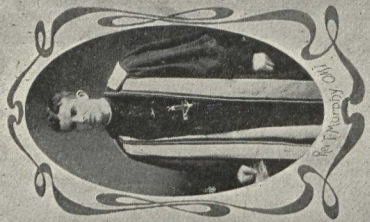


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A Nineteenth Century Saint.

Human nature of the twentieth century does not differ from that of earlier times. But while the essential traits remain, there are types of men disappearing, and alas, seemingly destined never to return. Even our modern literature seems to have ostracised their characters from its imaginary society.

A book entitled "The Life of John William Walshe", by Montgomery Carmichael, has appeared recently, which gives an excellent pen-picture of one of those vanishing types of men. It is not the story of a David Harum; and readers looking for a gay plot and a happy ending would hardly appreciate it. But it is "rather that which may rarely be found, the true inward history of a soul", and gives the author's ideal of a modern Catholic gentleman. While some will refuse to accept it as an ideal, no one can fail to see in it the able presentment of a well known type. The character is most consistently developed; and with much creative skill, the boy is shown to be the father of the man.

The first chapters are devoted to Mr. Walshe's early home life, his school and office days, which are especially human and realistic. Of his father, "little can be said that is interesting, and scarce anything that is pleasant." His mother was a sentimental little creature who loved and spoiled her son.

From the day he was born, he was destined for a seat in his father's counting-house, but from early childhood he showed an aversion to the work and also complete unfitness. This caused his father to hate him, as it was contrary to his dearest wish. The result was that the boy was often cruelly punished. On such occasions which were but too frequent, the only assistance his mother could render, was to indulge in one of her dramatic fainting fits.

At the age of ten, John William Walshe began his studies with a tutor. Special attention was to be given to "reckoning," and it was grudgingly that the rudiments of Latin were allowed. But he seemed instinctively to realize the bracing intellectual qualities of that language, and he was soon consumed with a passion for classic literature. In order to wean him from the habit of "moping over books," Mr Walshe resolved to send his son to a boarding-school. The head master had been properly warned that there was "much nonsense to be knocked out of this boy, and much licking into shape to be done." The parental wishes were most faithfully executed.

All during his boarding-school life he continued the child-mystic ; and many pathetic scenes are described in all of which the strange unhappy lad is misunderstood. But although he suffered many torments from both the students and the masters, he fortunately escaped the pollution of the blasphemy and obscene talk which pervaded the whole atmosphere of the place.

An interesting feature of the book is the development of the religious side of his character. He had never been taught religion at home ; and at school the same influence was lacking. But his naturally keen imagination had been aroused by reading the lives of self-sacrificing men ; and he began to practise little austerities of his own invention, which are as amusing as they are pathetic. His first religion was the Methodist. He was attracted by the groans of people attending a revival-meeting, and went into the church. The religious excitement seemed to be contagious, and he was converted, swept away in a flood of "incontrolable sobbing and crying." This was while he was still a boy at school. In the same manner it was the mystical side of the Catholic religion that afterwards appealed to him.

At last the dreaded day came, when the young philosopher (whose dislike for numbers was almost as great as his love of classics,) was to take his position in the counting-house. During the year which he held this position "he suffered all the tortures of hell, and bore them like the dear saint that he was. But at the end of the year, he suddenly became a human being, and like Dick Goodrich [a former clerk], he bolted."

Then came the turning point of his life ; and here a slight tax on our credulity is that circumstance should have fortuitously shaped his course in the desired direction. He went to Italy, and in an almost miraculous manner secured a position as librarian for a wealthy Catholic gentleman. At last his appetite for classics could be satisfied ; and although the chief cause of his conversion was the "logicality" of the Catholic position, it was partly due to ecclesiastical Latin, whose praises he was never weary of sounding : "The most devotional language known ; and that was Latin ! Latin !" "What a sonorous sound they [the words of the Latin grace] had, to be sure ! how acceptable they must be in the eyes of God !"

The story of his conversion is told in a most interesting manner. "He came into the Church tranquilly, but did not immediately discover his settled place therein. Faith like marriage is a leap in the dark into a new state of life. Not until the leap is taken does real knowledge come, and only then when a sufficient time has passed to allow recovery from the dizzy effects of the leap Peace, perfect peace was in his soul ; but it was obvious that he needed a steady influence. That steady influence appeared upon the scene in the majestic figure of Joseph De Maistre." Several pages are copied from Mr. Walshe's diary in which he eulogizes De Maistre's works and especially the book of his entitled *Du Pape*. "Under the invigorating influence of *Du Pape*, the last of the cobwebs were fairly brushed out of his mind forever, and he found himself equipped not only with a true and robust view of his religious belief, but likewise with a complete and convincing scheme of political science."

After six years of perfect happiness in his new home, came the news of his father's death. He hastened home to Manchester. All the

money had been left to his mother, but she made her son a generous allowance. Being thus possessed of a large amount of money, he plucked up courage when he returned to Lucca, and asked for the hand of the his benefactor's beautiful daughter, for whom he had been serving his seven years apprenticeship in silent adoration. After the birth of twin sons, there came his father-in-law's death, and finally, the death of his wife.

Not long after the last sad event he went to Rome to visit the Pope. Speaking of the Vatican he says, "Indeed the severity of everything in the Vatican soon impresses ; we have heard it called a palace, and think of luxury ; there is much of state, if you will, but nowhere a trace of luxury. 'Tis a curious infirmity of the modern mind that it is often unable to distinguish between state and luxury ; there are good people who seem to think that because the Pope's cassock is made of taffetas and his slippers of velvet, he is therefore a luxury-loving sybarite."

Aside from the main story, there are two minor stories of Mr. Walshe's two sons. Both mistook their vocations. The author says "It is always the merry sons and daughters that become priests and nuns. Only a cheerful disposition can stand the strain of a self-denying life." One of Mr. Walshe's sons was of an exceedingly vivacious disposition. Although he found religious practices irksome, he fulfilled his actual duties as a Catholic. He formed a hot-headed passionate attachment for an Italian beauty who had made havoc in many a rustic heart. The love affair ended in a most tragic manner. The girl he loved was stabbed to death by a former lover, whom she had jilted for this "grand young signorino." The murderer then attempted to take the life of his rival, but without success. The young man lingered between life and death for a month, but finally recovered. A short time after he became a Jesuit.

The second son was sedate and addicted to books, and his father had early noticed in him, as he thought, all the signs of a promising ecclesiastic. "This was his great dream and, his dream being for the most part spent in prayer it became his fixed idea." But after a year spent at college, his son came home having obviously, and especially in the opinion of his superiors, not a shred of a vocation for the priesthood.

St. Francis of Assisi had always been Mr. Walshe's ideal saint. After his wife's death he became a Franciscan Tertiary. The final developments of his personal sanctity were quite in keeping with his earlier tendencies. His secret mortifications and austerities only seemed to increase the sweetness of his disposition ; and they finally culminated in a habit of ecstasy. We could indeed wish that these secrets like those of so many of the saints, could have been got at without such liberal recourse to the keyhole, a method which slightly weakens our confidence in the witness's general trustworthiness, and which is scarcely justifiable, even by a thirst for edification.

J. T. TORSNEY '06.

A Movement for Moral and Religious Instruction.



FOLLOWING close on the struggle for denominational schools in England, comes a reaction in The United States against purely secular teaching. Many influential Protestants, including clergymen, heads of colleges, etc., warmly support the movement. For the present, Catholics stand apart in distrustful neutrality.

The failure of the much boasted secular instruction to meet even the demands of material prosperity, is now acknowledged by those who most extolled the system in the past. Professing to include neither religious nor moral training, its fatal consequences are of too startling a nature to be entirely ignored. 'Tis a system upheld by a State growing in disregard for supernatural belief,

if not actually irreligious and atheistical. Influenced as well by the system as by the bad example, the people, too, begin gradually to lose their respect for sacred things, to acquire depraved tastes and immoral tendencies.

Alarmed at the actual condition of things, some non-Catholics have proposed as a remedy that the "fundamental principles" of morality be inculcated into the minds of children at school. At least they should be taught "the sacredness of promises, the results of falsehood and treachery, the folly of deceit, the obligations of friendship, the self-contempt which follows the betrayal of trust, the social consequences of the adulteration of goods, the responsibility of the consumer, the wrong in cheating at the examinations, the self-loathing of the licentious soul, the need of courage and faith in public servants, the possibility of high ideals in politics, the results of civil pride and municipal devotion, the use of wealth in relieving distress, the duty of kindness to animals, temperance and need of thrift and economy and industry, the sure reward of promptness, accuracy and intelligence. These principles, it is claimed, need not the sanction of religion because they have their own natural sanction." Such a morality, it is claimed further, can be taught in the public schools without clashing with the religious convictions of any denomination.

But is it true that religion and morals can thus be separated? Religion embraces the sum of our duties toward God, while true morality is the conformity of human acts with divine law. The sanction of morality lies not in self-interest or social convenience but in religion. To teach that morality is founded on purely temporal motives, destroys devotion and self-sacrifice and opens the door to all the vices of egotism. Then too, the attempt to impart moral teaching without religion, if carried to excess, must consist in ignoring God completely. The instruction will be practically atheistical, leading the mind of the child into the gloomy regions of unbelief.

Whether this difficulty was perceived or not, other advocates of reform have come to hold different views. The Bible, according to them, is to be the instrument of moral regeneration. The Scriptures

are not to be perused in the Sunday schools alone, but also studied as a class book in the public schools.

At last Protestants admit the necessity of religious teaching in the public schools. Religion is not alone for the private life, to be imbibed only at the Church or by the fireside. The schools are also to be its fountainhead. But here again comes a difficulty. In express terms, the would-be reformers declare that the Bible instruction is to be strictly non-sectarian. We think we understand their meaning. The right of private judgement and the absence of positive dogmatical tenets, outside the belief in God and faith in the Redeemer (with perhaps a denial of His divinity), constitute the minimum doctrine that can be taught with a profession of Christianity. The inculcation of these meagre religious principles, which are held by most Protestants, is commonly looked upon as non-sectarian teaching. If this is so no religious body, with firm doctrinal convictions, far from lending support can even sympathize with the movement.

How, then, can be averted the ruin of the nation's morals and healthy religious belief? The only effectual means is the establishment in practice of denominational teaching. The Catholic Church has always recognized this important fact. In the words of Father Pace, of the Catholic University of Washington "she holds that the supreme destiny of man is not to be attained in this life; that he is destined for a higher and supernatural purpose, and that purpose is the sharing of divine life. . . . Catholic education is that physical and intellectual, moral and religious instruction shall not be separated. All the forms of education must work together for the upbuilding of character and the elevation of moral virtue." The Church also holds that this end can be effected only by teachers entirely in sympathy with the faith of the child.

There is nothing more noble, more fraught with earnest belief in man's superior destiny, than the sacrificing efforts, made by the Catholics of the Republic for the maintenance of their parochial schools. In New York alone they have nearly five million dollars invested in school buildings, wherein "are educated nearly 42,000 pupils at an annual cost of \$350,000." This is but one example of

what they everywhere accomplish without other aid than their own private contributions.

Protestants are slow to recognize the injustice done to Catholics, in forcing them to pay taxes for the support of public schools attended only by Protestants. Even in crying out against this wrong, Catholics are reproached with the intention of appropriating public funds and of using them for a distinctly Catholic propaganda, to pay for Catholic religious teaching.

Protestants do not consider that the public money has in part come out of the pockets of Catholics, which money is used for the spread of Protestant Faith by reading the Protestant Bible in the public schools and paying the salaries of Protestant teachers. What Catholics desire is simple justice, the recognition of their schools by the state and the exemption from paying taxes for the maintenance of any religious teaching besides there own.

There are more than ten million Catholics in the United States. They constitute an important minority, being about one eighth of the entire population. Whether the non-Catholic majority will allow justice and generosity to prevail over denominational prejudice, by admitting to the full the principal of denominational schools, or whether, under pretext that schools divided in opinions destroy the unity of national sentiment, they will attempt to impose their own ideals (?) as the *only* ideals to be tolerated—these are problems in practical politics which to day occupy the minds of Catholic educators in the American Republic.

S. M. '03.

"MOON OF STRAWBERRIES"

Tell you what I like the best
 Long about knee deep in June,
 'Bout the time strawberries melts
 On the vine—some afternoon
 Like to jes' get out an, rest,
 And not work at nothin' else.

