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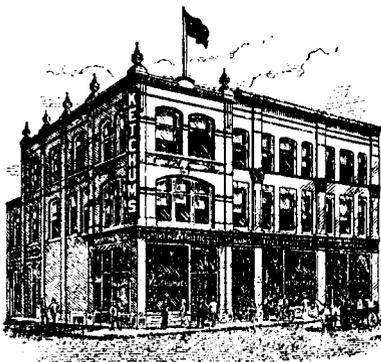
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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 5

JANUARY, 1904.

Vol. VI

The Strange Tale of Prior Oswald.

PART II.

THE WITNESS OF DOM PATRICIUS DESMOND, O. S. B., LATE PRIOR OF
WATERFORD, IN IRELAND.

That which followeth is written at the Abbey of Duns, in the Low Countries, the same being the place of mine exile, now that the spoiler—whom God shall surely judge—hath destroyed *our holy and our beautiful house*, (1) wherein the brethren of our Holy Order had sung the praises of God during many generations. It is written, also, in the year of our Redemption, 1574, how many years after the great and terrible schism, they that will may count. Lastly, it is written, partly by command of our late sainted Abbot of Glastonbury, the glorious martyr, Richard Whiting; partly by command of our good lord, the Abbot of Duns, whom God reward—as He surely will, for his hospitality extended to us poor homeless exiles.

But to my tale, lest any weary of it, ere it be rightly and duly brought to an end. Maidulph the monk, of our Holy Order of Saint Benedict, was, as all men know, driven by evil men, even by his own kith and kin, according to the flesh, from Erin the isle of saints, to Britain, the Dowry of our Blessed Lady Mary. There did he, at a certain ruined fortalice, built, men say, by the ancient Romans, set up his place of habitation, and gathered

(1) Isai, 64, 11.

round him, as our Holy Rule enjoins, certain scholars, sons of franklins, thanes, and even of serfs—since with Holy Mother Church, as with God, Himself, there is no respect of persons, and that she lifteth the poor man out of the dust to set him in the midst of her princes. (1) Among whom he loved most, as I doubt not, he most deserved to be loved, one Aldhelm, cousin to Ina, king of that country of the West Saxons. Which Aldhelm, as, again, is known to all men, he left as his successor, and as Abbot of that fair monastery he had founded, called to this day, Malmesbury, that is, the house of Maidulph.

Now Aldhelm, by God His Providence, and by command of that Pope who then ruled Christ His Church, even Sergius, of holy memory, was, in due time, made Bishop of Shireburne, in the country of the West Saxons. In virtue whereof, and with consent of the Lord Abbot of Glastonbury, he made one of our Holy Order to wit, Oswald of Ethandune, Prior of Bradford, on the River Avon, near to the famous City of Bath.

Now, it is of this Oswald that I am commanded to write things passing all belief, that were it not that I am, as saith the Holy Thomas of Kempis—in these same Low Countries—“under obedience,” I were loath to set them doubt, lest they that read take me for a teller of old wives’ fables, or of things that are not, yea, nor could not be. Whereto, and once more, by command of those whom I obey, as set over me in our Lord Christ, I add that I, unworthy that I be of so great favour, have, with mine own eyes, beheld much, if not all, of what I here relate.

Suffer me then, you that shall read this, after I shall have gone to render my account of it, as of all other, my deeds and misdeeds, done in the body, before the judgment seat of Christ, to tell some little of mine own life, that ye may understand how I came to know this most strange tale of Prior Oswald, as it hath been rightly named. Herein, with all humility, may I compare myself with Maidulph, of blessed memory—though he be not canonized that I wot of, yet is he no less a saint, on that account—seeing that I, also, was driven forth, by evil men of mine own

(1) Ps. 112, 6, 7.

kith and kin, from my loved Erin, Isle of Saints, to Britain, then—alas ! that I should say, *then*—the Dowry of our Lady Mary, but now the spoil of heretics, the enemies of God and of Holy Church.

Following, therefore, as nearly as I might, in the foot-
of blessed Maidulph, I came, by God His Providence,
Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, which, it were well to say, lieth not
far from Ethandune, from Sarum, and from Bradford, on the
River Avon. In which Priory, as it had then become, I served
some years of my novitiate ; whence I was sent to that most fair,
most glorious Abbey of Glastonbury, the same that was founded
by the Holy Joseph of Arimathea, what time he brought, from
Palestine, the Chalice wherein Christ Our Lord did first change
wine into His Precious Blood. Concerning which Chalice there
are many legends, but that the blessed Joseph brought it to
Glastonbury, I for my part, have no doubt whatever.

Now, it was at this same Abbey of Glastonbury that Oswald,
Prior of Bradford tarried, by command of the Lord Abbot that
then was, in the year of Salvation 705, as is set down in the
writings of Brother Cedric the Cellarer, thereanent. Which
writings, as God would have it, were, between the year 720 and
the year 1520, eight centuries, to wit, lost sight of, but not wholly
forgotten. As, indeed, it proved.

But of the place where, by command of Blessed Aldhelm,—
and by consent, I doubt not, of the Lord Abbot who then was,
and was, as our Holy Rule ordains, supreme within the limits of
his own domain, and subject to our Lord the Pope, alone—wherein,
I say, they laid the Prior Oswald, after he had fallen into that
strange sleep whence none could waken him—as ye shall read—the
memory had always been kept alive. Nay, it was whispered
among the brethren, that, from time to time, the Prior had been
known to stir in his sleep, and this, most of all, when some
calamity seemed like to befall our Holy House. Yet would he—
so men said—as it were, fall to his sleep again, and that calamity
passed by our Holy House, even as the plagues of Egypt passed
by the houses of God, His Chosen People.

These sayings, I, for my part, counted as idle tales, fit for a
winter's evening, round the calefactory fire, and among th-

younger brethren, from whom men look not that they be staid and grave, as are their elders in years and in religion. For which cause, I paid no heed thereto, as also did our lord, the Abbot, that I was ever ware of, though, in sooth, he spake not of many things, at any season, being a man much given to prayer and meditation, nor les- so, but rather more,—as was fitting—during the latter years of his earthy pilgrimage.

Yet it pleased God that, in the year 1529, I should see cause to depart from mine old opinion concerning the matter aforesaid. And not I alone, but our lord, the Abbot, himself, though, as I say, I know not what his mind, thereanent, had been hitherto, saw good to speak to me, at least, with the exceeding plainness, yet with great gentleness, as was ever his wont. That, as ye all know, was the year that came before the Great Schism; whereby a wicked king, and his more wicked minions, rent, from our Blessed Lady Mary, if so a man my say it, the Dowry that was hers.

It fell out in this wise. Our Lord, the Father Abbot, for that he knew I had no small skill in penmanship, set me a task such as we, of the Holy Order of Saint Benedict, deem second only to the *Opus Dei*,—so our Great Founder called the Divine Office—to wit, the copying of an ancient manuscript but lately brought from our Abbey of Monte Cassino, in Italy. Make me, my son, said he, a fair and careful copy of the same; which, as it chanced, was a most learned commentation on the Book of the Apocalypse, by one Beatus, that lived in the time of Saint Austin—he, of Hippo, I mean, not he of Canterbury, which last is one of the glories of our Order. And, said our Father Abbot, further, that thou mayest bring thy task to an end as soon as may be, write, said he, between the hours of Compline and of Matins, in thy proper cell. For, saith he, though thou rob thy flesh of needful slumber for a while, yet shall our Lord reward thee.

I wrote, therefore, as he bade me, during the long summer nights, being that I was young and strong, and of a wakeful humor at all seasons. And, on a certain summer night, it came to pass that I had need of parchment for my task, of which, as I was ware, there was great store beneath the chapel of Holy Joseph

of Arimathea ; wherein, as I was also ware, lay Oswald the Prior, in that strange sleep of his. Now, God be thanked, I was not one to start at shadows, or at noises of the night, nor at illusions of the evil one ; still less at idle tales, as I then deemed them. But, as God shall judge me at the last day, I write the simple truth. For, as I passed at midnight, or between that hour and the next, the place where Prior Oswald lay, once more, as God shall call me to account for what I here set down, I stood to gaze upon the moonlit valley, through the chapel window, ere I should go down to where, I knew, our Brother Librarian kept his store of parchment, to which, by command of our Lord, the Abbot, I had access at all times.

Now, as I stood and gazed at our Sister Moon, as Holy Francis of Assissi nameth her, I heard a sound as of one that moaneth in his sleep, as when oppressed by evil dreams. Thereafter, sounds as of one who stirred, who fain would rise, yet could not. Then did I arm me with the Holy Sign, lest this should be some snare set for me by the enemy of souls, and, so armed, drew near the place where Prior Oswald lay. Nor could I doubt that it was he who thus moaned in his sleep, and stirred, and strove to rise, but could not, seeing that his hour of rising was not yet come. For as I stood and listened, lo ! he spake, as one who asked a question of his guide, and, Lord, said he, once ; and again, Lord, said he : When shall these things be ? But though I waited, there was none that answered. As, in sooth, how should there be, seeing that he did but dream ? Thereafter, as it seemed, he did dispose himself to sleep again, like to a tired child, so that I could not doubt he had received some answer, in his dream, wherewith he was content. Whereupon, I went and fetched the parchment that I needed, lest my task should be delayed, and our good lord displeased at my remission.

This, then, I told, as I have set it down, to our good lord, the Abbot, and to him alone, in the great cloister, after chapter Mass. And, Son, saith he, see thou tell this to none other of the brethren. This said he, and no more, yet know I that he took it for a favor from High God, our Lady Mary, and Saint Benedict, and for a sign of what should come to pass ere many days.

As, in sad sooth, it so fell out, in the year following though, as ye know, the end was not yet. And, in those years that followed the great schism, to wit, nine years in all, from 1530 even until 1539, the Holy Abbot lived as one that knoweth he shall shortly enter into the joy of his Lord, and yet, men said, as though he deemed the Abbey that he ruled should endure in *ævum*, which, seeing that it was God's work that was done therein, and no work of man, was, meseems, none other but the simple truth.

But in the year 1534, there came another favour from High God, our Lady Mary, and our Holy Father Saint Benedict. And, in this wise came it. Ye must know, if so be ye have never heard it, or having heard it, ye have forgotten, or, perchance, cease to credit such a thing, that when the Blessed Joseph of Arimathea came first to Glastonbury from Palestine, he brought with him, as I have writ already, the Chalice wherein Christ our Lord and Master, did first change Wine into Blood of our Redemption, *in supremæ nocte Cænæ*, as Holy Church singeth at the Festival of *Corpus Christi*. Which Cup, or Chalice, men of ancient times were used to call the Holy Grail. Whereanent, also, are many wondrous legends told of King Arthur, his court, and the knights of his Table Round. Which Holy Grail, as men waxed weak in faith, and iniquity did abound, High God Himself—so saith the legend—did withdraw from mortal sight and ken. Yet was there, notwithstanding, a tradition of our House, as to the place of its concealment, even as our brethren, of Durham, know where the uncorrupted body of S Cuthbert lieth hid. And as to this Chalice of our Saviour Christ, we of Glaston, did believe that it was hidden in the Chapel of him who brought it hither, to wit, of Holy Joseph of Arimathea.

But, to my tale In that same year, 1534, I was made by God, His Providence, and by appointment of our lord, the Abbot, Prior of our cell at Waterford, in Ireland, and was bid journey thither as soon as might be, staying, overnight, at our House at Bath, and so, on the next day to take ship at Bristol. I, therefore, though I knew mine own unworthiness of such a charge, did set to prepare me for my journey. And, to this end, by counsel our good Father Abbot, I did resolve to pass the hours between

compline and matins in the said chapel of Holy Joseph of Arimathea.

Herein, as God shall judge me at the Day of Doom, I passed the hours in wakefulness, and, as I trust, in prayer to God, our Lady Mary, and to the saints. But, as I prayed, and did make meditation on my sins and mine unworthiness, all on a sudden, I was ware that one stood by me, in the dark and silence. God knoweth, I was not afraid, since I knew that God, His angels, were about me in that Holy Place. that none, in earth or hell, might do me harm.

