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University of Ottawa REVIEW

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Vol. IV

THE NEW RECTOR.



SINCE our last issue, a notable event has taken place in our college world. For some time the familiar figure of the Very Rev. Dr. Constantineau, O.M.I., was not to be seen. Everybody was aware that his health had not been of the most robust, and that the necessary attendance to his multifarious duties proved at times a serious strain. At last it grew certain that the heavy work, entailed upon him by the opening of another academic term, had completely broken down a constitution already weakened by the ravages of sickness. Greatly then to the regret of friends, students, graduates, and in obedience to his own scruples, Dr. Constantineau determined to resign the charge he had borne with conspicuous ability. Rev. Edward Emery, O.M.I., was chosen to succeed him.

Born in New Glasgow, Province of Quebec, in 1855, the new rector is consequently in his 46th year. For his early classical education he went to the College of Assumption. In 1877 he entered the seminary of St. Joseph's College, now the University of Ottawa. Here he completed his theological studies and was ordained priest in 1881.

The young priest had been led to join the Oblates of Mary Immaculate by a deep-felt prompting to devote his gifts and energies to the heroic works of the missions that were scattered

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throughout the unsurveyed wastes of the Canadas and the North-West. His noble generosity was not to be fully gratified in this direction. For the first two years, however, of his priesthood he rendered valuable service in the several posts, ministered to at that time by the Oblate Fathers along the Canadian Pacific Railway. Then his useful qualities of mind and heart called him elsewhere. In 1884, we find him transferred to Tewksbury, Mass., there to act as Master of Novices, and later on, Superior of the Oblate College established at this point. For nine years Fr. Emery worked in these positions with splendid results. They were nine years of valuable preparation for the more important charges of the future. Here were accumulated all those treasures of experience in the workings of the human heart; here also, was obtained that profound insight into the intricacies of the boy nature which will undoubtedly prove immensely serviceable in the present incumbency.

Father Emery leaves Tewksbury to take up again the difficult work of the missionary, this time in the south, in the sultry atmosphere of Texas. The labor on those sandy, sparsely inhabited plains was hard, the comforts and conveniences of life were rare, but the self-devoted missionary shows the undismayed spirit of the apostle, making himself all for all. Holy Angels, Buffalo, to which church the Rev. Father Fallon, O.M.I., was transferred last summer, next becomes the theatre of Father Emery's zeal. Here after rendering eminent services in parochial work along with occasional missionary excursions, Father Emery returns to fill once more the old position in Tewksbury, whence he is called to accept the rectorship of the University of Ottawa.

Thus the new Rector comes fully equipped in ripened qualities and in wide experience of the world for the successful discharge of his new and important obligations. Possessed of an imposing presence and pleasing address, he is bound to gain many friends in Ottawa. Earnest, enthusiastic in temperament, he has shown himself at all times wide awake, practical, painstaking, throwing himself heart and soul into his work. In his efforts for the training of youth he has invariably met with success. His devotion to the cause of higher education has been shown in the advocacy of

a college at the University of Washington where candidates for the priesthood may secure all the benefits of a thorough university education. Belonging for a time to the famous school of Dr. Tabaret himself, he could not fail to imbibe something of that wonderful spirit, which, in founding this institution, aimed only at conducting it on the broad all-embracing ideals of a Catholic university without regard to nationality or to party.

With a Rector holding the reputation, the character and the views of the present one, it should be wonderful if the members of the faculty were not entirely enthusiastic over the prospects, and if they did not look forward to further great prosperity and progress in the University. Actual acquaintance has only heightened the excellent impression already formed. By a simple but earnest inaugural address, Dr. Emery has won from the student body their confidence and co-operation.

FORMAL RECEPTION OF THE RECTOR BY THE FACULTY AND THE STUDENTS.

October 22nd the Rev. Dr. Lacoste, O.M.I., Vice-Rector, read to the assembled professors a communication from the Very Rev. Tatin, O. M. I., Assistant-General, representative in America of the Superior-General of the Oblates, notifying them of the appointment of a new Rector Saturday, Oct. 26th, Rev. Dr. Emery arrived and assumed charge. On Wednesday, Oct. 30th, the Faculties of the University and all the students assembled in the Academic Hall. After the usual introduction of a vigorous Varsity cheer and music rendered by the Juniorate band, the students expressed sentiments suitable to the occasion in two addresses, English and French. The text of the English address, read by J. J. Macdonell, is as follows :

To Very Reverend Father Edward Emery, O. M. I., D. D., Rector of the University.

VERY REVEREND FATHER.

We, the students of the Catholic University of Ottawa, wish to tender you greeting and our heartfelt wishes for success. Most of us have had the opportunity of seeing and listening to you one year ago when you so efficiently

conducted the students' retreat and we feel that we are already acquainted. May that acquaintances blossom into lasting friendship and devotion to our Superior. We have heard of your labors in Tewksbury and Buffalo and we are confident that in our Capital City you shall be equal to the burden of the task imposed upon you by religious obedience. We trust that our conduct as students under your fatherly care will not tend to make that burden heavier.

And now while wishing you God speed in your new sphere of duty we cannot but revert for a moment to the loss which we have just sustained. We allude to your predecessor whose kindly spirit had endeared him to the students, and we are sorry indeed to know that sickness and pain have been his lot for some time past.

But we know that the best way to comfort him is to extend to his successor the same good will and active co-operation that we have tried to manifest towards himself. Thus it is, Very Reverend Father, that we, one and all, profess our loyalty to this institution and its ideals; our loyalty to you, who represent before us the great religious order which has charge of the destinies of old 'Varsity.

May God bless you and your work.

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

THE RECTOR'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Mr. Ulric Valiquette then presented the address in French. At its conclusion the new rector came forward, and in reply to the hearty good wishes of the students, spoke as follows :

Beautiful sentiments, fittingly expressed ! Fine music, well rendered ! Most interesting audience ! Still, to be candid with you, boys, (I could not be anything else,) I hear, in the depth of my soul, a strange note, which is out of harmony with my actual impressions—a kind of invincible repugnance to such a demonstration. It is so contrary to my natural instincts and whole religious training. Besides, it is in itself a formality, and formalities, like all rules and regulations, are more or less galling to poor, fallen, human nature, *even during college life*. If Adam and Eve had not sinned, we are told, there would have been very few formalities, rules or regulations, if any at all. Conscience, clear and upright would have sufficed. But, alas ! original justice with one exception, the Immaculate Mother of God, is a thing of the past. We need formalities, rules and regulations as the cripple needs his crutches.

However, do not misunderstand me ; I am not finding fault with this demonstration, though it is somewhat irksome to me and to you probably. It must have its bright sides, its pleasant features. Let us seek them, for I may as well come out at once in my true colors—I am, what I will call, an orthodox optimist, in this sense that I invariably see in every creature (beyond the outer court open to the senses) a sanctuary, a Holy of Holies into which evil can not penetrate, and where the Christian mind loves to rest. I see even in a grain of sand, a drop of water, the most insignificant event, an abyss of positive good too deep for angels or men to fathom in time or eternity. This is what I seek in this demonstration and which I call pleasant features.

To begin with the least, is there not, as a general rule, a holiday attached to the ribbons of such beautiful, disinterested addresses? I am opposed to unnecessary exceptions to the rule? Let there be a grand holiday! For hard-working students it is a consideration, a pleasant feature indeed. Moreover, I think a holiday, complete, must have additional items on the bill of fare. Judging by what I have read in the Ottawa papers, and by the many swollen arms before me, doctors must have annoyed you lately, so you need a special diet in the form of dainties. Hence the cook has received orders to show what he can do. My inauguration speech may be poor (I am taken unawares) but I want the dinner to-morrow to be rich! Everyone, without exception or distinction, must be feasted to-morrow and feasted alike. This, however, is but one of the many pleasant features. There is another of a higher order, which is not a mere feature, either, but the countenance of this demonstration and a beaming countenance it is! I mean the grand spectacle of five-hundred young men, springing from our very best Christian homes in America, (and by America I mean Canada, the United States and Mexico, in fact, every civilized Pan-American Country)—five-hundred young men, the fond hopes of high-minded and devoted fathers, the saintly pride of loving mothers, the trusted shields of tender-hearted sisters—five hundred young men of incalculable capacities and capabilities, bent upon making the most of themselves so as to realize God's designs respecting them, the future champions of the

noblest cause in every path of life! Who was that pagan pedagogue who bowed so reverently to his pupils, because he saw in them the future magistrates of his country? But what were the opportunities of a young student of three thousand years ago, compared to the opportunities of a student of the twentieth century, having at his command the unlimited treasures of the past and the innumerable facilities of the present? How can we compare the sphere and ultimate destiny of the Greek or Roman scholar, to the sphere and destiny of the Christian scholar of today? What then would be the admiration, the deep reverence of Pythagoras, for instance, were he given the privilege to address this audience! I feel as he would feel and far more keenly, because the compass of a priestly soul enlightened by Christian faith, extends immeasurably beyond the horizon of pagan wisdom. "*Rege eos et extolle eos usque in aeternum.*" "Discipline youthful souls and raise them to the very throne of the Most High" is the watch-word of Mother Church to Christian educators.

This last thought urges me to pay my respects to the fifty Oblates of Mary Immaculate I find in your midst—fifty apostles of the Gospel of Christian education, fifty martyrs to the cause of education, fifty confessors exemplifying in their conduct the teaching of their respective chairs, fifty wise Virgins fittingly robed in the white garment of celibacy, holding in their hands the well trimmed lamps which burn with the midnight oil of scholarship bought by the sweat of their brows.

This is not all. Over this united phalanx I see myriads of gentle souls crowned in their triple aureoles who, during the past fifty years, have carried high the immaculate standard of their order, "sowing in tears that we might reap in joy," and behind them columns after columns ready to take hold of the torch of learning, to lead coming generations in the luminous faith it is your privilege to tread.

What a grand *ensemble*! Let sightseers come to this great metropolis and admire the fantastic proportions of an ice-palace. For me, I have travelled a thousand miles to come to this temple of knowledge, and I feel well repaid. Yet I am not a sight-seeker, nor, occasional visitor either. I come here permanently, as high

priest, to officiate in this temple under His Grace the Chancellor, Archbishop of Ottawa. And this thought gives the key to the essential feature, the real countenance, the very soul of this demonstration. Indeed, what is all this for? Surely not to honor Fr. Emery of Tewksbury, Mass., though you call him Very Reverend, because he has just been cre-a-ted D. D. for your sakes. No! we are here to pay due homage to the authority invested in the new Rector. And in this I am with you. Oh! the dignity, the greatness, the adorableness of authority! It was not my intention to give you an address this afternoon, but since you have provoked it by the expression of your loyalty, let me say to you a few words on authority.

Etymologically, authority (*auctoritas*) means authorship, paternity, the efficient cause. In its supreme reality, it is the absolute sovereignty of the world's maker, the sacrament of His infinite power, wisdom and goodness. In its exercise it is precisely the manifestation and communication of that infinite power, wisdom and goodness. Its object is to lead creatures powerfully, wisely and sweetly to their last end, God's blessed bosom.

Such is authority considered in itself, in its principle, in its source! What an august, holy, serene and beneficent thing it is! A most lovable and adorable entity!