—Riley.

Will my Soul pass thro' Ireland*



Soggarth Aroon, sure I know life is fleeting
Soon, soon in this strange earth my poor bones will lie;
I have said my last prayer and received my last blessing,
And if the Lord's willing I'm ready to die.
But Soggarth Aroon! can I never again see
The valleys and hills of my own native land,
When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow.
Will it pass through Old Ireland to join the blest band.

O, Soggarth Aroon! sure I know that in heaven
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me;
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them,
In those realms of joy mid souls pure and free.
Yet, Soggarth I pray ere you leave me forever,
Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul,
Whose hope next to God is to know that when leaving
'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way to the Goal.

O, Soggarth Aroon! I have kept thro' all changes
The thrice blessed shamrock to lay o'er my clay
And, oh, it has minded me often and often
Of that bright smiling valley so far, far away;
Then tell me I pray you, will I ever again see
The place where it grew on my own native sod,
When my body is cold in the land of the stranger
Will my soul pass thro' Erin on its way to our God.

Oh bless you my child, sure I thought it was heaven,
You wanted to go to the moment you died;
And such is the place on the ticket I'm giving
But a coupon for Ireland I'll stick to the side.
Your soul shall be free as the wind o'er the prairies,
And I'll land you at Cork on the banks of the Lee
And two little angels I'll give you like fairies,
To guide you all right over mountain and sea.

Arrah Soggarth Aroon ! can't you do any better ;
 I know that my feelings may peril your Grace,
 But if you allowed me a voice in the matter
 I won't make a landing in any such place
 The spot that I long for is Sweet County Derry
 Among its fair people I was born and bred.
 The Corkies I never much fancied while living
 And I don't want to visit them after I'm dead.

Let me fly to the hills where my soul can make merry
 In the North where the shamrock more beautiful grows,
 In the Counties Caven, Fermanagh, and Derry,
 I'll linger till call'ed to a better repose
 And the angels you'll give me will find it inviting
 To visit the shrines in the Island of Saints :
 If they bring from St. Patrick a small bit of writing
 They'll never have reason for any complaint.

A soul, my dear child that has pinions upon it
 Need not be confined to a province so small :
 Thro Ulster and Munster and Leinster and Connocht ;
 In less than a jiffy you're over it all,
 Then visit sweet Cork, where your Soggarth was born
 No doubt many new things have come into vogue
 But one thing you'll find that both night, noon, and morn
 As for centuries back there's no change in the brogue.

Good mother assist me in this my last hour ;
 And Soggarth Aroon ! lay your hand on my head :
 Sure your Soggarth for all and for all you have power,
 And I take it for penance for what I have said
 And now since you tell me through Ireland I'm passing
 And finding the place so remarkably small
 I'll never let on to the angels while crossing
 That I know a distinction in Counties at all.

* This is a "mosaic production, the work of many hands". The poem was popular from its appearance and verses were added from time to time. By the way the addenda, so imitatively humorous, if rightly interpreted, will not be regarded as irreverent.

The First Rector.

A SKETCH.



HOSTS of students and friends mourn the death of Rev. James M. McGuckin O. M. I., D. D. which took place April the 7th in Victoria, British Columbia. The deceased was born 68 years ago in Cookstown, Tyrone Co., Ireland. After obtaining a thorough commercial education he entered into business with his father, gaining therein a knowledge of men of all conditions in life that proved afterwards to be so much service to him in his priestly and religious career. The year 1859 found him no longer a man of the world but joyfully making his perpetual vows as Oblate of Mary Immaculate at Sicklinghall, Yorkshire, England. Thence he went to Marseilles, France, to finish his philosophical and theological studies. It was at a time when the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, while all the while continuing their original mission at home, namely the evangelization of the poor and uncared for of society, with the blessing of God took an unlooked for development and had become the pioneers of civilization and religion in several unexplored countries. The ambition to engage in the movement seized Rev. Bro. McGuckin and he was sent to help his brethern in the great Northwest of Canada. He was ordained in 1863 by Bishop Demers, the first missionary bishop of Vancouver Island. His first charge was St. Louis school in Victoria, B. C., the then only Catholic educational institution in the colony. He organized a complete course of commercial and classical studies. Thanks to the impetus received under his direction, St. Louis College soon went to the front, its classrooms thronged by the youth of British Columbia, Vancouver Island and even of several of the States to the south.

A man of great natural tact and affability was needed for the ministry in the "Cariboo district." The discovery of gold had brought the

usual influx of lawless adventurers. Among them reigned total disregard for life and property. But the noble qualities displayed by Father McGuckin when he received the appointment, soon procured respect and affection from the miners of all creeds and nationalities. A Chief Justice of the Supreme Court declared that, "in the gold fever days, Rev. Father McGuckin accomplished more for the ends of justice than did a score of Her Majesty's officers." His name became known in every part of the colony. His mission lay between the 50th and the 55th parallel of latitude. His visits extended from the mines of the Rockies across the Chilcote plains out to the Skeena River and the Pacific coast. During his ten years at William's Lake, Father McGuckin showed not only zeal but wonderful administrative ability in the organizing of scattered population into regular settlements, in erecting fine churches and several flourishing schools. His popularity with all classes was immense. When trouble arose between the Government and the Indians, bloodshed was arrested only by the intervention of Father McGuckin who, at the entreaty of the authorities, went among the aggrieved natives and induced them to accept terms.

In 1882 he went to New Westminster to be President of St. Louis College and Vicar-General of Bishop d'Herbomez. These duties he discharged till 1889 when he became the first Rector of the University of Ottawa. He managed the affairs of this institution for eight years with rare wisdom and success, winning for it many friends throughout the country. However the work and the confinement told on his health and Father McGuckin was obliged to return to his "dear British Columbia." Here ever zealous and active, he built the church of the Holy Rosary in Victoria, one of the finest in the whole far west. And here, too, the end came. During Passion Week, Father McGuckin caught a cold but disregarded it, thinking it would wear away. He said mass on the day before he died, went about his usual duties, and presided at the evening prayer. On the morning of Tuesday in Holy Week he was unable to rise. The doctor, on being summoned, declared that congestion of the lungs had reached the fatal stage. The dying missionary calmly received the last rites of the church, joyfully

renewed his vows, blessed his religious family, and shortly after, peacefully resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker. Thus passes away a good and a great man. He truly made himself "all to all men." Up to the close of his career Father McGuckin had borne heavy responsibilities unflinchingly: he did so from a profound sense of duty and a desire to render service. He is mourned by a vast number who, with the "British Columbian Record" have recognized in him "a genuine man, a true religious and a loyal priest."

The Hon. David Mills.



Y the death of the Hon. David Mills, Canada loses one of her ablest and most universally respected public men. Few statesmen have taken so prominent and useful a part in Canadian public life and incurred so little of censure or personal hostility. This was from no lack of vigour on his part, for when he was in the House of Commons he was one of the strongest fighters on the Liberal side. He commanded the respect of his opponents, because to a man they believed in his honour and integrity. To Ottawa College students who loved debate, Mr. Mills was an interesting figure and they managed generally to be on hand in the galleries when he was scheduled to deliver one of his sturdy blows.

Hon. David Mills was descended from Puritan and United Empire Loyalist ancestors on his father's side; his mother was of Welsh extraction and a devout Catholic, a fact that contributed to make her eminent son friendly to Catholics. He was born in the Township of Oxford, Kent Co Ont., March 18, 1831. Educated at the local schools and at the University of Michigan he received the LL. B. in 1855. He began life as a school teacher, and was subsequently appointed super-

intendent of schools for the County of Kent, which office he filled up to 1865. His character received its permanent impress in this avocation and to his last hour he exhibited the school-teachers deferential enthusiasm for all constitutional documents and established history. For his part in the Manitoba School Question, he deserves something of Canadian Catholics. He declared for the constitutional side of their case as long as compromise was not advocated.

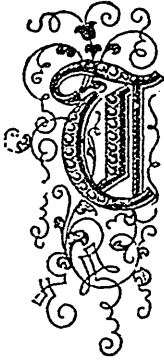
In 1867 Mr. Mills was elected for Bothwell to the House of Commons, and held a seat in that body from the beginning of the first Parliament till the general election in 1882, when he was defeated for a session. He was afterwards reelected and continued to represent the constituency up to the general election in 1896, when he was defeated by the Conservative candidate.

Mr. Mills was called to the bar in 1883, and followed the practice of his profession in London. He was created a Q.C. by the Ontario Government in 1890, and was recommended to the Earl of Aberdeen for a similar distinction by the Tupper administration in 1896. He was employed by the Ontario Government to define the Northwest boundary of the province in 1872, and his professional services were retained in conducting the argument on this subject before the Imperial Privy Council in 1884. He was also retained by the Ontario Government in the Court of Appeal and in the Supreme Court in the question of Indian titles, and also in the case as to the appointment of Queen's Counsel.

The author of several brochures on political subjects, Mr. Mills likewise wrote extensively on public questions for the magazines and newspapers, and he was for five years editor-in-chief of the London Advertiser. He was chosen to fill the chair of constitutional and international law in Toronto University in 1888. He held the office of Minister of the Interior in the Mackenzie Government from October 1876, to October, 1878. He was called to the Senate in November, 1896, and afterwards succeeded Sir Oliver Mowat as Minister of Justice in the Laurier cabinet. He retired to take a seat on the Supreme Court bench.

The death of Mr. Mills reminds us that in a few years the political destinies of federated Canada will have passed completely to a second generation. The old order which he so honorably represented, still exists in such men as Cartwright, Costigan and Bowell. With these will close the first glorious period of the history of the Dominion.

A Model Millionaire.



THE world never ceases to be interested in the careers of rich and successful men. The amassing and the preservation of large fortunes, especially when attended by noble qualities of heart and mind, inevitably gain the praise and envy of the crowd. The life of the late Thos. Nevins the American Railroad contractor, presents all these claims to admiration and more. Religion was its prominent feature but it was no hindrance to his worldly success nay rather he showed by his example how true Christian piety combines with the elements of worldly interest to make that success all the more certain. The habit of considering and judging things from a religious point of view is one of the best guarantees against error and failure, and doubtless Mr. Nevins owed to such a habit that he rarely found himself going astray in his deductions.

At the age of twenty-one Thomas Nevins left Ireland to seek fortune in America. He had a small sum of money and a young wife! of other friends he had none but he possessed what was of greater value to him, an extraordinary business capacity, a quick mind, and indefatigable energy. With this capital the young Irishman was soon on the road to success. The boldness of his schemes, the soundness of his judgment, his abilities to carry difficult enterprises to a successful issue quickly distinguished him among business men. At the same time he gained a reputation for high principle by making it clear from the outset that he detested all species of trickery, dishonesty and under-hand work.

We cannot here enumerate the works and accomplishments of this eminent man. That shall be left to other hands. The religious side of his character, having been always prominent, is the one that interests us most.

Indeed many would think that a life of such business activity could not devote much time to exercises of practical piety ; if we look at him in a religious light it becomes a wonder to us how he ever found time for and business transactions. But he so blended his religious and temporal affairs that they never clashed. Religion always retained the highest position in his heart from the time he first set foot in America until he breathed his last at Mount Shannon. No matter how busily employed he might be, he never allowed temporal affairs to usurp the place of piety, and it is to this fact that he owes the uniform course of his life

Mr. Nevins was throughout his life filled with a deep spirit of prayer. However important an undertaking he might have in hand he never neglected his daily prayers. During the day he would often seek a quiet corner and recite an "Our Father" or some other little prayer. Whilst travelling he always liked to sit alone and say his Rosary. "This" he said "I find a much more useful occupation than joining in casual gossip and reading the news of the day.

Throughout his whole career Mr. Nevins retained a fervent devotion for the Sacrifice of the Mass. He was never known to have missed Mass for a single Sunday or Holiday, even after he became crippled. So strong was his trust in the power of the Holy Sacrifice to gain God's grace that he never underook any important work without having Masses offered for his success. A most touching mark of his devotion in this line is seen in the project he contemplated of building a chapel in his park over the vault where his daughter was buried, and where he and his family could hear Mass daily.

It is only to be expected that a man who was such a model in his public and spiritual affairs should also have a happy and well regulated family-circle. His home was indeed a centre of innocent pleasure and good cheer. His personality was so winning, and his hospitality towards his guests so cordial and hearty, that no one could help being at ease in his company. "To know Mr. Nevins" "said a friend once "was not merely to like him,—it was to love him" an angel of cheerfulness himself, his great delight was in making others happy.