Then he that stodd beside me spake, and I did know it was none other than the Prior Oswald, who had wakened from his sleep. How knew I, ask ye? Surely, by his speech; for, Brother, saith he, see thou heed my word. The end of this our Holy House is near, though thou shalt not behold it; thereafter shall the end of that thou art about to rule not be for long delayed. And, in that day, shalt thou behold me once more. In token whereof, look thou, towards the altar, and do fitting reverence to that which thou art privileged to see.

Thereat, and in a moment, all the Holy Place was filled with light, such as, methinks did shine upon the chosen three what time they stood, with Christ our Lord, upon the Mount of His Transfiguration. And, in the very centre of the radiance, was the Chalice of the Lord, the Holy Grail. But, even as I looked thereon, the vision passed, and all was dark again. Then said Prior Oswald, See, saith he, that thou forget not this which thou hast seen. See, too, saith he, that thou guard well that which I give thee now. Then did he put within mine hands a roll, which later, as I knew, was the strange tale written by Brother Cedric, the which ye may here read, an ye will. So God keep thee, saith he, till we meet again, and so passed, I doubt not, to his resting place, though that I know not, seeing all was dark.

Which things, as ye may guess, I did make known to our good Lord, the Abbot. And, Son, saith he, as he had said before, see thou tell none of this that hath befallen. See, too, saith he further, that thou take heed to what was told thee. Then did I kneel and kiss his ring in token of submission and farewell, not knowing that I should see his face no more in this world. Yet do

I trust, through God His grace, and the merits of our Blessed Lady Mary and the Saints to see him *terra viventium*, in the land of the living.

My taie, methinks, draweth to a close, and I thank God that it should be so. Of what befell in that dread year, 1539, this is no place to write, nor could I, God He knows, write thereof without tears and grief of heart. Truly, my pilgrimage, as I deem, draweth, like this my tale, to its appointed ending, my desired day cometh, *sicut mercenarii* as that of a labourer whose task is well nigh finished. What little there is left to tell must of necessity, be told quickly, seeing I know not if mine eyes shall be gladdened by to-morrow's sun or by the light of Christ His Blessed Face.

In 1543, therefore, came the end of mine abode at Waterford, and we of that cell, or Priory, were driven forth, to find, as I have found, through God His mercy, a city of refuge, or to die, as many have died. And, in this wise did the Prior Oswald keep his tryst.

It was on the morrow of the day that saw us scattered as sheep having no shepherd, that I did make my way towards the Port of Waterford, if so be, I might find a ship to take me into France. But as I journeyed, sorrowing over all that had befallen us, I was ware of one, clad in the habit of our Holy Order, who came to meet me, whom, as he drew nearer, I knew to be the Prior Oswald's very self.

And, Brother, saith he, presently, I am sent to guide thee on thy way. That said he, and no more, speaking the soft Latin tongue of one that hath tarried long at Rome. Then did I thank God, our Lady Mary, and our Holy Father, Saint Benedict, not forgetting my good Patrons, Saint Michael, and Saint Patrick, and did follow him, even as I was bidden.

Then, presently, we came even to the sea-shore, not, indeed, at the Port of Waterford, but at a lonely place, where was no habitation of man, nor any to see us. Then did he divest him of his cowl, which, as ye know, we of our Holy Rule do wear in choir, and spread it on the surface of the tide that ebbed towards the south and east, and, Brother, saith he, stand thereon, and fear not, for thus did I cross this very sea, but yesterday, whereas I came to seek thee, by command of God. Wherein, not doubting,

I obeyed him, and, in short space of time, did find myself upon the shore of Wales.

Thence did we journey many weary leagues, until we came at last, by God His grace, to that strange Abbey in the valley of rocks whereof the Brother Cedric hath writ, as ye may read, in my list. Therein I tarried many days, with certain Brethren of our Rule, from Glaston and from Durham, and from other, our Houses in Britain and in Ireland. Many things, and wondrous, passing all belief, heard I and saw, what time I dwelt among them, which also, our Lord the Abbot of Duns had bidden me keep secret ; for, Son, saith he, these things are better hid from human ken, seeing that we know not who shall read them. And, saith he, I doubt not they shall be known when God He seeth good to make them known. For thee, saith our Lord, the Abbot, see thou walk worthy of such favor as High God hath shown thee.

But, of one matter, saith our Lord, the Abbot, I may write, ere I do lay aside my pen, and fit me, as I trust, for my last hour, to wit, of that same Holy Grail, which as ye know, it pleased our Lord that I should see on that last night, ere yet I did depart from Glaston. Now, in that Abbey of the rocks, there was a church, vaster and more magnificent than any other I have seen on earth, or even read of, wherein they that dwelt *in adiutorio Altissimi* in that secret place of the Most High, were used to chant Mass and office, night and day, without ceasing, even as the Blessed do praise God in Paradise.

Now, it pleased God that I should abide there during Passion-tide, and sing, with those who dwell there, the solemn offices which Holy Church hath ordained for that sacred season. And lo ! when as the mitred Abbot of our Rule, chosen by lot, to sing the Mass, turned to take the chalice from the altar, it had vanished. And, in its place, amid a blaze of glory, stood the Chalice of our Lord, the Holy Grail, itself. Then did we kneel, all, in humblest reverence, for that the Abbot, fearing much, yet trusting in God His mercy, and the merits of Blessed Mary and the Saints, did finish the Mass with that same Chalice of our Lord. And when the Mass was ended, lo ! the glory passed, and, therewith, the Holy Grail, and we saw it no more. And, on the altar stood the

chalice wherewith he would have said Mass, but that God gave to him the Holy Grail instead.

But to me, in due season, said the Prior Oswald, Brother, saith he, Write this, at least, which thou hast seen. This, too, that it was I who brought it hither. As for me, saith he, my task is done for this while, and I go to my place of rest. I know not, saith he, if I shall wake till the last trumpet shall rouse me; therein, let God do as seemeth Him best. Brother, saith he, God have thee in His holy keeping. Whereat, we went our several ways, and I saw his face no more.

This, then, I have written, by command of good Lord, the Abbot. Hereafter, or before, if ye will, read and mark well what Brother Cedric hath set down concerning Prior Oswald, the which I have set out in English as men speak it in these days. And so, God keep you.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.



A RONDEL.

(From an old copy of THE OWL.)

LAUGHTER and smiles outweigh all trials,
 Whene'er, where e'er whose e'er they be,
 And loop-holes for escape we see
 From out all dangers, at all whiles,
 If we but watch with eyes merry;
 Laughter and smiles outweigh all trials,
 And follow after if we flee.
 The early morn their charm beguiles,
 Only to ask, to gain, need we,
 Their faithful guard through all life's wiles.
 Laughter and smiles outweigh all trials,
 Whene'er, where e'er, whose e'er they be!

L. M.

The Little Midshipman.



ABOUT a stone's throw from the Royal Exchange and with the Bank of England as his neighbor, the little Midshipman stood looking into the swarms of hackney coaches forever plying up and down before him,—a would-be human barometer to mark the fluctuations in the financial surges of the instrument maker, Solomon Gills. The charlatans, auctioneers, ginghams, palms, howdahs, hookahs, cashmeres and more East India clerks and commerce no more affected him than the roar and hub-bub of Broadway. Like the hard-hearted little wretch he was, he manifested in every way a perfect indifference to all human speculations, never deigning a nod or shake of his head in acquiescence or disapproval of anything that passed under his gaze, as uncognizant of what transpired about him as Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse. When the mist cleared away and enabled him with his glass to sweep the horizon, he seemed so bent on his own personal observations that even the toes of his shoes turned up in utter contempt of everything terrestrial, and when the sun beat down on him in all his splendor in his blue coat and right foot thrust forward he stood forth a regular animated declaration of independence.

Such a disposition, as may easily be surmised, exposed him to many serious imputations, and wise heads predicted his humiliation. And so in fact it turned out. He indulged in such vast speculation that his patrons could not save him, though Walter, one of them, was the most energetic man in the metropolis, and the other Solomon Gills, rather old, somewhat thick, and decidedly flabby, left not a stone unturned to maintain the little Midshipman independent. But in spite of their united efforts his unrelenting superciliousness brought on a series of disasters.

One fine morning the little Midshipman was covered with huge drops as of perspiration. The fog was thick and not only made the slippery streets slipperier and the muddy streets muddier, but pervaded everything material and even immaterial,—I had almost said spiritual, which had been a serious blunder when ap-

plied to the mental operations of Solomon Gills,—but at all events the joy had gained access to old Sol's garret and he sat there in the shop, the tears rolling down his cheeks and his eyes blinking away in the most bewildering manner imaginable. When Walter came upon the scene and saw the drops of perspiration standing out on the little Midshipman and old Solomon melting away and fast approaching the vanishing point, he knew at once that something radical had gone wrong and that drastic measures had to be taken on the spot. So he made a rush at old Sol. and seizing him by the shoulders gave a series of jerks, somewhat after the fashion of a man with a watch to set the wheels in motion. The operation had the desired effect; old Sol's wheels began to revolve and after a couple of awful gasps finally secured sufficient hold of the line of escaping ideas, he was apparently trying to pump up, and said: "I'm-m seized upon." He certainly was: and it was not for some time when Walter looking round for an explanation spied in the shop Mr. Brogley, broker round the corner, with a large head and formidable corporation, who sat there nodding away in corroboration of the old man's statement, that Walter really understood the real state of affairs, viz., that his uncle had become bankrupt and was about to be turned out neck and crop.

If you suppose, however, that the drops on the little Midshipman were the effect of anything he held in common with the category of human misery, or the result of any compassion on his part over the misfortunes of Solomon Gills, you must dispel the illusion at once. The little Midshipman had neither bowels nor heart, one of these (figuratively speaking of course) marble-hearted fiends read of in plays, or in the Roman Amphitheatre, one of these monsters in collar and tie impervious to all inferior connections as though there was nothing sublunary about him. But the little Midshipman claimed kindred to none of these. He had nothing human about him and did not pretend to have. He was in fact the woodenest of little wooden Midshipman and was determined to remain so. He was there to mark the financial equilibrium of Solomon Gills and he did it.

Whether, then, on this particular morning the drops on his brow were an indication of some relentment on his part to feel the woes of his fellow creatures, or due to the fog alone will long

remain a subject of debate, but sure it is that things, financially speaking, were at a pretty low ebb, and Walter felt it deeply. So off the latter ran and with the aid of Captain Cuttle, succeeded in securing sufficient pecuniary aid of Mr. Dombey to mollify the said Brogley, and as a consequence maintain the little Midshipman on his pedestal.

Still it was a severe shock and resulted finally in the little Midshipman losing his balance. When Mr. Dombey sent Walter away the little Midshipman lost one of his mainstays, and things so dwindled away, that old Sol. himself cut and ran as the Captain put it, so there was nothing left for the Captain but to pull down the blinds and keep dark. Everything fell under the auctioneer's hammer, and the little Midshipman, dethroned, was relegated to a disgraceful position lying on his back on the stairs, his toes turned up alarmingly. The ignominies he underwent there may better be imagined than described. Some even say the auctioneer in his fury to hammer everything had knocked the little Midshipman down to a Jew to be used for some unheard of indignity when the Captain bore down upon the miscreant and rescued him just before the irrevocable sentence of "gone" fell from his lips. But whether from a stroke of the auctioneer's formidable hammer or not, something of a like crushing nature befell him, for he was fast going to pieces when the Captain relieved again by bringing him out and nailing him to the counter.