Let us now briefly consider it as transferred from the Creator to the creature, or to speak more accurately, as communicated to creatures; for God never abdicates his authority any more than you give up your features or countenance by reflecting it in a mirror. Not satisfied with drawing His creatures to Himself, to sanctify and deify them, He deigns to employ them as co-operators with Him in the work of their sanctification, so that being, at first subjects of sanctity, they become at length its instruments and *authors*, and this gift, this communication of God's authority, of God's paternity is according to the Areopagite "the most divine of all divine gifts." I must make this point clear, at the risk of overtaxing your good nature. It is a fact, a matter of divine faith, that "there is no power, no authority but from God; and those that are, are ordained by God" (Rom XIII-1). It is not something which comes from beneath, but from on high. In this

respect, as in the human compound, all that man can do is to supply the matter, to determine the subject; but the substantial form, the soul, the real authority comes from God. It is purely and simply a participation of His own divine authority, just as the light of the moon is a reflection of the light of the sun, and note well, that by being thus reflected from the essence of God to the soul of man, authority loses nothing of its essential qualities. It remains the same divine entity, the same blessed sacrament of God's infinite power, wisdom and goodness exercised for the same ultimate end, the supreme beatification of man. And this is true of civil as well as religious authority.

Is it a wonder that the church who teaches and practices such doctrine has been called by a most intelligent non-Catholic historian (Guizot) "a school of respect?" Is it a wonder that guileless souls turn toward authority as the sun-flower turns toward the sun? Is it a wonder that they see in it the force that bears up the world, the Holy Ark of the human race, the soul of societies and families—for each individual human being, the way, the truth and the life of him who said of superiors:— "He, who heareth you, heareth me; who despiseth you, despiseth me!" Is it a wonder that to rebel against lawful authority, lawfully exercised, is considered the greatest impiety? Is it a wonder that in the inspired words of St. Peter (2 Pet. II-9), among so many guilty souls whom hell claims and awaits, there are none whom it demands with more violence, and whom it will torment more furiously than the despisers of authority, the seditious and the anarchist? How can I omit reminding you, that on this very day, Oct. 29, the miscreant who dared to raise his bloody hand to crush authority, paid the temporal penalty of the blackest crime the 20th century has on record; and if reports are true, was hurled into eternity vociferating blasphemies against power. The scene is too horrible to dwell on it. Let us, for a relief, turn to the serene figure of the victim. Two personal reminiscences, briefly told, will sum up in a striking manner what I have just said.

It was during the encampment of the G. A. R. in Buffalo, Aug., 1898. One of the city's parks had been reserved and an officer placed on duty to guard the entrance. President McKinley

(an old soldier and officer in that same army), was taking a drive through the city unattended, when coming to the entrance to this park, his carriage was stopped by the officer on duty there. "No trespassing!" he cried, "This park is reserved." "But this is the President's carriage!" replied the coachman. "No trespassing!" repeated the officer. "That is my order." Upon hearing which, President McKinley at once said: "This man is right, we must obey," and the carriage was turned in another direction. Note well: the Chief Executive of one of the greatest civilized nations of the world bowed reverently before a mere substitute police officer!

Another incident, occurred the following day. From the Grand Stand erected for the President to review the parade, Mr. McKinley noticing the vigorous efforts of a police officer to keep back the surging crowd, said to him: "Be kind, sir, and not rough in the use of your authority."

Is it strange that one who had so much respect for authority as a subject and as an officer, should have been deemed worthy to die a martyr to the supreme authority invested in him and die in the self same city of Buffalo, on President's way in the Temple of Music during the Pan-American Exposition? Is it a wonder that Pope Leo XIII (if the Press is to be credited) shed tears at the news—tears of compunction for the shocking degradation of humanity exemplified in the assassin—tears of joy at the fortitude of the martyred President whose blood will ever bespeak due respect to lawful authority.

Behold a model for us all! For my part I resolve to emulate such heroism. Cheerfully will I obey every rule, regulation, and duly sanctioned custom of the institution. Has not the Son of God Himself been obedient and obedient unto death? Moreover, in my capacity as Rector, I purpose to carry my authority as reverently as I would the Eucharist in a Corpus Christi Procession and keep that sublime ideal before my subordinates, wielding, mightily and sweetly the sceptre of my power, to urge you on in the way to success here and hereafter. Thank you for your attention.

STRAY BITS OF COLLEGE HISTORY.

M. TEAPEY '88

A NEW Rector begins his terms of office. The fact prompts a grateful alumnus to review in a brief manner the history and progress of the institution of which Dr. Emery, O.M.I., has become the honored head. From its inception, the career of Ottawa College has been remarkable. A prodigious and solid development since 1848 along lines, material and educational, evidence the workings of a Providence certainly divine in regard to *Alma Mater*.

Already during the French occupation the spacious Ottawa valley had been the scene of many an historic missionary and exploring enterprise. The noble river and dense forests, extending miles on either bank away to the Temiscaming region, was the very paradise of trappers and hunters. France cedes to Great Britain. Two wars which follow quickly, the American Revolution and 1812, show that the endless frontier along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes is difficult of defence. More suitable military posts, further inland, must be prepared. The spot on which Ottawa City stands, was one to recommend itself. It is a natural stronghold: rocky bluffs descending sharply to the river's bed—itsself blocked to shipping by the Chaudière Falls—renders the place impregnable in this quarter. Separating the bluffs, runs, at right angles to the river, a steep ravine which is at present utilised for the canal locks and entrance to the Interprovincial Bridge. Here on Barrack's Hill, since crowned by the Parliament Buildings, was quartered a British garrison.

In 1826 an English officer, Col. By, commissioned to dig the Rideau Canal as means of easier communication with Quebec and Kingston, made his headquarters at this point, which, from him received the name of Bytown. Hither swarmed canal laborers, most of them Irish immigrants. These together with the French Canadian shantymen and the workmen in the sawmills that began to dot the banks of the Chaudière Falls, swelled the population of Bytown in 1848 to 5,000 souls. Shortly before, the Missionaries of Provence were invited by the venerable prelate, Mgr. Bourget

to come to Montreal. Urged by the bishops of Kingston and of Montreal they take over the spiritual charge of Catholics in Bytown and the Ottawa Valley.

In 1847 Rev. Father Guigues, O.M.I., is chosen first bishop of Ottawa. One of his first steps, the very year after his appointment, though the organization of an immense diocese seemed to call for all his attention, is to open a college for higher studies. So backward necessarily was education among Catholics in this part of the country that the Bishop was constrained to call upon his fellow religious, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the only priests on the spot, to supply both professors and resources for the proposed establishment.

Nothing, perhaps, was farther from the dreams of the Oblate Fathers than an undertaking, the magnitude of whose consequences they certainly were unable to foresee. From the Middle Ages down, the numerous renowned Universities of the Old World, of which Popes and Princes were happy to be patrons and protectors, owed existence and development, for the most part, to Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits and other religious bodies. The Congregation of the Oblates was too young to entertain ambition of this nature. The express, if not the sole, object of their Institute was to preach missions to populations most bereft of the benefits of religion. The accomplishment of this object seemed to call for all their resources. They were just then on the threshold of that remarkable expansion which in a few years multiplied their establishments not only at home, but abroad throughout Canada, the United States, England, Ireland, the Northwest of America, Texas, Italy, Spain, Germany, Ceylon, South and West Africa and Western Australia. But the time was come when the Oblates of Mary Immaculate would be obliged, in America at least, to accept their share of the work in the interests of the higher education. To this effect, Bishop Guigues was the instrument to further the designs of Providence. By him was cast into a soil long prepared, the germ of the future Catholic University which in its turn would not lack patrons and protectors.

The first College was a poor affair, located somewhere near the present Cathedral. The fact that from its class-rooms issued

such men as its Apostolic Chancellor, Archbishop Duhamel, Hon. Mr. Curran, judge in Montreal, Dr. Robillard and others of subsequent eminence, not only attests the excellence of its work but the necessity of such an establishment. In 1853 the College which meanwhile had been incorporated under the title of "College of Bytown" removed to better lodgings on Sussex St. Hither in the same year was sent Father Joseph Tabaret, O.M.I., to begin his great work.

The new head of the College soon proved to be one of those spirits, providentially born to perceive, guide, and control by his incomparable powers, important social evolutions. Large of frame, with heart as large, a capacious mind and with massive head, Fr. Tabaret appeared what he incontestably was, a leader of men. Wont to show entire confidence in God, he exhibited nevertheless a tremendous activity. Prince of educators, he was profoundly versed in historical and social science. With that rapid glance of intuition such a man is capable of, Father Tabaret, dimly perhaps, foresaw some of the great possibilities of the future. Bytown was for instance, the centre of Canada's lumber industry, offering advantages too as a railway terminus. It was qualified to occupy a commanding position among the cities to rise up some day along the Ottawa River: having been approved for military purposes by the home authorities it was now engaging the attention of the same as a suitable capital for a much desired Confederation—a mere project then, since become an event of history.

Bytown was incorporated as the City of Ottawa in 1854. The College was removed from Sussex street. On the present location was begun a four-story building, eighty-four by forty feet; this was soon increased by a much larger wing and the whole, by Act of Parliament in 1861, was incorporated, "College of Ottawa."

At the same time the educational, the real part assumes magnificent dimensions. Wherever Fr. Tabaret could find able men he soon enlisted them in the enthusiastic execution of his plans. With the help of professors like Fathers Lepers, Froc, Mangin, Langevin (the last, Winnipeg's Archbishop), he opened the course of theology which embraces all the studies prescribed

in Grand Seminaries. His chief glory, the Classical Course, was placed in the hands of Fr. Balland. The Ancient Classics, rendered in both English and French (English was always the official tongue) had able exponents in Frs. Duhaut, Vaillancourt and Nolin. For English, Frs. Barrett, Bennet, Gallagher, and Prof. Glasmacher are names best remembered. In Mental Philosophy and History, are distinguished the names of Filliatre and Nilles. Alongside of these branches was inaugurated a most complete programme for the Mathematical and Natural Sciences. Such a departure was in this direction made from the traditional method that the scientific character of the College course has ever been an unique and distinctive feature. In these lines we may mention Fr. Dontenville (now New Westminster's Archbishop), Marsan, Leyden, Griffin and Fr. Balland himself. Christian Doctrine and Political Economy Fr. Tabaret retained to himself as his own department.

The Commercial Course was not without receiving special attention. It was given autonomy, so to say, and kept within its natural prerogatives. It was adapted entirely for young men, who, neither able nor desiring more liberal studies, were ambitious to prepare for business careers. Under the charge of Fr. Constantineau, the retiring rector, the efficiency of this course became a widely acknowledged fact. At present this department is extended so as to embrace as much as possible preparation for every species of mercantile pursuit.