As an additional element of entertainment in his home Mr.

Nevins had wonderful conversational abilities. His clear voice had a ring of cheerfulness that refreshed his listener. His merry laugh would banish any care that might rest on the mind of his guest. The utter lack of affectation or constraint in his speech lent charm and interest to his words. He frequently interspersed his narratives with points of native Irish wit and delicate touches of humor. In business this gift of speech permitted him to make his statements so lucid, concise and forcible that he frequently attracted the attention of members of the legal profession.

Though visitors found him such an entertaining host his chief delight was in the limits of his family-circle. For his wife he ever retained a most remarkable and tender affection. Time and circumstances never changed this love, for he recognized in this wife a help-mate whose energy and judgement aided him much in his battle of life.

Next to his wife Mr. Nevins cherished his children with all the tender affections of a father. No children ever occupied a higher position in their father's heart, and none ever responded so heartily to affection of a parent than did those of Thomas Nevins. He seemed to find especial pleasure in speaking of his son, whom he had felt justified in making his chief confidant and adviser at the early age of sixteen, and if any son was ever worthy of such trust and love it was this child of Mr. Nevins. We could not better describe him than by that expression (if we may be permitted to use it), "A chip of the old block".

Speaking of his daughters Mr. Nevins once said "they have been everything that I could desire them to be; and I am happy to say they are settled in life to my entire satisfaction" The depth of his love can only be measured by the depth of grief on the death of his eldest daughter. His heart bled and for a time he was inconsolable; but his wonderful love for his Maker was stronger still, and he bowed his head, and said, "it has pleased Him to take her, we must not grudge her to Him."

That so large a heart should always retain a grateful respect and tender admiration for the scenes of his worldly success is

to be expected. Mr. Nevins regarded America as having more than one claim on his affections and love. It had been the field of triumphs and successes; the land that afforded scope to his genius and energy. He saw in it the country that gave to multitudes of his fellow-countrymen the hospitality, liberty and religious freedom, denied them at home, and which alone an Irishman requires to make his life a success. But above all it consoled him to see the great influence these Irish emigrants wielded in raising the Catholic Church to a flourishing condition in America.

Though Mr. Nevins held America in high esteem he bestowed his greatest love on the land of his birth; but even in this devotion he judged from a religious view-point. An intimate friend says, "there were countries larger, freer, richer, but to his mind there was no nation under the sun where the greatest of all blessings:—that of a happy death—was so easily attainable as the old land of St. Patrick. He gloried in the steadfastness of Ireland to the old faith, and used to say with pride, "all other things might be torn from her bleeding hands but faith could never be wrenched from her grasp".

The depth and purity of his patriotism might be judged by the scheme which he entertained, and put into execution as far as he was able, for improving the condition of the Irish people. His idea was that the Irish-Americans should return and reside in the old country, using their wealth for the benefit of the needy people who were less fortunate than themselves. "The money" he said he said which would thus be circulated would counterbalance to a great extent the drain made by absentee landlords. He frequently tried to persuade other Irishmen to take up the scheme, and he set this example himself by returning and taking up property. That his idea was as feasible as it was noble and worthy may be best judged by the success which attended his own efforts.

To the unfortunate he always proved "the friend in need", and especially so to the poor and humble. He gave with such a cheerful humility that his act went straight to the heart of the poor recipient of his munificence. No wonder that he was called, the friend of the

of the struggling, the father of the poor, titles which he valued more than crowns or empires. Prompted by his deep religious spirit he aided the Church with a munificent hand, by building, furnishing or endowing needy schools. His devotion did not stop here, but his heart and purse were open to ecclesiastical students whose means were insufficient to educate them for the priesthood. It seemed to afford him a special joy to exercise his liberty in this way. "One of my greatest consolation" he often observed, is the thought that these priests will remember me, when they stand at the altar to celebrate the Holy Mass. That remembrance I prize beyond all the silver and gold the world can bestow."

Is it any wonder then that when Thomas Nevins silently breathed forth his soul into the hands of his Maker, whom he had served so faithfully, it should be amidst the overwhelming grief of his affectionate wife and family and the genuine sorrow of a devoted people? The sorrow of his family, at his demise, was as immeasurable as their love for him had been during life. The grief of his fellow-countrymen was deeply touching and from the broad Atlantic a tear-stained hand was stretched in silent sympathy, The regret was universal.

What a glorious monument to the sterling qualities of the man was this manifestation of sorrow. He needs no other tablet to perpetuate his memory. Long after the name of Mr. Nevins, the great railway magnate, captain of industry and multi-millionaire is forgotten the name of Tom Nevins, the model Catholic, true patriot, helper of the needy and father of the poor, will still be honored and revered by those on whom he exercised his kindness. In speaking of the influence for good which he attained during life we might truly place on his lips those words of Tennyson.

"Use gave me fame at first, and fame
Again increasing gave me use."

A. L. McDONALD, '05-

“Tangled in Stars”*



THIS small volume of verse is by Ethelwyn Wetherald a young Canadian poet of promise. Like its sister volume entitled, “The House of the Trees,” it is all love of nature as we see it about us, in quiet, pathetic mood—“both what we half create and half receive.” And Wordsworth is often recalled. These verses are as immaterialistic as his own : the foolish hurry of the town is judged,

If one might live ten years among the leaves . . .
To drowse within the blessed fields of home,
So near to earth—so very near to God.

The leaves in their colour, in their fading, blown against the window panes or in at the door, they possess the writer’s fancy and heart.

When I shall go to sleep and wake again
At dawning in another world than this,
What will atone to me for all I miss ?
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,
The press of leaves against my window pane,
The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss.
The moon’s enchantment and the twilight kiss
Of winds that wander with me through the lane.

Will not my soul-remember evermore
The earthly winter’s hunger for the spring,
The wet sweet cheek of April, and the rush
Of roses through the summer’s open door ;
The feelings that the scented woodlands bring
At evening with the singing of the thrush ?

*Reviewed by Prof. Stockley, M. A., in the *Irish Monthly* for March.

This is musical ; but the unvaried iambi, and the final stress again and again, make it, when compared with Wordsworth's, "When I have borne in memory," for instance, like the carefully laid line of Buckingham's speech, compared with the "constructed" verse of the more Shakespeare-like parts of "Henry VIII."

As to the thought of this sonnet—Charles Lamb's "New Year's Eve," which Southey unreasonably reproached as irreligious—it is the difficulty which is not quite astounding only when life is accepted for action and not for debate. But the difficulty always remains. If faith were not an intellectual act, but only the effort after feeling, then, perhaps, the poet would have special cause for her verse, on the little child's death :—

Or would that Faith might build more strong
The bridge between my heart
And thy fair dwelling-place, so thou
And spring should not depart.

It is pleasant to note local colouring in poems of nature. We have here (pp. 18-26) the dandelion as a loved and respected flower. So in Lowell. But to the English and Irish writer it is always a weed despised. So, very happily, for the fine American cedar-like tree :

The hemlock groups that dimly hold
Their own against the noonday gold.

In spring, that is. But we should humbly suggest it is good for American, or at least Canadian, autumn.

Not so pleasing an Americanism is "The Plowman," revival though it be. If *not* may be used as Goldsmith used it, what a pity we may not have again.

And Niàgara stuns with thund'ring sound,
instead of the poor hurried thing "Niàgara."
Just listen !

We live among unheard Niàgaras.

On the other hand, how needful it is to keep "*sung*" (page 12) in poetry, instead of the thin "*sang*." It is not fair to quote, by the way,

in verse. "The quality of metrics," as here, is all very well. But, "It looks the very stuff of dreams" seems to make prosy the mighty verses.

And yet, indeed, we are made to feel the beautiful home-sickness for God's country, when the poet does quote directly in the following—characteristic of the loving eye for nature throughout the book, the nature not bold, but quiet, after still showers, of *Il Penseroso*—

"If I were out of prison"—ah ! the leap
That Arthur's heart gave with its yearning strong—
"If I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long."

O, little prince, whose feet were strange to grass,
Whose royal hands no dandelions knew,
Whose wistful child-eyes saw no seasons pass,
Within the city walls I think of you ;

For here on pavements hot to work I creep,
Walls, roofs, and chimneys at my windows throng ;
Ah ! were I out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.

For a more varied verse, for a tone resigned and grateful, turn to the last page ; and except for our grumbling that winter-trees' colours are lovely, we like to quote from "The passing year" :—

The feast is over, the guests are fled :
It is time to be old, it is time for bed.
The wind has blown out every light,
And the pleasure garden is turned to blight.
The trees like puffed-out candles stand,
And the smoke of their darkness is over the land,
Birds is an ecstasy, flowers that teem,
All gone by ; now the quiet sky
Looks down on the earth where the snow must lie.

Let prayers be said,
And cover the fire with ashes.

Patriotism.

"Such is the patriot's boast where'er I roam
His first best country ever is at home."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

HOWELL defines patriotism as "the endeavor to arrive at a proper conception of the power of heroic conditions in making heroic men, and especially in strengthening that instinct made up of so many associations which we call love of country." From this we understand that patriotism is a passion which impels a man to serve and protect his native land. This he may do, either by maintaining its rights and established institutions or by forcing the relentless foe to retrace his steps from those frontiers he vain would *cross* and *attack*. Thus considering it as a virtue which urges men on to valorous deeds, the only true actions which become a true hero, we must not forget that the line of distinction between patriotism and a domineering ignorance is very faintly drawn. At times the separation grows so insignificant that the former loses itself in the latter. Doctor Johnston defined patriotism as "The last refuge of a scoundrel," and we find the following in Berkeley; "Being loud and vehement either for a court or against a court is no proof of patriotism". The world judges a man not by his words but by his actions. In every nation and at times under different circumstances, there has been a man chosen by Providence to work along certain defined lines and thereby form a nation's destiny. The spheres in which this great work may be accomplished are many, and each has its train of duties sufficient to discourage the man without a special mission.

It may be as the warrior and general, leading on to victory his discontented countrymen, casting underfoot oppression and tyranny with all their attendant evils. How many examples of this nature have we met in history where true patriotism was instrumental in shaking off foreign power. We have but to refer to the war of Independence with England across the border. There we see Washington leading his troops over mountain and dale to victory and liberty.

It may be as the poet with his inspiring lines, and beautiful thoughts couched in fine language. Or it may be the orator who moves the hearts and minds of the people and renders them determined to act. But be he a Caesar, a Moore, or Demosthenes, if he has rendered great service to his country let his memory ever be kept green. A true patriot is one that causes his country to throw off its mantle of sorrow and affliction and bids her don the wedding garment. What greater fortune can befall a man than to be God's instrument in delivering a nation from the chains of slavery and oppression, and to elevate the ideas of the people to that glorious "free" state.

Taking each country separately and reading the pages of its history we find thereon emblazoned in gold the names of its patriots. A view of the flag which flings its folds to the breezes over a "greater empire than has been", recalls the memory of Wellington at Waterloo, Clive in India, Gordon at Khartoum, Roberts, Kitchener, and Hamilton in South Africa.

If next we take a view of the history of that country which for centuries has known ought but oppression, of that country over which the flag of green and gold so grandly but mournfully displays its folds, and we find therein names of patriots who have made the whole world resound with their devotion to their motherland. As Moses was chosen leader of the Israelites, so was O'Connell that of the Irish. His works in defence of his country defy any just description. Whether he was exhorting his people on the hillside or demanding Emancipation at Westminster, his every move was that of a true patriot. How can the true Irishmen ever forget Robert Emmet around whose name there hangs such a cloud of sorrow. Nor can we forget such patriots as Dillon, Davis, O'Brien, Mitchel, Parnell, Michael Davitt, Remond, and Devlin.

But while martial patriotism kindles the imagination and touches the sympathetic chords of the heart we must not forget those who give up their dearest comforts and enjoyments and devote their life and fortunes to the morality of their country. To perform this, the more modest and thoughtful patriotism, which enlightens the mind to con-

sider those questions, which through course of time has become part of the people must be considered. As Emerson, quoted in Bishop Spalding's "Things of the Mind", says; "Trade and government will not alone be the favorite aims, but every useful every elegant art, every exercise of the imagination, the height of reason, the noblest affection, the purest religion will find their home in our institutions and write our laws for the benefit of men".