Here he recuperated somewhat, though the range of his observations was necessarily limited. But when he and the Captain recovered from the shock of old Sol's runaway, and Walter's death, the little Midshipman took up his position at the door again though not nearly so pretentious as formerly; he had been humiliated and took a lower pedestal. As a matter of course he had to suffer various indignities here too; as for instance, when Rob. the Grinder, a promising youth (as his name suggests) of no enviable reputation, when Rob. was leaving he gave the little Midshipman an unmerciful wring by the nose as a parting vengeance. People, too, going by or passing in and out of the shop used to twinge him by the nose, or put their hands before his glass, or commit other not-to-be-endured outrages; besides his scope for investigations was intolerably small, as the houses on

the opposite side of the street and even tall people and women's bonnets were forever obstructing his view, not to mention the distractions. But, if nothing else it should have taught the little Midshipman the different stages and the amount of hardships attending each before we are on a pedestal sufficiently high to overlook the common herd, and can afford to be so independent as to despise the base degrees by which we mounted.

But the little Midshipman was incorrigible. When old Sol. turned up and Walter came back alive, and the Captain no longer in dread of the redoubtable Mrs. McStinger, raised the blinds and everything seemed to indicate high tides in the flow of Solomon Gill's fortune, the little Midshipman was burnished up and restored to his former position on the pedestal to continue his observations. But though everything had changed round him he remained *semper idem*, unchangeable in arrogance, and bent as much as ever on his discoveries. When "Gills and Cuttle" shone in bright letters over his head he assumed his old attitude of indomitable alacrity, and disdainful of the past, his quadrant at his right hand and his glass to his eye he was once again all absorbed in scientific pursuits and dead to all worldly concerns. The dust and fog made him spotted, and the rain made him bright as of old, but otherwise the same callous, obdurate, conceited, little Midshipman as of yore.

P. J. MCGUIRE, O.M.I.



WHY ?

WHY is it that the paths which to some feet
Are smooth and green, and easy to be trod,
To others are but pit-falls, where they meet
With snares, and stumble on their way to God?
Why is it that some walk where others fall?
And why so often are those very things
Which clog the steps of some—the ones of all
To give to others angel-spreading wings?

Why is it that some hearts must yearn and sigh
For what the owner deems of little worth,
Must watch him with a careless hand throw by
That, which to them, were dearest of the earth?
That which is dross to some, to others gold;
That which to one is gain, another's loss;
While one is warm, another is a-cold,—
One wears his crown, the other bears the cross.

Why is it thus? We may not say we know—
But this—that if we have not understood
All the meanings of this world below,
Our God has made it, and He called it "good."
So, good it is—and if for you and me
Its ways seem dark—why heaven lieth wide,
But just beyond—when from its gates we see
Our way on earth—we shall be satisfied."

C. '76.

The O'Connell's Happy Xmas.

GORES Grove, one among the many matchlessly picturesque and romantic dells of sweet Innisfail, nestles down between two ranges of hills with slopes dotted over by sheltering groves, grotesque old raths and delapidated castles. Bordering on this vale of Arcady lies the famous demesne of Kilcooly, the landlord's favorite summer home. Hither flock tourists from surrounding country and city to view the stately mansion, with its encircling forest, its beautiful artificial lake, its rich terraces and particularly its historic ivy-clad abbey a spot dear to the hearts of the people. Splendid as is this lordly property, it certainly does not eclipse the more simple and pastoral beauty of

“ The loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the laboring swain :
Where smiling spring its earliest visits paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.”

Among the inhabitants of this delightful dale lived one James O'Connell, whose honest upright life made him esteemed by all his neighbors. By industry and thrift he had become the wealthiest of the farmers. His wife was a true friend of the poor and the needy, and his beautiful and accomplished daughter Mary, when not attending the Visitation Convent School in Kilkenny city, was the angel of the home—the mother's most willing helper in household duties, and in her charitable undertakings. Never was a toil-worn beggar sent away without abundant alms, while the hungry ones were replenished with a good hearty meal, or cheered with a warm cup of tea such as none but those Irish matrons could make. In return the kind hearted family received what they prized far above gold or diamonds, namely the fervent prayers of the poor and lowly. On a well kept farm of sixty acres James O'Connell found able and willing co-operators in the persons of his two stalwart sons Joe and Mike. Every year new and vast improvements were wrought by these skilful toilers. The

moor lands were drained and converted into excellent pasturage ; the stony, unprofitable mounds, where once a lime-kiln stood, were levelled and sown with various crops ; the wild, useless tract of yellow furz and tall fern was burned, the tough roots torn up, and in their place might be seen to flourish a luxuriant field of oats or a more valuable plot of potatoes. Thus after several years of incessant labor every available spot on the farm was utilized.

O'Connell's home likewise benefited from his progressive spirit, for the old thatched roof which kept out the wind and rain perhaps for centuries, gave place to one of slate ; the out-houses were kept in first-class condition ; and in general appearance his was the prettiest and most comfortable farm residence in the County of Kilkenny. The generosity of this good farmer was appreciated by all the people in his vicinity, but by none so much as the poor laborers whose little plots of land were tilled, sown, and reaped by that dexterous ploughman, Joe O'Connell. Truly God blessed four-fold, the faith and charity of this typical Irish family by bestowing upon them health and contentment and prosperity.

However, this condition of things did not last. These prosperous peasants were soon to suffer adversity. It is well known how the majority of Irish landlords do not live in Ireland. They care nothing for the struggles of the poor tenants whose sweat enables them to spend their own lives amid luxury and ease in the great cities of the continent. To swell their revenues, agents are sent among the people to note their resources and to raise their rent accordingly. One dark day James O'Connell remarked such a visitor examining his fine farm. He foresaw his doom without being able to avert it. A week later, the land commissioners valued all his property.

Instead of being recompensed for his vast improvements he was compelled to pay for them by having his rent almost doubled. This same year the taxes were raised in order to sustain the enormous expenses of the British wars in Africa. Within a couple of years these overwhelming misfortunes were made more disastrous by a wet harvest, which blighted forever the prospects of this sorely tried man, and placed on his shoulders a burden he was unable to bear. Not even by the sale of his fine horses, cattle, and farm implements could he now meet the demands of those

exorbitant rents and taxes. At last came the long-dreaded alternative. If he was not ready to pay every copper of the arrears he should quit his home at the expiration of eight days ; dismal ultimatum which has conveyed desolation to the homes and hearts of Ireland's population for centuries. At the close of those eight days was witnessed in the peaceful village of Gores Grove a scene which the imagination shudders to recall and the pen is powerless to portray ; yet it has been of almost weekly occurrence in some portion of Ireland since the landlords began to sway its destinies.

On the morning of the evictions no less than 200 British soldiers and some able-bodied policemen swooped down upon the quiet town land with equipments fit to storm the redoubtable rock of Gibraltar. With all the ceremonial of their profession the soldiers took possession of every road, boreen, or path leading towards the doomed cottage of James O'Connell. The black squad of policemen acted as a body-guard for the bailiffs,—those heartless wretches who had to execute their shameful work. By the ringing of the church bell the people were apprised of the evictions, and they flocked impetuously to the scene of action, to be roughly repelled with baton and bayonet by the officers of the law. Within the cottage were Mr. O'Connell and family. "When the cruel oppression crushes them those peaceful peasants cannot help striking back in terror and in anger."

Hence, though, James O'Connell was the possessor of a mild, genial temperament, when he saw the home of his ancestors and of his childhood invaded by the remorseless executors of unjust laws, contrary to the supplications of his wife and children he took his stand in the open doorway, axe in hand he told the approaching bailiffs that they would be obliged to tread on his dead body before they could despoil his home. Seeing the determination of this brave farmer, the bailiffs retired. Then that merciless system put in its ghastly appearance when the Residing Magistrate, having read the Riot Act, bade the stubborn man to withdraw. Heedless of this threat and command, there the stalwart figure remained firm as a rock. Two soldiers with loaded rifles were ordered to advance, to take aim. The moment the sergeant was yelling "fire!" the distracted daughter rushed past her father and

threw herself before the muzzles of the rifles. Silence deep as death fell upon all ; the soldiers stood in a trance unable to move the triggers. As the dreadful word, fire, was belched forth a second time, a horse with rider plunged before the lovely maiden in time to receive the fatal bullets. The dead horse fell with its wounded rider ; the terrified father snatched up his fainting daughter ; the mother and infuriated sons rushed to their assistance. To everybody's amazement the chivalrous horseman proved to be the landlord's son who accidentally came on the scene, and, witnessing the abominable injustice about to be enacted, imperilled his life for the safety of the brave farmer and daughter. He was carried to his mansion in Kilcooly in the Magistrate's coach, grieving that he was powerless to stop the terrible work.

The eviction was at once resumed without show of opposition. The bailiffs proceeded to dismantle a once happy home, to dislodge cherished objects handed down from generation to generation and in use for years without number.

It is impossible to imagine the grief that smote the affectionate hearts and impressible minds of this family at the sight of their dear belongings in the dresses, tables, chests, chairs, beds and other furniture ruthlessly torn apart and cast out before their very eyes. Their anguish and horror was extreme to see the holy pictures that adorned their humble dwelling, especially the venerated crucifix and loved statue of the Blessed Virgin, seized by the despoilers and sacrilegiously bundled out to be broken into pieces ? The house itself would then have been reduced to ashes were it not for its slate roof. It was preserved for the use of the Caretaker.

It was truly heartrending to behold this afflicted family upon the road side,—outcast from their beloved home, exiles in their own country,—evicted from that cherished abode which had sheltered their forefathers from time immemorial.

Oh, but what a glorious example of steadfast faith, resignation and hope did they not exhibit in this hour of misfortune ? They anchored their eternal hope in the love, goodness, and mercy of an all-wise, all-merciful God ; they praised Him in their affliction ; and they prayed fervently for strength to bear this trial without complaint. It was upon this occasion that the sublime Irish faith

of that desolate family made evident its hidden depths, as those fond parents endeavored to console their children by giving vent to their inner feelings in such beautiful sentiments: "Welcome be the holy will of God!" "God wills it, we must be satisfied!" "God is good! He will one day repay us for all!" Thus how stirring, how active, how real is the undying faith in those people in whose daily lives and conduct are embodied the noblest and the loftiest principles of Christian civilization, and the very teachings of Christ himself. How true are the words of one of Erin's foremost writers: "The thoughts, the instincts, the desires, the very passions of this people tend toward the supernatural."

The eviction of James O'Connell was by no means the only one which took place on that occasion. In one short week not less than thirteen families were ejected from their humble dwellings. At each and all the same fiery Celtic character, the same beautiful illustration of divine faith, the same eternal hope in the final triumph of God's goodness and mercy were exhibited. Nor were these homeless peasants forgotten for a moment by their guardians and guides, their truest friends and sincerest consolers — their devoted priests. Backed by the then powerful organization, the Land League, these watchful shepherds quickly came with substantial aid to their afflicted people. Through the magnanimous generosity of more fortunate neighbors the evicted tenants were given small plots of land whereon were constructed wooden cottages. Here they lived supported partly by the League and partly by the industry of their own hands.

It was sad to see the large number of young men and maidens compelled to tear themselves from their sorrowing parents, from all they held dear on earth, to seek in foreign and more hospitable land those rights and privileges denied them at home. Among others was Joe O'Connell who soon afterwards went to find employment in America's great metropolis, New York city. James O'Connell himself became a day laborer; while his wife and daughter carried on a flourishing grocery business in their little wooden cottage.

Mr. O'Connell and his daughter, filled with gratitude for the heroic act of their rescuer, paid him a visit at his magnificent mansion. With pleasure he accepted the fresh bouquet of sweet

smelling flowers presented by the bashful maiden, while the heart-felt sentiments of sincere thankfulness expressed by the pair overwhelmed him. Deep down in the heart of this high-souled young nobleman were sown the seeds of sympathy for those oppressed peasants, and of love for the farmer's daughter. His mind and heart became enamored of this peasant maiden. Her purity of soul expressed in her calm modest countenance, her open frank manner, her devotedness and solicitude for her parents, but above all her solid, vivid faith,—all those striking traits made a lasting impression on him. He decided to do his utmost to repair the work of his tyrannical father. But for the present he was powerless, and so summer after summer when he visited his mansion he never failed to call frequently at the neat little grocery store of James O'Connell. Here a zealous novelist might find sufficient material to build up a delightful romance.