Father Tabaret showed sagacity as an educator by the interest, approaching delight, he showed in the sports and amusements of the students. He had early secured the College Farm, but when it became Scholastic property, the Athletic Field was prepared, and opened in 1886. A most trusted and capable assistant Fr. Tabaret found in Fr. Guillet, an indefatigable worker in behalf of the Garnet and Grey. Another to whom Varsity owes lasting gratitude for his old-time helpful generosity is Fr. Whelan, pastor of St. Patrick's Church

Ottawa in 1865 is made the seat of Government for Canada. This event necessitates the increase of our population by the addition of all the leisurely and educated classes, the ones devoted

to the highest cultivation of all branches of polite learning. To answer to this emergency, Father Tabaret called forth what seemed to be inexhaustible resources. Before his death in 1886, the college buildings had extended across the whole square, incandescent light was installed, specious dormitories, studies, class-rooms, gymnasium and libraries were equipped, excellent laboratories for physics and chemistry established. The presence of his work declares it lasting and durable.

To guide the destinies of College at the death of Father Tabaret, a firm hand was needed. When Father P. Prevost was declared the next president, it was agreed that a worthy successor to the founder had been found. He knew something of the work from his former position as bursar, in which position he did much to make the institution widely known and loved. These hopes were not to be realized, however. After seven months of rectorship Father Prevost died.

Father Fayard, O.M.I., succeeded. Progress is seen in the opening of our beautiful chapel and in the publication of "The Owl," which for the last three years has been known as THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW. But Father Fayard's term of office has been rendered forever memorable by one event — the elevation of Ottawa College to the ranks of a Catholic University. This honor was chiefly owing to the zealous efforts of Archbishop Duhamel in behalf of his Alma Mater. He it was who presented her cause at Rome. He had represented the past services rendered by Ottawa College to both church and state; the ability of the institution to continue those same services, since even with its proportions at the time in a city filled with structures worthy of legislative, judicial, and governmental functions, the College was not one of the least remarkable. With Pope Leo XIII, the eminent patron of learning, the plea was all powerful. In 1889 a Papal Brief was issued bestowing on Ottawa College all the honors, privileges, and rights enjoyed by its sister Universities, Laval and Washington. Relative to this Brief, it is to be found given at length in the University Prospectus.

Father James McGuckin, O.M.I. became the first rector under the new conditions. During his term the studies, without being sub

stantially changed from what they were, received a more complete organization. The staff of professors was greatly increased and it was given its present university character as may be seen by consulting the University Prospectus.

In '98 Father Constantineau, O.M.I., became the Rector. The progress made by the University under his direction is known to every one. Previously Pastor of St. Joseph's, he was deservedly popular and had shown rare ability as a preacher and an administrator. The same qualities won esteem and success for him as head of the University. "Varsity Oval" was designed to give the students every favorable advantage for their outdoor games, while the new Science Hall in plan and completeness of equipment is, without one word of exaggeration, fully adapted to the purpose of giving a sound and thorough training in the natural sciences. In union with this splendid work, we may mention the names of two munificent patrons, Mr. M. P. Davis of Ottawa, and M. J. Haney of Toronto.

There are several other patrons who deserve mention, were not this article already too long. However to encourage benefactors of the University, it may serve to recall an Indult of the Pope granted in their favor :

The following is an translation of the Indult :—

IN AN AUDIENCE OF THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, HELD ON THE 28TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1890.

His Holiness, Leo XIII, by Divine Providence, Pope, through me, the undersigned Archbishop of Tyre, secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda, acting as secretary, at the request of the Most Reverend Thomas Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa and Chancellor of the University of the Capital of the Dominion of Canada, as well as that of the Reverend Celestin Augier, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblates in Canada, and President of the said University, his Holiness wishing to arouse, foster and, moreover, reward the generosity of the faithful towards the said University grants for ever the following indulgences which are applicable by way of suffrage to the souls in purgatory :

1st. A plenary indulgence to all benefactors of the institution to be gained on three festival days, i. e. the feast of the Imma-

culate Conception of the B. V. Mary, the patronal day of Ottawa University; the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the feast of St. Joseph, spouse of the B. V. Mary, provided they make their sacramental confession, receive holy communion and pay a visit to the Chapel of the University, praying at the same time for the spread of the faith and for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

2nd. A plenary indulgence to be gained by the same at the hour of their death, if truly repentant they confess their sins and receive holy communion, or if this be impossible, they must at least with a contrite heart, pronounce the Holy Name of Jesus, orally, if possible, and if not, at least mentally.

Moreover, His Holiness grants the privileged altar to the University chapel for all the masses said for benefactors; which privilege is extended to all priests, secular and regular, of all orders that may celebrate thereon.

Given at Rome, in the palace of the Congregation of the Propaganda, on the day and year as above.

† ARCHB. OF TYRE.

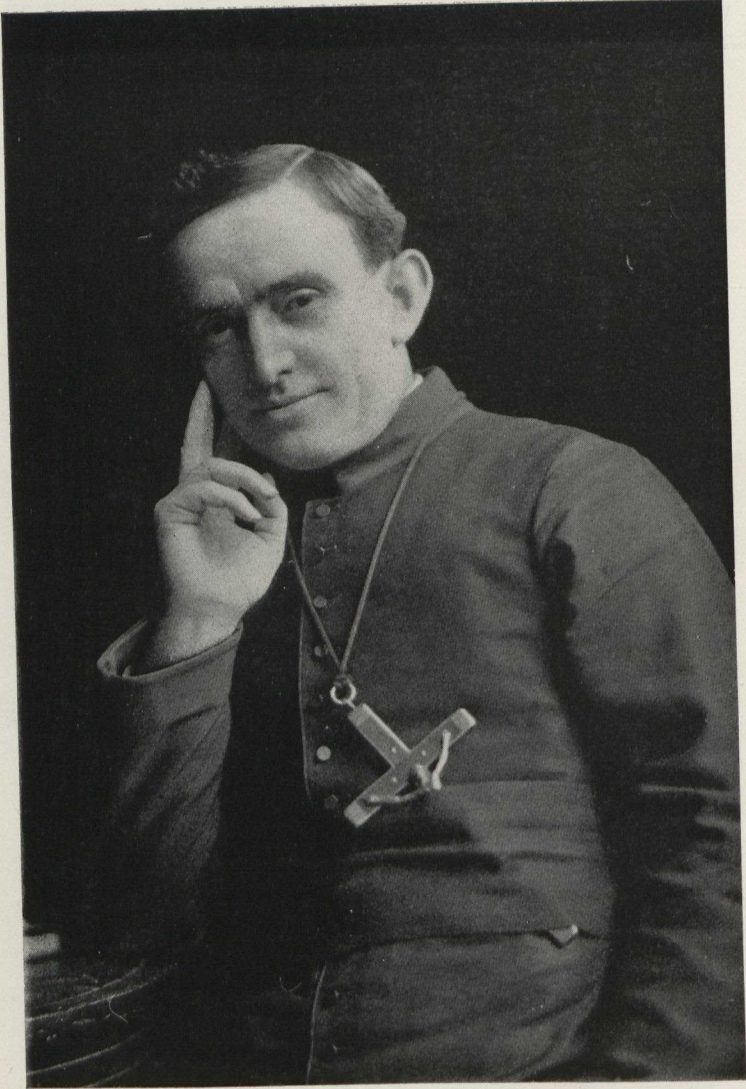


“GOD REST THEM.”

(Sarah Francis Ashburton in *Ava Maria*.)

God rest them! 'Tis a sweet and tender prayer;
 O breathe it o'er and o'er
 That He may lead them into mansions fair,
 Where they shall weep no more!

So may it happen that another day
 Some Christian passing by
 The place of graves, may linger there and say
 “God rest them!” where we lie.



Very Rev. Edward Emery, O.M.I., D.D.

TEMPTATION.



BEHOLD the tempest gathering fast !
The frowning clouds shut out the day ;
In night-like shadow all is cast
And dangers throng our mountain way.

Yet fiercer, darker grows the storm,
The lightning throbs amid the gloom—
Our soul is filled with dread alarm,
As comrades hasten to their doom.

Unmindful they in danger's hour
To view in trust yon cloudlet's beam,
Which shows the radiant sun's veiled power
To light the path where perils teem.

For lo ! the sun a rift hath made—
The clouds, the storm, all haste away ;
And 'neath the blue sky's beauty laid,
The landscape's clothed in glorious day.


Then let us bless this Saving Light
That ever in temptation shines—
That ever cheers our wearied sight,
While in its woes this world confines.

M. S.

Ottawa, Nov., 1901.

OFF TO A CAMP OF OTTAWA COLLEGE BOYS AT WHITE FISH LAKE.

(From a College boy's diary.)

“HY, George! This can not be you? Shake hands old boy! I felt sure my last letter would fetch you. How could we enjoy to our heart's content the cool breeze of White Fish Lake when we knew that you were melting under ninety-eight degrees of heat over yonder in dusty Ottawa? How did you find your way to our remote quarters?”

“Oh! that was easy enough with the detailed itinerary you had traced out for me. I left Ottawa last Monday evening en route for Buckingham. There I was most hospitably entertained by the Camerons, whose home is always open to any benighted Ottawa College boy. Tuesday, old Sol saw me on the upper deck of the small steamers that run up the navigable parts of the Lièvre river, admiring the magnificent landscapes that loom up in the distance at every turn of the winding stream. Numerous mound-like hills of half-naked rock, shady pine groves and well cultivated fields, rich pastures and neat cottages, blend together in such a variety of ways that, for hours, the eye can rest without the least feeling of monotony on the charming banks. High Falls on the Lièvre is a sight never to be forgotten. It is almost terrifying to see the mighty waters plunging headlong into the seemingly bottomless precipice and turning most daring somersaults on the granite boulders below. I almost thought, while viewing that natural wonder, that the dark stream became animated on reaching the edge of the abyss and grew pale at the sight of the great leap to be taken. On the evening of the same day, the church bell of Notre Dame du Laus, rousing the mountain echoes by the peals of the Angelus, ushered me into that small village. There I was informed that a number of jolly students were camping five miles further up the river, near the outlet of the great White Fish Lake. This morning, after a refreshing sleep, I took a guide, and here I am, pleased to meet you and ready to share the pleasures of

camp life of which you are so enthusiastic. But where are all your tents? I see nothing but a cottage here."

"Precisely, and is not that preferable to any number of canvas awnings, especially when it is to be used as headquarters? But here are the boys coming out to meet you. Let me introduce to you my jolly companions. Here is our secretary and treasurer, Mr. Baker, a strong arm at the paddle, an expert at cooking steak, an elocutionist of great ability and a profound mathematician. On his right is Mr. Young, whose brain seems to be kneaded with humor and whose great physical strength is surpassed only by his melodious voice. He is our Orpheus, and if the trees of the forest do not visibly bend down their boughs in listening attitude when he sings, it is certain that the echoes take pleasure in repeating his songs. Mr. Albert, our head cook and steward, who has lately divulged the rare secret of the culinary art, that of roasting beans so hard that they can be used with great advantage as fire-arm projectiles. Here is Mr. John, a promising young littérateur who enjoys besides, the privilege of being an experienced gastronomist. Raspberries he has declared to be the best of appetizers, but (who has ever understood the caprices of human nature?) he has an invincible aversion to berry-picking, which he claims to be an occupation unworthy of such wise heads as compose our camp. Last but not least, let me introduce to you our youngest, Master Arthur: a professor of gymnastics, a cat for climbing, an electric reel for pulling the troll, and a ubiquitous body for general usefulness. He is also a somnambulist, favoring us each night with most emotional music and wonderful performances, all executed in his sleep.