RUPERT VALLILLEE,

2nd Form.

Pan Michael.

PAN MICHAEL is the last of a trilogy of historic novels written by Henryk Sienkiewicz. This volume covers the invasion of the Polish Commonwealth by the Turks, from the siege of Kamenyets to the battle of Hatın.

After the close of the Hungarian war, when the marriage of Pan Andri Kmita and Panna Aleksandra Billewich was celebrated, Pan Michael Volodyovski, the most famous soldier of the Commonwealth, was to marry Panna Anna Borzobogati Kripienski. However, hindrances occurred; the last being a command received by Pan Michael to repair to the distant frontier to assist in quelling the Ukraine rebellion. Away several years, on his return everything was made ready for his marriage. when his betrothed suddenly became ill and died.

To Pan Michael in despair, his friends, fearing for his reason, sent Zagloba, his old companion-in-arms, to comfort him. Zagloba, an old man, but still strong, had served in every war since his boyhood and had gained great fame. He was never known to have given wrong advice. But he was given to boasting and to drinking. However he

was generous and kind-hearted and as true a friend as man could wish for.

On his journey to Pan Michael, Zagloba learned that his friend had entered a monastery. There he went and induced Pan Michael to leave by telling him that Sobieski, the grand-hetman required him to serve the country.

Pan Michael's sister now came to visit him, and with her came Panna Krysia Drohoyvoski and Panna Basia Yezorkouski ; both very beautiful. Krysia was quiet and sedate, but Basia was restless, brave, and as Pan Michael called her, a tomboy. She loved a soldier's life, and indeed was more of a soldier than a woman. Pan Michael fell in love with Krysia and soon they were secretly engaged. Zagloba, not knowing this, was resolved that Michael should marry Basia, whom he greatly admired.

Pan Michael now received orders to leave for Russia, and being a stern soldier he put duty to his country before all private feelings, and so departed.

Ketling who had been away, now returned. He was handsome and courtly, and soon won the affection of the gentle Krysia in spite of her engagement. He loved her passionately, but when he proposed he was refused although Krysia confessed her love for him. She resolved to enter a convent as the last means of obtaining happiness.

Pan Michael now returned and released her from her engagement in order to secure her happiness. Thus did his noble, generous nature assert itself. He now discovered that Basia loved him, and as she confessed it first herself, he found it in his heart to return her love. Shortly afterwards, to Zagloba's immense joy, seeing his wishes fulfilled, the marriages of both couples were celebrated.

Pan Michael now received orders to guard the Moldavian border. Basia could not be constrained to part from him. He therefore went forward to prepare a habitation for her, and shortly after, she, with Zagloba, was escorted there by a guard of Lithuanian Tartars.

Basia was received with wild delight by the soldiers and officers. She spent many happy days, riding, hunting, and leading a free, careless

life on the frontier. Early in the winter they were visited by some distinguished persons who had come for the purpose of asking Pan Michael's assistance in ransoming Pan Boski, captured some time previously. In the long winter evening they were joined by such officers of the garrison of Pan Musholski, the incomparable bowman, and Pan Motovidlo.

One evening as Mellehovich, chief of the guard, entered the house to speak to Pan Michael, he was recognized by old Novoveski as his runaway slave Azya, whom he had found in the steppe when very young, and he also stated that he had two fish tattooed on his breast. On hearing this Pan Nyenashinyets, who was in the room, said that Mellehovich was Azya, the son of Tugai Bey.

Eva, daughter of one of the visitors, when she had met Azya fell violently in love with him, and he seemed to return her love. In reality he was laying plans to secure Basia, whom he loved madly, unknown to anyone. When her friends left, Eva remained because Basia wanted to give Azya an opportunity to propose to her young friend. Azya, however, for some unknown reason, did not take advantage of this opportunity. It was decided that Basia should accompany Eva to Rashkoff to remain for a few weeks. Azya with his Tartars, was to form the escort. On hearing this he was overjoyed, for he saw the realization of his infamous designs. On the morning appointed the party started, Basia and Eva driving in a sleigh. Basia's pony was taken with them in order that she might ride over the difficult places. The first night was spent in Mohiloff, distant about fifty miles from Hreptyoff, whence they had set out. There were only a few troops here, so Azya left fifty horse to strengthen the command as he said. The next stay was at Yampol and Azya left fifty horse here also.

Basia determined to make the last stage of the journey on horseback, so as to give Azya a chance to arrange matters with Eva, but he said nothing to her. On the contrary he accompanied Basia. Riding slowly they gradually fell behind the troops. Azya seemed greatly excited and acted so strangely that Basia inquired what was the matter with him. He avoided the question and replied that he was waiting for a messenger. At last his messenger, Hatim, rode up and reported

that there were only a few troops in Rashkoff, and that Pan Adam was absent ; also that Krychinski was on the opposite side of the river awaiting commands. Azya bid him command Krychinski to occupy Rashkoff ; and Hatim rode away. Then turning to Basia, Tugai Bey's son told her of his love for her, and of his intentions towards her ; saying this he clasped her in his arms and drew her from the saddle. Basia however resisted with unexpected vigor. Her brave heart was not cowed, but roused by this cowardly attempt. Seizing a pistol she struck out with all her strength, and hit the ruffian between the eyes with the butt of it. The blow was so terrible that Azya fell from his horse without uttering a sound, dragging Basia with him. But she was on her feet in a flash, and mounting her pony rodé at full speed away into the broad steppes, leaving Azya lying almost dead. She kept up her rapid pace until her horse showed signs of fatigue. Suddenly she heard the sound of horse's hoofs and soon Azya's horse was beside her. This greatly encouraged her as she could now change horses and go much faster.

When Azya came back to consciousness he was lying where he had fallen. He could see but ill, as Basia's blow had knocked out one eye. His nose was also broken. After several attempts he arose to his feet, and with the help of his sabre succeeded in walking. When the orderly came back for commands at night he found Azya. After ordering pursuit Tugai Bey's son became unconscious for three days. When he recovered he ordered an attack on Rashkoff. They captured the town and plundered and murdered all its inhabitants.

Pan Novoveski, Pan Boski, Zosia, and Eva were taken prisoners. The first, Azya murdered, Pan Boski he gave to his servant Halim, Eva to Adurovich, and he kept Zosia. He now gave command to return to the Sultan's dominions, and his unhappy prisoners were taken along with him.

To return to Basia. She still continued to ride swiftly. One night was passed on the road. In the morning she discovered that the wolves had taken her pony. She continued to ride all that day, that night, and the following day. While crossing a river in the afternoon, her horse broke through the ice ; and although she escaped safely, her

horse went under the ice. Basia was now almost in despair, but she determined to walk as far as she could. This she did; but at last her strength gave out and she, exhausted, sank down to die. But suddenly she heard the well known sounds of the wellsweeps, and with a last effort struggled forward and reached Hreptyoff, and appeared to Pan Michael and Zagloba, who were speechless with amazement. She told her story in a few words and then fell unconscious.

Basia was dangerously sick for a long time; but under the affectionate care of her husband and Zagloba, gradually recovered.

The Turkish invasion was daily expected and Pan Michael received orders from the hetman to assist in the defense of Kamenyets, the bulwark of the Commonwealth. Ketling was to command the artillery of the fortress. Basia and Krysia could not be persuaded to leave their husbands, so they too were taken.

In the meantime Pan Adam with three hundred dragoons crossed into Moldavia to revenge himself on Azya, and for this purpose hid himself in the line of march of the Turkish army, feeling sure that Azya, with his Tartars, would be in the vanguard. At last the advance guard appeared, and was in fact composed of the Lithuanian Tartars under the command of Tugai Bey's son.

Choosing a dark, stormy night, Pan Adam attacked the Tartar camp with fury, and after defeating the Tartars, carried Azya away with him to Rashkoff. In the course of the journey Pan Adam was told by Azya that Zosia and Eva were sold to a Stambul merchant, and were beyond hope of recovery. On arriving at Rashkoff Azya was drawn on the stake, and there ended in great suffering the life of one who had aimed high, but who through his own treason was brought to a sudden and miserable end.

Pan Michael and Ketling took an oath successfully to defend the castle of Kamenyets or to fall under its ruins. Pan Michael kept up the defence with great vigor, and made repeated successful sorties on the enemy. But another power was at work in the town. The Starosta of Podolia and Bishop Lantskoronski opened negotiations with the Sultan. At first no terms were decided upon so the siege continued.

The Turks made a desperate assault on the castle but they were driven back with great loss. Pan Michael now entertained hopes of holding the castle successfully. Suddenly however, the artillery attack ceased, and looking towards the town, the officers saw white flags waving. Kamenyets had surrendered! Volodyovski received orders to evacuate the castle. He was filled with consternation and immeasurable sorrow. He discovered now that all his toil, fatigue, and bloodshed had been in vain. He and Ketling were bound by their oaths to remain behind, so when the troops marched out Ketling went below and set off a mine killing Valodyovski, himself, and many who had not yet left the castle. Thus died Pan Michael Valodyovski, the hero of Kamenyets, the incomparable swordsman, the first soldier of the Commonwealth. Basia was left in inconsolable sorrow, and poor old Zagloba was heartbroken. The body was temporarily buried in Stanislaw, before seeking its final resting place in Hreptyoff, where Basia wished to have it buried.

About a year after the surrender of Kamenyets, Sobieski took the field with about thirty-one thousand cavalry and infantry, and at the Battle of Hatin inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Turks under the command of Hussein Pasha. In the Polish army were seen some of the old officers of Hreptyoff and most of them met a glorious death. Pan Motowidlo was killed. Pan Mushalski was pierced by an arrow; and young Pan Adam, who could find no happiness in the world after the terrible fate of Zosia and Eva, after killing Kiaya Pasha, the commander of the janissaries, met death with a smile on his face.

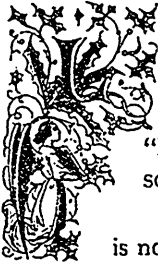
The object of this book is to encourage those who are burdened down with great difficulties; to teach them to endure many sufferings and sorrows without losing hope, and so go to their reward like Pan Michael Valodyovski.

JAS. HARRY MACDONALD,

Graduating Class, Com. Course -

Courtesy.

FROM "THE NEWS."



ORD Minto, whose welcome stay in Toronto has popularized himself, his family and his high office in many ways, gave some good advice to the school-boy cadets.

"Be courteous" was the main tenor of his brief but seasonable speech. His Excellency said :

"Both pupils and teachers ought to remember that it is not the actual education, but the training of the general character which tends to insure the success of the race. With all the self reliance that marks a new country like this, it would be well to remember the generous traditions and the courteous manners of the Old Country. There was sometimes a tendency to demonstrate self-reliance by a want of respect to fellow-men and to those in authority. While he was a believer in self-reliance and in the words of the poet :

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

he thought one was much more likely to succeed by learning respect to those above and courteous manners. Respect was not at all an imitation of servility, and he felt sure that the younger generation would benefit by studying the generous traditions of the Old World to which he had already alluded."

This advice implied no reflection on his Excellency's public school audience. But it was timely, and, if what has been remarked by other observers be true, it touched one of the infirmities of Canadian youth. The Canadian boy has a fair average of virtues. He is probably neither better nor worse than other boys ; but in a country described by an eminent publicist as "rough, raw and democratic," juvenile graces of

behavior will always stand in need of cultivation. It is well to see ourselves as others see us and not to be over-sensitive of the criticism. Dr. Newman Hall, the famous preacher of Surrey Chapel, who labored among the working classes and the slums of London, once said that Canadians could learn something of respect for their elders from the poorest lads in his parish. The gallery witticisms of a university convocation are too often the acme of rudeness, although probably not so intended. The president of Princeton College was so "roughed" on one of these occasions in Toronto that he was forced to bring his address to a close. The late Premier, Mr. Hardy, was similarly treated. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, most kindly critics of anything Canadian, more than once hinted that youthful respect for age and authority in this country might be very much improved. Dr. Armstrong Black, a good sample of the courteous Scottish divine, spoke very plainly on the same topic to his hearers at St. Andrew's not very long ago. "Courtesy and a consideration for the feelings of others is one of the best tests of a gentleman," was the fit rebuke of a Toronto college professor to his ill-mannered, unruly class. Obedience is on the same plane, and it was impressed on the cadets by Earl Dundonald. "They must remember," he said, "that no man ever became great in commanding others who did not first learn to obey. The man who could not obey could never command." And he might have added that the courteous youth is never slow to obey in either civil or military life.