At length he solicited the hand of this village girl. She hesitatingly refused, for her heart and hand were plighted to Larry Tobin, a splendid young Irishman who had to emigrate after the evictions, but who was soon to return to claim his betrothed. Great was her grief, however, when, some few months later, she heard of the total wreck of a great ocean liner, that was conveying her intended husband home over the Atlantic. Hence, in the following summer, when the landlord's son visited his estate he found this barrier to the object of his affections removed. Yet there stood a yawning gulf between them, for he was not of her faith. But, as we have seen, his sensitive, noble mind was not unimpressed by her piety and virtue. An intimate and clear insight into the ways, manners and steadfast faith of the Irish people also unfolded to him the purity, divineness and moral influence of the Catholic religion. The more closely he examined the daily lives of these simple, thrifty people the more keenly was he touched by their faith in the supernatural: their firm belief in an existing and ever-ruling Providence: and their ardent and child-like devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. All this was a revelation to him, and contrasted strongly with his own cold, unlovely religion. Finally, the truth, beauty and grandeur of the Catholic faith broke in upon his soul. He decided to walk no more in the darkness of error's endless night. His first step was

to visit the familiar grocery store, there to unveil his designs to Mary O'Connell. Her heart overflowing with delight and her countenance all-radiant with joy, she took his hand in hers and raising her blue eyes to heaven she thanked God for having heard and answered her constant prayer as well as the prayers of the poor. Unbounded was the rejoicing and endless was the gossip which the tidings spread throughout the country. All saw a bright day not far distant for the poor evicted tenants of Gores Grove.

On the memorable Sunday preceding the Advent of 1886, a momentous and joyful event took place in the parish church when the wealthy, handsome and gallant young neophyte was wedded to the modest, yet beautiful and accomplished, peasant girl. There was no demonstration, no great ceremony, though the Nuptial Mass was attended by a large crowd of the poor in whose hearts and on whose lips was a fervent prayer for those loved and esteemed ones who were now entering upon a new and altogether consecrated life.

Two weeks later the landlord's son received news of the death of his father, who left him in possession of all his estates. A new era now dawned upon the evicted farmers.

After a weary absence of eight years the O'Connell family was reinstated in their cherished homestead. Measureless, indeed, was the joy which flooded the hearts of this sorely tried family upon that bright day; sincere were the prayers of gratitude which they offered first to God, next to their generous benefactor for such signal blessings.

Christmas was now approaching. The whole country was in preparation for that grand old festival, so dear to the hearts of Christians in every clime, and having a special claim for the inhabitants of Erin's Isle. For what people can so clearly realize, and so keenly feel, the sublime lessons of the crib, if not that persecuted race who have carried the Cross of their Crucified God; and have borne His joys and sorrows, His humiliations and mortifications for seven long centuries?

The simple homes of the Irish undergo a complete transformation at this period, and display to the utmost advantage their modest cheerfulness. The newly furnished home of James O'Con-

nell reflected the prevailing spirit. The walls were freshly white-washed, the old furniture glistened with varnish, the cooking utensils and lamps brightly polished with brick-bat; the china-ware were arranged with taste on the dresser: while the ivy and holly were abundantly and artistically arranged around the pictures and in every corner, threw over all an air of comfort and cheerfulness. The blazing column fire which lighted up the cleanly swept hearth. Without the cold piercing winds could be heard whistling through the leafless trees and the falling snow was being whirled into the sheltered nooks; within, all was security, peace and happiness.

As the father, mother and son sat comfortably by the fireside the memories of the many joyous Xmas days formerly spent within those hallowed walls flashed upon their minds,—memories seasonable of the great event in the history of man's redemption. But though these remembrances were happy in the present, yet they were sad in the recollection of their absent son, who ignorant of the change would spend Xmas day far away in New York city. While such reflections occupied their mind, a side car stopped before the door. In a moment a tall handsome young man stood before them. With one quick glance James O'Connell recognized the features of his son Joe. The enraptured parents shed tears of joy and love to behold once more their darling eldest son, their former renowned ploughman, now a confirmed Yankee, from that wonderland America. Surely never was a Xmas Eve wrought with a downpour of graces and blessings as did those happy folk enjoy on that memorable occasion. As the traditional candle burned brightly in the window, this reunited and reinstated family gathered round the cosy hearth,—that rallying place of the affections,—and talked far into the night of the events of the past eight years. With eager, joyful countenance did Joe listen to the details of the happy marriage of his beloved sister; while the others in turn drank in with wonder and astonishment the thrilling stories of American life.

When the solemn hour which gave to this dark, sinful world a Redeemer,—that hour the contemplation of which touches the tenderest chords in the human heart, because it commemorates the coming of Jesus Christ, our joy, our hope, our love—when

that august hour approached this truly joyous family, not forgetful of heavenly favors which were being lavished upon them, gathered round their little altar—so much like the one of old—in order to pour forth to God fervent prayers of thanksgiving, and to welcome in a most befitting manner the first moments of that glorious Xmas Day. Having completed this act of love and devotion with the Rosary, all retired “to sleep the sleep of innocence and dream its dreams.”

Gay and resplendent was the beautiful Christmas morning which dawned upon Gores Grove. Though the snow continued to fall and the piercing winds kept blowing, yet the warm-hearted peasants could be seen wending their way from far and near to the little parish church, there to participate in the three Masses and to feast their eyes on the venerated crib. Elevated were the thoughts, holy the aspirations, and fervent the prayers which issued from the hearts of those humble worshippers as they devoutly assisted at Mass. Amongst them was the O’Connell family, who occupied one of the front seats, together with those two idols of the people—the landlord’s son and his charming bride. For the zealous convert the whole scene was touching in the extreme, especially at that awful moment of Consecration, when all bowed down in adoration before the Presence of Him whose glorious Nativity they were that day celebrating. “Let no one say,” writes Father Sheehen, “that our poor Irish do not grasp the meaning of this central mystery of faith; for whosoever understands our people will agree with me that no philosopher in his rostrum, no great theologian in his study, no consecrated nun in her choir, realize more distinctly the awful miracle of love and mercy that is enshrined on our altars—and named Emanuel.”

Equally impressed was he to behold both young and old, rich and poor, assemble around the lowly crib, there to contemplate with love and sympathy the Christ-Child who came to redeem fallen man, and who was to be the Way of Truth and the Light to future generations. It was here that their Celtic imagination transported them back over nineteen centuries till they found themselves before the door of the humble cave adoring their New-born King with the shepherds of Bethlehem. At length, strengthened and refreshed by those heavenly gifts and

graces which the Divine Babe lavishes upon the whole Christian world on this joyful day those glad people returned to their happy homes where all the sweetness and joyousness, the conviviality and mirth of the jubilant season of peace, love and good-will awaited them, and where friends and neighbors assembled to exchange heartfelt and time-honored greetings of a Merry Christmas. Nor shall we now dare intrude upon the heavenly joy and peace which reigned in the O'Connell home—that sanctuary of domestic felicity around which the most sacred memories of the heart were entwined, that abode fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys where the merriment and gaiety of this happy Yuletide held full sway, and, in a word, where were gathered together those fond kindred hearts whom the sorrows and cares of the world were continually drifting apart. How joyously could this blissful family sing with the poet :

“ Still round our old paternal hearth
Do loving faces meet,
And brothers parted through the year
Do brothers kindly greet.

Oh may we aye whate'er betide
In Christian joy and mirth,
Sing welcome to the blessed day
That gave our Saviour birth.”

P. J. P. '04.



Gerald Griffin.



THE lovers of true Irish literature have last month been celebrating in quiet, befitting manner the centenary of the birth of Gerald Griffin. The works of this writer are well known and read, though not as much perhaps as they deserve. His novels, poems and plays furnish much that should appeal to our younger generation of students who look to Goldsmith, Longfellow and Washington Irving as models of a style gracefully descriptive and heart reaching.

Gerald Griffin was born in the City of Limerick, Ireland, on the twelfth day of December, 1803. He was the youngest of a family which comprised nine sons and three daughters. While he was yet of tender years he developed a taste for reading and composing which remained with him throughout his life. His first tutor, Mr. McEligot, was an Irish pedagogue of the old style, the representative of a class that is now almost extinct.

When the young Gerald was seven years of age, the family moved to a country place on the banks of the Shannon, twenty-eight miles from Limerick. Here the best part of his boyhood was spent and in all his troubles and hardships he never forgot the early impressions of nature which he received there. He continually recurs, in his poems and sketches, to those scenes of his youth and dwells on them with undiminished fondness. His mother undertook his education until a capable tutor could be found. At last one was discovered who was infinitely superior to the pompous and self-sufficient McEligot. Under such tutelage the young pupil advanced rapidly in his studies and applied himself with such ardor that composing became quite a pastime for him. A few years after this his parents emigrated to America, together with some of the family, leaving him with three brothers and two sisters in Ireland. They established themselves at Adare, a small village in the vicinity of Limerick. His proximity to that city afforded Griffin many literary advantages and enabled him to make the acquaintance of the staunchest friend of his life, Banim,

who was the author of "Tales of the O'Hara family." At this time he became a member of a Thespian society and wrote four plays, of which "Gisippus" alone remains. At eighteen he was the editor of a Limerick newspaper.

The desire for fame now seized upon our young hero, and when barely twenty years of age he resolved to cast himself into the seething vortex of London, confident in his own powers and scorning the very idea of repulse or defeat. But he was destined as many another before him to undergo innumerable trials and hardships before he could even hope to become known in the literary world. Often indeed had he to live in the greatest poverty, not having a shilling to his name, but too proud and independent to ask assistance. He managed to earn a miserable and uncertain pittance by reporting trials for the newspapers, and contributing to periodicals, a mean occupation indeed for the man who was capable of producing such a literary creation as "The Collegians." He had set out with the enthusiasm of youth to reform the drama, having brought with him a number of plays, among them "Gisippus" and "Aguire," but realizing the utter impossibility of the task which he had set himself he soon lost heart and destroyed these compositions upon which he had expended so much youthful labor.

Soon afterwards he secured a position as a parliamentary reporter and began to breathe more freely, but he yearned for a higher level and the fame of a literary life. Encouraged by the acceptance of one of his plays at the "English Opera House," Griffin began to write "Hollandtide," a description of Irish manners and characteristics. It immediately became popular and his success as an author was assured. This induced him to publish the next year "Tales of the Munster Festivals." It was even more popular than "Hollandtide," and the critics began to load him with praise. The greatest of his works "The Collegians," was published the following year and crowned his fame. This book which was the most highly wrought and thrilling of his works was written with little care, the work of each day being wanted for "copy" the next.

Gerald Griffin was now at the height of his fame and the days of poverty and privation were past and gone, but he never forgot

his affection for his old home. Speaking of the River Shannon in a letter to his sister he asks :

“ Know ye not that lovely river ?
 Know ye not that smiling river ?
 Whose gentle flood
 By cliff and wood,
 With wildering sound goes winding ever !
 Oh ! often yet with feeling strong
 On that dear stream my memory ponders,
 And still I prize its murmuring song—
 For by my childhood's home it wanders ! ”

From this time when he was on the pinnacle of his fame, the young author began to have a growing distaste for literature. He found the realization of fame quite different from what he had thought it to be. When it was a thing to be desired and sought after, he was ready to undergo the severest hardships in order to obtain it, but when he held it in his grasp, its hollowness became too apparent and he commenced to despise it. Consequently, having abandoned his literary pursuits, he took up the study of law at London University. But his heart was not in this either so he gave it up and returned to the home he loved so well. In the year 1833 he formed one of a deputation from Limerick, to endeavor to induce Thomas Moore to represent that city in Parliament. He gives a very pleasing account of that interview, in the course of which he describes the poet as “a little man, but full of spirit, with eyes, hands, feet and frame forever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair.”