"Now please cast a glance at our cottage; a small frame building around which runs a wide covered veranda. Near it on the right is pitched a milk-white tent, a cool resort for a quiet sleep. In front a newly mown lawn extends to the water's edge, leaving ample space for military evolutions and wrestling exercises. On the left a green meadow leading to a fine sandy beach that sinks down gradually into the lake—a safe bathing place for even novices in the natatory art. Now, while the boys are getting things ready for our daily excursion on the lake, you will follow me and I will

show you the apartments you are to occupy. Hand me that valise. The interior of our small dwelling, as you see, is divided in the same manner as the surface of the terrestrial globe: by imaginary lines. I mean that there is only one room, different parts of which subserve definite purposes. Here is a small rickety table, creaking under a heavy load of books and newspapers. We call that our library. You can find there four volumes of Charles Dickens', "Les Contes Choisis de Guy de Maupassant," three books of the International Scientific Series, with the *Free Press*, the *Citizen*, the *Montreal Star*, *La Presse* and *La Patrie*. Our parlor is in this corner, where two bulky rockers cushioned with rough sheepskins, and three home-made chairs are closely set together. On the other side of the room is our culinary department, comprising a square stove, a capacious cupboard and a conspicuous array of cooking utensils. If you climb yonder steep flight of steps you will see that the upper story of our cottage consists of a large, well ventilated apartment where primitive couches are nicely spread on the smooth floor. It is the temple where we pay divine honors to Morpheus, and I can tell you that he may claim a fervent worshipper in each one of us.

"Hallo! I hear Mr. Baker calling. Everything must be ready for the trip. Leave your valise here; exchange your coat for a woollen sweater if you have one, and put on this light broad-rimmed straw hat. Now for a hunting and fishing expedition. Here is our bark canoe, a descendant in direct line from Hiawatha's Red Swan. See how gracefully it sits on the smooth surface, note how closely set together are its thick ribs, how healthy the color of the bark. It is a light weight but a giant in strength, gallantly carrying its load of one thousand pounds through wave and rapid. Say, boys, are you sure you have everything on board? You must still remember that Mr. Young once brought out four guns, but left all the cartridges at home; that John went out to fish the other day and found out, after paddling five miles, that he had forgotten his lines; that Albert once forgot to bring a single crumb of bread among the provisions when we were out for a two days trip. Mr. Baker, you will be stroke and marksman to-day. Load the rifle and one of the shot guns; keep

them in the prow, pointing forward, and should you see on the way anything worth shooting, take good aim and bring it down. Now George, step in please. No, not that way ; wait a moment. Else, before you are aware of it, you may find yourself keeping company with the fishes at the bottom of the lake. Keep one foot on the wharf and gently place the other in the very middle of the canoe, at the same time holding on to the sides with both hands. Very good ! Now kneel down at the bottom and move as little as possible. Every thing ready ? All right ! Push off. Did you ever handle a paddle, George ? ”

“ No, not exactly, but I have often been in a row boat and pulled at the oars. I suppose all you have to do is to dip the paddle occasionally in the water and give it a backward motion. ”

“ Well ; you have to do that certainly, but you must also keep time with the stroke or headman and draw your paddle out of the water in such a way as not to sprinkle your companions at every move. Did you notice how clear and transparent the water is in this lake ? We have measured at this very spot a depth of thirty-five feet, and still you can distinguish every stone or log at the bottom. It is a delightful place for bathing. If you have an eye for beauty, just look straight ahead as we double this point of land. Keep time please. That vast expanse of water, dotted with green islands and bounded on all sides by the thickly wooded slopes of elevated mountains, is but a small portion of White Fish Lake. The shore which appears to be so regular at a distance, is nothing but a succession of deep bays and projecting rocks which would be an interesting study for a geologist. That small building on yonder island is a summer house and chapel for the use of the O.M.I. Scholastics who spend a part of their summer holidays in these regions. Thither we repair every Sunday to hear Mass and perform our religious duties. What is it Mr Baker ? Anything in sight ? ”

“ Yes, I think so ; some small animal is swimming from one island to another. Just a few good strokes of the paddle now and we have him in range. One, two, three, four, five Stop ! Steady every one ! Keep your paddles in the water. ”

A flash, a loud report, echoed back a hundred times by the surrounding mountains, a hairy mass seen floating at the surface. It is soon hauled in and found to be a water rat of huge dimensions.

"Well done, Mr. Baker, it is a good beginning indeed. Reload and be on the alert; we are now nearing the bay where a number of ducks were seen sporting the other day. What is the matter George? You don't seem to feel quite at home."

"Oh! it is nothing—the sublimity of the scenery has a thrilling effect on my nerves. But don't you think the waves are becoming dangerous? When I feel the canoe leaping through them I cannot help reflecting that a thin piece of bark is all that separates me from the abyss. Is the water deep in these regions?"

"Only two or three hundred feet."

"But what would I do supposing the canoe were to be cap-sized?"

"Get wet most probably and then swim for your life to the nearest island."

"But I can't swim."

"Then hold on to the canoe in whatever position it may be, and wait till a propitious gale wafts you to some hospitable shore. Halt! Mr. Baker, where are your eyes? See that large bird flying in our direction. It will be above us in a minute. Now then! take good aim. Another shot, and down it comes, a great blue heron of immense alar expansion, a splendid article for our taxidermist. Now boys, lay down your paddies at the bottom of the canoe, take a comfortable position and keep perfectly silent. We are now entering Dorey's Creek the favorite resort of numerous deer and wild animals. I do not think it would be advisable to shoot any large game to-day as our larder is already well supplied; but I wish to give our young visitor a clue to the address of our free meat-shop. You can use your paddle, Mr. Baker, but be very careful not to touch the canoe with it. As soon as we have doubled that projecting point, we will be in the hunter's paradise. Slowly now and no noise. Bend forward a little, George, and search the right shore. Do you see anything?"

"Indeed I do, some large animal, half immersed in the water, leisurely grazing the coarse grass that lines the edge of the stream. It is a deer. See him lifting his antlered head and care-

fully sniffing the air. Would he not be an easy shot at that distance? He has spied us, for with a couple of tremendous leaps, two white haunches shooting out of the tall herbs and nothing more is seen of him. This is really exciting, and I can well understand the symptoms of that abnormal state which hunters usually call buck-fever. Have you seen many of those animals since you are in camp?"

"As many as we wished to see, and at times, we have been so near them that we could almost touch them with our hands. We will probably start three or four at this very spot when we come back this evening. What time is it George? Two thirty p.m.? I begin to feel as though my stomach were sinking down into my legs. We will let the boys land on this rocky beach and while they are preparing dinner we will go and troll a few minutes in Lake Dorey which is near by. Backwater! please. Step out slowly, John, and help the others unloading the canoe. Very well; now George, go and sit down in the prow, turning your face towards me. You will thus be in a favorable position to hold the line. Off we go again. Now that we are alone, tell me frankly what you think of what you have seen since you are in our midst. Did I exaggerate anything in my letters? Am I an imaginative enthusiast or a man of practical common sense? Is not this 'he ideal of summer holidays?'"

"I have as yet seen too little of camp life to be able to decide, but if your sojourn in these regions has always been as replete of genuine pleasure as the last five hours, I am ready to admit that very few students are in a position to enjoy their vacations as well as you enjoy them."

"You are right; and yet, you have but a faint idea of our amusements. These moonlight excursions on the lake, those scientific discussions at home, those foraging expeditions among the simple inhabitants of the neighbourhood, those friendly games of cards by the feeble light of a candle, and above all, those solitary meditations before nature in her charming sublimity, all these are pleasures which no city can give, and which we can enjoy to our heart's content. Students, as a rule, know too little of a camp life and as a consequence, it is a fact of frequent occurrence

during the summer recess, to see many of them strolling along the burning streets of our large cities in complete idleness, and becoming so disgusted with their condition that they look forward with pleasure to the reopening of classes. I am glad you have followed my advice George, and could I organize a camp of which all my Ottawa College friends would be members, I would be conscious of having done a great deal for their welfare and enjoyment. But the fishes are anxious to be caught. Throw in your line."

J. A. L., '90.



PUSHING FORWARD.

There is always a way to rise, my boy,
Always a way to advance ;
Yet the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance,
But goes through the stations of Works and Strive,
Through the valley of Parsevere,
And the man that succeeds, while others fail,
Must be willing to pay most dear.

For there's always a way to fall, my boy,
Always a way to slide.
And the men you find at the foot of the hill
All sought for an easy ride.
So on and up, though the road be rough
And the storms come thick and fast ;
There is room at the top for the man who tries,
And victory comes at last.

—SUCCESS.

MAINLY ABOUT BOOKS.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY.

FIRST PAPER.

AT the repeated request of the managing editor of this publication, I have, after hesitating for a long time, withheld by a consciousness of my own deficiency, at length reluctantly consented to edit this new department. That my good friend, the managing editor in question might easily have made a greatly more commendable choice of a director for those paragraphs, goes almost without the saying. He knows, and I know, of very many persons infinitely better qualified successfully to carry on the business that he has assigned to me, than I am, or am ever likely to become. This knowledge is, I confess, rather trying, as it makes me wonder, like the misplaced fly in amber, how I ever came to occupy my present position. As I have just said, I distinctly dislike to undertake the task imposed upon me, but it is not because I dread, or entertain even a distaste for the large amount of manual labor which the execution must involve. Work is the inevitable condition of human life. Furthermore, work of this nature is according to my feeling; I can, therefore, do it with pleasure, if not delight, and what is done under such conditions can be done heartily. But a man who undertakes a labor, even in the ordinary way, or a way which with him is ordinary, ought, I venture to think, to have given the public ground to presume competency. Now, I am entirely unconscious of having ever made any display of such ability, or, I grieve to say, of that other type of ability which consists in knowing how to conceal one's ability. Indeed, so well aware am I of my unnumbered deficiencies and unmeasured disqualifications that assuredly I should never have essayed the work I am now entering upon had not a great moral teacher said, in words that have happily abided in my memory, that in this world degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, and the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly ineffective and trivial, which is peculiar to

him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever. I count so little on the value of my gift that I have a lurking suspicion the managing editor has chosen me for my work for the same reason that jurymen are chosen according to our laws; because of my assumed total ignorance of the subject matter with which I shall have to deal. But though my gift be slight indeed, I shall endeavor to so use it here as if it were uncommon and of worth, since, I believe, I owe that effort to the very humblest of my readers. For the rest, I must implore one and all unrestrictedly to believe that I am actuated solely by the spirit of the quotation I have just made, and that when I humbly crave the most kind and generous indulgence of all those who honor me by perusing those passages, as I now do, I am using no empty form of words.

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The department "Mainly About Books," is to be made up of notes on literary topics—writing, reading, books and authors. The notes are not to consist of what we usually call "reviews." For the duties of a reviewer I am totally disqualified. I do not know everything. I shall have read the books about which I shall speak. Where is the reviewer who does not know everything, or who reads the volumes upon which he expatiates with such marvellous learning and eloquence? Where indeed. Broadly speaking, my notes will be meant to indicate generally what the leading heads of an informal conversation carried on by two or three bookish persons about books and authors might be. This elasticity of purpose will, I hope, sanction a corresponding looseness of plan, so that I can dispense with stiffness and at the same time touch the arc of a somewhat wide circle of discussion. Having said so much, the reader will, I have no doubt, forgive me if I bring my preface to a close, and proceed directly to what must always be the leading theme of those paragraphs—books and reading.