"In every Government

How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

The Catholic Novel.

BUT need it be Catholic in order to be permissible? And what is a Catholic novel? To answer these questions we must recur to first principles," writes Dr Orestes Brownson in a review of the books of Gerald Griffin.

"Being the imitation of human life, fiction belongs to the poetic arts. Being such, it has necessarily two aspects, one looking toward the visible and natural world, the other towards the invisible and supernatural. Life passes in these two spheres; so must its mimic representation. And the more nearly fiction touches on the supernatural sphere of humanity, the nobler and loftier, the more moral and more universally popular it becomes. Note, that in fiction the supernatural means the preternatural—mythology, witchcraft, *diablerie* of all sorts, the ghost, the fairy, the demon, the magician—the more than natural powers and agents over which our imagination possesses rightful control; for as to the truly higher and divining powers, the rule still obtains: *Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.*

Let us take one step further. There is no such thing as a natural society, stripped of every supernatural element, unless it be among the Hottentots; but the society in which human life is most deeply interpenetrated with the supernatural, is Catholic society, whether in the present or past ages. A Catholic novel, strictly, is a fiction in which this highest and most beautiful society is depicted. Some of the best of these are written by non-Catholics. The novels of Walter Scott, in spite of his ignorance, prejudice and unfair *animus* towards the Catholic Church, are of this description. Accordingly as vivid pictures of Catholic ages, they contributed powerfully to the revival of Catholic sympathies and ideas in the heart of educated England. Now, in this point of view, Gerald Griffin is evidently a Catholic novelist; not because he was individually a Catholic; not that he introduced any controversy, open or tacit or implied, into his stories; but simply because he described with unaffected truth, a Catholic society, a society eminently interpenetrated with the sentiment of the supernatural, a society instinct with the spirit of faith, that of Catholic Ireland."

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Vol. V.

Valedictory.

Commencement day is once more near at hand and with its passing another senior class must bid adieu to its Alma Mater. Yes, in a few short hours the class of 1903 shall have passed from college home and surroundings to the great world beyond. The curtain shall have dropped, and their course finished. These few hours must then be for them a time of retrospection—every college event is reviewed, every association is more fondly cherished. The reminiscences of these days, are such as to make of them days never to be forgotten. True the parting will be hard, but they have the consolation of taking with them the best regards and good wishes of those whom college days have rendered near and dear.

But before we have said farewell the Review cannot be silent, but is bound to offer its thanks and appreciation to the graduates of 1903, for the good and arduous work they have performed in its behalf. Ever active and ever willing to further the best interests of their college paper, they have succeeded in keeping it in the front rank of college journalism.

Graduates of 1903, the Review bids you farewell. May Heaven's choicest blessings crown your every effort.

Summer Reading.

Bishop Spalding says, "The best thing the youth carries from college is not knowledge but the ardent desire to learn." If one were to judge of the ardent desire to learn from the trashy newspapers and railroad fiction which form nine-tenths of the summer reading of most of us, college students, it would be difficult not to become pessimistic. Where is the Catholic student who reads, during vacation, Newman or Faber or Spalding? These English classics are too dry for the average youth. Think of it! Newman interesting! Newman whose very passion was to write clearly and interestingly, who is the greatest of the masters of English prose and yet who is considered by the educated student, as reading not fit for him. Besides, the aimless literary prospector may tell you fiction is the only proper summer reading.

Beautiful poems, we must suppose, he is not cultivated enough to appreciate: for he does not read them during summer and evidently has no time to read them in winter. Poor youth! He adjudges himself to the above joining the band of poetry lovers. Nor can he tolerate beautiful descriptions of nature in prose. What could be more appropriate summer reading than to take up Ruskin's books which afford so great an insight of the world of nature. Many a language would be proud to number him among its classical writers. But in English we have so many classics, that, in despair we read trash, classics are intolerable! They make us feel our littleness. Give us books that will not set us thinking, give us fiction but not good fiction. Who would not prefer to *The Virginian*, a work that will be forgotten in a couple years, to *The Virginians*, one, that will not be forgotten in a couple of centuries. Dickens is not nearly as humorous as George Ade and is incomparably inferior to Mr. Dooley. Another bugbear of ours is Catholic fiction. We have read Gilbert Parker's *Right of Way* which despite some reprehensible theological buncombe is the best description of French Canada that has appeared, in English at least. But we would not think of reading John Taibot Smith's *Art of Disappearing*, the best picture, perhaps, of the Irish American that fiction has given us. But then the author, a clergyman, is perfect master of

the problems he touches upon. If a French Canadian priest were to write a better novel than *The Right of Way* we would probably refuse to glance at it. The idea of reading what no one is talking about what no publisher is "boosting" seems preposterous to the hot weather student. We ought indeed be proud of our summer reading.

The Justice of History,

A good many distorted views of history which have received currency as an excuse and defence for the Reformation are gradually getting straightened out. The New York *Times* shows in the latest biography of Mary Tudor how the process is speeding :

The present day method of writing history, based as it is upon a careful study of all public records, including the despatches of ambassadors and other contemporary documents preserved in record offices, with such further light as can be gathered from original manuscripts private letters in the archives of well known families has led to the reversal or modification of many long established verdicts. In no other instance, perhaps has this been more fully or convincingly shown than in the case of Mary I., the first Queen Regnant of England. It is as much a historical absurdity to apply to Mary Tudor the name of "Bloody Mary", with all the odium the name implies, as that of "Good Queen Bess" to Elizabeth, her sister and successor.

The following is a note by Fr. Guggenburger, the historian, on the Question: *Did Pius V. plan for Elizabeth's murder?* The very question asked about the last canonized pope, is repulsive to Catholic feelings and from Lord Acton's own quotations, that the charge was an unwarranted calumny. As the two publications are easily accessible, I refrain from extracting passages which, at any rate, would break up the continuity of the argument and refer to the articles themselves) They are *Dublin Review*, Jan.-April, 1875, (Vol. 24, new series.. The case of Pius V.,] pp. 130-143. *The Month*, London, Jan.-April 1875. *The Mission of Piodolfi I. Brussels and Rome*, pp. 203-212; II, [*Philipp Interior Council*], pp 333-346.

It is so void of historical support that most of the Catholic and responsible Protestant historians do not even mention it. The charge is made in connection with the Pidolfi Plot. Lingard, who gives many details of the Pidolfi plot, [Vol. 8, pp. 85-100; P. O'Shea's edit.] does not allude to the charge. Cardinal Hergenrother, in his excellent History of the church, dismisses the charge with the laconic statement: That he [Pius V.] had lived an assassin is an unwarranted calumny, [Vol. II, p. 346, ed. 1877]. In the third volume which contains a most extensive bibliography, with numerous critical observations, he makes no reference at all to the charge. "The Month" compares the charge of Lord Acton—for it is Lord Acton that gave it currency in his open letter to Gladstone about the Vatican Council—to the legend that Marlborough supped off French babies; that George IV had led a charge at Waterloo. "*It is fiction, pure and simple and does not fall within the province of historical inquiry.*" [Month 1875, Jan., April p 344). This seems to be the reason that the continental press took little notice of the charge. But as the calumny has been published in the *London Times*, and two leading periodicals of England the *Month* and the *Dublin Review* took up the question, exposed the dishonest method of Lord Acton's argumentation and proved to evidence from contemporary documents that the charge against St. Pious V. is unfounded.

The New Professor

Mr. F. W. Grey, lately appointed Professor of Elocution in the University, is an Englishman of high attainments. He has lived not only in Canada, but for prolonged periods in Germany and Belgium; and again in England whence he comes to Ottawa.

He is well known as a writer in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, the *Messenger*, the *Catholic World*; and has written also in the *Quarterly Review* of London, once the organ of Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart. Besides, he has published a volume of poems, and a story of Canadian life, *The Cure of St. Philippe*, which appeared in London.

Mr. Grey's grandfather, Earl Grey, was a famous statesman in his

time ; and his cousin, the present Earl is a prominent member of the House of Lords, who led the liberal minded Protestant peers in calling for the abolition of the anti-Catholic accession oath. Lord Grey is also interested in Colonial Education, being one of the trustees of the Rhodes' scholarships at Oxford, which we hope to see enjoyed by students from this University.

Mr. F. W. Grey is a convert to the Faith. He has written frequently on the Anglican movement toward the Church.

Our Catholic Newspapers

During the scholastic year, now nearing its term, many newspapers have been received weekly at our sanctum board. Owing to circumstances they have not received the notice in our exchange column that they merit, nevertheless they have always been sought for eagerly and perused by us with the greatest pleasure. The value of such reading matter as is found in those various Catholic publications cannot be estimated ; especially at the present time when so much danger is to be apprehended from the numerous worthless and demoralizing periodicals, scattered throughout the whole country. They serve as a gentle reminder to the people of the duties they owe to God and man ; they are especially adapted for the guidance of youth, and upon their pages are ever to be found true Christian and Catholic ideas. Every right-thinking man who has his own and his family's interest at heart, will have one, one at the very least, of those weekly visitors at his home. We tender our sincerest thanks to the editors of those various publications for their courtesy in affording us such pleasurable company during the current year.

From our neighboring republic we welcome the arrival of the Philadelphia *Standard and Times*, a paper much sought after for the reliable and up-to-date information it contains : *The Michigan Catholic* of Detroit and *The Intermountain Catholic* of Salt Lake City, which are of special value because of the true Catholic spirit they ever manifest. The Catholic press of America is happy in possessing such

publications as *The Pilot* and *The Republic* of Boston, while we must not omit to mention *The Sacred Heart Review* which is beyond doubt one of the best representatives of American literature. *The Irish World* of New York, semi-political in character, keeps us informed of the state of affairs existing in the Old Land.

One of the very best of our exchanges comes from across the Atlantic. It is *The Catholic Times* of Liverpool, a paper whose worth is recognized both at home and abroad, as a true type of what a Catholic journal ought to be.

Among our home Canadian papers the coming of *The Catholic Record* of London is always looked for with interest. It is a weekly which no Catholic family can afford to be without. *The Antigonish Casket*, *The Northwest Review* and the *Montreal True Witness*, each contain items of interest to everybody. *The Canadian Freeman* of Kingston is worthy of careful perusal containing as it does issues both religious and political. Not least is *The Register* which from Toronto champions with so much ability and judgement the principles of the true Faith.

Correspondence

The following cable from London, May 23rd is of interest. It marks a new step in the question of higher education and is as follows: The allied colonial universities conference at Burlington House on July 9 will discuss the question of the co-ordination of university education in the Empire, and the development of post-graduate courses in applied science. An Imperial Council will probably be formed to deal therewith.

The University of Ottawa has been invited to co-operate in the movement by the following letter.

12 Northampton Square,
London, E. C.
23rd March 1903.

The Very Revd. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D.,
Rector of the University of Ottawa,

Very Revd. Sir,

A Committee has been formed in England for the purpose of carrying out an idea suggested by Sir Gilbert Parker, D.C. L., M.P., at a dinner of Trinity University, Toronto, held in London in November, 1902, for an Allied Colonial Universities' Dinner.

This first gathering of graduates of Trinity outside Canada proved a great success, and it is hoped that the wider proposal of an Imperial gathering in London for June next may prove acceptable in all parts of the King's Dominion.

The Executive Committee, of which Sir Gilbert Parker is Chairman, undertakes all the duties connected with the organization and direction of the scheme. In order to mark the character and significance of the undertaking a General Committee is being formed composed of distinguished men connected with, or interested in, the Colonies, and in Education; and we beg to know if you will allow your name to be added to the list. No duties of any kind, or pecuniary liability, attach to the office which is purely formal, though the high service, rank and distinction of the members will naturally have powerful influence upon the result. The proposed gathering has been received sympathetically on every hand in England, and may prove the nucleus for something more permanent, and contribute, though perhaps indirectly, to the Educational advancement of the Empire.

The Committee are happy to announce that the Governor General of Canada, the General Officer Commanding the Militia, the High Commissioner in England, the Agents General for the other Colonies, the Superintendent of Education for Natal, and the Secretary for Education for Ontario have already joined the General Committee.

I have the honour to be,

Very Reverend Sir,

Your obedient servant,

E. N. Féré, M.D.,

Hon. Sec.

