the natural law, and is an irremediable injury to him who commits it.

It is evident to all that society, as an organic whole, demands the concurrence of its individual members in the preservation of its integrity and also in the attainment of its end. Now if a man destroy his own existence, does he not thereby commit a great injury to society, inasmuch as his act, to a certain extent destroys the integrity of society? Moreover, he seriously wrongs society in refusing his assistance to the attainment of its end. Hence suicide is extremely detrimental to society.

Again, God as our Creator, has complete dominion over us, and we are totally dependent on Him. He cannot resign his dominion over us nor can we possibly withdraw ourselves from this necessary state of dependence. Hence when a man from pure moral cowardice deprives himself of life, he usurps a right to which he has no claim whatsoever, for he cannot rightfully destroy what is in nowise subject to his dominion; and his life is not his own arbitrary disposal, since by no act of his did he, nor by any possible industry on his part could he, give himself the blessing of existence.

Hence suicide is absolutely to be condemned since it offends grievously against the express command of God as well as against the law of nature, inasmuch as such cowardly and rashly presumptuous act is an injury to the culprit himself, to society at large, and to God, the Sovereign Lord and Master of all things. And hence from a moral standpoint we must condemn the opinion of Cassius and Casca that

“Life being weary of these worldly bars
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.”

W. A. MARTIN, '02.



THE SONGS OF THE SETTLEMENT.

THE fault of present-day poets is that they too much indulge gloomy and melancholy thoughts. The people who above all should, in and out of reason, tirelessly preach the glorious doctrine of deathless Hope, are disposed to see everything in the worst light. A back cloud hangs hovering over their minds, and its formation is often purely mechanical, and owing either to some fault in the bodily frame, or some disorder in the mental constitution. No one should write poetry on a bad stomach. Dryden used to prepare for a poetic flight by taking physic. It is really too bad that his example is lost on so many of his modern disciples, who, like Job, go mourning with indigestion—I believe it was “indignation” the Hebrew bard wrote, but my slip of the pen may be permitted to stand—though whole cantos and volumes of verbal dyspepsia, fearful to contemplate. If a poet is intellectually morose it is probably because he does not understand himself and his relations towards the world and God. The best cure for this disease is earnest study along Christian lines. Christian hope is the mother of mental joy.

The little book of poems by Thomas O’Hagan, whose title I have placed at the head of this notice, forms a pleasant contrast to the productions of what may be called the Modern Dyspeptic School of Poetry. The volume is throughout as exalted and triumphant as the dyspeptic tomes are depressed. I am free to confess that this general tone of constrained sprightliness and unbridled hopefulness affords me a large amount of pleasure.

It may not be out of place to state that Dr. Thomas O’Hagan’s whole life has been an offering on the high altar of scholarship, to use one of his own favorite figures. Onward still and upward, is his motto: the strong muscles seconding the strong heart, obedient to the indomitable purpose. The earnestness and virility of the man in his search after knowledge brings out forcibly the strength of the truth he preaches in “The Dreamer,” where he affirms he would “count the step that leads not up a useless toil, a round of loss.” Dr. O’Hagan is not only a persevering student, but a gentleman as well, and a generous helpful good fellow at

all times. I am glad to have the opportunity of paying this tribute to Dr. O'Hagan, because he deserves it, although, I fear, my action in the light of something which is to follow, will appear not unlike the shake-hands of a pugilist before he proceeds to carry out the pummelling.

Dr. O'Hagan need not be told, that criticism should avoid the sweeping surface judgment which is the usurped prerogative of the unthoughtful. He knows criticism should do so. He is also well aware that its fine discrimination is what best makes for true justice. This said, I may be permitted to apply my principles to the volume before me—the third book of poems which Dr. O'Hagan has produced.

In the first place, then, it does not seem to me that Dr. O'Hagan has, notwithstanding his honest and praiseworthy efforts to do so, reached the poetic development which adorns truth, with striking imagery, which bedecks the object of its admiration in the point-lace and diamonds of sparkling imagination. Truth to tell, the imagination of our poet is, in general, far enough from being Miltonic nor has he yet acquired anything like a habitual Tennysonian felicity of language and mastery of touch. I say this in all gentleness, as I have no desire to have my honest conclusions strike like a storm; rather would I have them penetrate like a sunbeam that warms and softens the air and fosters germination. Dr. O'Hagan has, I assume, long ago risen above the egotism which always resents blame, or even the suggestion of blame, and is oblivious of the kindly interest which is often its foundation. I speak as a man to a man.

It must not be concluded from what I have said that much in this volume is not good. I consider the poems, "An Idyl of the Farm," "The Old Log Cottage School," "The Freckled Boy at School," "The Old Brindle Cow," "A Song of Canadian Rivers," and a few minor efforts, as positively good. I look upon the poems "The Dance at McDougall's," "The Song my Mother Sings," "An Invitation," "The Tears of the Maple," and, with some reservations, "A Lullaby of the Settlement," as very good.

All the poems of the "settlement," with the possible exception of "The Old Pioneer," which is, I fear, spoiled by its very faulty fourth stanza, are interesting and furnish pleasant reading. The

thought of every writer should be, I venture to think, how to convey his meaning to his readers' intelligence, not how to pose before them effectively with his own. In language simple and direct, with illustrations drawn from phases of what might be the experience of our backwood pioneers, Dr. O'Hagan brings before us in most of these "Songs of the Settlement" the leading relations of human life in the Canadian "clearances."

I do not like the system of elision employed by our author. I do not suppose the vowels should be cut out of their places as he cuts them out. Vowels, in common with consonants, should be given right of way if they conduct themselves and do not present in emitting untimely noises, like cats on the fence at midnight. As a matter of fact, every intelligent reader can, in almost all cases, make his own elision, and the reader who is not intelligent will not understand it and will find it only a block of stumbling when it is done for him by an author. Therefore, elision has little real utility.

More than one poem in this volume is, I fear, irreparably ruined by outlandish comparisons. Let me cite an example, even at the risk of overstepping my allotted space. The first stanza of "An Irish Mother" is as follows :

" Her dreams fill heaven and earth,
Her love is a love divine--
Ripen'd through sorrow and time and tears,
'Tis sacred as chalice of wine."

Now, will Dr. O'Hagan allow me to ask him why a thing "ripened through sorrow and time and tears," should be "sacred as chalice of wine"? Again, wine is only put in a chalice by the priest at mass, otherwise it is sipped from a wine-glass and, in certain circumstances, "scooped" out of a tumbler. But *peace!* I might pick flaws like this till the crack of doom, and I really have no desire for splitting hairs. In concluding this hasty and inadequate notice, I may say the whole book sustains the reputation which Dr. O'Hagan has built up for himself, and all the poems are written after that fashion which their author would seem to have made peculiarly his own. Be the poems good or bad, it is perfectly safe to assume that every fair maiden in the land will pass them over to turn up and gaze on the page that contains the portrait of their handsome young poet.

THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

Mgr. Diomede Falconio was born on the 20th of September, 1842, at Pescocostanzo, a small parish of the diocese of Monte Casino, Italy. At the age of 18 years he entered the Order of St. Francis. Having completed his studies under the direction of the learned religions of the Roman Province of his Order, he was sent to the missions of the United States. On the 4th of January, 1866 he was ordained to the priesthood by Mgr. Timon, Bishop of Buffalo.

While in America Mgr. Falconio was charged with several important offices of trust in his Order. He was for a time professor of Philosophy and vice-president of the Franciscan College at Alleghany, N.Y. (1866). The following year he became professor of Theology and Secretary of the Franciscan province of the Immaculate Conception. In 1868, he was elected President of the Collège and Seminary of St. Bonaventure. The same year Mgr. Carfagnini, Bishop of Harbor Grace, entrusted him with a delicate mission to Newfoundland; and a year later he became secretary to Mgr. Carfagnini and administrator of the Cathedral parish of Harbor Grace.

In 1882, Mgr. Falconio, returned to the States where he remained until, on his election to the Provincialship of his Order in Abruzzo, he was recalled to Italy in 1884. During the next eight or nine years, Mgr. Falconio occupied successive posts of honor and responsibility and was charged with several delicate and difficult missions in different Franciscan provinces.

He was about to visit France in obedience to the commands of his Superior General when July 11, 1892, Leo XIII proclaimed him bishop-elect of Lacedonia. On the 17th of the same month he was consecrated at Rome by His Eminence Cardinal Monaco La Valetta. His administrative success was so marked in the diocese of Lacedonia, that the Holy Father confided to him the difficult task of governing the united sees of Acerenza and Matera with their combined flock of 150,000 souls amidst whom he was zealously laboring when last August the voice of the Universal-Shepherd called him to a wider sphere of action as Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY, THE PAPAL DELEGATE.



ATURDAY, October 14th, Ottawa University was *en fete* to receive the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Falconio, who was extended a hearty welcome by the faculty and students. His Excellency arrived early in the morning accompanied by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Vicar-General Routhier, the two secretaries, Fathers Edward and Etienne, and two priests from the Archbishop's Palace, Montreal, Fathers Roy and Callaghan.

The Delegate celebrated Mass at eight o'clock, and afterwards he was escorted by the faculty to the Academic Hall, where the students were assembled to meet him. As he entered the hall the strains of the University band blended with 500 student voices to render that proudly-swelling, triumphal song of greeting to Leo through Leo's legate :

" Vive Leon Treize
 Notre Père Souverain,
 Que Jesus de tout mal
 Le préserve toujours
 A notre amour
 Conservez-le, Dieu tout puissant."

When His Excellency was seated in the throne on the platform Rev. Dr. Constantineau, rector of the University, bade the Delegate welcome on behalf of the faculty in the following words :

" It is with feelings of most legitimate joy that we, the faculty of the University of Ottawa, welcome in our midst to-day the representative of our glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII. In the person of Your Excellency we behold an evident proof of the kindness, the love, yea the special predilection the Holy Father fosters to the Dominion of Canada.

" As the representative of our august Pontiff, now gloriously reigning, we, the professors in that University which he himself created, extend to Your Excellency a most sincere and filial welcome.

" It is with sentiments of reverence and of love that we greet the other Leo, who is our guest to-day, as we would the head of the Church himself. But as professors we specially welcome Your Excellency for another reason. Acquainted with the arduous work of your early days in Alleghany College, Pennsylvania, we have the fond hope that a very close tie will bind us together. We see in Your Excellency one who has sacrificed several years of

his life in the vast and difficult field of education. We realize, therefore, that our work and the difficulties with which we have to contend will be readily understood by Your Excellency, and it is for this reason that we feel confident of always counting upon the aid of Your Excellency's enlightened counsels and practical suggestions."

The address of the French students was then read by Mr. Langlois. This was followed by the address in English which was read by Mr. Joseph McDonald :

To His Excellency, Mgr. Diomedo Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,—

In your first words to the Catholics of Canada, Your Excellency expressed the fervent hope that in your passage through this fair Dominion you should meet with no Godless schools. We are exceedingly happy to assure Your Excellency that at least so far as is concerned this institution which is so highly honored by your presence to-day, your hope is fully realized. This is a professedly Catholic institution, whose arms bear the faith-avowing motto, *Deus est Scientiarum Dominus*, and whose educational system places moral development in the foremost rank according to the inspired ideal of the Royal Psalmist, *Bonitatem et Disciplinam et Scientiam doce me*.

Yes, Your Excellency, this institution is Catholic, and Catholic is the education given here; and it is the Catholic spirit we have here imbibed that makes us feel it a duty and a joy to honor to-day in the person of Your Excellency the zealous and learned religious who have accomplished so much for the greater glory of God and His Church, both within the sacred limits of the Great Franciscan Order, to which you belong, and without the fold of the seraphic St. Francis in the world at large. Actuated by the same Catholic spirit, we deem it likewise a duty and a joy to honor in Your Excellency, the worthy prelate, who has administered with such heaven-blessed results a large and important portion of the Church of God, the distinguished Prince of the Church, who has been signally honored in divers ways by the Supreme Pontiff himself. But the thrice-pleasant duty and the thrice-double joy are ours to-day of honoring in the person of Your Excellency, him whom you represent amongst us, him who has graciously deigned in the depths of his wisdom to establish in this favored region a permanent Apostolic Delegate, and has chosen Your Excellency for that delicate office; him who is the grandest of the grand old men of the century; him who occupies with such surpassing dignity and renown the throne of the Fisherman built by the Carpenter's Son, the great, the glorious, the supreme, Pontiff, Leo XIII, light in heaven indeed, because the Vicar of Him who is the "True Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

Especially, then, in your capacity of vicar of the Vicar of Christ, do we welcome Your Excellency to this Canada of ours, to this Capital of our land,

and particularly to this University which was created by Leo XIII himself, and which he is pleased to designate "his own." We confidently trust that Your Excellency will find the Catholics of this country loving and generous of heart, and docile of mind, while we sincerely hope and earnestly pray that your sojourn in Canada may be pleasant and happy; and that Almighty God in His goodness may go before you in all your ways, so that your mission be fulfilled amongst us in a manner beneficial to our country, creditable to yourself, agreeable to the Sovereign Pontiff, and glorious for God and His Church.

We warmly thank Your Excellency for this gracious visit to our Alma Mater, and we assure you that it will ever be a source of the greatest satisfaction for us to see you present at any of our entertainments or academic ceremonies it may please you to attend.