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Reading—what a potent, magical, far-reaching word we have here! The literature of our language is very rich and very variegated. The depth and sublimity of the Bible, the linked

sweetness of Sydney and the "mighty line" of Marlowe, the voluptuous beauty of Spencer and the oceanic melody of Shakespeare, the organ-like harmonies of Sir Thomas Browne, the fiery energy of Dryden and the epigrammatic point of Pope, the forest-gloom of Young, and the passionate outpourings of Burns, the tremulous eloquence and husbanded strength of Campbell, the broad-winged sweep of Coleridge, the deep sentiment and all-embracing humanity of Wordsworth, the gorgeous emblazonry of Moore, and, in our own days, the master-touches of Tennyson, De Vere, Ruskin, Newman, Longfellow and Lowell—all those widely different manifestations of high original genius have joined, like the mountain-bred affluences of a great river, to make English literature rich and great. To the vast store houses of our literature, reading is the key.

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The finer essence of all the great writers finds choicest expression in their books. The works of genius contain soul, and soul is life. The life in the books left us by the leading authors acts upon our life, since

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think."

With his customary grace and good sense Addison says: "Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn." A work of genius perpetuates its fame from age to age, and makes eras in the lives of its readers. Literature is the immortality of speech. A work of genius is not an unconsidered trifle to be picked up to while away an idle moment, because such a work never fails to leave its influence. Books give to all who will faithfully use them—let me repeat the words faithfully, use them—the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. By means of my books I can conjure up before me to a momentary existence many of the great and good men of past ages, and for my individual satisfaction they seem to act over again the most renowned of

their achievements and to reproduce their choicest thoughts ; the orators declaim for me, the historians recite, the romancers invent, the poets sing. Hence, a good book is good company ; as it is full of conversation without loquacity, of originality without controversy, of strong personal views without arrogance.

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Books are the chosen depositories of the thoughts, the opinions and aspirations of mighty intellects. Nothing can supply their place. The wealth of the world could not compensate for the good they impart. It is chiefly through them that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds. As friends and companions, as teachers and consolers, as recreators and amusers, books are always with us, and always ready to respond to our requirements. They have ever a secret influence on the understanding, they come from the heart and contrive to reach other hearts ; indeed, there is no period in life when the printed page does not influence a man. When we bring attention and meditation to our reading, as we always should do, this influence of books on readers is intensified a thousand fold. The greatest men and women of every age have fed their intellects on the best of literature, and for the result we may but glance at the annals of the world's progress : but had they resorted to anything below the very best we may be very sure the result of their intellectual prostitution would be untold danger for mankind.

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This department is not a pulpit, and if it were I am not worthy of being a preacher. Beyond the mere statement that I hold no work of great original genius has ever yet been wholly, or even in great part, an evil work, I shall waste no words in striving to indicate the sort of a book that should be read. Tastes differ, and it would be impossible for me, or anyone, to suit all tastes. Besides it would require too much space to state an arrangement of books for reading and to give reasons for the details of the arrangement, and when the tedious work was done it would be useless. I have yet to learn that the lists of "One Hundred Best Books" that used to appear so frequently in the literary journals of last season ever proved of the slightest benefit to any mortal.

It seems to me that each reader must make choice of the books he desires to read, just as he selects the morsels he wishes to eat. But there is one standpoint from which the question of what should and what should not be read, may be profitably and conclusively regarded and appraised by all of us. We are pilgrims who stay here but for an instant, but in that instant we are upon our trial for eternity. I assume I am addressing Christians, and Christians well know they should read to broaden, strengthen, and deepen all that favors and advances virtue, wisdom, and integrity. The reader of these notes who fails to reach the foregoing conclusion for himself will hardly profit by any advice I could offer. In any case, I do not like giving advice, because I regard such action as unnecessary responsibility in every instance; since the advice that is wanted is generally unwelcome, and that which is not wanted is evidently impertinent.

* *

I have already said that good books are good company. Now, the proper company for a man to keep is the best attainable—the purest, the wisest, the most quickening and exhilarating. Do not consort with the loafers and good-for-nothings of the intellectual world any more than you would keep company with the outcasts and scoundrels of the actual world. When you read a book, do you feel a certain influence, uplifting you, as it were, to lofty aims and purposes, or ennobling you to deeds of quiet self-sacrifice? If the book you read begets such influences it is for you a good book, but if it fails to produce any such elevated feelings it is worse than of no use to you, being of positive injury. Even if we put aside the difficult matter of considering the morality of reading, we find that to give in brief a general rule for the use of books merely according to their sort, is a task of no little delicacy. Perhaps the nearest approach to such a theorem to be found anywhere in English literature was made by the many-sided Bulwer-Lytton. “In science,” Bulwer said, “read by preference the newest works; in literature the oldest; the classical literature is always modern.” As for the spirit which a student should bring to his reading, it has been happily described by a great saint. “If thou wouldst profit by thy reading,” says Saint Thomas à Kempis,

in his immortal Imitation of Christ, "read humbly, simply, honestly, and not desiring to win a character for learning." This counsel is, it seems to me, excellent. Following the general plan for reading enunciated by Bulwer with the spirit enjoined by Saint Thomas will, I feel certain, insure for a student of literature the inestimable benefit which may be derived from books, but, let it not be forgotten, books are, after all, only one sort of tool by which knowledge may be obtained.

* * *

What President Roosevelt would term "the forces of decency" throughout the English-speaking world are beginning to take up arms against Kiplingesque. I am not surprised. If I desired, I could, by referring to what I wrote about the great Rudyard in back numbers of this publication, establish quite a showy sample of the "I told you so," but I refrain. Kipling at an early age, brought considerable intellect illumined by great imagination to bear on the art of the writer of prose and verse. His prose at its best is the literature of action and the expression of the scientific and practical era in which he lives. He writes poetry that expresses the thought of the nation in great crisis, but he does not seem to care for the intellectual forces of the moral laws which have made the events that called forth the "Recessional" or "The White Man's Burden" possible. To cause the nondescript Poet Laureate to turn green with envy may be an achievement, but assuredly is not a victory destined to secure immortality for the victor. Writing as Rudyard Kipling has written could secure for no author a permanent place in literature. At his highest he is vigorous, often vivid, but never great. His predominant qualities as a writer—the vigor, breadth and directness of expression, of which we all have heard so much—may be reduced to a single all-predominating trait, and that is a desire to glorify brutality. Now, every book that lives in our literature is the certain symbol of a positive moral idea. It has been justly pointed out by many commentators that Shakespeare's Tragedies are all symbols, although the moral idea underlying many of them is often so deeply hidden in the word that it escapes the notice of the casual reader, and if I

may judge by some ponderous articles which I have read, without gleaning therefrom either light or leading, the assumed penetration of not a few learned critics. A writer who held to the theory that a moral idea underlies each of our classics, was once challenged by one of the Kipling school to point to a moral idea in the Iliad. I do not think the test was fair as the Iliad was the work of a pagan whose notions of morality were necessarily poles apart from those of ours, but it was accepted, and the writer briefly stated in reply that, to go no farther, Helen is a symbol of man's constant pursuit of beauty. I believe this contention was correct. Why else should Homer have made the old men, remembering all the fighting, say in effect when Helen passes them. "She is worth it?" And it would not be difficult to build up a stronger case from the grand old poet. Every book in our language that has survived the ravages of time is instinct with some great moral, some message of guidance for humanity. Kipling's writings, with a few exceptions, have no such ethical freight. Go search for it in "Soldiers Three" and confess the work contains as little trace of morality as a frog's back has of feathers. I have heard a story—possibly fictitious—of how Carlyle once dismissed a popular novelist who went to him for sympathy. "Let me tell ye," the sage is said to have shouted over the bannisters to his retreating visitor, "ye're gangin' straight to the devil, and ye're gangin' by the verra vulgarest road!" To Kipling, following up "The Light that Failed," with "Stalky & Co.," and "Retrosessional" with brutal screeds on the war in South Africa, that monition today would not be inapt.

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History has come to mean *his story* about some man, and as it is now written it may be defined as man-picturing; since it has all the defects and pettiness of mere personal criticism of man by man. It is rarely or never what it always should be, good, faithful and true. The historian is no longer a narrator, but an advocate. Perhaps the most reliable histories produced in our days are the columns of events in the almanacs. There the date and the incident are given without comment. We are at liberty to draw our

own conclusions without being hampered or misled by theory or pleading. In its more pretentious shape, history is so far from being guided by strict truth that it shows us prospects by starlight; it is often little more than legend and invention, and has come to be regarded as a mere exhibition of literary style. As she has lost no little of the dignity that justly adhered to her when she was in the words of Cicero, "the evidence of time, the light of truth, the director of knowledge," history should no longer be allowed to give herself airs.

History fallen from her high estate is scarce discernible from romance, the most extravagant form of the novel. In fact, the average history contains as much invention as a romance, while the novel not unfrequently contains infinitely more of "philosophy teaching by example" than the history. Further, when the novelist bases his story on actuality the chances are that we can find more of truth in his "historical tale" than in the tome of the regular historian. 'Tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true. To use a Canadian example, is there not more of "historical truth" in Kirby's masterful "Golden Dog," or in Parker's somewhat less masterful "Seats of the Mighty," than in the jaundiced volumes of the late Kingsford covering the same period? A historical novel is a work wherein the truth of history is artfully interwoven with entertaining fiction and interesting episode. The historical novel we have with us for some years, and when it comes from the hand of a master, it is welcome. But success has produced imitation. Historical novels spring up like mushrooms every year, every work of merit producing a swarm of imitation, and it is not to be expected that all those imitations could be worthy or valuable. The truth is that many of them have few recommendations. The following skit, from the agile muse of N. S. Olds, in the Rochester *Post Express*, recites how the historical novel at its worst is prepared and dished up for our enjoyment and instruction.

The author observed, with a critical wink,
The path which the public was taking,
Said he "I will drop the discussion of soul,
And straightaway toward history be making."

So he studied the names of the heroes of old,
And picked out one which was to his liking,
Said the author, "He's dead; I'll doctor him up,
The result will be lively and striking."

He twisted the facts and distorted the truth,
And with "'S' Bloods" interlaced the pages,
To furnish the "color" which death followed fast
On the heels of the hero's red pages.

The publishers scattered the author's fine features,
And furnished the papers with "stuff."
The magazine book notes were filled to o'erflowing
With paragraphs known as "guff."

They told of his youth, of his habits and tastes,
Of the way he handled his pen.
Of the time that he rose, of the food that he ate,
Of the pets that he fondled—and then

The book it came out bound in scarlet and gold,
The public before it did grovel,
Crying: "Marvellous mind! What color and strength
In this matchless historical novel."

THE END.

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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OUR NEW RECTOR.