He made a tour of the highlands of Scotland and on his return announced to his family that he had determined to embrace a monastic life. He had had for a long time this idea in his mind and was moved in his decision by the sorrow which the death of a dear sister had cast over his soul, and also by the example of a female relative who had become a sister of charity. He believed that in utter seclusion from the world, that peace would be found which he had hitherto sought in vain, in busier struggles. On the 8th day of September, 1838, he entered a Dublin monastery under the name of Brother Joseph. He died in Cork, on the 12th day

of June, 1840. His remains were laid to rest in the Christian Brothers' cemetery in that city. The spot has become a place of pilgrimage for the numerable tourist who have learned to find delight in the beauty, the wit, humor and pathos of Griffin's work. In the centre rises a celtic cross with little mounds and headstones on either side. Immediately on the right is one with the simple inscription: "Br. Gerald Jos. Griffin, died 12 June, 1840. May he rest in peace."

Thus ended the life of one of the purest and best literary lights of the nineteenth century, and Ireland's greatest prose writer. No writer showed a truer perception of what is pure and elevated and noble in Irish character than Gerald Griffin. He was gifted with a vivid imagination and was very natural in all his portrayals. "The Collegians" was his masterpiece, and is certainly the best novel depicting Irish life, that has been written. It is the work of a master. The only fault to be found with any of Griffin's works is that, like all Irish writers, he dwells too much on the terrible. But he is unsurpassed in delineating Irish character. Griffin, all through his life, was essentially religious, and this is all the more commendable when we consider the temptations to which he was subjected. He is singularly pure-minded, and there is nothing in any of his books that could shock the most delicate conscience. He gave the crowning proof of his religious tendencies when he exchanged the glamor of a literary life for the seclusion of the monastery, and thus he proved what a hold religion has on the Irish mind and heart.

He died young, it is true, and his works show us more what he would do than what he actually effected, yet we feel that he has given us sufficient for remembrance. The author of "The Collegians" must live, and as an able delineator of Irish national feelings, as an expounder of that subtlest of problems,—the Irish heart—he cannot be forgotten.

W. P. DERHAM,
Fifth Form.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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No. III.

JANUARY, 1904.

Vol. VI

CONGRATULATORY.

It is a well known saying that to discover the extent of a man's abilities you must place him under responsibility. The aptitude towards execution, inherent in every one, often lies apparently dormant, until some great difficulty arises; then his whole being, as it were, is called into action, and in one vast effort to cope with the situation he reveals himself to us, in the proper degree of his powers, and demonstrates his efficiency as a man of action. But while this is true of the individual, it is especially true of certain corporations or bodies of men, who work together in harmony, who discharge their duties in their several departments with the dominant idea of the whole, ever present to their minds, whose every action in short, is in conformity with the principal object of the corporation.

It is easily seen that nothing note worthy can be expected from such a body of individuals unless all work in unison and with good will. The best results in any corporation can be attained, only by a system of mutual concession of opinion on the part of its members, who, under the guidance of the chief executive, are ever willing to sacrifice their personal opinions to the general good. Hence, in no society of men working in a corporate capacity can we look for such splendid results as from a body of the Catholic clergy, who by excellent philosophical training, and the discipline of self and the denial which their noble life calls for, are eminently qualified to obtain proper results. Add to this the beneficial effects, the training in the direction of the essentials of corporate executive ability, which years of community life affords, and the vows of the Religious, and it becomes plain that the best work can, in this connection, be accomplished by those who belong to a Religious order.

It is a matter of pride with the REVIEW to the able to state that the Faculty of Ottawa University have within the last two months demonstrated the truth of the above remarks. This statement is made on the strength of the work accomplished by the Oblate Fathers in Ottawa, subsequent to the terrible calamity which befell them on the morning of December 2nd. For even while the block occupied by the Arts buildings was a mass of smoking debris, the Faculty decided that not one student would be compelled to leave Ottawa for the pursuit of the studies which had been so sadly interrupted. "By no means"; said Dr. Emery, our President, when a *senior* man asked him shortly after the fire, if work was to be abandoned; "not only will your class be provided for, but we feel confident that we will resume work in every department by January 7th." Subsequent events proved that his hopes were not over sanguine. A circular was sent to the boys asking them to return for work on that date, as arrangements had been made for their welfare. And right well did they respond. Almost without a delinquent. There poured into the city on the appointed day, hundreds of "*good fellows*" from every quarter of the compass; "boys," who had been students of Ottawa in her prosperity and who would not now desert her in the hour of her temporary adversity. They come, many of them, with

grave fears and misgivings lest the cheery words of the President's circular could not be representative of realities ; they come, nevertheless, resolved to brook any hardship if only they would continue their studies under the inspiration of their dear old "Garnet and Grey." Such was their faith in their "*old Ottawa*" that no thought was more foreign to their minds than to seek an equivalent education for hers elsewhere. Yet, it was with the air of the skeptic that they enquired of conditions at the University. Their skepticism was short-lived. Conviction in the reality of the noble work done by the Faculty in their absence, soon dawned upon them, for they saw that every provision had been taken to secure their comfort and convenience.

Such is the way in which Ottawa University has demonstrated her zeal for education ; such the manner in which her students have proved the necessity of her existence, as the centre of Catholic education in Canada. We know that *the boys* appreciate her efforts and sacrifices in their behalf. Witness their loyalty to her in her time of trial. We feel confident that she in her turn knows well how to show her grateful recognition of such devotion. No stronger incentive to conviction in this respect, can be wished than her splendid solicitude for her sons in everything that can tend to promote the contentment and well-being of the student. Yes, we feel sure that the *Alma Mater* and her children mutually understand each other's devotion, that the service each rendered the other will grow to greater and greater proportions ; that its fruits may be apparent in each, and that under the stimulus which tribulation never fails to impart, Ottawa University will turn reverse into advantage, and ere long be better prepared than ever to accomplish her mission, as the premier Catholic University of Canada.

AN APOLOGY.

It is very flattering to see the Xmas REVIEW so eagerly sought for and so carefully read. It is natural to feel proud of being quoted as an authority by every class of people in the community. But the honor is also one having its drawbacks. There is reason to fear that the article headed "The University Fire" is

taken too seriously in certain quarters, and may occasion consequences not intended by it. The REVIEW is indeed a College organ, published by the students, intended primarily to initiate them into matters literary and scientific, in a word to stimulate and reflect their intellectual activity. But while it generally entertains no other ambition and endeavors to realize this aim, the College organ cannot claim exemption from the mistakes and defects common to such publications.

As to the article in question, it was penned shortly after the fire and set up before inquiries took place and long before the number was published. This article was not subjected to censorship. The statements it contains are based in great part on personal observations, on the accounts of spectators who in the excitement of the moment were naturally hyperbolic in their statements; in fact, also, on newspaper reports which are notoriously misleading. Hence this description of the fire, while it was intended and in the main is correct, should be discounted in certain details. The need of this will appear from the attempt to place the cause of the conflagration regarding which there is nothing more than conjecture. Excessive blame is laid upon the Fire Department, which after all did what was possible under the circumstances. The firemen in fact did a great deal that, apparently, escaped notice and commendation. To implicate the lumber merchants in this affair is an injustice in this case, which students will regret all the more, when they know and recall kindnesses received from these much abused people in the past, notably in relation to the Athletic Field. Moreover, people found fault with the assertion that "these facts can be sworn to." In the light of later inquiries we will not try to justify this beyond remarking that it is easy to speak of doing a thing before we have done it.

In conclusion we trust that this humble apology will be acceptable to Ottawa and the people who have been concerned about the remarks printed. We admire our beautiful city too much to wish it anything but good. And if we may seem in our grumblings to have questioned her right to all that is implied in the noble title of the Capital of the Dominion, the fact that we were thinking too much of our losses—which as a matter of fact could hardly be helped—will be our plea for indulgence.

Inter Alia.

“ If there a hole in a’ your coats
I rede ye, tent it ;
A chiel’s amang ye, takin’ notes,
And, faith, he’ll prent it.”

“ When in doubt, play trumps.” When you have nothing to write, write it : *ex nihilo nihil fit*, which, if not axiomatic, is solid fact. Possibly, by so doing, one may succeed in winning a reputation for wisdom, on Gratiano’s principle : “ I do know of those

“ That therefore only are reputed wise

“ For saying nothing.” (Merch. of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.)

True, every time. “ Ye can believe me my son, for I’ve tried baith,” as the old Scotsman said in *re* “ Honesy is the best policy.”

“ Clubs are trumps, not spades”; that they say, was Lawrence’s answer, at a rubber of whist, when asked, “ Shall Delhi be besieged or stormed.” Clubs were trumps. Query ; Which card was the “ curse of Scotland ?” The chiel seeks information.

Omnis homo mendax : Doubtless, as the preacher put it, “ Dauvid nicht hae said it at his leesure ” had he lived in . . . Ottawa ? Was it the same meenister who, being gifted with cavernous oral faceelities, preached from the text : “ The ass opened his mouth and spaake ?” To the mirth, if not to the edification of his hearers.

A dilemma for our philosophers : “ One of themselves has said : The Cretans were alway liars.” Was he one ? If so, *mendacibus non creditur*. Gentlemen, extricate him, and yourselves.

“ What is truth ? said jesting Pilate.” Jestng ? surely not, though, indeed, he “ would not stay for an answer.” What is truth—the words, or the impression conveyed ? *Verumet bonum sunt unum*. Granted but—good to myself, to my neighbor, or to

the community? Define *bonum*, first ; afterwards prove the truth of the above dictum. S. Athanasius, asked : "Have you seen Athanasius?" answered ; "He was in front of you but now." He told the truth : but—the impression conveyed? *Deprecare pro nobis Filium Dei*.

Ex nihilo nihil fit ; the Chiel is as consistent as his neighbors, which is—not at all. He had a word to say of humor, Scottish, Irish, American : but refrains, for the present ; possibly, *sine die*. Humor, it may be, is as difficult to define as truth. She, men say, lives in a well : humor, sayeth Magregor, senior, "must be dug for." It is hard, at best, to see the humor of some things, or of some people. "The congregation may disperse, I'm stung."

THE CHIEL.



Exchanges.

It is with pleasure we have noted, among others, the following cordial sentiments—often a bit flattèring—expressed towards us by our college exchanges. The first dates from Dec. 5th. We clip it from that truly excellent college weekly, the *Notre Dame Scholastic* :—

"A wave of sympathy swept over Notre Dame on Thursday morning when it became known that the University of Ottawa had been devastated by fire. The University was founded by the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate in 1848, and has fifty-five years of brilliant history to commend it to the good will of the Catholic public. At Notre Dame we are able to share the feelings of the Oblates and their students, not only because of the friendly relations that have always existed between the two institutions, but also because our Alma Mater experienced a similar disaster in 1879. 'Disaster' is hardly the word, however, for although the prospects that stretched out before the priests and Brothers of Holy Cross when the work of almost forty years was swept away in a few hours was discouraging in the extreme, and although the labors and privations involved in rebuilding Notre

Dame are appalling to look back upon, nevertheless from that visitation dates a new era of progress in the history of the college. So may it be with Ottawa! The spirit which created it will re-create it. It will find new friends in its hour of trial. It will fulfil—more than fulfil—the splendid promise it held before the catastrophe of Wednesday morning.”

The November issue of the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW contains many well-written and interesting articles. The paper on “Shakespeare and His Works” is especially instructive, and would merit space in *any* magazine. A sketch of the Life of Robert Burns is also found in this number. The writer passes lightly over the sorrows and alterations in Burns’ chequered life, and contents himself with a brief glance at his works, in which the poet stands revealed with his good and evil qualities. Considerable space is given to Athletics, and the *true* sportsmanlike ring throughout is much to be admired. Evidently they have kept in mind “To smile in victory is easy—in defeat, heroic.”—*Acadia Athenæum*.

While we were enjoying the first reading of the November number of the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW a friend informed us of the deplorable fire which destroyed that grand institution. Our deepest sympathy went out at once to the Oblate Fathers who saw the precious work of years ruined in moments that must have been agonizing. One joy is theirs—in the large student body no life was lost, and no words of blame mar the strong feelings of compassion so universally expressed. The *Eagle* voices the sympathy of all at St. Clara and carries to the Reverend Fathers the sincere wish that from the ruins of the fire a yet nobler University may arise to perpetuate the teachings of their aged schools.