* The Very Reverend J. E. Emery, O. M. I., D. D., has accepted the invitation conveyed in the above letter and will sail for London on June 20th.

The cordial feelings expressed towards Dr. D. J. O'Connell, the new Rector of the Catholic University of Washington, when lately installed in office have provoked the following gracious letter the contents we are glad to reproduce.

The Catholic University of America.
Washington, D.C.

May 30, 1903.

Office of the Rector.

The Very Revd. Jos. Edward Emery, O.M.I.,
Rector of University of Ottawa, Canada.

Very Rev. dear Father :

I write to thank you in my own name and in the name of this University for the kind letter of congratulation you wrote me on the occasion of my nomination. I can assure you I received no letter that gave me more gratification or encouragement. It was especially gratifying to me to receive on that occasion the spontaneous greeting of a sister University in an adjoining land and I took it as the harbinger of those friendly relations that ought to exist between Catholic Institutions of learning.

It was very kind in you to say that you had received some courtesies from this Institution in the past, and it is certainly my very sincere desire to strengthen that impression in your mind for the future.

I beg you to accept for the noble University over which you so worthily preside the sisterly greetings and good wishes of this Institution, and for yourself the assurance of my gratitude and profound esteem. I have waited these many weeks in order to have the leisure and opportunity to write you these sentiments under my own hand.

Begging then the continuation of your good feeling towards us. I remain, with sentiments of profound respect for yourself and the several members of your Faculties.

Your obedient servant in Christ,

D. J. O'Connell,

Rector.

This last note, though different from the preceding, will hardly be deemed as unimportant relating as it does to the necessity in ethical education of observing the distinction between "meum" and "tuum."

Kingston, Ont., May 23rd, 1903.

The President Ottawa University,
Ottawa.

Dear Sir,

On Feb. 21st last while on my way to this city on the Kingston & Pembroke Railway, I accidentally left a purse with about \$40 in it, which was not entirely mine, in the lavatory of the car.

It was found by Mr. J. J. Keeley, a student of your Institution who at once took steps to find the owner; in consequence of which I received from him the purse and contents. I was sorry that I was not in a position to reward him but hope to do so sometime. I write this to you asking you to be kind enough to inform him (Mr. Keeley) of my appreciation of his act, and if I am ever in a position to do anything for him I shall be only too glad to do so.

Yours Respectfully.

Book Review

To those who accept the truth of Tennyson's familiar saying: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," the little pamphlet *The Our Father*, by Rev. J. G. Hagen S.J., will be very helpful. Analyzed according to the doctrine of St. Thomas the Our Father is grouped into six petitions and these are arranged under two heads, thus:

I

1. The End: Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy kingdom come.
2. The Way to the End: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
3. The Temporal Means: Give us this day our daily bread,

II

1. The Diversion from the End: Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.
2. The Dangers on the Way: Lead us not into temptation.
3. Temporal Hindrances: But deliver us from evil.

Sold at Benziger Bros.

Franklin and Greene's Selections from Latin Prose Authors for Sight Reading, is a little book containing material for students in the Freshman year at college. Designed to increase and test by experience the reading of Latin, nothing has been taken from Caesar, Nepos, Sallust, Cicero, commonly included in school editions. Because of the book's suitability for weekly tests, examinations and oral works, there are but few notes and no vocabulary. Published by the American Book Co.

Another more recent aid to Greek scholars from this Company is entitled *Bevier's Brief Greek Syntax*. It contains in compact shape the essentials of the Greek Syntax. All the statements of principles are illustrated from Xenophon, from Homer, from prose writers in general. It certainly will be a great help, an economy of time, leaving minute details to later study.

The story, *Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy*, from the versatile pen of the Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J., is now out in book form. It is charmingly written, being full of adventures, and very true to the frailties of humanity. May be read with great profit, as it describes in a most entertaining manner just how the heavy step of false pride on the ladder of life breaks the first rung. The work is published at a moderate cost, by Benziger Bros.

The Unraveling of a Tangle, by Marion Ames Taggart is a pleasingly illustrated story, full of incident. The book is fully described in the first stanza of an anonymous poet.

In all the novels of the past
This or that classic friend,
Heroes and Heroines find at last
Their Eden at the end ;
Their luck may fail at first, yet no,
You never feel dejected
But certain that the sorriest throw
By Art will be corrected.

Another attractive book from the same firm, Benziger Bros., is *The Playwater Plot*, by Mary F. Waggaman. The story will interest young folks. The little millionaire boy, invalid from birth, sickly, pampered, peevish, is rather a pathetic figure when he finds himself kid-

napped and imprisoned in a haunted house in a woods. There is considerable hair raising talk about "ghosts". Those who are inclined to nature study will find much to gratify the taste in this volume.

The Sacred Heart Book, by Rev. F. X. Lasance, comprises instructions and reflections on the Sacred Heart Devotion and the Apostleship of Prayer. The *Junior League* is a much smaller manual compiled for schools and academies but useful for all members of the Holy League. A handy *Manual of Sacred Hymns* may also be had from the Canadian Messenger's office, Montreal.

The report for 1902 of J. J. Kelso, Superintendent of "Neglected and Dependant Children of Ontario" merits a longer notice than is in our power to supply just now. The object of this department is to pick up the uncared-for offspring of the criminal and the pauper classes remove them from their debasing associations and to place them, not in institutions, but in foster-homes where they may grow up like other children in the community. The method adopted seems devoid of the taint of paternalism and allows full play for private benevolences. The desire is expressed to safeguard the religious rights of the young wards. Mr. William O'Connor looks after the interests of Catholic children generally. Mr. Kelso asks for friendly and sympathetic co-operation on the part of all good people.

A lecture entitled *Success* delivered in January to the students of St. Bede College, Peru, Ill., by Rev. Patrick Dillon D.D., appears in pamphlet form. It is the newest, freshest, and at the same time the most Catholic presentation of this much talked-of question. Like the thorough workman, the author recurs at once to first principles from whose natural consequences he builds up his theme. He proclaims that Success in its popular acceptations implies failure; quotes aptly from sages dead and living. Among the requisites for true Success are enumerated the following:

1. A true knowledge of yourself.
2. A reverence for human nature in yourself and in others.
3. Self-denial.
4. Assiduous labor.
5. Trust in God and fear of him.

"I fear God" said the Persian Saadi, "and next to Him, I fear the man who fears Him not."

A very interesting story entitled *The Sheriff of the Beech Fork*, by the Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J., is well worth reading, as it describes in a most fetching manner the mode of living and trading the early settlers along the Ohio and Mississippi shores had, of disposing of their products, before the days when steam-boats made their appearance for such traffic. It is full of southern life and sunshine from the land of the magnolia, and would be an interesting work for the holiday half hour reading, which is now so near. Published at the small cost of 85c, by Benziger Bros.

Magazines.

In a few days "Absent" will be hung up on the Sanctum and the editor goes fishing, for a couple of months. Those dear Magazines will stay behind. Will we miss them? Slightly. Previous to the day when we drifted this way with a providential wind, most of us, I'm afraid, felt little interest in sound literature. To be sure, we revelled in the stories of the Jessie James type. Our imagination fired with the deeds of raiders, detectives, and desperadoes or we divided our nickels between cigarettes and the badly cooked weekly editions wherein our weary unsatisfied minds were dragged on interminably after lovely heroines "virtuous even to insipidity and of heroes so blameably blameless as to be revolting". Thank heaven, this fevered period, which had to come like the measles, is gone. Knowledge has brought the taste for better. Next to the care of our unselfish professors and the influence of our studies the refinery work is largely due to the magazines which lie on our Reading-Room and Sanctum tables. There, we have come into touch with genius, with geniality, with wit, with nature, with poetry, with science, with philosophy and with religion. There, we have met and conversed intimately with men and women of talent, learning and piety; men and women who to-day wield the pen with power and grace.

A small but neat and well-filled periodical is the *Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate*. It may be termed a globe-

trotter, so varied are its rambles, embracing indeed all lands civilized, and barbarous. Very readable are the notes from the North-West of Canada, South Africa, Australia and Ceylon. The last two issues treat interestingly of Tyburn, place of execution for criminals and also like the Colisseum, dyed with the blood of English Martyrs. One of the most excellent on our list is *Donahoe's*. The abundant illustrations and cover designs are quite artistic and suggestive. Indeed were it not for the curiosity to see the illustrations explained we might have skipped articles such as "Poets I have known" "Labor agitation in Montreal", "Offered for Sale [Iona]", which are indued with a freshness and value all their own. A series of articles by John Talbot Smith on the "Drama" give a comprehensive idea of the subject. Nobody of course passes over the fiction.

"Skinner versus Washington" is an article in the June *Catholic World* touching a new and acute phase of the educational question in the State of New York. Mr. Skinner, in his capacity as superintendent of Public Schools, states in his report that all education should teach morality to the absolute exclusion of religion as something intolerably "sectarian". Washington however held that without the teaching of religion morality would be impossible, which is common sense view. Rev. Dr. Fox shows in this article the unsoundness of the principles Mr. Skinner advocates, the folly of the programme he proves, as well as the dangerous drift of the public towards anti-christian education. Another article supplies new light on on the life and conversion of Dr. Orestes Brownson, his powerful though somewhat erroneous reasoning in matters political and philosophical, his unwavering adherence to the Church when so many other powerful minds relapsed into error through obstinancy and pride

In preceding issues will be found mention of such notable magazines as The Messenger, The Rosary, The Ave Maria, The Sacred Heart Review, The Labour Gazette, The Gael, Le Messager Canadian, Success, Dominicana, The Cross and Good Counsel Magazine.

Athletics.

The annual series of five games between the soutanes and students is over and the former still retain the championship. The series was keenly contested. The quality of ball displayed was certainly superior to that of all past series. The victors deserved to win as they proved themselves the better balanced aggregation. Though the students failed in their attempt, it must not be forgotten that in the line up but four of last year's players were to be found in the ranks. Bearing this in mind without forgetting that they were facing an experienced nine, the showing was a creditable one indeed. Mr. J. J. Cox acted as umpire during the series and the verdict of the two teams is that "he is the best what is."

The following is the score by games.

1st game—Won by Soutanes—20—17

2nd game—Won by Soutanes—23—0

3rd game—Won by Students—14—12 (10 innings)

4th game—Won by Soutanes—10—3

The students participating were as follows:—Sexton, Finnegan, Dooner, Callaghan, Macdonald, Halligan, Johnson, McCormac, Eves, Meagher.

Sunday May 10th the students travelled to Hull to meet the doughty representatives of the Transpontine City on the Little Farm grounds. This was the students' first game with an outside team and the result was eagerly sought. The game was one of the closest played on these grounds as the score of 8—7 represented. It was altogether a pitcher's battle and Callaghan proved himself superior to Bennett in just about as much as the score indicates. Both pitchers received excellent support.

The following Thursday the Varsity nine again journeyed to the "rocky" city to repeat, if possible the performance of the preceding Sunday. But Hull was looking for revenge, and Mgr. Rhinhardt and his little band were to make an awful attempt to regain their lost laurels. But unfortunately a shower of rain flooded the grounds just as the

game was about to begin. After the rain had ceased the two teams joined with neither Callaghan nor Bennett in the box. Thibault pitched for Hull while Finnegan did the twirling for College. The game was slow, the College team losing by 13—2.

The following was the team:—O'Keefe, Finnegan, Macdonald, Halligan, Callaghan, [capt.] McCormac, Dooner, Eves, Meagher.

— —

On May 24th College and Hull again came together on the College grounds before an attendance of about five hundred spectators. Hull was strengthened by two imported players and College was weakened by the absence of O'Keefe and Eves who were replaced by Foran and Quinn. Both pitchers delivered the goods with great efficiency but the support tendered Capt. Callaghan was of the lowest order. The Hull infield played excellent and it was this support that won them the game. The score at the end of the ninth stood 11—2 in favor of Hull and is a fair criterion of the play.

On Saturday June 6th the Hull aggregation again came to the College grounds to try conclusions with the Varsity nine. Unfortunately the game was not finished as Capt. Bennett fearing perhaps that his reputation as a pitcher might be lowered ordered his team into their bus. The difference occurred at the end of the sixth inning when Umpire Cox called Bennett out. The "King of Hull!" would not abide by this decision and as the score was then 8—2 in favor of College, his chances of winning the game were such as to place it beyond recall. He then ordered his men off the field to which Billy McEwen and several others of the team objected but their objections were overruled

Notes

The next game decides the superiority between College and Hull. The new Varsity suits are the swellest in the city.