The older students, who had learned to appreciate the wise and kindly administration of Rev. Father Constantineau, were deeply grieved that illness compelled him to relinquish the duties of Rector of the University. Naturally, indeed, they were somewhat anxious as to who his successor might be, so when the intelligence came that Rev. Father Emery, who had made such a favorable impression when he preached the students' retreat a year ago, received the appointment to the rectorship they felt a great sense of relief. No choice could have been more agreeable.

Father Emery is an old student of the College, and for the past twenty years has labored in the United States filling such different offices as master of novices, parish priest and missionary.

In the few simple, piety-breathing words made in reply to the students' address of welcome, the new Rector established himself

firmly in the hearts of the boys. We earnestly hope that he may continue in their affections, and that both they and he working in happy co-operation may advance the interests of our *Alma Mater*.

RT. REV. MGR. CONATY.

The great event in University circles has been the consecration of Rev. Mgr. Conaty, D.D., Rector of the University of Washington, as titular Bishop of Samos. About thirty archbishops and bishops and over one hundred clergymen from all parts attended the ceremony. Among those present on that occasion to contribute to the many congratulations and expressions of kind wishes was the Very Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I., Rector of the University of Ottawa. In the honor conferred on Bishop Conaty, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII again evinces his appreciation of the importance of the University in the educational life of this country. Bishop Conaty is not unknown to Ottawa or to the students of Ottawa College, having been present on more than one occasion at their St. Patrick's banquets. The students join with their Rector in wishing the distinguished head of a sister University *Ad multos annos*.

IN SEASON ALWAYS

The *Catholic Record*, Nov. 16th, takes this from Dr. Hodge of Princeton: "Shall not all of us who really believe in God, thank Him that He has preserved the Roman Catholic Church true to that theory of education on which our fathers founded the public school of the land and which has been madly perverted." Here is plain speaking. A godless school is the maddest kind of a perversion. Of necessity it turns out perverts. It turns out sceptics and sophists, free lances, who war for the unrestricted independence of the human reason. Should it happen that this overworked faculty fails to settle problems easily explained by a contemptuously ignored religion, the millenium is sought in a blind violence and force. This was a usual expedient with the pagans, it is a favorite one with our assassins and anarchists. Dr. Hodge advocates, probably as a matter of self-preservation to society, what our

Catholic press ever upholds as an immutable principle. In this campaign the *Catholic Record* has been among the very foremost. Catholic institutions of education, ours included, owe it lasting gratitude and we are glad of the occasion here to acknowledge our deep appreciation of its oft-repeated encouragement.

MAINLY ABOUT BOOKS.

To introduce the author of the department, opened under the above caption in this number, is superfluous. Mr. Maurice Casey is well known and appreciated by our readers. That he is a tireless literary worker and that the productions of his versatile pen, while replete with instruction, bear the stamp of an experienced and refined taste, is long ago beyond question. Excessively unassuming, as all real worth invariably is, this thoughtful and graceful writer is however achieving the success which his talent and industry richly deserve.



Book Review.

"By Thy Love and Thy Grace," Rev. Francis J. Finn's latest story, beautifully edited by Benziger Bros., New York, is, as its title purports it to be, a choice spiritual bouquet, collected from many observations made in the ministry of souls. In a few skillful touches we have a parish presented: the bazaar we recognize at once; penitents at the box are capitally hit off. The reader peruses the one hundred and thirty pages in a fever of interest—unconscious he is treated to a powerful sermon of piety and self-sacrifice. Christian charity or true philanthropy appears in the chief characters. Miss Dalton's behavior wins us completely. In Regina O'Connell we see the pitiful inmate of a stuffy tenement and daily slaver at the loom, preserved by frequent confession from the contagion of evil company and of the vices that are so shamelessly rampant in factory centres. Heroically devoted besides to an invalid sister, she has indeed two terrestrial affections: one

lawful enough, for a lover, but which she crushes when she finds the object deceitful as well as weak ; the other, harmless too, for a diamond which she resolutely sacrifices in behalf of a broken-hearted neighbor and her starving children. The virtues and the life Regina must follow after the death of her sister, naturally call for the denouement given. The price of the book is \$1.00.

* * *

"Her Father's Daughter," by Catherine Tynan Hinkson, a neatly written and interesting novel, well sustains and even augments the already high reputation of the authoress. It contains some very beautiful and agreeable pictures of society life in Ireland. The characters of the two heroines (if it may be said to have two) are portrayed and contrasted by no mean artist. The one, brilliant and impulsive, somewhat vain and at times forgetful of others, is yet the "naughty child who is always the best beloved." The other—her father's daughter—has fewer acquaintances and admirers than her half sister, but more real friends. She is prudent, thoughtful and unselfish almost to a fault. Mr. Lismore and Mr. Vanhomeigh present two noble specimens of young men. Taken as a whole the volume cannot fail to please the reader. Published by Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

* * *

"Little Folks' Annual" is an almanac, supplemented by several short, interesting, little stories, well adapted to children both as to reading matter and illustrations. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price 5 cents.

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Dwyer's Lessons in Physical Geography, \$1.20.

Williams & Rogers' Modern Illustrative Bookkeeping—complete course, \$1.50.

Reiley's Exercises on the Latin Verbs, 50c.

Bacon's Une Semaine à Paris, 50c.

Barnes' Natural Slant Penmanship, Nos. 7 and 8. Per dozen, 75c.

Publishers—American Book Company, New York.

Exchanges.

Every ex-man, or to give him his full title, exchange editor, has got his idea of what a college paper ought to be. One would have it a review so that it might be of real importance in the world of letters; another, a magazine full of poetry and fiction as this is oftener read; while a third wants it a mere chronicle of college affairs. To this last class belongs the *McGill Outlook*. Now, by no means do we undertake to say which kind of college journal is the best. Nor is it necessary. Each magazine can be compared with those of its class. Considered in this light McGill has reason to be proud of its *Outlook*.

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What we like to see in a college, or for that matter, a convent magazine are up to date articles. The October *Young Eagle* satisfies our wishes in this respect. The articles on "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon" give interesting summaries of these two great plays of Edmund Rostand's. The "Chaplet of Rosary Thoughts" is a beautiful idea beautifully carried out.

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The *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia, which is always welcome to the sanctum, will publish, Dec. 14, the first installment of *The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop*. This is a new novel by Mr. Hamlin Garland, descriptive of western life.

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Current History for November resumes situations in China and South Africa; reviews the eventful month of September in the United States; offers the usual sifted and exact statement of occurrences throughout the world; also registers important events in the field of Science, Religion, Education, Archaeology, Exploration, etc. Numerous illustrations (portraits, maps, views) increase its value. It is the only complete and concise summary of the really important present day events of importance in all parts of the world. Price \$1.50 a year. Sample copy free on application. Address Current History Company, Boston, Mass.

Obituary.

THE LATE REV. M. J. STANTON.

On Nov. 16th, the diocese of Kingston sustained a severe loss in the death of one of its most respected and active priests, Rev. M. J. Stanton, parish priest of St. Xavier's Church, Brockville. The late Father Stanton was born in Ireland. Coming young to Canada, he began studies for the priesthood in Regiopolis College, an institution which during its existence has turned out many well known priests. After his ordination, with a brief experience of the mission, Father Stanton occupied a professorial chair in Regiopolis. Later, he became parish priest successively in Erinsville, Westport and Smith's Falls. The churches, schools and convents he built in these places remain the splendid testimonies of his zeal and ability. When the Very Rev. Chas. Gauthier was elevated to the See of Kingston, Father Stanton succeeded him as pastor in Brockville. Here after three years, the indefatigable minister of souls, amid the regrets of all classes, was called to his reward. He leaves a brother in E. P. Stanton of the Post Office Department. The funeral was attended by the citizens of Brockville without distinction of denomination, and by numerous contingents of former parishioners from Westport and Smith's Falls. Along with the clergy of the diocese were present: Right Rev. Bishop Macdonell, of Alexandria; Very Rev. Casey, of Peterboro; Dean O'Connor, of Tyndinaga; Rev. W. Patton, O.M.I., of Buffalo; Fr. Lafferty, of De Kalb, U. S.; J. McPhail, C. S. S. R.; Fr. Leclair, S. S.; T. P. Murphy, O.M.I., of Ottawa. His Grace of Kingston chanted the funeral service with Very Rev. J. Master-son, Vicar-General, as priest of honor, Rev. E. Murray of Cobourg as deacon, and Rev. J. Hogan of Napanee as sub-deacon; Revs. M. Meagher and C. Mea were Masters of Ceremonies. Rev. Fr. Kehoe, rector of the Kingston Cathedral, gave an eloquent sermon, explaining how the late priest succeeded in reproducing in his career all the ideals and the excellence of the christian priesthood. The remains were finally laid away beneath the sanctuary of St. Xavier's. *R. I. P.*

We are grieved to chronicle the death of Very Rev. Mgr. Laurent, Vicar General of Peterboro diocese, and Rector of St. Mary's, Lindsay. Seventeen years ago the parish mourned the loss of Father Stafford, the well known apostle of the temperance cause, and now the people of Lindsay are bowed in grief at the demise of another laborious and holy priest of God.

Father P. D. Laurent, was born at Nantes, Brittany, in 1835. After a course in the University he came to Canada in 1857, with the intention of devoting his talents to the saving of souls, and to this end he completed a course of Ecclesiastical studies at Baltimore, Md. He was ordained in Toronto and sent to Oshawa, thence to Sandwich where he founded Assumption College, and afterwards on several missions in Essex County, remaining finally 12 years in Amherstburg. In 1875 he followed Bishop Jamot to the missions of Algoma, visiting Indian encampments all along the shores of the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron as far as the Sault. In 1882 we find him at Bracebridge, and two years after definitely stationed at Lindsay.

Here his remarkable talents for administration and finances found a greater field. Lindsay's convent rose from its ashes, the church was enlarged and beautified, a cemetery site and parish-hall secured, and all debts wiped off, without extraordinary calls upon the people. The spiritual condition of the parish of St. Mary's was ever a consolation for the bishop, and the last effort of Mgr. Laurent was to procure the benefits of a week's mission.

Death came, and did not surprise him. His life work was done, and he died surrounded by friends. The life's work that merited recognition at Rome, and the ovation of the people at his death made every one his friend, and we trust will be his guarantee of glory.

Over 40 priests and 3,000 citizens assembled on Nov. 7th, for the obsequies. Ottawa University was represented among the visiting clergy, by Rev. Father W. O'Boyle, O.M.I., one of Father Laurent's boys years ago. The solemn, impressive requiem mass was conducted by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor. Bishop McEvay of London, spoke feelingly from the text: "Blessed are they that mourn." His Grace of Kingston pronounced the

absolution, and eight stalwart diocesan priests bore the remains of their erstwhile fellow-laborer to the bier, amid the grief of Catholic and Protestant alike. Those of the multitude who did not march in procession, lined 'the avenues to the cemetery in mute homage. 'Twas a religious ovation, a testimony of gratitude to a priestly priest, a true ambassador of Christ, a hater of shams, one who on finishing his course could say "I have kept my trust."

Though the end was glorious, we know 'tis hard to part with a friend, and we sympathise with the diocese, with the parish and with his brother priests in their bereavement. *Requiescat in pace.*

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Thirteen months ago Rev. Father Lambert was summoned to the deathbed of his father. Last December his sister passed away, and now it is the death of his mother, at St. Basil, P.Q.