Mgr. Falconio, in reply, spoke in English, and said that the Pope would be greatly pleased to learn of the reception his representative received from the faculty and students of Ottawa University. He eulogized their devotion to the Holy See, and their affection for the Archbishop of Ottawa. Then in terms of the highest praise he referred to the labors of the Oblate Fathers in the sacred causes of religion and education. He thanked all, faculty and students, for the hearty, faith-inspired and faith-bespeaking welcome extended to him. At the conclusion of His Excellency's reply all knelt to receive the Apostolic Benediction.



AD MULTOS ANNOS.



URING the half century that has elapsed since the founding of Ottawa College, its gray old walls have listened to many a hearty outburst of enthusiasm. Many a distinguished representative of both religious and secular power has, from time to time, deigned to honor its Faculty and its students with his presence in their midst. Many an illustrious assembly, representing both clergy and laity, has convened, for one purpose or another, within its time-honored halls. Never before, however, in its history has our noble institution, now known throughout Canada as Ottawa University, welcomed as its guests such a large and eminent gathering as the one which met under its roof on the twenty-fifth of the present month.

It was no ordinary feast that Ottawa University was then celebrating. On the contrary, it was an occasion long looked forward to as a great event in the history of the institution. It was the *Alma Mater's* day of rejoicing for the Silver Jubilee of her most illustrious son.

The same old walls that, years ago, echoed the boyish voice of Joseph Thomas Duhamel, were, on that day, destined to echo and re-echo the praises, congratulations and applause so eminently merited by his twenty-five years of episcopacy, and especially by his twenty-five years devotedness to the interests of his *Alma Mater*. Illustrious and holy men, distinguished prelates and faithful priests were present as if to stamp with a solemn sanction the University's act of homage and filial love. His Excellency, the Papal Delegate, together with Archbishops and Bishops, over a score in number, as well as representatives of various religious orders, and more than three hundred priests, all united as one in honoring the great Ottawa Prelate on the very spot where, as a boy, he took the first step towards God's sacred altar. It was an assembly certainly unique in the history, not only of the University, but even of Ottawa. Never before has the Canadian Capital been honored by the presence of such a numerous and distinguished body of churchmen.

Shortly after five o'clock in the afternoon, the procession of Bishops and clergy, headed by His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, the Papal Delegate, began to file into the Academic Hall of the University. All at once, five hundred students voices pealed forth the gladdening song of welcome :

“May he be long spared
Our beloved Archbishop.
May Jesus from all harm
Preserve him always,
O ! to our Love
Conserve him God All Powerful.”

Then burst forth the familiar greeting which our beloved Archbishop always delights so much to hear. It was a lusty V-a-r-s-i-t-y, shouted with a kind of holiday enthusiasm, which only college boys can properly make manifest. Even the strong stone walls must indeed have vibrated in that mighty storm of voice. Never before, we feel certain, did Mgr. Duhamel hear a better rendered v-a-r-s-i-t-y, and never before did he listen to the favorite cheer of his *Alma Mater* with deeper emotion or greater affection.

When the long-continued applause had at length died out, and when the immense throng of ecclesiastics had taken their seats, Mr. John O’Gorman and Mr. J. C. Langlois, in the name of the University Faculty and students, stepped forward and read the addresses, one in English, the other in French. The following is the full text of the English address :

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE :

A quarter of a century ago, the faculty, students and alumni of St. Joseph’s College, Ottawa, assembled in joyous reunion to rejoice with you, in your recent episcopal consecration and to wish you *God-speed* on the way of your episcopal career. To-day, we that fill the places they once filled—we, the faculty, students and alumni of Ottawa University—gather about you to felicitate you on the happy attainment of your episcopal Silver Jubilee, and to congratulate you on the bright record of your administration of the Capital Diocese. Full well we know, Your Grace, that as on that first occasion twenty-five years ago, your humility shrank from the honors showered upon you, so now to-day your modesty shrinks from public encomiums on deeds performed solely for God and God’s greater glory.

“ Yet can you ask that by God’s eye alone
The Glorious record of your life be read ?
Ah, no ! let us your deeds on every side make known
To thus a brighter lustre on religion shed.

'Tis meet Christ's battles fought in every land
Unto the world should loudly be proclaimed—
The wondrous wrought by His all-powerful hand,
The trophies that His sacred cross has gained."

The twenty-five years of Your Grace's administration have indeed been bright and prosperous ones for the Diocese of Ottawa. In the early Seventies, this Diocese was struggling against difficulties of every kind—scarcity of priests, sparseness of Churches, lack of educational and charitable institutions. But under Your Grace's fostering care, churches and convents and schools have increased and multiplied. So likewise have hospitals, orphanages and other charitable works; while to-day you, Your Grace, are chief pastor of over 150,000 souls and number within your jurisdiction over 200 priests, secular and regular. It is with feelings of pride and joy, Your Grace, that we read these signal evidences of great spiritual activity in the diocese entrusted to your vigilance and zeal.

But with feelings of thrice-double pride and pleasure do we recall your gratitude-provoking bounty towards our common *Alma Mater*. As student, classical and theological; and as alumnus, whether as worthy priest or distinguished prelate, you have watched with ever increasing interest and concern, the gradual growth of this institution from the unpretentious school of forty years ago to the present University. But you have not been an idle watcher. During all those years of your episcopate you have steadily assisted those into whose hands have been confided the destinies of this centre of learning. You have seized every opportunity, you have employed every means at your command, to further its development. You have urged, in every manner possible, its claims to the support and encouragement of the Catholic population of Canada. From the pulpit, and on the platform, you have championed its cause. You have been its advocate at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. From the Holy Father, you have brought honors to encourage its Founder and his successors, and medals to stimulate the students to greater zeal for study. And to crown your work of benevolence and beneficence, you obtained from the Holy See for Ottawa the powers and privileges of a Catholic University.

A mere "Thank you" is slight payment indeed for the sacrifices and labors and good offices of years; yet there is something priceless too in that simple expression when uttered by lips speaking from the superabundance of hearts that profoundly feel their deep indebtedness and that thrill with affection towards a benefactor. And so, Your Grace, we venture to make so bold as to ask you to accept in return for your tireless bounty of years, our simple but heartfelt, "Thank you." We assure you that it proceeds from hearts deeply sensible of the gratitude and the love they owe you.

But fortunately we are enabled to offer you something more substantial than mere thanks. It gives us, therefore, exceeding pleasure to be able to assure you—for we know the assurance will come to you as a joy and a recompense—that the day has at length dawned when the true status of

Ottawa University is generally acknowledged, that Ottawa University is now generally recognized to be what it claims to be, what Our Holy Father Leo XIII intended it should be, what you, Your Grace, have long hoped to see it be, the centre of higher education for the English speaking Catholics of this Dominion.