The attendance on the College grounds is better than ever before.

Several scratch matches have lately been played in the tennis-court.

Callaghan has improved wonderfully in his pitching.

The teams of the Interprovincial are now blessing their stars that College was refused admission into the league.

Accommodation at the little farm is much better this year than last—But alas! it is far, very far from being perfect.

The members of Capt. O'Grady's scrub team are now ready to fill any vacancy on the senior nine.

Holy Angels' College were to be here June 6th. Unfortunately all negotiations failed.

We had made up our minds to give the tabulated score of the games played up to date, but the score book was beyond our reach at the time of writing.

The team's photograph is a good one. Harry Sproule is enhancing his reputation as a photographer of students.

The Juveniles of the big yard recently defeated Rev. Fr. Legault's pets. The Juveniles improved have improved during the last month under Spud's watchful eye.

SPUD'S LAMENT ON BASE-BALL.

"Play ball! Umpire Cox cries out
As he on the diamond stands,
The forward comes a smart professor
A white ash in his hands.
Bill twirls the horse hide through the air
Like a missile from a gun,
The professor swings and looks amazed,
And Coxy says "Strike one".

Again the professor takes his pose,
Bill throws another ball,
The batter makes a swipe at it
And hits it not at all.
The rooters yell till they are hoarse
The looks upon his feature now
Aid ask him if he's blind,
Bespeak a troubled mind.

Bill then fans him out,
 Another comes and at the pitcher grins,
 Again the ball is twirled and struck !
 And to the third base spins,
 Johnson is there and throws to first,
 The watching students shout,
 The umpire has his eyes on them,
 And calls the runner out.

Another batter takes his stand
 Beside that flashing plate,
 He strikes the sphere quite strongly
 But it comes a little late.
 The one who follows after him
 Is caught out on a fly,
 The runner gets to second base,
 He gets there—but to die.

The students take their inning,
 And then begins the fun.
 Out of six who went to bat
 Four of them get a run.
 The rooters warm up to the game
 And take on a face of brass,
 And joke the professor in the box,
 About his arm of glass.

'Tis at this period of the game
 The empire e'en must yield
 A point unto the poor professors
 And drives us off the field.
 'Tis plainly seen they're beaten now
 The greater part are hot
 Because the rooters jolly them
 About the runs they've not.

According to the Montreal papers the annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union shall be held in M.A.A.A. club rooms on the 27th of June. This is the latest date the meeting has ever been held, and is totally unjust to College. There does not seem to be any plausible reason for deferring the meeting to such a late date. The scholastic year here comes to a close on the 17th and our delegates will be forced to stay over till the date of the meeting.

Before concluding the Athletic editor wishes every student a happy vacation and hopes that those who take an interest in foot-ball will report on the gridiron for the first practice next September.

The Annual Outing of the Scientific Society

On May 23rd the Scientific Society held its fifth annual outing, which is conceded by the oldest members to have been the most successful in the history of the Society. Heretofore the members of this energetic organization were wont to be content with a one day's outing, but this year, a departure from the usual custom, two days were deemed necessary in which to carry out the splendid programme so well prepared by the Executive.

At 10 a.m. on Saturday everyone, be-decked in a fashion which would remind one of lone prospectors in the wilderness of Alaska, assembled in the rear court of the University, where after the traditional pipe of good-will (This year it was a corn-cob) and its *Old Chum*, the weed of contentment had been passed around by our jovial brother—Treasurer King—, the vans which were to bear us to our destination freighted as they were with the good things which the Society stands preeminent in providing were eagerly boarded; and with a rousing V. A. R. and a snap of the whip, thirty lusty College fellows, accompanied by their whole souled and efficient Director of the past five years—Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse,—set out on their journey.

In a short time we were aboard the ferry which conveyed the vans and their precious cargoes to the opposite shore at Gatineau Point. Thence our route lay over the picturesque hills and dales which are an introduction to the frowning heights of the Laurentians. At 4.30 p.m. the party stopped to view the rugged grandeur of High Falls and to appease their appetites, which had been whetted by a ride of fifteen miles and the invigorating breeze blowing over the mountains.

After the Falls, on whose banks the boys were arranged like goats on the perilous inclines of the Rockies had been photographed by our expert photographer—Fr. Lajeunesse—the journey onward was resumed.

Passing on through the mountains whose solemn depths reverberated with the harmonious sound of College glees and yells, the placid waters of Lake McGregor, sparkling in the rays of the setting sun, filled the breasts of the expectant excursionists with delight. Wending their way along the picturesque shores of this watery expanse,

the party caught sight of a large white cross, looming in the distance, which conveyed the joyful tidings that they were nearing their destination; and in a few moments they were gathered on the lawn in front of the beautiful summer home of the Oblate Fathers.

For some time everyone was lost in amazement, in contemplating the sublime wonders of nature so profusely displayed in the locality in which the Oblates have erected their magnificent cottage. From this point the lake, which is dotted with numerous islands festooned with many-colored foliage, spreads out before the eye like some masterpiece which the Creator had designed to reveal the marvels of his power. Extending its gaze beyond the eye beheld, the massive heights of the imposing Laurentians, lifting their peaks heavenward, as in the pride of magnificence, and as a token of reverence to the Author of their being.

But while the Scientists were thus engaged, Brother Pilon who, so many times before, had beheld these mighty wonders was busy in the culinary department, preparing a repast, which though devoid of natural splendor, was nevertheless well calculated to satisfy that other craving with which even students are so unmistakably endowed. Soon a welcome *tra-li-ra-la* from the resonant bugle summoned all to the festive board, which in this case was spread on the broad piazza entirely surrounding the cottage. Though the feast was not in the splendid state of a Waldorf Astoria, yet, never did men leave dining-hall more thoroughly satisfied and nothing remained to tell the tale but empty dishes and the contented countenances of thirty students.

Supper over, all adjourned to the spacious reception room where in accordance with the programme previously published, a concert, in which each man did his "little act," was carried out in true College style. As space would not permit a mention of each number, we merely note the more prominent ones.

Hurley's harmonic orchestra opened the concert with a startling overture from Gormley's opera—"The Lone Fisherman," which in plain English means, "The fish I didn't catch." The applause which greeted this rendition had subsided only to be renewed by the appearance in the arena of the world's famous base and tenor—Harrington and Cox, who to the weird accompaniment of the renowned Highland

Scotch Violinist—H. J. Macdonald—executed [the funeral was held later] “Brennan on the Moor.” When the wailing had ceased, Bill Callaghan came to the rescue of the retiring performers, and engaged the attention of the audience with some original step dancing, adapted to the tune—“*Magillyah Thuc a hatha Muih.*” Bill escaped with his life and *Joe Roi*, the eminent French orator, arrayed in a broad-leafed *chapeau* and the conventional evening dress [shirt-sleeves] delivered the address of the evening on “How to purchase supplies for a Scientific Trip.” Joe succeeded with his usual success till the audience catching sight of Bill Deoner, seated in a corner and complacently giggling to himself, raised the cry, “Put him out ; put him out.” In the chaos which ensued, poor Joe’s remarks came to an abrupt end, and jaded and dismayed, he disgustedly withdrew behind the scenes. The noise having somewhat subsided, the sad strains of “Auld Lang Syne” were heard to emanate from behind a barrel of beans, whither Halligan had retired for safety. This had such a soporific effect on all present, that, actuated by the example of Joe McDonald of p[ro]jumpous fame, each one scught his little trundle-bed.

Nothing disturbed the calm of sleep save the sonorous breathing of Johnny Dowd, until Jack Frost in a rather cold manner, reminded all that it was time [5 a.m.] to start for the mines. Jack had been warned of his duty by Aeneas Richard, who had remained out all night in the hope of capturing sleeping butterflies.

After Mass had been celebrated by Father Lejeunesse in the lovely little chapel adjoining the cottage, the trip to the Blackburn Mica Mines was made in canoes up Lake McGregor. The mine was thoroughly inspected by all, and much useful knowledge was gathered relative to the deposits in the Laurentians and the methods of mining. Photos of the mine and shafts were taken by the Director, the boys being disposed in the bottom of the mine, at a depth of 260 feet.

After the return from the mine, preparations for the homeward journey were begun and by 4 p.m. all were singing, “Good-bye, Lake McGregor, Good-bye,” as the good steeds were bearing us rapidly away, and soon dear old La Blanche faded in the distance.

The good cheer at all times so manifest was not suffered to wane

on the return home, and ere any one felt the fatigue of the drive of thirty miles the rigs coming to a sudden halt, announced the fact that the College gate was reached.

The success of the outing reflects credit on the energetic Executive who so unselfishly laboured for the comfort and pleasure of the members of the Society. Such an enjoyable excursion was a fitting conclusion to the splendid work of the Society during the past year, the most successful in its history.

Following is the Executive which so admirably arranged the trip :

Director, Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse.

President.....	G. I. Nolan, '03	
Vice-Pres.....	H. J. Macdonald, '04	
Treasurer.....	J. P. King, '03	
Secretary.....	J. O. Dowd, '03	
Reporter.....	J. E. Burke, '05	
Councillors	{ J. H. McDonald, '03 R. T. Halligan, '04 W. H. Dooner, '05 J. T. Hurley, '06	
		G. I. N. '03 ; H. J. M. '04.

"The Ottawa College Boys are out To-day"

A look into the Senior Study hall on the morning of the 23rd May would be enough to convince one that "something was up" at Old Varsity. Attention to books was reduced to its simplest expression. Endless preparations were being made everywhere under the able supervision of our gallant "Cap" for what might appear to be a Polar Expedition or the Doubling of the Cape. It was College's "First Annual Outing. Banjos, violins, mandolins, *et omnia genera musicorum*, hampers, tins, kodaks and boxes were loaded and fairly under way at noon. A rousing V-a-r-s-i-t-y was the signal for the great long car to start.

It was a pleasure to witness the zest with which the young bloods began the day's fun—a zest that never flagged, but even increased,

despite the emphatic protests of the "Cap", after a most enjoyable and jolly time.

Vocal and instrumental music broken in upon at intervals, with a "who's all right," for the Prefect of Discipline—seemed to put new vigor even into the steeds as they shook their heads and trotted along gaily towards Casey's Grove on the Montreal Road.

Having arrived at that shady spot, the trippers evinced to a marked degree a tender affection for "good old Cap", the first item on the programme being "Refreshments." Our Grecian friends of Olympic days might well be envious had they been vouchsafed a peep at the "boys" as they divided into groups for the different games. Naturally however, it was while the set programme of running and jumping was being carried out that the interest was keenest. Every item was well contested and every show of prowess lustily applauded. The Obstacle race seemed to elicit a greater show of enthusiasm from the crowd than any other item. This is accounted for by the fact that the issue remained doubtful for a considerable time after the running was over. The contest was not yet ended. The prize, which was tied to a branch high up in a tree, was not easy to get at, and as Fitz and Langevin were fondly embracing the trunk and resting at intervals to remonstrate with each other about vicious kicking, the onlookers had fears — not altogether groundless—that both competitors might be disqualified. The effort was too much for Fitz, The plucky fellow had made a great burst and won the—sympathy of all.

After the sports, many fine groups were photographed by brothers Verrault and Mr. Bawlf, who have generously offered to present a free copy, beautifully mounted, to each one present. The repast was then announced. The courses were varied and fittingly substantial, and it is only doing justice to the "boys", to state that they took to the feed kindly. Later on the prizes were distributed by the Rev. Fr. Kirwin amidst reiterated manifestations of good-will.

The most enjoyable part of the programme however still remained. It took the form of a little "social", in which singing and dancing were indulged till darkness compelled the company to break up. The Orchestral and Choral performances were conducted by the Rev. Fr.

Fortier in his usual able manner. Freeland brought down the house, (it was an open air meeting), as a comic singer, whilst Gillies, Fitz, Mac and Aristotle astonished the company by the swanlike movements in which they displayed their innate irresistible propensity to *execute* rigadoons and cakeswalks. But the day was spent and Kelley's sweet music was once more boxed and his stovepipe brushed for the return journey.