It is with the greatest regret that all the educational institutions of America have heard of the great loss sustained by the Roman Catholic Church in the destruction of the buildings of Ottawa University. Though the Roman Catholic Church is perhaps better able than any other to endure the loss, still it is an immense disadvantage to have the work of such an important

institution cease even though it be but for a short time. Ottawa has the sympathy of Wesley College in her loss.—*Vox Wesleyana*.

McMaster men have heard with regret of the fire that devastated the University of Ottawa some weeks ago, and feel genuine sympathy with the students who lost their property and were forced to gaze on the destruction of their Alma Mater. Our personal knowledge of the University is largely confined to the exploits of its famous Rugby football team, and to the literary productions of the undergraduates as they appear in the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW, one of the oldest and most valued exchanges of the *McMaster Monthly*. We know, however, that it has had a long career of service to higher education among the Roman Catholics of Canada, and that it numbers among its graduates several distinguished Canadians. We understand that a new building will be commenced in the near future, and that in the meantime the undergraduates will be enabled to continue their work. It will be the wish of all interested in education that the good work done by Ottawa College may be continued, and that the present calamity may win it many friends among those whom it serves.

In the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW, the synopsis of "Shakespeare and His Works" was well handled, and we shall gladly greet the coming month's completion of the article. The "Lights and Shadows in the Character of Robert Burns" have been well portrayed in the same number—"A mon's a mon for a
"—*The Nasarene*.

Turning to the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW we are reminded of the great loss which the University has suffered and of the loss and inconvenience which has been caused its students in the recent destruction by fire of the College Residence and Arts Building. We can sympathize very sincerely with Ottawa in its loss, as we ourselves have suffered similarly.—*The Argosy*.

Almost at the very moment that the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW for November reached our table, came the deplorable news that the University had been destroyed by fire. We know not

how to express fittingly our regret for this catastrophe, and the particularly sad incidents which accompanied it. Mt. St. Mary's *Record* extends its deepest sympathy and sincere wishes that in this crucible of misfortune may be distilled the pure gold of a greater blessing.

Among the Magazines.

We are grieved to learn that the *Missionary Record* of the O.M.I., published in England, has suspended publication on account of expense. The following is a letter received from the editor :

Colwyn Bay, Wales, Dec. 16, 1903.

I am greatly pleased with the November number of the UNIVERSITY REVIEW. I hope my name will continue on your list, for I should miss the REVIEW very much if it did not come to me.

The article by a young student on his fishing expedition is just the thing.

What I admire most of all is the good nature, the perfect impartiality and kind feeling shown towards all--English and French,--Poor Bobbie Burns, the Jesuits, and everybody, even the roughs who are brutal in a game of football. This perfect self-control, and high mindedness is indeed the University spirit, the Catholic spirit.

THOMAS DAWSON, O.M.I.

May the ruins caused by the dreadful fire soon be repaired, and poor Father Fulham's place be well filled !

Success for February promises a rare treat to its readers. Church speakers will be interested in the fact that "even the great Beecher couldn't keep all awake." Those who have seen Henry Irving will be attracted by the article entitled "Henry Irving's Fight for Fame." "Books Worth Reading," by Arthur Stringer, is itself worth reading. There are always good hints for college men in *Success*.

THE REVIEW joyfully welcomes a new exchange in the *Champlain Educator*. This magazine, not long since known as *Mosher's Magazine*, is the official organ of the Champlain Summer School, and Reading Union deserves gratitude for its useful educational and

high literary work. The whole number is worth reading from the first to the last work. Without expressing a preference, we may admit we like the study on the "Nature and Structure of the Paragraph."

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## Athletics.

Owing to the fact that the regular departments were omitted from the Fire number of the REVIEW, the December items have been held over until January.

### RUGBY UNIONS MEET.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union was held in Montreal on December 5th, Messrs Clancy and Halligan being the College representatives present. The application of the Westmount team, Intermediate Champions of Canada, for admission to senior company was first considered. In view of the fact that the Britannia F. B. C. was unrepresented at the meeting, and that the rumor was current that they would drop out of senior company, it was unanimously decided that if any team left the senior ranks the Westmount application would be accepted. It has however, since been ascertained that the Brits. have no intention of leaving the Senior Q. R. F. U.

The election of officers for the ensuing year then followed and resulted as follows :—

President—H. Molson, M.A.A.A.

1st Vice-President—A. L. McDonald, O.U.A.A.

2nd Vice-President—J. E. Seybold, Rough Riders.

Sec.-Treasurer—E. H. Brown, M.A.A.A.

Messrs. Shillington, Halligan and Dr. Jack were then appointed Q. R. F. U. delegates to the Canadian Rugby *Union meeting*.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Rugby Union was held in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on December 19th, President Molson occupying the chair. The Ontario Rugby Union delegates were Messrs. Woodworth, McMurrich and Johnson, whilst the Q. R. U. was represented by the gentlemen already mentioned.

As usual the Ontario delegates tried to force the Burnside rules on the C. R. U., but the majority present, recognizing the advantages derived from the Clancy rule during the past season, rightly voted the motion down. This caused much displeasure to the Ontario Union representatives who were blind to the fine points of the present Canadian rules.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the Inter-Collegiate Foot-ball Union made an informal application for admission to the C. R. F. U. Their application was unanimously accepted.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are :

President—J. E. McMurich, Toronto.

Vice-President—T. F. Clancy, Ottawa.

Sec.-Treasurer—Rev. J. Barr, Toronto.

#### HOCKEY.

The rink which had just been completed before the fire, has been cleared of snow, thanks to the many willing hands who daily worked with broom and shovel. Four teams have been picked among the seniors and Messrs. Lamothe, Brosseau, MacDonald and Cosgrove will captain the respective sevens. So far each game has been so well contested that it might be rash to guess which team will win out.

Mr. L. Brennan has been appointed manager of the Senior Hockey team, and he is at present casting about for the scalps of aspiring city teams.

The Philosophers Hockey team, which has issued challenges to any other combination in the house, is practicing daily under the titles of Utiques and Etiams. The men are showing such good form that Manager Burke and Capt. Halligan are considering the advisability of challenging for the Stanley Cup.

At a meeting of the Executive of the O. U. A. A. held January 13th, a committee was instructed to draw up the following resolutions :—

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to take to Himself our esteemed friend and beloved Director, Rev. Father Fulham ; and

Whereas, judging by our own loss, we feel most keenly for

his bereaved and sorrowing family in this their hour of tribulation ;  
be it

Resolved, that we the members of this Association desire hereby to extend to his deeply afflicted family an expression of heartfelt sympathy in the heavy affliction which has befallen them. We humbly hope and pray that the merciful Father, who has chosen them to bear this cross in imitation of Him, will grant them the grace to bear it with Christian fortitude and resignation. Be it further

Resolved, that these resolutions be suitably engrossed and sent to the bereaved family, and that a copy of the same be printed in the University REVIEW.

Committee { R. T. HALLIGAN.  
A. L. McDONALD.  
REV. FR. OUMET, O.M.I.

Similar resolutions were sent to the family of the late Father McGurty ; and to Mr. Dooner whose mother passed away the first of December last.

### Of Local Interest.

Another term has begun, and already the regular routine of student life marks the progress of the day from its dawn to its close. Everyone is now well occupied in the preparation of the subject matter for the next examinations. The casual stroller, as he pauses in Wilbrod street, between and around Cumberland and Waller can see that the same work is being carried on as of yore. But, oh, how changed are the surroundings of old "O. U." The buildings within whose walls the boys were wont in the happy past "to con over their task"; the halls where they met for recreation and amusement; the chapel where they came to worship; all are destroyed; and within the debris strewn around under the old walls, are buried the scenes of hundreds of tender memories, pleasant associations and happy recollections with which every room and corridor was replete. Yes, buried are they all; yet will they live forever in the minds and hearts of the "old boys" who can never forget what the old home had been. The local coloring which adds everything to College life is gone; and

one must look for the old faces amid new surroundings, where a new history must be built up to replace the old. New buildings may arise to grace with their more pretentious aspect the site of the old; yet the old associations cannot be replaced; they are destined to oblivion save in the hearts of the students. Years will be necessary to endow the new edifices with the hallowed store of recollections which lend an air of magic and sacred mystery to the stories of adventures, prowess, &c., which tradition hands down from one generation of students to another. No doubt the same yarns will be told of events centered in and around the old place; but the impression will not be lasting; the narration cannot be fascinating; the scene cannot but be ideal with respect to the listener; for the grand old setting is destroyed and the diamond has lost half of its richness. Still, the new abodes will of necessity develop a history of their own; and the graduate from the *old College* may return in future years to his *Alma Mater*, when he can recall the sacred legends of "*the old days and of the old place*," but in comparison with the young and growing traditions of the new. The old cannot suffer by the scrutiny. No matter what years may do towards the upbuilding of better and more commodious halls of learning; no matter how magnificent the buildings that may be pointed to as "*Alma Mater*," we feel sure, that the dearest interests and tenderest memories of thousands will ever look back with pride to the unpretentious pile which was their College home, and within whose walls so many happy years were spent.

The Scientific Society has again started work, after the delay caused by the fire. Though the Society's beautiful library was destroyed, together with a magnificent camera, still the Executive intend to go on with work as usual. Lectures have been given the members to prepare, and a public lecture will be given in the near future, provided that a convenient hall can be secured.

At a meeting of the students of the Arts course held on January 12th, a Dramatic Society was organized with the following officers:—President, J. J. O'Gorman, '04; Treasurer, J. E. Burke, '05; Secretary, J. J. Freeland, '05. Professor F. W.

Grey is Moderator and Director. Heretofore the existence of a regularly constituted Dramatic Society at the University had not been provided for : all work in this regard being left to volunteers whose work was necessarily much crippled by the lack of a permanent and properly organized Society to support them. The new Society has been put on a firm basis, and will fill a long felt want. No better training in elocution can be had than that to be acquired in the preparation of a drama, provided that an efficient instructor have the matter in hand. Ottawa University is fortunate in this respect, having, in the person of Prof. Grey, not only an elocutionist of the first rank, but a writer as well, than whom few are better acquainted with the technique and proper setting of the drama.

The first play produced under the management of the new Society, will be one specially written for the students by Professor Grey. It contains three acts, and is written in blank verse, iambic pentometer. The plot centres about the expeditions sent by Count Frontenac, Governor of New France, against the English colonies ; and the expedition of Phips against Quebec. The events narrated occur about 1690. The play, an excellent production and a credit to our Professor of English, will be presented at the Russell Theatre, about February 10th. when the public will have an opportunity, of judging for themselves of the merits of a Canadian play, in every sense of the word.

What is the matter with our Debating Society ? Surely work in this excellent educational institution is not to be abandoned on account of a temporary drawback. Remember that you belong to the " Inter-University Debating League " ; and that now is the acceptable time to develop the forensic aptitudes of the members. The more work done now, the better will be the chances of Ottawa giving a good account of herself, when she next meets a League Team.

Yes, we believe that our Orchestra will resurrect itself from the comatose condition which events have brought upon it. The musicians can come together for practice as often as ever. Bear

in mind, Mr. Director, that if you resume the good work, you will earn the gratitude and approbation of the whole student body.

Can you see *la point* of that moustache ?

Tom.—“ Well, I don't know, but I guess that magnetism is an *attractive* study, to say the least.”

Jerry.—“ Almost always *repulsive*.”

Did you win ? *Etiam*.

Do they lose ? *Utique*.

The members of the Senior Department welcome a new Prefect of Discipline in the person of the Rev. Father Ouimet, O.M.I. This reverend gentleman was last fall the trusted assistant of the much-regretted Father Fulham. Ever since his arrival here from Lowell, Mass., he has lived in close contact with the students, entering as energetically as any one of them into their games and their ambitions. THE REVIEW extends best wishes to the popular Prefect.

