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ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

A. M. D. G.

Vol. I. February, 1908 No. 1.



INITIAL NUMBER.

Sandwich, Ontario.

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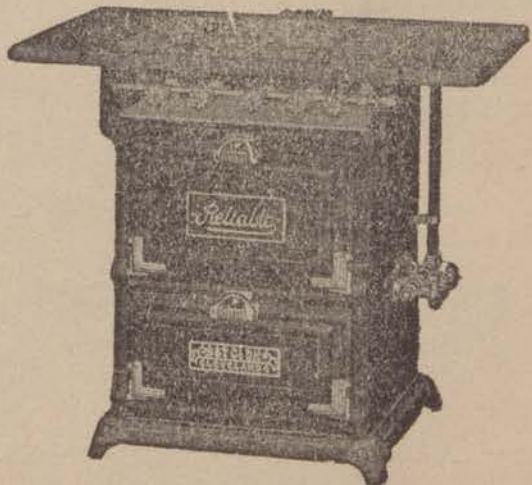
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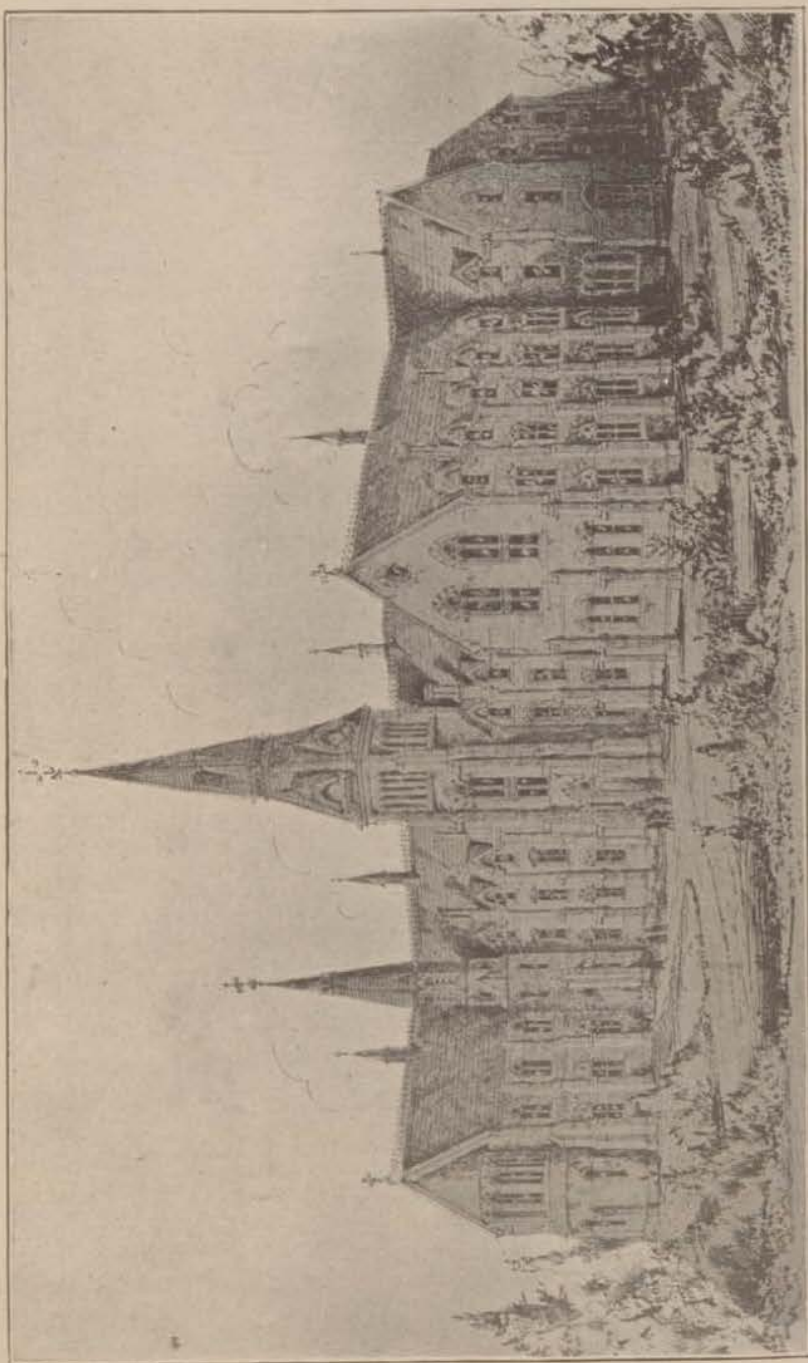


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Assumption College Review

The Assumption College Review is a literary magazine published monthly by the students of Assumption College. Its aim is to cultivate a taste for composition and to inspire a love for what is best and noblest in English literature. It is intended also to foster fraternity between the alumni, the student and their Alma Mater.