Hearty cheers were given for our good friends, Mr. Casey and his family, whose kindness we all appreciate very highly indeed. We take this occasion to thank them most sincerely for the lively interest they showed in our amusements and for pains they took to make our stay so pleasant. We beg to say that we acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude we owe to our Prefect, Rev. Fr. Kirwin, for this, our "First Annual Outing." We thank also the Reverend Fathers Fullam and Sherry, and Brothers Turcotte, Hammersley, Stanton, and Kunz for being good enough to make merry with us.

Although we had no "moonshine" trips nor mining expeditions, the scenery was all that one might desire. The rendezvous commands a fine view of the Ottawa River, which looks very beautiful between its borders of emerald green. We only hope that in future years the site for the excursion may be as well selected and the programme as successfully carried out as in 1903. The following is the list of the contests:

100 yds. dash. 1st heat—Won by A. Langlois; 2nd, J. Gillies. 2nd heat—Won by E. McMillan; 2nd, J. George. 3rd heat—Won by G. Driscoll; 2nd, J. Morris. Finals—1st, E. McMillan; 2nd, A. Langlois; 3rd, G. Driscoll. Time 10 4-5.

75 yds. dash. 1st heat—J. Fitzpatrick. 2nd heat—Won by P. Gillies. 3rd heat—Won by M. O'Neill. Finals—1st, J. Fitzpatrick, 2nd, J. P. Gillies; 3rd, M. O'Neill. Time 8 3-5.

Hop, Step and Jump—1st, V. Meagher; 2nd, R. Filiatrault; 3rd, E. McMillan. 39 ft. 8 in.

Running long jump—1st M. O'Neill; 2nd, E. Dunlay; 3rd, E. Mc Millan. 21 ft. 7 in.

Three-legged race—1st, M. O'Neill, V. Meagher; 2nd, S. Harvey, A. Macdonald; 3rd, J. Fitzpatrick, A. Langlois.

Putting the shot—1st, R. Filiatrault; 2nd, S. Langevin; 3rd, E. McMillan.

Obstacle race. 1st heat—Won by V. Meagher. 2nd heat—Won by J. Fitzpatrick. Finals—1st, S. Langevin; 2nd, J. Fitzpatrick.

Locals.

Plug, plug, plug has been the watchword for the last month, and now the thoughts of the holidays offer sweet consolation to the student who has lain awake nights trying to guess the questions which would be asked on examinations.

To all, the Local Department wishes the happiest of vacations.

For the past month and a half the students of the Senior department have been learning the tactics of army drill under the skillful direction of Sergt. Thompson of the 43rds.

The company is progressing rapidly in the knowledge of drill movements, and, when armed with gun and bayonet presents such a formidable appearance, as to dispel all fears of a nightly invasion on the college from prowling maurauders

"Stand easy" is executed to perfection.

Corporal Odell under authorization of his superior officer, has instructed his squad in a thorough knowledge of the parts of a gun; this officer, being himself an authority on all such matters as where to place the cartridges, etc. has proceeded with unwarranted success in his efforts.

The Scientific Society enjoyed its fifth annual excursion on the 23rd of May, arriving in busses to the Oblate Fathers' summer house at La Blanche, where they remained for two days.

A full account of the trip,—which was voted by those who should know, the best in the history of the society,—is given on another page of this issue.

On the same day as the Scientific trip, the remaining students of the senior department ran an excursion to Carey's Farm. The College Symphony Orchestra furnished music during the afternoon, and dancing was held on the broad green underneath the wide spreading chestnut. The program as published, was too *heavy* to carry out—in the rigs,—*but for all practical purposes*, the different events were gone through, and some proved most interesting. The races were of a *singular* nature, and satisfied even the most fastidious. In looking up the book-keepers record, the following were awarded prizes: J. Fits, tall man's race,—one silk hat (brown) "Chimes" Lan, slow race,—one book of hymns (with music). "Pussy" M., dwarf's race,—fountain *pencil*. "Susie" So. asked the most questions in the shortest time and received the useful book, *Troublesome problems solved by Johnny*. Other winners were: Joe Molasses (second in the slow race), Lizz. Coat, and Joe Finn. All in all, the picnic was a grand success and those in charge who arranged everything so well are deserving of much credit.

We forgot to mention that the boys returned *by the light of the moon*, thus filling every number on the program.

On the evening of the 12th of May the Senior and Junior classes together with some of the Professors were entertained in the Science Hall by Prof. Stockley. Sheridan's most interesting play, *The Rivals*, was read and discussed, the different members of the classes assuming the particular roles. To say that all enjoyed themselves would but feebly express the feelings of those present. Delicious refreshments had been generously provided by Prof. Stockley and these were tully appreciated by all.

The members of the Senior classes are deeply indebted to Prof. Stockley for the unselfish interest he has manifested in their behalf during the past year, and for his thoughtfulness in providing for them such an evening's entertainment.

C—xy comes down stairs about five o'clock almost frozen: "Say, brother where do you wash?"

Bro. "Oh! wal! down at the creek or some other place."

C. "What the d—l do you think I am? Have you got anything to break the ice?"

Who said John H. dropped the fish and ran?

The third annual prize debate took place on May 30th. The attendance was large and the speeches of the different debaters showed a thorough knowledge of the subject discussed. The resolution read, *Resolved that Canada's policy should be one of Revenue*. Mr. J. E. Burke of the negative, was awarded the medal for the best individual speech, while the debate was decided in favor of the affirmative.

The old aphorism, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,' has been remodeled by one of the wise boys of the college and now stands "Ignorance is bliss, and it is followed to be wise."

E. L. D. '03.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. E. Bolger '98, now stationed at St. Louis, Mo., was a recent and most welcome visitor to his *alma mater*.

Mr. L. E. O. Payment '99 seems to be very happy in his formation of partnerships in the historic old City of Quebec. Shortly after graduating from the Law Department of Laval University he was taken into partnership in the well known legal firm of Messrs. Lane and Gallipeault. Now he has formed a life-long partnership with Miss Jeane Gagnon, daughter of Mr. Gustave Gagnon, organist of the Basilica in Quebec. The ceremony was performed in St. Louis Chapel, Quebec, and the articles were signed on the 25 of May. *The Review* extends its best wishes to the happy couple.

"King" Costello ex '03 paid us a short call on the way to his home in the Far West where he intends spending a vacation well earned in Queen's Medical College.

We extend our congratulation to Rev. Father Cavanagh '93 on the grand success of his Gaelic Picnic.

Frank Joyce '99 and L. Hackett ex '00 were ordained to the priesthood by Bishop McQuaide at Rochester on the sixth of June.

Rev. James Grant, San Francisco, Cal., one of the "old boys" of the eighties was a recent visitor to his *Alma Mater*.

Mr. "Binnie" Kearns has graduated in Medicine at Queen's University and intends to practice in the Northwest. The *Review* extends best wishes for success.

Mr. W. E. McGuire ex '03 is to be married to Miss Agnes C. Gilligan on Tuesday, June 16, at St. Augustine's church Kalamazoo, Mich.

At the Trinity Ordinations, Saturday June 6, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, conferred Holy Orders on the following students of the Theological Seminary.

PRIESTHOOD.—Rev. W. Kelley, Rev. G. E. Ouellete, O. M. I., Rev. O. Plourde, O. M. I., Rev. C. Dalpé, O. M. I., Rev. J. M. Leciainche, O. M. I., Rev. A. Sasseville, O. M. I., Rev. J. Allard, O. M. I.,

DEACONSHIP—E. Carrière, O. M. I., A. Jasmin, O. M. I., M. Magnan, O. M. I., H. E. Ouimet, O. M. I.

SUBDEACONSHIP.—A. Jalbert, O. M. I., G. Simard, O. M. I., H. Racette, O. M. I., J. B. Levesque, O. M. I., O. Paquette, O. M. I., A. Dubois, O. M. I., A. Paquet, O. M. I., O. Peloquin, O. M. I., E. Cursolle, Lalonde Yelle.

MINOR ORDERS—J. Guy, O. M. I., F. McGuire, O. M. I., A. Bourassa, O. M. I., H. Chabot, O. M. I., and Messers Chenier, Limoges, Boyer.

TONSUKE—E. De Grandpré, O. M. I., J. Giguère, O. M. I., A. Chaput, O. M. I., and Messers J. MacDonnell, Geay, Renaud, Martin.

Junior Department

The Scholastic term of '03 will end June 17. In the morning of that day the distribution of prizes will take place in the Academic Hall. Many suitable and valuable prizes are to be presented to the successful students of the past year. The medals, however, will not be awarded until Commencement night.

A large majority of the second grade boys entered earnestly into the prize map contest. The neat and delicate work submitted for the inspection of the judges does credit to the diligence of the pupils.

Mr. W. McHugh's artistic work excelled that of the other competitors, and he was consequently awarded the honor prize. While sincerely congratulating him, we must also offer words of commendation to the next five successful candidates: Messrs. F. Gervais, E. Mondor, A. Bonneville, J. Finnegan and E. Durocher.

Despite the drought of the times the spring poets of Kiddom are producing an abundance of poetical offshoots. During the past month verses from various sources were quietly slipped under the sanctum door, but owing to the short space allotted our humble department, and considering the length of the poems, we must refrain from publishing them.

According to a time honored custom the students pass their evening recreation at the field. The evening stroll to the Oval is a source of much pleasure to the community at large, for baseball, cricket, lacrosse, tennis and handball occupy the time and attention of the boys, while affording them healthy amusements till evening dusk prevails.

The small boys add sweetness to the choruses by their high melodious voices. The newly formed quartette composed of Messrs Fontaine, St. Onge, Faure and Rousseau render in a laudable manner the latest and popular songs of the day.

Under the able direction of Rev Fr Fortier the Junior Glee Club are preparing the "Cantata" for Commencement Day

The baseball matches in the small yard have resulted as follows: First team 18, St Joseph's 3. First team 15, Second team 10. First team 12, Pages 5. First team 12, St Joseph's 9. Midgets 16, St Joseph's juniors 0. Midgets 19, Invincibles 8.

The annual outing of the small yard, took place Monday May 25th at Chelsea. At Early Morn the youngsters boarded a special car for the picnic grounds. College yells and College songs cheered their light hearts as they went. After a day of thrilling and amusing incidents our happy but tired "pets" returned to dear old "Varsity".

To Rev. Fr. Legault the prefect of the small yard, and originator of the picnic we offer warm words of congratulation for the masterful manner in which he conducted what one of the boys called the "best ever" picnic of the small yard.

EGHOES FROM THE PICNIC GROUNDS.

The ubiquitous Jr. Editor unknown to his little friends was located in the clouds and from his newly fashioned air-ship witnessed with gleeful countenance the many amusing features of the days program.

Labrosse and Walsh ran well in the 100 yards senior race, while Chartrand and Fleming finished handily in the Junior run.

Had it not been for the *Corporation* Lanctot would not have beaten Leacy in the fat boys' race.

Breen proved to be an adept at jumping. It must have been hard to decide between him and Fleming.

The puzzle race was the funniest event on the program, Labrosse won out with Bastien a close second.

L. Moore and C. Kehoc gave a very poor exhibition in the three legged race. Moore, it is claimed, sold it for a bag of peanuts.

Mulligan has a pull or he would not have had so comfortable a seat on the returned trip.

The Base-ball game was the best of the day. The "Kickers" were easily defeated by Keely's pets by the outlandish score of 79 to 61. Four umpires were exchanged before the game was over. The last man will look in vain for another invitation to decide balls and strikes. His decisions were intolerable, and for "crookedness" he was unsurpassed.

Many valuable prizes were awarded to the winners of the various races. The distribution took place May the 26th and from the joyful faces of the successful ones we judge that the presents were of the best. Unlike those offered in the big yard they were *real* prizes.

Mulligan's band was a failure and received many a "chew tobacco."

Benoit and Beard did great work in the base ball game.

Passing by the Cemetery and noticing a grave digger one of our "wits" remarked. There's the last man I want to meet. He gives everybody dirt.

The boy with the basket of eggs stepped backwards from the car. In two seconds he was the picture of an egg-nog.

Umpire No. 1, on being detected receiving a bribe from Coach St. Onge was quickly removed.

What's the matter with the cook?

The only accident of the day was when the cook burned his finger. The funny boy immediately prescribed "Iodine."

No one went to the infirmary, which proves that bananas are not unwholesome for small boys.

Michaud, Gervais, Gamache and St. Onge took special interest in *that other picnic*.

- WANTED ! The name of the boy who did not enjoy himself. Reward offered.

Signed

V. MULLIGAN,

Jr. Editor.

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