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## Obituary.

REV. FATHER FULHAM, O.M.I.

“ Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;  
I prosper circled with thy voice,  
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.”

—IN MEMORIAM.

Many a heart was stricken with sadness when the news came, on December 8th, that Father Fulham had passed away. After a week of terrible suffering occasioned by the injuries he sustained when jumping from the window of his burning room, he breathed forth his soul into the hands of his Maker, in generous sacrifice and loving confidence. His brothers, Patrick and John Fulham, hastily summoned from Philadelphia, were constantly present, with one or two chosen friends, to cheer his bedside by their affectionate attentions. Day by day the grim fight between life

and death went on, until it was apparent that death was winning, and then the sufferer made his sacrifice with priestly piety and resignation. He asked only one favor—that of dying on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the titular feast of the Oblates and the happy anniversary of his First Communion and First Mass. His wish was granted, for on December 8th at 7 o'clock a.m., he went to celebrate the feast in Heaven.

Father Fulham was thirty-three years of age, having been born in County Westmeath, Ireland, in May, 1871. He received his primary education in the school of his native parish—Delvin. His classical course was made in the Diocesan College, and afterwards at Maynooth, where he was a brilliant student. He entered Maynooth with the intention of joining the secular clergy, but at the expiration of his philosophical course he received a higher call from God—that of the religious vocation. Consequently, in August, 1892, he entered the Oblate Novitiate at Belmont, Dublin, where he remained a year, and then proceeded to Rome to pursue his theological studies. His career at the Gregorian University was marked by great application and notable success. After a two years' stay there, he was sent by his superiors to Ceylon owing to an urgent need of Professors in St. Joseph's College, the principal seat of learning in Colombo, the island capital. He arrived there in 1895 and assumed his new duties, while still continuing his studies, until his ordination in 1896. He was appointed Professor of English and Latin and Prefect of Games. In this latter capacity he did much for the development of athletics at the capital, and became popular with all creeds and classes. After a sojourn of five years in the island, ill-health compelled him to return to Ireland, where he was appointed chaplain in the Glencree Reformatory, a large Government institution in charge of the Oblates. After he had sufficiently recuperated it was at first intended that he should return to Ceylon to take charge of St. Patrick's College, Jaffna; but finally it was decided to send him to Canada. Accordingly, he arrived at Ottawa University in October, 1902, and was appointed Professor of English. Last September he was made Prefect of Discipline in the Senior Department. In that office he endeared himself to the student-body by his kindness of heart and by oft-

repeated proofs of the strong and loving interest he took in their welfare. It is safe to say that every student felt he had in Father Fulham a true and devoted friend. Though but a short time in Ottawa, his kind and genial disposition had gathered round him a large and influential circle of friends. His visits and addresses at the meetings of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Div. No. 2, will be remembered with pleasure by the members of that patriotic and Catholic organization. Not only the A. O. H. but the C. M. B. A. and the Knights of Columbus have manifested their sympathy in beautifully-worded resolutions, copies of which have been sent to Father Fulham's brothers and to his aged parents in Ireland. The Athletic Association of the University has passed a similar resolution, couched in terms which we know will be re-echoed by the whole faculty and student-body.

Though bowing down before the decrees of God's holy will, those with whom the deceased came in contact cannot stifle a sigh of regret at the thought of the young life-light so suddenly spent, and the bright hopes of a brilliant career so sadly dispelled. Yet we know that He who took him, brought him to a happier land to receive the reward of his faithful service.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is their blessedness like theirs?"

JOHN H. SHERRY, O.M.I., D.D.

## More Letters of Sympathy.

S. Congregazione de Propaganda Fide

Roma, 29 Dicembre 1903.

Sul l'incendio del l'Università di Ottawa.

Ill'me et Rev'me Domine,—Per litteras Ampl. Tuæ diei 3 vertentis. Decembris confirmationem accepi gravissimi nuncii de incendio, quo absumpta penitus sunt ædes Universitatis Ottaviensis. Hæc S. Congregatio vehementer dolet de hoc infortunio, quod illustre vestrum Athenæum percutit. Summus ipse Pontifex participem se significat iusti vestri doloris ob tam grave acceptum detrimentum. Attamen sperare licet sedulam oferam Patrum Oblatorum Mariæ Immaculatæ, coadunante R. P. D. Thomæ Duhamel, Archiepo

Ottavien, sollicitudine pastorali Amplitudinis Tuæ et catholicorum liberalitate,  
brevi perducturam ad felicem exitum illius Athenæi instaurationem.

Interim Deum precor ut Te diutissime sospitem servet.

Amplitudinis Tuæ,

Addictissimus Servus,

FR. H. MA. CARD. GOTTI, Præf.

Aloysius Neccia Sec'rius.

Montréal, ce 31 Déc. 1903,

499 Sherbrooke.

Le Révérend Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,

A l'Université d'Ottawa,

Ottawa, Ont.

Mon Révérend et cher Père,—Avec mon offrande, agréez pour vous-mêmes et tous mes anciens maîtres l'expression de ma vive sympathie dans la terrible épreuve que Dieu vous a envoyée, et de mes vœux les plus ardents pour que l'Université se relève plus brillante que jamais.

Votre ami sincère,

DR DAMIEN MASSON.

Salaberry de Valleyfield, 17 Janvier 1904.

Rév. P. J. E. Emery, O.M.I.,

Recteur de l'Université,

Ottawa.

Mon Révérend Père,.....—Quelle épreuve vous traversez, mon cher Père ! Croyez bien que toutes les sympathies vous sont acquises, et que nos prières se joignent aux vôtres pour supplier Notre Seigneur de vous consoler, et de vous aider à relever au plus tôt de ses ruines votre Université, une des gloires de notre pays.

Votre tout dévoué en N. S..

† JOSEPH MÉDARD,

Evêque de Valleyfield.

Paris. le 4 décembre 1903.

Monseigneur et très honoré Père,

En vous offrant mes vœux de bonne année, j'ai hâte de mêler ma douleur à la vôtre à l'occasion de l'affreux malheur qui vient de vous frapper dans l'incendie de votre beau collège. Nous n'avons que juste l'annonce de ce terrible accident : aussi sommes-nous vivement anxieux de recevoir de plus amples détails où nous puissions trouver quelques nouvelles rassurantes. Peut-être les journaux anglais nous les donneront-ils ce soir. Au milieu de notre désolation, nous avons peur d'apprendre des pertes de vie parmi nos Pères, Frères et étudiants de l'Université.

Que le Sacré-Cœur vous console, cher Monseigneur, et vous aide à ressusciter bientôt votre grande œuvre par excellence,

A vous de cœur en celui de Jésus,

A. SOULERIN, Ptre, O.M.I.,

4 Oliver's Yard, City Road,  
London, England, Dec. 8th, 1903.

Rev. G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Professor of Chemistry,  
University of Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Reverend and dear Sir,—It is with deep regret that we learn, through the papers, of the destruction of the University of Ottawa. Our most heartfelt sympathy is extended to you in these sad circumstances. We trust that you will be able to make temporary arrangements for the carrying on of your noble work. If we can be of any help, we are at your disposal.

We remain yours very truly,

P. P. HARRINGTON BROS.  
M. B. MURPHY.

Plaisance, Qué., le 13 décembre 1903.

Sa Grandeur Mgr. J. Ths. Duhamel,  
Archevêque d'Ottawa.

Monseigneur,—Votre Grandeur trouvera dans la résolution adoptée à notre dernière assemblée de fabrique, l'expression de la douleur vive qu'ont provoqué, chez les paroissiens et chez le curé de Plaisance, le désastreux incendie du deux décembre et la mort du Révérend Père Fulham, victime de son dévouement pour le bien, la protection d'autrui.

Je sais, Monseigneur, que votre âme a dû souffrir profondément, et dans vos souvenirs d'enfance et dans l'ardeur de votre zèle d'Archevêque. Car du même coup, Votre Grandeur a vu la destruction de son vieux collège,—son Alma Mater—et de son Université.

C'est en effet, au zèle et au déploiement d'énergie que Votre Grandeur a bien voulu y mettre, Monseigneur, que votre Alma Mater est redevable du beau titre dont l'a décorée l'immortel Léon XIII, en la plaçant au premier rang parmi toutes les institutions catholiques destinées à travailler au bien de la morale et du savoir. Vos labeurs et vos nobles ambitions étaient déjà couronnés de grands succès; votre institution, une des œuvres marquantes de votre pontificat laborieux et fécond, était des plus florissantes. Elle dort aujourd'hui sous des décombres et des ruines qui disent aux spectateurs attristés qu'elle était grande et qu'elle va revivre.

C'est un souhait et un désir que je formule ici, Monseigneur: que votre Alma Mater sorte bien vite du tombeau que le feu lui a creusé dans ses propres murs et qu'elle en sorte comme les géants se lèvent de leur lit de repos, avec une vigueur nouvelle et des forces restaurées. Qu'elle en sorte comme le prophète Elie est sorti de son sommeil, réconfortée par le ministère d'un ange et par une substance de vie supérieure qu'elle puisera dans les divines bénédictions que votre cœur et votre main d'Archevêque feront descendre sur elle.

Avant de terminer, je sollicite la faveur d'exprimer un autre vœu. C'est, que Votre Grandeur soit consolée dans l'épreuve qui l'a frappée, non-seulement par l'appui moral que procurent les chaudes paroles et les sympathies délicatement rendues, ce qui a déjà un grand prix, mais encore, et surtout, par le dévouement et la coopération de tous ceux de vos sujets capables de donner leur concours au succès des études sacrées et profanes.

Je prie Votre Grandeur, Monseigneur, d'agréer mes sentiments les plus respectueux et les plus dévoués en même temps que l'expression de commune sympathie que vous offrent les paroissiens de Plaisance et leur indigne curé.

J. B. BAZINET, Ptre Curé.

Plaisance, Qué., le 13 décembre 1903.

Plaisance, 13 décembre 1903.

Monseigneur,

Qu'il plaise à Votre Grandeur.

A une assemblée des Marguilliers, anciens et nouveaux, tenue le treizième jour de décembre mil neuf cent trois, au presbytère de la paroisse du Cœur très pur de la B. V. M. de Plaisance, sous la présidence du Révérend J. B. Bazinet, prêtre curé, étaient présents, Messieurs P. V. H. Grenier, Théophile Lavoie, Ambroise Charbonneau, David Landriau et Joseph Frappier.

M. P. V. H. Grenier propose, secondé par M. Théophile Lavoie, que les paroissiens du Cœur très pur de la B. V. M. de Plaisance ont appris avec une vive douleur l'incendie qui a détruit l'Université d'Ottawa et qu'ils se joignent au Révérend J. B. Bazinet, prêtre curé, pour offrir à Monseigneur J. Ths. Duhamel, Archevêque d'Ottawa, leurs sympathiques condoléances dans le deuil où Sa Grandeur vient d'être plongée par la destruction de son Alma Mater et de son Université, et par la mort du dévoué Père Fulham, une des victimes de ce triste incendie.—Résolu à l'unanimité.

Deneuvre, près Baccarat, Mthe et Mlle,

21 décembre 1903.

Mon Révérend Père,—Je suis peut-être un des derniers à vous exprimer mes sentiments de sympathie au sujet du désastre qui vient d'atteindre et détruire le collège d'Ottawa; mais si j'arrive bien tard, les distances et les circonstances pénibles dans lesquelles nous nous trouvons en sont la cause. Si je ne suis pas atteint matériellement par ce désastre, j'ai cependant été frappé dans mes affections et mes souvenirs les plus intimes, car vous le savez bien, c'est dans ce cher collège que j'ai dépensé les 20 années les plus actives de ma vie, et c'est avec regret que j'ai quitté cette œuvre à laquelle j'aurais été heureux à continuer de me dévouer si la volonté de mes supérieurs ne m'eût appelé ailleurs.

Si toutes les pierres n'ont pas passé par mes mains, j'ai passées toutes en revue bien souvent, et j'ai gardé un profond souvenir de tous les plus petits détails.