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VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

NO. 1.

A New Year and a New Venture.

Its Inception.

To institute a magazine—even a college magazine—is to plunge into a swirl of similar ventures. The very word venture, suggests the further notion of a money-making scheme; but the present one deserves, as a matter of fact, no such appellation. When the Alumni and Students of Assumption College decided that it would be to the best interests of their Alma Mater to publish a college magazine they did not base their decision on the likelihood that they would make money by its publication. Their aim was entirely esprit-de-corp.

The Editors are college men, devoted to old Assumption, and no more mercenary or personal motive prompts them in the present undertaking than the desire that the college succeed as it deserves, and its work be known far and wide. The hope of fostering a college spirit among the students, past and present; of increasing mutual good feeling and furthering fraternity amongst all those who have spent their best days on the banks of the majestically flowing Detroit, and within the precincts of historic old Sandwich, first set them thinking and first suggested the utility of the present venture.

Its Aims.

Over and above the aims common to the majority of college magazines, we shall endeavor to enhance the literary and didactic merit of this publication with contributions by the College Alumni, many of whom have become prominent in church and state, and whose learning and experience fit them for just such work as will prove most acceptable to our readers. We realize the benefit which invariably accrues to college students, the power to inspire and to open avenues to literary careers which a well-managed magazine can be made to furnish; we know, too, that few college periodicals contain anything beyond the work of the students, that, in consequence, they are of very little interest to any but the students themselves. We, however, have the perfect assurance of a large number of able contributors, whose united efforts must make this magazine a success. It will be replete with interest for the students and the alumni, for their friends and their friend's friends—in a word, for all. We hope that its influence will extend through both countries until its reputation for sound and lofty literary ideals will have reached every Catholic home.

Belated.

We had hoped to issue the initial number of the ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW in January, but at the last moment it was found necessary to delay it till February. February came and when the first edition of the REVIEW reached us from the press we were on the keen edge of expectation. Imagine our feelings on receiving an edition that resembled a patent medicine Almanac more than a college monthly. We had done our part, but the publisher had not lived up to his engagement. There was but one thing to be done, and that we hastened to do: immediately we contracted with another firm by whom we were confident the publication would be executed according to specifications. For this unavoidable delay we are forced to ask the indulgence of those who may have expected an earlier issue.

The Lasting Goal.

HE struggled well, but lost the race ;
The whole world cheered his rival on,
And though he lagged not in his pace,
Another wore the laurel crown.

That wreath was withered long ago,
Time trampled out the winner's name,
And from the dust of centuries—lo !
New worlds and generations came.

Was he defeated ? Not if hope
Burned in his breast and struggled there ;
Far—far beyond man's mortal scope
He sees but one defeat, despair.

In vain this hostile world might roar,
Of bribe with words of lavish praise ;
She cannot ope the mystic door
To living lands and endless ways.

Her weaklings vainly war for peace,
Or tear Fame's flaunting banners down,
Abandon happiness for ease,
Scant riches, and obscure renown.

They live not here ; they stand alone,
No light, no love, no God with them ;
Rash men—that boldly, stone on stone,
Would build a new Jerusalem.

He spoke the word, and wrote the law
That holds the eternal stars in heaven,
The one of life, of truth, of awe,
Not man by lightnings deeply riven.

All else may crumble—but thy goal
Beyond these idle, empty fears
Awaits thee, trembling earth-bound soul,
And lives in ages, not in years.

—W. J. ROBINSON, '10.

The New American Philosophy.



AMERICAN Philosophy! The words give us a shock of surprise. They represent an entirely new concept. The United States is to-day regarded as a complete world in itself. We Americans boast that we can get on very well by ourselves, without the need of an outside world to contribute to our comfort. The boast is not an idle one: our land extends from the smiling fields of perpetual summer to the northern hills where snows glitter in June. Its natural riches are varied and extensive and altogether it is commercially a world unit. But while commerce was thriving, no originality was shown in the line of the intellectual. True, we have universities that rank with the best, but their teaching was imported in the bulk from Europe. This is true no longer. America of late has given birth to a system that is rapidly growing and bids fair to crowd out the Solons of Germany, England and France.