Thus, Your Grace, to your honor and glory be it said, Religion and Education have made wonderfully rapid progress in your Diocese. Under your surveillance, both have advanced with equally rapid pace, because from the outset you fully perceived the intimate relation they bore to each other. You with truth have ever considered that the parish without a school is incomplete; that the diocese is incomplete without a seat of higher education, a centre of piety and learning for the formation of clergy and laity.

Hence, Religion and Education, advancing hand in hand, blend their voices to proclaim you a Bishop after the heart of St. Paul, and consequently after the heart of Our Blessed Savior himself:—"One that ruleth well his own House."

May God in reward for the piety, wisdom, prudence, vigilance and zeal you have ever displayed in the administration of your charge, grant you "length of days" sufficient to enable you to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of so glorious an episcopate. It is our earnest wish and our daily prayer: *Ad Multos Annos.*

Your presence, Lords Archbishops and Bishops, amongst us here to-night affords us the highest pleasure as it must prove flattering to our distinguished Chancellor on this auspicious occasion of his Silver Jubilee. We tender you our sincerest thanks and extend to you our heartiest welcome."

On rising to reply, His Grace was again greeted with loud and prolonged applause. He prefaced his remarks by saying that, as the evening was already rather far advanced, and as there were other important items yet to be carried out in the day's programme, he would not delay the audience by a lengthy discourse. He spoke briefly in both English and French, but these few words conveyed to professors and students a message of gratitude, affection and benediction which will not be soon forgotten. He dwelt upon the praises of his illustrious predecessor, Mgr. Guigues, O.M.I., and called attention to the grand work which that pioneer Oblate Bishop had initiated in founding Ottawa College. His Grace then touchingly referred to the good old days when he himself was one of the Ottawa College boys. He briefly pointed out the steady growth of the College, showing how faithfully and how successfully it has always carried on the glorious work of higher education. The distinguished speaker next recalled with pride

the striking mark of recognition and approval this institution received ten years ago, when, by the sacred word of Leo XIII, it was raised to the dignity of a Catholic University. His Grace then gave utterance to feelings of affectionate praise for those that have devoted, and for those that are still devoting their daily toil to the work of the University. He wished them the largest measure of success and invoked upon them the choicest blessings from on high. "If I am in this distinguished and honorable position here to-day," said His Grace, "I owe it all to the Oblate Fathers; I owe it all to Ottawa University."

The conclusion of His Grace's remarks was the signal for another mighty outburst of enthusiasm. It was a moment when everyone in the assembly must have been deeply impressed by the extraordinary tribute of honor that was being paid the venerated Archbishop of Ottawa. The scene was, moreover, well calculated to give us a lofty idea of God's Church. The royal robes worn by the Princes of the Canadian Church, the vari-colored habits of the different religious orders, the long rows of God's consecrated ministers and the multitude of happy, joyous student faces, all combined to teach the onlooker the truly fraternal affection and inseparable unity that has ever been characteristic of Christ's earthly kingdom. The whole scene was, indeed, a striking manifestation of that hundred-fold promised by Our Lord to those who leave all in order to follow Him. The whole student body must surely have taken to heart and deeply meditated the striking facts there brought so forcibly before them. In the distinguished personage there receiving a well earned crown of honors from the whole Canadian Church, they saw one who, a few years ago, sat in the very seats that they now occupy. What a glorious example for their imitation! The useful life of Joseph Thomas Duhamel is by no means beyond the reach of anyone that has courage enough to follow faithfully the Master's call.

When the applause following His Grace's remarks had subsided, the curtain rose, revealing the University choir prepared to delight the audience with that magnificent chorus from Hayden, "The Creation." The singers acquitted themselves of this rather difficult task in a manner certainly very creditable both to themselves and to Rev. F. Fortier, O.M.I., their able Director.

The next item on the programme was the "Court Scene" from "The Merchant of Venice," in which the cast of characters was as follows ;

Duke of Venice	Mr. G. Harpell
Shylock.	" J. Hardiman
Antonio	" J. Coughlin
Bassanio	" G. Nolan
Solanio	" G. Poupore
Gratiano	" M. O'Connell
Portia	" J. O'Gorman
Nerissa	" J. Ball

In the opinion of everyone present this part of the evening's entertainment was carried out in a manner eminently worthy of the occasion. The scene chosen is one that is by no means easy to present with fidelity. Nevertheless the actors, as well as Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., their devoted Director, are to be congratulated upon their good taste in choosing something so beautiful as well as classical, and upon the decided success attained. The acting is especially worthy of praise when we take into account the short time allotted for preparation. The performance gives great promise of more than ordinary triumphs on the University stage during the present year.

A well rendered selection from the University band was next in order, after which came a very amusing French comedy entitled *Un Caissier*. In the presentation of this piece Mr. J. C. Langlois as Fourmidor and Mr. U. Valiquet as Isidore Feuille proved themselves adepts in the art of side-splitting.

With this comedy the literary part of the evenings entertainment was very aptly brought to a close. The distinguished audience then proceeded to the students' refectory where a grand banquet was served. The large room was decorated in a most attractive manner. In one end, surrounded by handsome drapery, was a handsome oil-painting of the Most Rev. Archbishop, painted last summer by the Rev. Mr. Myard, a student of the University Seminary. Amongst the varied decorations, the papal and episcopal colors, as well as ornamental designs representing the number 25 were most conspicuous.

Never before in any Ottawa banquet-hall were there gathered together such a large and distinguished assembly of guests. Grouped around His Excellency, the Apostle Delegate and our beloved Archbishop in the centre of the hall, we notice the following Prelates :

Most Rev. Louis Nazaire Bégin, Archbishop of Quebec.

Most Rev. Paul Bruchési, Archbishop of Montreal.

Most Rev. Charles Hugh Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston.

Most Rev. Louis-Ph.-Adelard Langevin, O.M.I., Archbishop of St Boniface.

Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, C.S.B., Archbishop of Toronto.

Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, Bishop of Ogdensburg, N.Y.

Right Rev. John Stephen Michaud, Bishop of Burlington, Vt.

Right Rev. André-Albert Blais, Bishop of Rimouski.

Right Rev. John Cameron, Bishop of Antigonish.

Right Rev. F. X. Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers.

Right Rev. Maxime Decelles, Coadjutor Bishop of St. Hyacinthe.

Right Rev. Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

Right Rev. Joseph Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield.

Right Rev. Elphège Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet.

Right Rev. Michael Thomas Labrecque, Bishop of Chicoutimi.

Right Rev. Paul Larocque, Bishop of Sherbrooke.

Right Rev. Narcisse Zéphirin Lorrain, Bishop of Pembroke.

Right Rev. James Charles McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown.

Right Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, Bishop of London.

Right Rev. Alexander MacDonell, Bishop of Alexandria.

Right Rev. Louis Zéphirin Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe.