The students feel deeply for their afflicted Prefect.

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From the Antigonish *Casket* we are informed of the death and burial of the Right Rev. Mgr. Murphy, D.D., Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Halifax. The solemn Requiem was celebrated by Archbishop O'Brien, and after the mass the Rt. Rev. Bishop McDonald of Charlottetown gave the last absolution. Some fifty priests were present with three bishops and their archbishop. *R. I. P.*

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The Archdiocese of Ottawa has also given its share to the harvest of death in the person of Rev. Thomas Caron, cure of Clarence Creek. Father Caron was 64 years of age. He was universally known and loved in the diocese. He made his theology in Ottawa seminary and was ordained by Mgr. Guigues in 1868. He held the pastorate successively in Pembroke, Ripon, and for more than twenty-five years in Clarence Creek. Rev. Fr. McGowan, O.M.I., represented Ottawa University at the funeral. *Requiescat in pace.*

Athletics.

FOOTBALL.

The football situation in the Quebec Union underwent a big change on Saturday. Brockville, having lost to Montreal, are out of the race for championship honors, leaving College and Britannia with an equal number of wins and losses, and forcing another game to be played to decide which team shall wear the Q. R. F. U. honors of 1901. It must be remembered, however, that one of Britannia's wins is one which a true sporting team would care little to have to their credit; one which is termed in football circles a "Committee-room win." Truly speaking Ottawa College has won the championship, having met with defeat but once, and that once upon the Brockville grounds, better known as the "cabbage field."

* * *

In the Ontario Union the Rough Riders of Ottawa City and the Argonauts of Toronto are on an equal footing, and the winners of Saturday's game will be champions of the Ontario Union.

In the Intercollegiate series, Toronto Varsity has won the championship, having a record of four straight victories without a loss.

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COLLEGE 17. MONTREAL 2.

'Midst torrents of rain the team set out on their journey to Montreal to meet the stalwarts of that city, and truly if such a thing as discouragement existed in the College men, it would undoubtedly have shown forth on that morning. The weather alone was sufficient to give an attack of the "blues" to anyone, but when it was made known at the station that our reliable third wing, Bob McCredie, was ill and could not play, and again that such men as Harrington and Filiatreault were far from feeling well, it was pretty nigh time to fear for the result of the game. However, no such fear was expressed, but on the contrary, the boys resolved then and there that the game should be won, and that determination was the key to our success that day and on other days following.

Shortly before the game the weather, which had been everything that is disagreeable in weather, changed for the better, and throughout the afternoon the M.A.A.A. grounds were bathed in a flood of autumn sunlight, which, charming as it was, came too late to change the condition of the grounds, which were drenched, sodden and slippery, with pools of water scattered here and there to break the monotony.

THE PLAY.

College won the toss and had the advantage of a wind, which was, however, blowing more across than down the field. Immediately after the kick-off, College began to force the ball away from Montreal. With a steady, irresistible force which nothing could withstand, the ball moved towards Montreal line, and soon Callaghan punted into touch-in-goal, for 1 point, and this point was destined to be the forerunner of 16 others.

From the very beginning it was quite evident that the Montrealers were outclassed in every position on the line. College wings held their men without any appreciable difficulty, and broke through at will. About

ten minutes after they had begun Hal Walters, who was playing a splendid game, broke away from the wings, and shot over the line for the first touch, which on account of the high wind was not converted.

Montreal kicked off and College secured the ball, and scrimmaged; Gleeson received and punted, and Lafleur following up closely caught the ball and over he went for another touch, which Callaghan converted, making the score 11 to 0 at the end of 1st half.

In the second half, Montreal was very fortunate in obtaining free-kicks at opportune moments. Those free-kicks however, could not keep College from securing another touch by French, after a beautiful dash of 25 yards. Callaghan kicked the goal and score was 17 to 0. The Montrealers seemed to waken up and made a final effort which resulted in obtaining a safety touch just before time was called. Thus the final score stood 17 to 2.

COLLEGE 28. MONTREAL 0.

The return game with the Montreal A. A. A. was played on Varsity Oval on the 2nd inst., and resulted in College defeat.

ing their old time rivals by the score of 28—0. While the score would seem to indicate that College outplayed Montreal and had somewhat of a walk-over, let it be said to the credit of the Montreal team that they gave College the hardest game of foot-ball yet played on Varsity Oval. College, doubtlessly, were prone to believe that they would have little trouble in overcoming their opponents and the natural results were painfully evident. They put very little vim into their work and on the whole played too listlessly. For College, Callaghan, Harrington, Walters and Lafleur were much in evidence. The teams lined up as follows:—

<i>Montreal.</i>		<i>College,</i>
Massey	Backs.	O'Brien
Cobban	Halves.	Richards
Kingstone		Callaghan
Russell		Gleeson
Halloway	Quarter.	Dooner
Ford	Scrimmage.	Cox
Vipond		Harrington
Davidson		Boucher
Yuile	Wings.	Lafleur
Birchall		French
Owens		Walters
Burton		Lee
Lewis		Filiatreault
Shaw and (Johnstone)		Devlin
Bryson		Kennedy

The play began with a light wind in Montreals' favor, but this advantage seemed to benefit them but little, for within a few seconds after the game had begun Callaghan, by a well placed punt into touch-in-goal, made the score 1—0 in College favor. From the kick-off Montreal forced the play, and College as a result had to play on the defensive, but by good work on the part of Dooner and Walters and splendid kicking by Callaghan, the ball was soon worked into Montreal territory. By good all round work College were enabled to score 6 points consisting of 2 rouges and a try before half-time was called, leaving the score standing College 7, Montreal 0.

On resuming play after the usual rest, it was apparent that College had realized the fact that they had to play better ball in order to win, for the article put up by College for wards and backs was much superior to that of the first half, and placed beyond a doubt the outcome of the game. It would be tedious to enumerate the number of good plays which characterized the last 30 minutes of play, suffice it to say that they rolled up a score of 21

points, consisting of 4 tries, 1 rouge and 2 goals, making the final score 28—0 in favor of College.

THE GAME WE LOST.

Oct. 26th dawned clear and cool, a perfect day for football, and the University team, accompanied by about 200 students and supporters, left by the C. P. R. for Brockville, there to meet the fifteen of that place. After a journey of two hours, College yells and songs announced to the good inhabitants of that town that there was something out of the ordinary about to happen, and as all the available conveyances were being filled, the station-master remarked that he had not seen such a crowd to yell since the last fair, and that he guessed "it must be the tail-end of some barn-storming expedition." However, all were re-assured when they saw Varsity flags and banners waving high, and as we wended our way towards the "Strathcona House" this assurance was strengthened into belief that personal safety was certain. Dinner served, vans, busses, cabs, coaches and even coal-carts were made use of as a means of conveyance to the scene of the great struggle,

which was no other than the "far-famed" Brockville field. The field, however, was too well known beforehand to cause any comment, and as the referee's whistle blew, the teams stood as follows :

<i>College.</i>		<i>Brockville.</i>
	Back.	
O'Brien		Mallory
	Halves.	
Richards		Donaldson
Callaghan		Martin
Gleeson		Bryan
	Quarter.	
Dooner		Dier
	Scrimmage.	
Cox		Dobbie
Harrington		Doran
Boucher		Carr
	Wings.	
Walters		Sheriff
Kennedy		Graham
Filion		MacLaren
Lee		Ritchie
Laffeur		Curtin
French		Fraser
Brennan		Phillips

Brockville won the toss and elected to play with both advantages of wind and hill. From the kick-off the pigskin went into touch at the 25-yard line, and College getting possession on the throw in scrimmaging ensued for the next ten minutes, neither side having any apparent advantage. Graham succeeded in blocking a punt of Gleason, and dribbled the ball over College line forcing Richards to rouge. Brockville 1, College 0.

College seemed to have the better of the play in centre field, and several punts were exchanged between the two centre halves, when the Brockville wings succeeded in getting the ball to College 10-yard line, and Curtin got over for a touch-down, which was converted, making the score Brockville 7, College 0.

College went into the game after half-time with the determination of winning, but it was not to be. Brockville continued to add to their score and soon it was 10 to 0 in their favor. Things looked rather dark, when suddenly College made a grand effort, the result of which was that Walters got over for a touch-down, which was not converted, score being Brockville 10, College 4. The cheers of the "garnet and grey" supporters were deafening, and it really looked as if College would win out. However Brockville soon added another touch-down to their score, and this additional one seemed to dishearten the Collegians. A few minutes afterwards the game was over, and College had met its first defeat by a score of 16 to 4.

What was most noticeable, and which cannot be accounted for in this game were the two widely different styles of ball that the Collegians played. At one time they would pull themselves together, and their play proved that they were superior to their opponents, and then suddenly, at moments when they had opportunities of scoring, they would "go to pieces" completely and play ragged ball. Brockville, on the other hand, played a steady game throughout and won the day on their merits.

COLLEGE 35. BRITANNIA 7.

This week was one of unusual interest in football circles, and in the College, the games were played over and over again in conversation. The Britanias, having downed the Brockville aggregation, were looked upon as worthy opponents, who would make College work hard for every point. The predictions of all were shocked, however, to a great degree, when the final score read 35 to 7 in Varsity's favor at the close of the game. It was simply a walk-over from start to finish. This is how the "Citizen" presents the game:—

"It was a most decisive victory over an opponent adjudged more worthy; but in the game College's play merited every point, and Saturday's form of the respective teams was truly indicated by the score. Britannia was outgeneraled in the first half and outplayed in the second. With a committee-room gift from College, Britannias and their opponents are tied for the Quebec Championship, and the latter team, on the season's showing stands an odds on favorite for the premier honors.

A SPLENDID GAME.

Saturday's rugby struggle at Varsity Oval stands out as one of the best and most exciting trials of the season of 1901. There was never much doubt of the result after the first fifteen minutes' play, for then it was seen that College was capable of playing an article that made even a very strong wind in Britannia's favor, a very insignificant handicap. The first half resulted in a score of 7 to 4 in favor of the visitors. With the assistance of the gale that was blowing down the field, the Britannia's should have made hay to the extent of 20 points at least. With the change of ends their opportunity was gone, and the Varsity kickers began an inning that netted 31 points, an average of 1 point per minute, and completed one of the severest drubbings that a team has received this season."

The secret of Varsity's success in keeping the Brits from running up a score in the first half was their continuous possession of the ball. Scarcely on one occasion did the pigskin

reach the Brits back division' and if it did, the work of the College scrimmage was so fast and excellent that when the Brits tried to scrimmage the ball, it was stolen before it reached their quarter. Thus College's great generalship in keeping possession and making the first half hour a period of scrimmaging and line bucking, proved its team superior in every respect to the Brits. In the second half Varsity's tactics were widely different. Now it was a punting game, and all College at that. The score clerk was, without doubt, the busiest individual on the field, for in the second half Varsity's score was running up so fast that it was sufficient to puzzle anybody, but the dexterity of the man at the board in manipulating the numbers saved him from erring.