Pragmatism, as the new philosophy is called, bears the stamp of the American mind upon it, and in many respects stands in striking contrast to the old world systems. They were purely intellectual, revelling in the rarer regions of ideas and ideals; it is empirical, commercial, coming down to hard facts and cash values and disregarding everything that bears not the mark of immediate utility. They were evolved and studied by a few choice minds, whose clearer vision pierced into the region of the immaterial and metaphysical. It has been born, verily, of our rarer intellects, but profess to appeal to the populace, an instrument for solving their doubts and difficulties.

Pragmatism was thought out and discussed in crude form many years ago. As early as 1878 Charles Sanders Pierce propounded the theory of the instrumental view of truth in a series of articles, written for the *Popular Science Monthly*. Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, makes

use of the theory in several of his lectures and written essays but has never launched forth to defend Pragmatism as a complete system.

The man who has become the father and patron of this new philosophy is William James, professor of Psychology at Harvard University. Although accepting for himself the honor of being the friend and chief exponent of Pragmatism, James avers that he owes the initiative to John Stuart Mill, who, were he living, would be beyond doubt its most ardent advocate. "It was from Mill," says James, "that I first learned pragmatic openness of mind." He tells us, that he for the first time publicly propounded the theory in a lecture delivered at Chicago, which, I believe, has since been published under the title, "Philosophical Conceptions and Practical Results." The seedling evidently found in that western audience a favorable soil, and since that day magazines and periodicals have discussed the theory until it is known, at least by name, to nearly every student in the land. The system was developed by James in later books, such as "The Will to Believe and other Essays," "Varieties of Religious Experience," and during the past year in a book, which bears in bold characters on its title page, the name—"Pragmatism."

A word as to what Pragmatism professedly is. The world of late has grown sick of materialism and its concomitant, atheism. The people have, rooted deep down in their souls, the belief in a personal God, the "Will to Believe" in the immortality of their souls, the freedom of their wills and a final retribution. But, says James, they have an equally abhorrent dread of submitting themselves once more to the galling bonds of an exacting dogmatism. Pragmatism is what they want. It will solve the problem and quiet forever their spiritual desires without proceeding to either extreme. In a word, Pragmatism is a happy mean amidst all the excesses, real or fancied, of old-world philosophy.

Although Pragmatism aims at being a complete phil-

osophical system, it is what we Scholastics would call merely a new Epistemology. It formulates a new theory of truth, which to us is but a step preparatory to the real problems of philosophy, having for their objects, the cosmos, man and God, in so far as He is knowable by reason.

If Pragmatism has a first principle, it must read somewhat as follows:—The useful alone is true and it is true solely because it is useful. To exemplify what is meant. It is true that there is a God, because he is useful: The world needs Him as a first beginning: man needs Him as a last end. The immortality of the soul is true because it is useful in satisfying the supremest craving of the human heart; the mortality of brute souls is a fact, if it so be needful to man; otherwise it is not the adequate object of philosophical discussion. It is a truth that we are individuals, but conceived that at some future time it would make no *practical difference* whether or not we were individually distinct, at that moment the principle of individuation would cease to exist. What, then, of the principle of contradiction? Truly, this new philosophy has turned the schools topsy-turvy.

This first postulate of Pragmatism is expressed in a variety of ways throughout Mr. James' writings; to quote a few examples: "There can *be* no difference anywhere, that doesn't make a difference elsewhere." "In philosophy every difference should make a difference; every theoretical difference must issue somewhere in a practical difference." In examining any supposed truth we must inquire "What is its cash value in terms of particular experience." Such principles remind one strongly of the doctrine of *religious immanence*, on which Modernists have builded. From a so called *sentiment*, which originates in a *need* of the divine, they argue to the reality of the divine.

The Pragmatist has no use for abstract metaphysics and what sort of monstrosity would concrete metaphysics be? Cash values, experience and practicability are the only verities. He defines his method as "the attitude of

looking away from first things, principles, 'categories', supposed necessities : and of looking towards last things, fruits, consequences, facts." This accounts for the silence of the new philosophy regarding such important philosophical topics as being, substance, accidents, essences, causality and a host more.