Right Rev. Richard Alphonsus O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough.

Right Rev. Emile Legal, O.M.I., Coadjutor Bishop of St. Albert.

Owing to the very limited time at the disposal of His Grace, the customary banquet speeches had to be dispensed with, so when the good things provided for the occasion had received due attention, the distinguished visitors left the University in order to take part in the public celebration at the Cathedral. As prelates and

priests filed out from the main entrance, the scene was a very pretty one. The reddish lustre of Chinese lanterns among the folds of bunting had a fairy-like aspect in the October evening darkness. A large number of citizens met the picturesque procession as it came out from the University and accompanied it to the Cathedral. The public demonstration then took place and lasted until a late hour.

After the guests had departed for the Cathedral the students, led by their prefects of discipline, entered the banquet hall and had their share of the good things. How highly they appreciated the sumptuous spread provided for them was evidenced by their shouts of surprise, jubilation and gratitude. "College life is not so bad after all," is the thought that occupied many a youthful head on that occasion. The students' banquet wound up with some impromptu speeches from rising orators, and then there was recreation and a "free smoke" until midnight. Undoubtedly, in the opinion of everyone, from the "short-panted" hero of the small yard even to the Very Rev. Rector in his busy room, the twenty-fifth of October had been a red-letter day in the annals of Ottawa University.





HIS GRACE, JOSEPH THOMAS DUHAMEL,
ARCHBISHOP OF OTTAWA.

OTTAWA DIOCESE PAST AND PRESENT. 1874—1899.



FROM many centres of Catholicity both in Canada and the United States came illustrious prelates, distinguished clergymen, and noted laymen to the Capital city, from thousands of devoted children of the Church came greetings and congratulations, and from generous hearts came tangible expressions of joy and happiness, on the occasion of the Episcopal Silver Jubilee of His Grace the Most Rev. Joseph T. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa. Celebrations of such an imposing nature are happy moments for retrospection. Fitting it is, then, that in the pages of THE REVIEW should be traced the progress of the diocese over which our distinguished Chancellor has so successfully presided for the past quarter of a century.

God has blessed this part of His vineyard with two zealous and devoted prelates, the first the lamented Bishop Guigues who formed a diocese from scattered hamlets and laid the foundation of that prosperity which has wondrously increased under the fostering care of the present Archbishop. Co operating with him in this great work is the large body of faithful, devoted and intelligent clergy. - Second to this direct influence of the clergy, must be considered the powerful agency of the flourishing system of Catholic Separate Schools which have modestly and quietly, yet effectively done the work of moulding child character after religious models. And all these agents have been generously assisted by the practical Catholic laity of the diocese.

A careful glance at the condition of affairs in 1874 shows that even at the very commencement of the episcopate of Mgr. Duhamel an era of prosperity had dawned upon the diocese. The spiritual condition of the diocese was full of encouragement. In the great field of labor that stretched before him, he had to direct and watch over the great works already established, while he unceasingly promoted and encouraged every new movement that advanced the interests of Holy Church. Unique in the history of Canada's dioceses stands the "Mission of the Shanties." From the early days of the settlement of Bytown, the expensive opera-

tions of the lumber industry necessitated the employment of thousands of men along the Ottawa, the Gatineau and their tributaries during the winter months. Here in these far-distant regions, remote from any salutary influence of religion, the good work commenced by Bishop Guigues was continued, and to those districts active, robust missionaries were sent. Life and vigor were inspired into these arduous but consoling missions. According as the stations were moved further north, thus doubly taxing the efforts of the good missionaries, Bishop Duhamel redoubled his efforts to promote the spiritual interests of these children of the Church. Owing to the rapid increase of the Catholic population in the immense territory in the northern part of the diocese, Mgr. Duhamel obtained in 1882 the appointment of a Vicar Apostolic. The administration of this important vicariate was entrusted to the Rev. N. Z. Lorrain, at that time Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Montreal. On May 4th, 1898, the vicariate was erected into the Diocese of Pembroke, and to the joy of his devoted people and clergy, Mgr. Lorrain was consecrated its first bishop. Thus it would appear that the sphere of work in the Ottawa diocese was narrowed, but we shall soon see that the tree of Catholicity, even when confined within narrower limits spread its branches with marvellous vigor. A few statistics will fully suffice to show its present position in comparison with the past :

* ECCLESIASTICAL PROVINCE OF OTTAWA.

	1848.	1874.	1899.
Parishes.	12	55	106
Missions.	21	33	72
Secular Clergy.	8	54	117
Regular "	7	26	83
Religious Communities.	2	4	18
Convents	2	13	52
University.	1	1	1
Catholics (English speaking).	23690	40074	58201
" (French ")	15246	56474	109673

* History of the Ecclesiastical Province of Ottawa by Rev. P. Alexis De Barbezieux.

In looking over these statistics the careful reader will observe the scarcity of priests and churches for the rapidly-increasing population. Gradually the want of parochial and missionary clergy was supplied by the number of young men ordained at the diocesan seminary and again by the introduction of several religious communities. One result of the increased population was the centralization of the scattered flock and as villages and towns arose in the diocese the prosperity of the people encouraged the clergy to build many beautiful churches.

Several religious bodies infused life and vigor into religious and educational work. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate had formed the diocese and ever since its foundation have continued their indefatigable labors in spreading the kindred lights of Religion and Science. The Dominicans were the next to give a helping hand by assuming charge of the Church of St. John the Baptist in August 1884. Not less zealous in their manifold duties as preachers and teachers are the Capuchins who came to our city during the summer of 1890. Owing to the rapid increase of the French-Canadian population in the suburban part of Ottawa particularly in Hintonburgh it was decided to separate the outlying districts west of the city limits from the Church of St. John the Baptist and erect the parish of St. Francis of Assissi whose spiritual charge was given to the newly-arrived Capuchins. No sketch of this Archdiocese would be complete without a mention of the older places of Catholic worship in this city. The Basilica is the largest and the most imposing church in Ottawa. This parish became so populous that the want of another church was felt and in 1889 St. Bridget's Church was erected to meet the wants of the English-speaking Catholics of Lower Town. The growth of the French-Canadian population in the south-eastern part of Ottawa or that known as "Sandy Hill," prompted the Oblates to undertake the organization of the Sacred Heart parish, and in 1889 was commenced the erection of a magnificent church which is now rapidly approaching completion. Close to this church is that of new St. Joseph's consecrated October 1892 and likewise under the control of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. In the midst of Upper Town stands St. Patrick's Church having for its devoted pastor the Rev. M. J. Whelan. To speak of the magnificent addition and altera-

tion of the church during 1898, the erection of the Catholic Lyceum the organisation of the Catholic laity, or again of the pastor himself as a priest and citizen are themes that would carry this essay beyond the limits assigned.