It would be tedious to read the second half of the game: suffice it to see, that the points were scored to the number of 31 with the regularity of a clock. It was either Callaghan, Gleeson, Richards or O'Brien punting into touch-in-goal, or Dooner over for a try, or O'Doherty or Cox or Walters or Lafleur. Every man

on the team put up a splendid game of ball, and the team play was magnificent. The back division was a surprise to everybody. For some weeks they have been severely criticized, and perhaps on this account some thought they could not play the game. They showed up well all season, but in their individual work, and team play on Saturday must have delighted the hearts of the onlookers, and especially must it have been heart-breaking to the Britannias to witness our halves playing such an unerring game. The Brits, who nearly went "wild" with delight when they learned that College would play the same back division that it had played all season. Dooner, at quarter, took advantage of everything, and gaired territory every time he bucked the line. The "old reliables" in the scrimmage worked like Trojans, and tore up everything before them. The wings were on the ball all the time, and each and every man merits great praise for his work.

The Montreal *Star*, in its account of the Montreal vs. Brockville game, says that the Montreal wing line broke through their opponents like a charge of dynamite through a plastered

partition. Well, to the spectators it must have seemed that College wings broke through like a double charge of dynamite through a partition of paper. When the game was finished, the surrounding atmosphere was of a "garnet and grey" color with V-A-R-S-I-T-Y's intermingled; while in the distance echoed and re-echoed the strains of that song of all songs "The Championship is home again, hurrah! hurrah!" Perhaps, however, we are anticipating too much. Not, however, if our boys continue practising faithfully as in the past and play in the finals as they played Saturday last.

"Keep at it, boys! that thirty-five
Is such a score that they
Who meet you in the final game.
Will meet defeat, howe'er they
play."

The teams lined up as follows :

<i>College.</i>		<i>Britannia.</i>
	Full back.	Irwin
O'Brien		
	Halves.	Christmas
Richards		Mackenzie
Callaghan		Bowie
Gleeson		
	Scrimmage.	Byrne
Cox		Donneily
Harrington		Strachan
Boucher		
	Quarter.	Gordon
Dooner		
	Wings.	Anderson
Walters		Fisher
Filiatreault		Johnson
Devlin		Marshall
O'Doherty		Lightburn
Lafleur		Horsfall
Lee		Cowan
French		

Of Local Interest.

Long live the Garnet and Grey!

Congratulations to the champions of 1901.

All hail, Cox, Thane of Football!

At the regular meeting of the English Debating Society held on the 5th inst., the subject of discussion was — “Resolved, that unrestricted reciprocity between the United States and Canada would be more beneficial to Canada.” Messrs. L. M. Staley and O. McGarvey supported the resolution, and the negative was upheld by Messrs. H. J. Macdonald and H. Fay. The question being a live one, proved very interesting and was ably handled by the debaters on both sides. Though Messrs. Staley and McGarvey established a very strong case, they were unable to refute the more forceful arguments of their opponents, to whom the debate was awarded. The attendance at the meeting is indeed worthy of comment. Out of forty present, thirteen were from the University course—surely a very creditable showing. No doubt the

gentlemen who were expected to attend and did not, found other occupations more congenial to their tastes. But perhaps we are too harsh: they may have been busy. Busy! It seems passing strange that one should be so heavily burdened with work as to be unable to spare an hour or two in the week. We said “spare,” rather should we say “devote” an hour or two to work of greatest moment, to a feature of college training not one whit less important than the classroom. Realizing (as we suppose they do) why they are here and knowing the efficacy of our societies as a means to the attainment of their object in coming here, we might suggest as a subject of meditation for these gentlemen, whose duties are so onerous as to necessitate their absence from *intra-mural social functions*, these time-worn adages that every school-boy has written on—“The Boy is Father to the Man” and “As the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.” We hope they will apply the moral.

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On Friday, the 15th inst., the Scientific Society began the fourth year of its existence. A lecture on "The Conservation of Energy" was given by Mr. J. P. Gookin, '02, to whom great praise is due for the masterly way in which he handled his subject. Supplementary to the lecture were piano selections by Messrs. Hurly and Torsney and vocal solos by M. Maloney. Though the attendance was fair it was not what it should have been.

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The Debating and Scientific societies wish to offer Rev. Fr. Rector their most heartfelt thanks for providing them with a piano.

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TO M'SWIG'S MOUSTACHE.

Soft as the down on the duckling
new-born,
Silky and smooth as the wool
freshly shorn,
In color as bright as the sky's
golden orb,
(No doubt, on account of the
juice they absorb,)
Are those hairs on the brave
Kilaloo's upper lip.

* *

Gabe refused to walk down town with Kari. He said that Dic was bad form.

Spud—Mal-n-y says its his ambition to be a man of letters.

T. P.—Yes, delivering them.

Joe Gink, raising the corner of his mattress and ruefully considering the spring, thinking aloud, says: "Guess no soft mater'll ever flow from that spring; soil's pretty hard and full of ups and downs." Dick, the fat cripple, finishing his night prayers, asked that his spring might never run dry, its waters were so refreshing.

The following is from Adam Funnyscribbler:

A lad at eve had fallen ill,
While danced the light near
Fili still;

And he, poor thing, could not
see the place

For which he made a shaky
race.

The cause of all, by Jove, was
grief

And sleep disturbed by a load—
of beef.

(Next morning.)

Woe worth the game, woe worth
the play,

Which caused that end to so
gallant a day.

A few days ago one of our friends from the East wing went down to the "co-ed" de-

partment and asked in his customary Parisian French for a cincture. He was conducted to the store-room and told to take his choice of the trunks.

With Bobby as stenographer and Runt Kari as demonstrator in the Physics class, it was not at all surprising that Jimmy should see *ecliptical* shadows.

O'K--fe—I tell you Bob is quite a proposition to the team.

And they picked up their trunks and they waddled upstairs—J. P. K. and D. H.

Captain Phi--ps has been covering himself with glory and incidentally with mud, both of the real and literary kind.

Bosh! we'll have to put an *inch* in the floor.

“Est-ce que l'evêque est-r-r dedans?”

“Je ne comprends pas anglais.”

Richawd Careh nevah loses a chawnce to entravnce the ladies.

It was quite amusing a few evenings ago to see M-l-n-y trying to straighten his face. *Hoc est ommino impossible.*

Hully slamjacks! if yeh haint got brass, yeh wont git gold. So saith the philosopher from the Green Mountain State.

Golly blue.



Junior Department,

Under the faint glimmer of an ink-stained candle sat the Junior Editor in his plain uncushioned chair, carefully perusing the manifold notes which he found slipped under the sanctum door by his young comrades. Not one of this heap of notes was fit to please his refined literary taste, so knitting his brow in disgust he threw them despairingly into the waste basket.

His head sunk to his bosom and his lower lip hung low, when he considered what would be the disappointment of the small fry by the omission of the junior column in the present publication. He therefore threw his pen against the spattered wall, overturned his inkstand and in a cry of wild despair fell back headlong into the waste basket.

During the silence that followed a gentle rap came to the sanctum door and in walked silvery-faced Captain Moonlight. His entrance roused the fallen editor who confusedly kicked and shouted in vain efforts to extricate himself from the refuse of the waste-box.

Perceiving my embarrassment the good natured Captain seized me by the heels and brought me to my lost equilibrium. Having seated myself comfortably on my lofty chair, I offered him my hand and with tearful eye explained to him the cause of the unusual catastrophe.

"Ah" said he, "I have come to give you a few notes relative to the doings of Frydom." (I began to feel myself again). Allow me to say that I am very favorably impressed with the harmony that prevails among the midgets.

"Their sportive spirit in recreation is no less worthy of note. The younger members led by Good Eye are no mean players in base-ball, nor are the larger boys less clever in foot-ball, lacrosse, or on the hand-ball alley

"Again, when I make my nocturnal transits over the noisy campus, I am rejoiced to see the

ruddy faces of youth enjoying most exhilarating exercises." Captain Moonlight was about to make a few remarks concerning the foot-ball team but happily the candle refused to burn. I therefore offered him a hurried "good-night" and stealthily groped my way to the dormitory.

*
* *

On Oct. 22nd the teams from the Juniorate and the Small Yard gave to their many admirers a fast, clean exhibition of foot-ball. The supporters of the Small Yard, expecting to see their team win, built their hopes on the fact that the youngsters were eager to win one game of the number scheduled for the season. But the youngsters encountered a heavier and better balanced team, the reason therefore of their defeat. Though it was never doubtful what the final result would be, the Small yard played a hard and almost faultless game. The back division of the Juniorate likewise played in superb style, their brilliant combinations being responsible for the victory. The final score read, Juniors 19, Small yard 7.

After the game, Mr. Carey, a retired foot-ball player, from the

Senior IV, addressed the Small Yard. "I feel young again," he said, "when I watch you midgets play."

* * *

The downfall of snow which covered the yard on Nov. 11, was loudly welcomed by the young boys. Many were disappointed however when they found that the snowy fleece had frozen to the ground. Snowballs were made with difficulty.

The present lengthy visit of cold weather should wake them up to the fact that they should now prepare their skating rink.

* * *

SOLILOQUY OF THE JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM.

Football begone! It's little good you bear us.

Farewell, a long farewell to this year's record.

This is how we stand: last autumn we put forth

A tender little team; it then grew strong,

And we hoped 'twould stand the rushes made upon it.

Later came a snag—those husky Juniors,

And, when we thought, most valiant fries, full safely

Our vic'tries were a-coming—dashed our hopes,

And then we fell, defeated. We had ventured,

Like little hopeful boys who try to win,

This many weeks along the field of hope;

But near our dang'rous goal, our high blown pride

At length succumbed, and now has left us cold,

Weary and disgusted, to the raillery

Of our unsparing critics, who must ever chide us.

Faithless spheres and grandstand plays, we hate ye:

We see new fields now open. O, how foolish

Are those young kids who smile at men's ovations.

There is betwixt that cheer we would aspire to,

That wild applause of roosters and their ruin,

More swollen heads, than fourth team men have.

And when we lose, we really lose,

And do not win a game.

The above lines were recited before the members of the J. A. A. Executive, as they assembled to have a smoke-talk after their game with the Juniors.

* * *

F. Jarvey brought the following piece of news to his young

comrades :—A fellow dropped dead on the bridge and died.

Prof.—Compare Little.

Student—Little, small, tiny.

The same student, when asked to compare “sick,” is reported to have given the following :—Sick, worse, dead.

T. P. had the following note tacked to his room door :—
I mout.

McCarthy says a man should always speak twice before he thinks.

At the breakfast table at which sat a grave philosopher—Do yourself before others do you.

T. B—f says he's not as foxy as he looks.



HONOR LIST FOR OCTOBER.

First Grade, Division A—
1st, A. Menard; 2nd, Chas. Kehoe; 3rd, D. J. O'Brien; 4th, P. O. Dufour.

First Grade, Division B—1st, H. Menard; 2nd, P. Poirier; 3rd, W. Perreault; 3rd, O. Langlois.

Second Grade—1st, Chas. Verrette; 2nd, A. Flemming; 3rd, D. Blanchette; 4th, J. Martineau.

Third Grade—1st, H. Macdonald; 2nd, E. Poissant; 3rd, G. Kirwan; 4th, P. T. Kirwan.

Fourth Grade—1st, J. Coupal; 2nd, N. Bawlf; 3rd, E. Langlois; 4th, H. Legault.