Au reçu des premières dépêches, j'avais conservé l'espoir que le désastre n'était pas aussi complet qu'on le faisait entendre; hélas, des journaux, que des personnes charitables ont bien voulu m'envoyer, m'ont appris la triste réalité: le collège d'Ottawa est donc détruit de fond en comble.

S'il est vrai que toutes les œuvres bénies de Dieu sont marquées au coin de la souffrance et de l'épreuve, on ne peut douter que le collège ne soit une de ces œuvres bénies, car les épreuves ne lui ont pas manqué depuis sa fondation.

Je vois avec plaisir que vous ne vous laissez pas abattre par le malheur, et que vous vous proposez de reprendre l'œuvre sur une échelle peut-être plus grande encore, ou tout au moins plus moderne sous le rapport matériel.

Espérons qu'aux témoignages de sympathie en paroles, viendront se joindre des preuves plus tangibles et plus efficaces du véritable intérêt que l'on porte à l'œuvre.

Pour ma part, je veux le faire en tant que je puis en vous envoyant deux objets qui, sans doute, n'ont pas grande valeur intrinsèquement, mais qui seront un souvenir du temps passé.

C'est d'abord un volume des prospectus du collège de 1875 à 1885; c'est un double exemplaire que j'avais conservé, et comme toute votre bibliothèque a disparu dans les flammes, vous serez peut-être content de retrouver ces dix années de prospectus intactes.

C'est, en second lieu, la photographie d'un tableau que j'avais fait depuis mon retour en France. C'est un peu l'histoire du collège en image, et le plan exact du collège tel qu'il existait lorsque je l'ai quitté en 1900, avec toutes ses divisions dans les moindres détails. Je voudrais bien vous envoyer le tableau lui-même, mais comme il était à Sion lors des dernières expulsions, je ne sais ce qu'il est devenu. Puissent ces deux souvenirs d'autrefois vous être agréables.

Veuillez me rappeler au souvenir des Pères que je connais encore au collège et recevoir encore l'expression sincère de ma profonde sympathie dans toutes vos épreuves.

Votre dévoué en N. S. et M. I.,

J. B. BALLAND, Ptre O. M. I.

à Deneuvre, près Baccarat, M<sup>lle</sup> et M<sup>lle</sup>.

Thurso, 28 décembre 1903.

Révérénd M. le Recteur,

En vous transmettant cette résolution de sincère condoléance, et de fervente prière pour le rétablissement et la prospérité de votre Université, permettez-moi de rappeler un petit souvenir personnel.

Agenouillé aux pieds de Léon XIII, j'avais l'honneur, en 1894, de répondre à la question suivante: Comment est Mgr Duhamel? et comment va son Université? A mon assurance que l'Université était florissante et produisait une grande somme de bien, Léon XIII répondit: J'en suis particulièrement heureux! et comme l'évêque Duhamel doit être content! comme il tenait à cette Université, ce bon évêque!

N'est-ce pas que ces paroles bienveillantes et le câblegramme si spontané et si sympathique de Pie X, font bien connaître la grande importance de l'Université d'Ottawa, aux yeux de la papauté.

Puissent ces quelques lignes jeter un peu de consolation sur votre cœur endolori, à la vue des ruines désolantes, de votre chère, mais défunte Université.

Votre très humble et très respectueux serviteur,

P. CHATELAIN, P. C.

Considérant la perte immense subie par les RR. Pères Oblats de Marie Immaculée, dans l'incendie de l'Université d'Ottawa ;

Considérant la grande somme de bien accomplie par ces RR. Pères, comme missionnaires et pionniers de la religion et de la vraie civilisation, surtout en Canada ;

Considérant la mission particulièrement bienfaisante, remplie par l'Université d'Ottawa, dans le domaine de la religion et des hautes sciences, par l'impulsion qu'elle imprimait aux grandes études, et par le prestige dont elle couvrait les savants catholiques ;

Considérant la perte de vie de deux prêtres, professeurs distingués de cette Université, et membres de cette communauté qui a fourni tant de martyrs, à la cause de la religion et de la patrie ;

Considérant la grandeur des bienfaits sans nombre, dont l'Université comblait ses nombreux élèves, accourus de toutes les parties du Canada et des Etats-Unis ;

Considérant la bienfaisante influence, présente et future, de ces milliers d'élèves, sortis de son sein, qu'elle a instruits, formés et préparés aux plus hautes positions religieuses et sociales ;

Considérant le vif intérêt que portait à cette Université, Léon XIII, d'illustre mémoire, son fondateur, et Pie X, glorieusement régnant, de même que l'épiscopat et tout le clergé du pays ;

Considérant enfin l'incendie de l'Université d'Ottawa, comme un grand malheur national, et une calamité pour le diocèse d'Ottawa ;

Il est unanimement résolu par les paroissiens de Thurso, réunis en assemblée générale, et s'associant au deuil profond de la nation catholique, d'offrir aux RR. Pères Oblats, dans cette terrible épreuve, l'expression de leurs plus vives sympathies avec leurs vœux les plus ardents, pour la promptre reconstruction et le florissant avenir de leur Université, cet asile béni de la science et de la vertu.

Il est aussi résolu que copie des présentes soit adressée au Chancelier, et au Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

P. S.—La résolution de condoléance ci-haut, passé le 27 décembre 1903, a été signée par plus de cent paroissiens : si vous le désiriez, je pourrais vous adresser la liste de ces noms.

P. CHATELAIN, P. C.

Hull, P. Q., Décembre 1903.

Au Rév. Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Université d'Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Révérénd Père,—Nous vous prions d'agréer ce petit cadeau ainsi que l'expression de notre sympathie et de nos vœux.

LES SŒURS GRISES DE LA CROIX.

Ottawa, Ont., 9 décembre 1903.

Au Révérénd Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Université d'Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.,

Révérénd et cher Père,—J'ai été péniblement affecté, veuillez le croire, par la destruction de l'université, et j'ai éprouvé un surcroît de douleur en apprenant les pertes que vous avez subies et qui sont, en grande partie, irréparables. Soyez assuré que je sympathise beaucoup avec vous dans le malheur qui vous frappe, et au soulagement duquel je voudrais contribuer pour une large part. J'ose vous faire parvenir mon obole avec l'espoir que vous l'accepterez comme venant d'un ami sincère.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Rév. Père,  
Votre très humble serviteur,  
F. X. LEMIEUX.

Bryson, Comté de Pontiac, 10 Décembre 1903.

Au Révérénd Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Professeur de Chimie, Université d'Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Révérénd et cher Père,—Je vous prie de croire que vous avez toute ma sympathie dans le malheur terrible qui vient de s'abattre sur vous. Il nous reste cependant une consolation : celle de savoir que le feu qui a détruit l'Université n'a pu atteindre ni le feu de l'amour de Dieu qui brûle dans vos cœurs, ni votre dévouement.

Bien sincèrement,  
B. RAINVILLE, LL.D.

Mattawa, Ont., 10 décembre 1903.

Au Rév. Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.

Rév. et cher Père,—J'ai appris avec une peine indicible la destruction de l'Université. La nouvelle des pertes que vous avez subies m'a aussi causé un bien vil chagrin.

Je vous envoie mon chèque que vous trouverez ci-inclus ; plus tard je vous en enverrai encore.

Bien à vous,

L. JODOIN.

622 Sanguinet, Montréal, P.Q., 15 Décembre 1903.

Au Révérend Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Université d'Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Rév. et cher Père,—J'ai été très peiné d'apprendre l'incendie de l'Université et je sympathise beaucoup avec vous, ainsi qu'avec les révérends pères, dans le malheur qui vous a frappé si soudainement.

Rappelez-moi au bon souvenir de mes anciens professeurs.

Veillez accepter le petit présent que je vous envoie sous un autre pli et croyez-moi, mon Révérend Père,

Votre tout dévoué,

A. E. LANDRY.

Eglise Saint-Pierre, 107 Visitation,  
Montréal, P.Q., Déc. 10, 1903.

Le Révérend Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Université d'Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Mon cher Père Gauvreau,—Après la rude épreuve qui vient de vous frapper, il me semble que vous avez besoin, pour reprendre courage, de tous les témoignages possibles de sympathie. Voici le mien ; et, croyez-moi, il est sincère. Je voudrais pouvoir partager votre peine pour vous la rendre moins lourde ; je voudrais pouvoir m'associer à vos travaux, afin de relever plus solide et plus brillante cette institution qui a toujours été notre plus beau titre de gloire en Amérique. Le moment de l'épreuve, a dit Lacordaire, est le moment des grandes âmes. Courage ! Vous avez perdu le fruit de vingt années d'étude ; vos notes, vos souvenirs, tout a été détruit. Mais ayez bon espoir. Avec le temps, ces mille petites choses qui font de la cellule d'un professeur un véritable petit "home," vous arriveront de l'est et de l'ouest, du midi et du septentrion.

Acceptez cette première pierre pour la construction de votre petit domicile, et croyez-moi plus que jamais votre ami tout dévoué.

A. J. GUERTIN, O.M.I.

Gracefield, P.Q., Déc. 28, 1903.

Au Révérend Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Université d'Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Révérend et cher Père.—J'ai été vivement affligé du malheur épouvantable qui est venu fondre sur l'Université. C'est aussi avec un vif chagrin que j'ai appris les pertes que vous avez encourues. Si ma sympathie peut vous consoler et vous encourager, soyez assuré qu'elle ne vous fait pas défaut. Veillez accepter cette offrande qui vous sera la meilleure preuve de la sincérité de mes sentiments.

Votre tout dévoué,

DR. A. STE MARIE.

14 Cross Street, Hatton Garden,  
London, Eng., Dec. 23, 1903.

Rsv. G. G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
University of Ottawa,  
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Yours truly,  
H. HARPER BAIRD,  
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Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 13, 1903.

Rev. Father G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
University of Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Reverend and dear Father,—Kindly accept this little offering from a few friends.

L. O'D. and others.

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 13, 1903.

Rev. Father G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
University of Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Reverend and dear Father,—Please accept this little offering as a token of our sympathy in your affliction.

From L. S. and her friends.

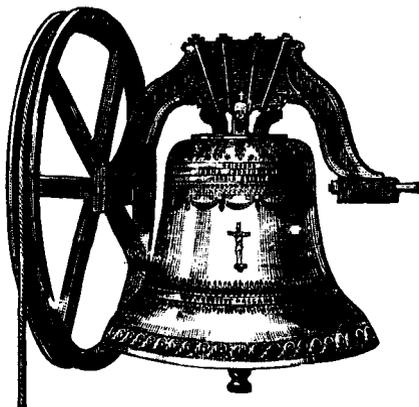
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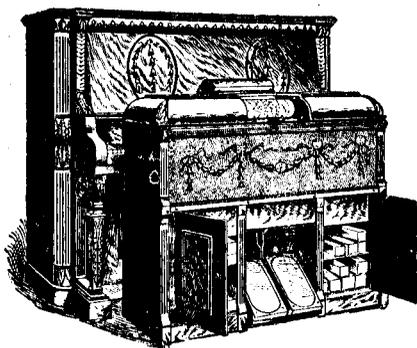
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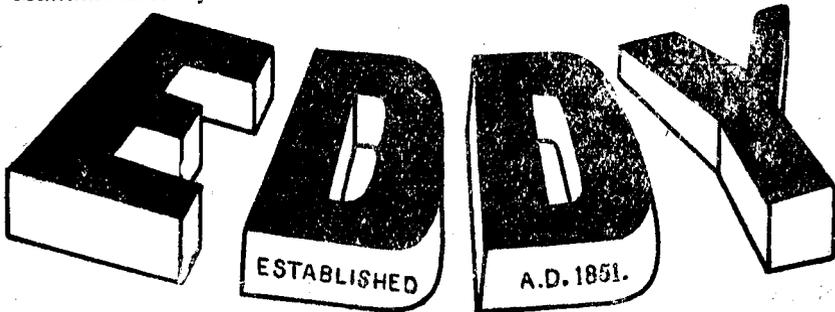
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