The apostolic labors of Mgr. Duhamel were productive of great spiritual and temporal good to his people. Not by words alone were his fostering care and encouragement evident, but from his generous heart he gave tangible appreciation to the religious orders, particularly the Grey Nuns in their works of practical charity among the sick and destitute. The magnificent east wing of the hospital, the large extensions to both of the orphan asylums, and to St. Charles' Home, the new St. Joseph's Orphanage, are a few of the great works of Catholic charity completed during the present episcopate. Among the recent religious institutions lately established in Ottawa is the Monastery of the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood. On the invitation of the Archbishop they came to Ottawa during the month of May, 1887, and were for a time cloistered in a small frame dwelling on St. Patrick street. Through their own efforts and ably assisted by the generosity of the Catholic laity and clergy they were enabled to purchase, in 1898, that splendid property known as "Elm Bank," situated on the south bank of the Rideau. By the plentitude of good works, they powerfully illustrate the holiness of the Catholic Church and the sanctity of Catholic life.

Among the other divers institutions in which the master hand of His Grace has been felt none have had greater success than the charitable, fraternal, and national organizations of Catholic laymen. Particular mention must be made of the St. Vincent de Paul Society which now numbers thirteen conferences, and of the Catholic Truth Society, formed in Ottawa November, 1891.

While tracing the progress of religion in this diocese, the reader must have noticed how inseparably religion and education have been linked together. Education without religion is something unknown and undesirable to our Canadian people. A hasty review of events prior to 1874 shows that great work had already been accomplished in educational matters. The two city convents and the College of Ottawa had then entered upon their prosperous careers, while the high standing of the Catholic schools was in-

deed a source of gratification to our citizens. The triumph of the Catholic School System is signally illustrated in this city. By it alone could the Catholic people erect and maintain so many well-equipped and costly institutions wherein every child may reap all the advantages of a religious and secular education at a minimum cost. From the very commencement of his episcopate the Archbishop designed that the parish school should work harmoniously with the parish church, that the boys' schools were to be the feeders for the University and the girls' academies were to perform a like function for the convents. The Diocesan Seminary within the walls of the University was the object of his constant care and solicitude. The annually increasing number of students gives hopeful evidence that the dearth of priests will soon cease. Of the other teaching bodies engaged in the noble work of higher education particular mention must be made of the great achievements of the Grey Nuns in their leading academy on Rideau Street and in smaller institutions at Pembroke, Hull, Aylmer, etc. The Congregation Nuns were established in Ottawa in 1868 and have since erected magnificent pile of buildings on Gloucester Street. And now a passing word of ourselves. The history of the College of Ottawa, now the University, has so often formed the theme of essays that any further treatment of these subject would be superfluous. But there is one theme which never can be exhausted, never sufficiently treated and truly never over-estimated, and that is, our obligations to our most illustrious alumnus, His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Ottawa. For a quarter of a century he has been a true patron of the University, a generous and devoted friend, and a resolute advocate of its claims both in the Canadian Capital and in the Eternal City. Under his Chancellorship, the University has made giant strides.

And to our Archbishop who has so long directed the destinies of this flourishing diocese, whose inspiration has brought about such works whose administration has achieved such glorious results, the student-body of this University earnestly wish that as the cycle of years pass around, added strength and grace may be given him to spread the lights of faith and learning in this, the Capital Diocese of our fair Dominion.

MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.

University of Ottawa Review.



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 2.

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

Agrecable indeed is the task that devolves upon us in uniting our voices with those of all unbiassed Christians throughout this fair Dominion to welcome in our midst the representative of the august Pontiff, Leo XIII. We are especially pleased to note that His Excellency has been received in a manner worthy of his sacred calling and of his apostolic dignity by Canadians of different origins and of various religious beliefs. The delicacy of his mission, as well as the weight of responsibility resting upon his every public act will, undoubtedly, require on his part a more than ordinary diplomatic ability. That His excellency is well able for the occasion is, we deem, amply proved by the very fact of his appointment. The keen-sighted and all-weighing Roman Pontiff is by no means apt to mistake the proportion that should exist between the bur-

den and the shoulders by which it is to be sustained. Canadians may then always expect to find in His Excellency a capable and worthy ambassador of that Grand Old Sovereign who has ruled so long and so honorably the Christian world. With the whole broad-minded Canadian populace we join in wishing His Excellency a long and happy sojourn amongst us.

The fact that His Excellency has taken up residence under our own College roof is another reason why we should feel elated. The honor conferred upon us by such a noble presence in our midst, must not be lost sight of in our general welcome. Hence, after extending to His Excellency the most cordial welcome as Canadians, we offer from hearts especially grateful, our *caed mille fuithe* as members of Ottawa University. The presence of His Excellency as a figure in our daily lives, is for us no small source of edification. His profound humility, from which arises his noble simplicity and heart-winning kindness, renders him in our eyes, a living image of that lowly, yet great, Master, of whom he is so intimate an ambassador. Yes, Your Excellency, welcome to Canada—a thousand welcomes from the Canadian people; welcome to the halls of Ottawa University—a hundred thousand welcomes from faculty and students.

* * *

AD MULTOS ANNOS.

The magnificent demonstration recently held in Ottawa on the occasion of the Episcopal Silver Jubilee of His Grace, the Most Rev. Joseph T. Duhamel, was a striking manifestation of a people's love for their chief pastor. It was moreover a clinching argument to prove the harmony and good feeling existing between Canadian bishops and priests and people. For Ottawa University the celebration was of especial significance. In all recitade it may be stated that His Grace the Archbishop has grown up with the University, or rather, the University has grown up with him. Half a century ago, under its infant name as College of Bytown, it received the young Joseph as a promising boy. It watched over his early training, religious as well as secular, and so promoted his rapid advancement in the various branches of sciences. Later on, when Joseph Thomas, having entered the ranks of God's holy

priesthood, was brought into prominence by his learning and especially by his virtues, and consequently promoted to the episcopal dignity, it became the former pupil's turn to help the old master. How faithfully that assistance has been rendered is indisputably proved by our University's present honorable position amongst educational institutions on this continent. That warm affection which binds our Archbishop to his *Alma Mater*, his fatherly interest in its work and his unceasing exertions for the improvement of its position amongst establishments of higher education in America, have, however, been repeatedly recalled in speech and address and sermon during the jubilee festivities. There is, nevertheless, one touching phase of His Grace's solicitude in our behalf, which seems to have passed unnoticed. We mean the active practical interest he has always taken in the daily life of the student body. Once, years ago, he occupied a place where we are now; would it be in the least imprudent to suspect that a large share of His Grace's big heart is still amongst the boys? Well are we aware how he grieves with us in our failures, and shares our enthusiasm in our triumphs. All our student undertakings, including *The Review*, have been favored with his kind approval, support and benediction. Even the "garnet and gray" might in all justice lay a share of its trophies at his feet. We feel sure that His Grace will be rejoiced to know that these special family kindnesses, although almost unnoticeable to the outside world, have been, and still are, highly appreciated by us. We deem this a suitable time and place to thank him for them with all the sincerity of our hearts, and, uniting our respects with those of his flock, and with those of the whole Catholic hierarchy and people of Canada we wish him long life and the fullest measure of God's transcendent blessings.