Pragmatism has established itself on final causes and thrown out intrinsic and efficient causes as worse than useless. Of how much argumentation will such philosophy admit? It scorns *a priori* principles and the method of deduction and in the end is forced to use both. It has tried to place philosophy within the reach of the multitude ; as a consequence clearness and precision have become holocausts to the idol. It aims at restoring religion and begins by asserting the supremacy of philosophy over Revelation. On the one hand it denounces Materialism and Pure Empiricism while abhorring Intellectualism and Dogmatism on the other. It is some of each yet all of neither ; a strange and wilful Eclecticism.

In so limited a compass we could not attempt a lengthy exposition of the system in all its bearings, if that be possible, for Mr. James denies that he is correctly understood by any of his critics. For a fuller discussion, however, we refer the reader to an article in the Catholic University Bulletin, Vol. X, No. 2.

Though Pragmatism to our minds be philosophically unsound, it is by no means to be scorned. During the past fifty years or more Protestants, and some, who call themselves Catholics, have been diluting their religion until, to discover the divine a microscopic examination becomes necessary. James' philosophy appears to devote itself mainly, if not entirely, to religious questions, and many without a doubt will flee from the sinking bark of Protestantism to the professed refuge of this new soul-saver. The Pragmatist even ventures on the domain of Catholic dogma and explains the mystery of the Blessed Eucharist in this wise. If the elements, bread and wine, and the body and blood of Christ mean the same thing to

you, if it make a practical difference and is useful to you that these should be identical, then the mystery is true; but if it make no difference, as it does not subjectively to the Protestant, it is false.

At the present stage of its development Pragmatism is fragmentary, unsystematical, evading a comprehensive grasp. To one who reads it seems very improbable that it will grow to be aught else. It has published its fundamental principle and this is such that others can scarcely follow. It is a philosophy of action, and action has no logic capable of a systematic development. But, lest the unexpected should happen, let us bide our time and await results.

—W. R. A. MARRION '01.



Out of the Stillness.



URING the day a heavy snow had fallen and as the shades of evening gathered around, the racing whirlwinds moaned and bewailed some terrible disaster as sweeping in from the stormy sea they piled the harsh dry flakes against the noisy window panes. Within the house, which, by the way, was one of those that the war of the Revolution had left unharmed, the effect of the storm was not felt. The spacious one-story structure, built after the style of New England homes in the days of the Georges, had seen many such storms and was not to be shaken by this.

It was a dreary Christmas Eve in that year so memorable for its joys and sorrows when the nation amid the general rejoicing over a peaceful union had been dazed and benumbed by the fanatical murder of its beloved Lincoln. But immediately after the cessation of hostilities a reaction had set in and bereavements and sorrows were softened by the flood of industry that closed over all. Even in the colleges application was characteristic of the time; students rose early and sat late, and earned well their Christmas holiday.

The first few days I had spent enjoyably at home and now I had just arrived to spend the coming festival with my grandmother. But on this night, despite the cheerful fire that sparkled and crackled in the grate, and the historical relics of the place, in which ordinarily I took a great interest, I was very lonesome. My grandmother, whose gray hairs and enfeebled limbs, told of the trials and cares of a Daughter of the Revolution, and whose marvelous stories of "The Grandpa's" escapades with the Redcoats seemed, in direct contrast to herself, never to grow old, had retired with a headache leaving me my first opportunity for reflection.

I sat for sometime with my feet against the iron fire-dogs, gazing into the grate and amusing myself by specu-

lating on which of the fiery embers would first wear out its energy in the battle to overcome the biting cold of the whistling gusts of wind as they rushed down the chimney place. Then, as my shins were becoming toasted enough to be uncomfortable, I roused myself and looked about the room. By the dim light of the candle I could see the picture of my grandfather in his Colonial uniform as he gazed sternly down on the fireside that once had been his. This turned my thoughts in another direction. The scenes of the horrible war just passed came across my mind. Amid the receding memories of the awful events I could see brother fighting brother, and father against son. Could it be that these spirits, separated from their earthly habitation, had departed from this world of strife and would never again return? My religious convictions told me that it must be true, yet for some reason, which I could not divine, I shivered at the thought.

At length, tiring of this I picked up the only paper that the house afforded, a New York Sun, and began to read at random, it was a ghost story and, like all such that are successfully written, inclines one to a skeptical view of all things real. The writer, whose name I have forgotten, was one who at least had the power of carrying unsuspecting minds off their guard and into the regions where fairies and hobgoblins dwell and inciting in him an interest that made the more commonplace surroundings all pass into oblivion. I continued for some time wrapt in the fascination of the tale, which was one of those thrilling, blood-curdling adventures with the departed spirits, such as Edgar Allen Poe might have conceived in some of his most dreary moments, yet so common in the cheap magazines of to-day.

When I had gone far enough to feel the full effect of its mysterious fascination, a slow continuous beating, which my alert imagination soon transformed into the undoubted footsteps of a spirit, came from the attic above. Immediately all the yarns of the English spy's nocturnal visits to the scene of his murder and execution

flashed across my mind. Could they really be true? I had always laughed at the story. Yes! It was in that very part of the attic that he had been caught. What was I to do? My heart hammered vigorously at my ribs and my hair seemed growing loose as it stood out on my cold scalp like the mane of a raging bull just before the conflict. I put the thought from my mind, stirred up the coals, and began again to read. Again there was the same mysterious tap, tap, but louder this time. Thinking it only an overwrought fancy caused by my fruitless occupation, I put aside the paper and began to sing a college song. What my purpose was in this I do not know, but, perhaps, I judged from its effect on mortals that immortals too would take to their heels at the first strain. But evidently this one's ear was not at all sensitive for it proceeded to make its presence more evident than before. This time, however, it was plain that it was not all fancy. Mustering all my courage I grasped the candle and a butcher knife, and having made a road in case of pursuit, fortified here and there by stove-pokers, rolling pins, and other weapons of defense, I made my way to the foot of the rickety old ladder that went up to the trap door leading into the attic, with the determination to prove to whatever sort of being it was that there was still some of the undaunted blood of my Whig ancestors still coursing in my veins. But here was a new dilemma. How was I to climb the ladder and at the same time defend myself if attacked by the invader! At last I placed the handle of the knife in my teeth and started up. The creaking rounds seemed to proclaim the perilousness of my position, as tremulously I pushed up the door and peered in. A gust of wind blew out the candle and a groan of horror escaped my lips as my hand slipped and the trap came down with a bang on top of my head. Surely something had shoved it. The knife fell from my teeth and I lay a helpless heap on the floor until another mysterious noise brought me to my feet.

For some seconds I stood debating whether to fly or

resume the attack, but the heavy breathing of my grandmother who, unconscious of my perplexity, was peacefully sleeping in the adjoining chamber, soon decided me. No. Though die I must, never would such a stain be left by me on the untarnished name which had been my inheritance.

Just here I heard the sound again, but this time accompanied by a low cough and coming from the kitchen. Terrified by the apparent lack of consideration which the being had for walls and partitions but armed with the courage of despair, I ran to the kitchen door where I could see in the dim moonlight, not the murdered Red-coat, not a ghost or hobgoblin, but simply an ordinary man.

His right foot was in the air and in the process of being slowly but unsteadily lowered to the floor, while the uncertain left supported his reeling body, as with both hands he grasped the table in his efforts to maintain an equilibrium. On the whole his appearance was not one of aggression but of apology. The nose was red, the eyes watery, and the breath told that something stronger than tea had been his beverage during the evening.

"Who are you?" I demanded in a tone resembling Macbeth's address to Banquo's ghost. "What are you doing here?"

"Er (hic) what am I doin' here? Wa-a-l (hic) youngster, yer kinder sassy, but bein' as I (hic) ain't no fightin' man, nur anxious for a fuss, and (hic) bein' as I don't wanter wake the old lady, I'll tell ye. I'm John Smith, and (hic) I've worked round here since the war."

It was the hired man who had been carousing with some friends, but still thoughtful of the welfare of the old lady by whom he was employed, had come from the far end of the windswept porch. The sounds had been real but my location of them had been distorted by my imagination.

Explanations followed and John, who, when morning came, was entirely over the effects of his intemperance, succeeded in making Christmas a very enjoyable day for me.

—P. JORDAN, '10.

Modernism.



THE Encyclical on Modernism was not entirely unexpected, but even the insiders in America scarcely looked for so scathing a denunciation of the old evil of Liberalism.

Now that we have had an opportunity to con it at leisure, our first astonishment at its boldness—almost severity—has given place to admiration for the really able treatment of the innumerable questions subsumed under the heading, Modernism. A firm hold on the entire question, a clear view of details, their relations and comparative importance, a familiarity with the methods employed and an insight into its tendencies, as well as the determined attitude of the Holy Pontiff, his unflinching disregard for personal views or probable consequences—all reveal a thorough knowledge of this great social and religious problem and a promptitude in dealing with it.