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QUO VADIS.

During the progress of our Jubilee rejoicings there was brought very prominently before our mind's eye a highly important and far-reaching consideration, suggesting as its sequel a very practical lesson. The subject of this serious and prolonged reflection was no other than the great affair of energetic fidelity to

the idea, according to which God wishes the life of each one amongst us to be moulded. We are taught by the greatest teachers produced by our Holy Church, that the Creator has special designs overshadowing the existence of every one of His rational creatures. Not a single one of us is outside the range of His all-benign care. From all eternity he meditated our greatest welfare, and, from the beginning, before time commenced its course, He formed an idea of us, to which every one of our ideas must be conformed. He has mapped out the particular territory of His Dominions, in which according to His divine will, each one of us must exert himself; He has decreed and arranged the special vocation in which each one of us can strive successfully for the Crown of Immortality. He has carefully foreseen and weighed the amount of good that each one of us must do toward procuring the eternal welfare of ourselves and of our neighbors, according to the number of talents we have each received.

Do we often think as seriously as we should over these special designs of God in our regard? Do we frequently pray both orally and mentally for grace to find out their nature and the extent of their requirements. Sad to say, it must be acknowledged that many young men and boys of the present day are criminally negligent in this respect. In their blindness they foolishly prefer the ephemeral whim of their own wayward fancy to the soul, saving order established for them by their Creator. Nevertheless this question is one of vital importance. On its decision will depend our lot throughout the endless ages of eternity. A wrong decision is the cause of the many unfortunate, tear-stained, aimless lives that we see in the world around us, for such a mistake places a young man outside the range of God's special graces and so leaves him to eke out a miserable existence, and probably to end his unhappy days in suicidal rashness. There is no reason why any student of this truly Catholic institution should thus expose himself to such dire misfortune. Every facility for finding out the true course, such as frequent sacraments, daily mass, prayers and good advice from wise and experienced directors, are, without any restriction, placed at the disposal of each one amongst us. We have, moreover, the noble example of hundreds that have passed before us through the same class-rooms and the same halls. His

Grace, our beloved Chancellor, is one of the many Ottawa College students that have followed promptly and faithfully God's gentle call to arms. Recently we have all listened to unlimited praises of the good he has done so well; we have all witnessed the generous richness of his reward even in this life. We have seen him honored by archbishops and bishops and priests and people, many of them from afar; and what is the lesson we have learned? Is it not something like this? What Joseph Thomas Duhamel has done for Holy Church and native land, we also, with a little energy and generosity can do, each in his own sphere. We may not all become archbishops or bishops, but each one of us can and must attain that useful position in God's family, which from before all ages was marked out for us by an all-wise Creator.



Among the Magazines.

Donahoe's Magazine gives the place of honor in the current number to the article entitled: "Justin McCarthy's Cheerful Yesterdays." These are a series of the best excerpts from the "Reminiscences" recently published and certainly make entertaining and profitable reading. A "City of Reminiscences," is descriptive of the town of Chattanooga, of Civil War fame. Readers of fiction will welcome the first installment of that splendid serial entitled "The Hand of the Crusader," by Miss K. T. Hinkson. The leading feature of this issue is, however, the prominence given to the different articles which treat of the management of a college paper. These contributions recall the programme adopted by the representatives of the Catholic College Press at their convention in Plattsburg during the summer of 1896, but for some reason or other this programme was abandoned and forgotten. Perhaps these articles will tend to a revival of the good work accomplished at this gathering.

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The *Ave Maria*, of the 9th inst., has some excellent articles. "The Heart Immaculate," "The Bright Side of Things" and

the "Three Archangels in Art," are contributions which have not been excelled in merit in any issue of the year.

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The *Catholic World* for November has two powerful articles addressed directly to the Episcopalian difficulties—a felicitous coincidence in view of the general disturbances caused in the Protestant Episcopal Church by the recent resignation and withdrawal of Rev. Dr. DeCosta. In the same number of this magazine, the editor scores the *Independent* for admitting to its pages Rev. Harriman's article on Religious Liberty in the Philippines, without first ascertaining something of the character of the Rev. (?) author. It appears that at Iloilo even the sailors of the *Indiana* made a public protest against Harriman's presence on the boat. This issue likewise puts up a strange defence of General Otis, by its claim that the general is a badly misrepresented man, because he has by his actions in the Philippines brought upon himself the wrath of the Protestant missionaries. It says in effect: "General Otis has suffered not a little contumely from the accusations of caustic critics. It is rather strange that a great deal of this antagonism is traceable to the Protestant missionaries who have come back from the Philippines with a knife up their sleeve for Otis because he would not allow them to turn the resources of the army and navy into profelytizing institutions. A minister arrived in Manila, hired the theatre, and began, in true Maria Monk style, "to save the natives." General Otis sent for him the next day and ordered him to leave the city. So it happened with others. General Otis had troubles enough of his own. He found the people pretty highly civilized, and he knew that they felt that the religion that brought them to that state of civilization was good enough for them. Hence, in legitimate exercise of his authority he was bound to prevent anyone from creating religious antagonisms and so delaying the pacification of the islands. General Otis is no Catholic, but he is a prudent judicious man, and is doing wonders in a most trying position. It good to know where the opposition to him comes in."

Athletics.

Ottawa College, 1. Brockville, 0.

Saturday, Oct. 7th, witnessed the opening of the Canadian Rugby Football season of 1899, and the first game of football ever played on the new Athletic Oval of Ottawa University. On that date the first scheduled match in the Quebec series was played between Ottawa College and Brockville and resulted in a triumph for the former team. As may be inferred from the score, the match was closely contested, but it was far from being an interesting or scientific exhibition of Rugby. It would be a tedious task to enumerate the many defects in both teams and an unpleasant topic to discuss the character of the match. Suffice it to say that although victory rested with the wearers of the Garnet and Grey, it was in no way attributable to any brilliant play, or to any superior system of the victors. Both teams played poorly. However, a comparison of the work and manoeuvres of each of the contesting teams is slightly favorable to College.

The teams and officials were the following :—

COLLEGE.		BROCKVILLE.
Callahan,	Full-back.	Simpson.
Dunlop, } McGuckin, } C. McGee, }	Halves.	{ Jones, Martin, Capt Donaldson.
McGuire, Capt.	Quarter.	Wilkinson.
Cox, } Clancy, } P. Murphy, }	Scrimmage.	{ McDougall Dobbie. Carr.
Fahey, } Filliatreault, } Prudhomme, } J. McGee, } Slattery, } Smith, } Nagle. }	Wings.	{ Sheriff. McLaren. Graham. Ritchie. Doran. Phillips. Hiscox.

Referee—Todd, (McGill.)

Umpire—McLellan, (Montreal.)

Touchline judges—T. G. Morin, (Ottawa University), Louis Rose, (Brock.)

Goal Judges—J. A. Meehan, (Ottawa University), A. L. Murray, (Brock.)

Timekeeper—F. C. Chittick, (Ottawa.)

The game was called at 2.45 p. m. Brockville won the toss and elected to play from the northern goal, thus securing the advantage of a strong sun and a slight wind at their backs. Clancy kicked off and sent the sphere well into Brockville territory. Martin returned to Dunlop, who made a run for centrefield, but was well tackled. A series of scrimmages followed in which honors were evenly divided. By the hard work of the Brockville scrimmage and the efforts of their wings, the ball was forced to centre where it remained in scrimmages for some time. The ball was at last secured by Wilkinson and passed to Martin who kicked well down on College territory. Callahan returned before the Brockville wings could reach him. The play was now at about 50 yards from Brockville's goal-line; an off-side play gave College a free kick. The ball was returned and secured by Dunlop who made a rush and gained about twenty yards before being brought down. After the scrimmage which followed, Martin got the leather and sent it well up the field. The Brockville wings followed up quickly and another scrimmage took place close to College 25-yard line. Here College gained about 15 yards. McGuire secured the ball and rushed through the line, but was tackled by Doran. Play was now at centre, and here it remained for considerable time. College finally secured a free kick. Martin failed to return and a scrimmage took place within Brockville's 25-yard line. The ball was gradually forced closer and closer towards Brockville's goal. An off-side play on the part of College gave their opponents a free kick. C. McGee returned to Jones. A short kick by the latter placed the ball in possession of McGuckin, who punted over the Brockville line. Martin secured the ball but was forced to rouge and the score stood: College 1, Brockville 0.

So far there had been only twenty minutes of actual play. But the result of the game was destined to depend on this one solitary point scored by College. Play was resumed, and during the remainder of the first half College remained master of the contest, but could not succeed in adding to their score. When half-

time was called the ball was within five yards of Brockville's goal line.

In the second-half the ball was in scrimmage during the greater portion of the time, and the play very uninteresting from a spectator's standpoint. Several approaches to roughness were very promptly checked by the referee. The ball was within ten feet of College goal-line when the time-keeper's whistle announced that the game was over.

* * *

Montreal 15, College 3.

To all spectators of the preceding match it was evident that College would have to change tactics and improve considerably if it was intended to defeat the other teams in the union. The next schedule match was with Montreal on the M. A. A. A. grounds, on Saturday, October 14th. This team was regarded as a much stronger and more dangerous aggregation than Brockville and the result of the match proved the correctness of the estimation. At the close of the game the score stood 15 to 3 in favor of the men in red and black. The teams lined up as follows:

College : Copping, full-back ; E. Murphy, McGuckin, C. McGee, halves ; McGuire, (Capt.) quarter ; Cox, Clancy, P. Murphy, Scrimmage ; Fahey, McCredie, Prudhomme, McKeown, J. McGee, Smith, Nagle, wings.

Montreal : Woodhouse, full-back ; Suckling, Henderson, Bonin, halves ; Jack, quarter ; Bond, Savage, Vipond, scrimmage ; Murphy, (replaced by Massey), Porteous, Barclay, Ogilvie, Lewis, Williams, Irving, wings.

Referee—Graham Drinkwater, Montreal.

Umpire, Shirley Davidson, Montreal.

Touch-line Judges—A. Russell and Gordon Lewis.

Time-keeper—J. W. Whitham.

* * *

College 16, Britannia 11.

Defeat in no way disheartened our players, but seemed to stimulate them to mightier endeavors. That success crowned their efforts is eloquently attested by the result of our match in Montreal with Britannia on Saturday, 21st inst.

It was a hard fought battle and it was only eight minutes before the expiration of time in the second half that College finally evened up the score and changed probable defeat into substantial victory. The match was one of the best seen in Montreal this season, both clubs playing a fairly open game, the backs kicking and the forwards passing well. The match was entirely free from roughness. Not one man was ruled off. Our men proved their superiority at nearly every point, but a couple of the backs made bad fumbles. McGuckin and E. Murphy again distinguished themselves by brilliant runs, and the former's kicking was responsible for several points to the credit of College. The scrimmage put up a grand game, and Clancy's heeling out was superb, not one kick being given against him. The College wings were too strong for their opponents and were continually off-side. This gave the Brits a large number of free kicks that nearly won the game for them. Our boys won the toss and started to play with a slight wind in their favor, but with the sun shining in their eyes. The Brits were first to score after about seven minutes' play, McKenzie getting over for a try after a series of hard scrimmages in College territory. Wilson failed to convert. College were not long in the rear as after the kick-off and a series of punts McGuckin got in a brilliant run for a try which E. Murphy converted.

College 6, Brits 4.

Britannia now forced the play and soon Callahan had to rouge.

College 6, Brits 5.

Our players added another touchdown to their credit, McGuire being pushed over the line, but it was only after the hardest kind of play. Murphy failed to kick. Before the half ended H. Christmas made a neat run in for a try and Wilson converted.

Britannia 11, College 10.

In the second half there came a hard struggle in which the Brits were in College territory most of the time. Then McGuckin made several of his long kicks until within reaching distance of the Brits' line when he punted over and the Brits had to rouge. This tied the score to 11 all, and great excitement prevailed. After the kick-out College seemed imbued with new life, and in a few minutes McGuckin again punted for a rouge.

College 12, Brits 11.

The Brits made a plucky fight, but College was not to be denied, and just before time was called Prudhomme made a try on a pass from McGuire. The time-whistle blew before College kicked but the place was allowed them. Murphy missed the kick.

Final score: College 16, Brits 11.

The teams and officials were :

College—Callaghan, back; E. Murphy, McGuckin, C. McGee, halves; McGuire, (Capt.) quarter; Clancy, Cox, P. Murphy, scrimmage; McCredie, Dunlop, Fahey, Prudhomme, Smith, J. McGee, Nagle.

Brits—A. Christmas, back; Capt, McKenzie, W. Christmas Browne, half-backs; Bisailon, quarter ; Strachan, Byrne, Fisher, scrimmage ; Donnelly, Wilson, Ryan, H. Christmas, McLean Lightan, E. Christmas, wings.

Referee—Herbert Molson.

Umpire—I. S. Wotherspoon.