The past history of the church should have been enough to silence the carping criticism of those, who have often alleged that the Holy See is not abreast of the times, that in Rome politics absorb the attention of those grave functionaries to the detriment of their acquaintance with conditions in America. Yet in reading the Encyclical one cannot escape the impression that the author could, at will, place his finger upon the parts affected with Modernism, and would not hesitate to apply remedies, more or less radical according to the depth of root, which the disease has gained. And those who would scent a revolution from afar will be disappointed. In United States and Canada the hierarchy and clergy are as loyal to Rome as any in the world; and such widespread dissensions between the priests and the people as those, whose echoes we hear from beyond the Atlantic, are utterly unknown in America, where no other body of men are so much and so sincerely respected as the Catholic priests.

Olden Days.



H! those were the days, the days of old,"
The poet writes and the story's told
How bold young Knights rode out to find
Some lady fair with purse well lined.

To you and me, Jack, what are these
But the musty truck of histories,
High up there you'll find my stock
Of romance under key and lock.

The memories that we have stored,
That thrill along the spinal chord,
Are late of date and nearer home,
May be conjured up by that dog-eared tome.

That ink-spot there, cost me a tear,
The teacher's reach was long—Oh, dear!
That Homer next is eloquent
Of days—Oh, well! some idly spent.

There's not a book in all that shelf
But bears a check on memory's pelf,
Of midnight raids and attic climbs
And no remorse for those dear old crimes.

Crimes, did I say? Well, Jack, we've seen
Many worse, were we to glean
In retrospect. When life is spent
Be all its tale as innocent.

—A Non.

Assumption College Review

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VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 1.

Editorial.

Tabula Rasa.



THE great historical Library of the Universe has just been increased by the nineteen hundred and seventh volume, numbering from the time of Christ.

The indefatigable Librarian has closed the ponderous tome, richly stored with newly gained knowledge and invaluable experiences and has laid it tenderly on the shelf of memory, ready for future use. Another volume is added and still the work is hopelessly unfinished. It makes us only the more realize that we are the scribes of an ever watchful Master, stewards everyone, whose office it is to write in just so many books, and whose reward will be gauged by the value of that writing, but multiplied an hundred fold. Such is our lot; but surely it is a pleasant one. How sweet it is to have the new volume handed to us, sheet by sheet, and how we should strive to make that writing precious.

Yes! our page, our sheet is now clean and lies open before us; another volume of action must be worked out. As the skillful general lays well his plan of action, so we by good resolution should lay the foundation of success; and here is it well to remember that touch of remorse which cast a shadow on the pleasure of 'Going Home' time, that knowledge of wasted moments, of work half

done, which invariably follows the Reading of Marks. But such recollections are a stimulus to better endeavors, better use of each fleeting minute.

Our line of action is not difficult to trace. For us, our studies, recreation and moral development are all important. Success must crown our work in June, but in the meantime let us apply ourselves as never before. It is time to work and we are not afraid to labor. The sky of the future is clear and bright. The hand of time begins to point to mid-day, so let us make hay while the sun shines.

—T. K., '08.

Athletics or Millions.

Place the point of a needle under the 'o' of the word 'or' and guess which way the balance will lean.

Could there ever be a more striking proof of the value of athletics to an institution given to the training, mental and physical, of young men than that furnished by the decision of Swarthmore College to decline ten millions of dollars donated on the condition that athletics be abandoned? The cutting of 'a pound of flesh' could scarcely be compared in interest to this critical balancing which the faculty of Swarthmore so excellently and skillfully performed. At last some idea of the true value of amateur sport has been reached and must forever stand against the extremists who would have the strenuous and men-developing exercises discontinued in the schools.

Some, perhaps, do not go this far in their views. They would have only intercollegiate and interscholastic relations abolished, never stopping to consider that these are the foundations upon which enthusiasm for clean sport rests, and that without enthusiasm there can be no athletics.

Much praise and credit, therefore, is due the college of Swarthmore for her firm and clearly defined standing in the support of athletics in the schools.

—T. K.

Athletics.

The P. Y. Y. League.

Rugby was forgotten and the interest in the Peninsular League lost when the Philosophers and Yannigans stepped on the field to play the first game on the P. Y. Y. League. Never was greater enthusiasm created and never more impatience to see the outcome of a contest. All were so buried in the interest of the games that they looked forward to nothing else.

The League was made up of the Philosophers, the Yannigans, comprising Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, and the Yard, which included the remainder of the college boys and the staff. The Philosophers never entertained very great hopes but put up a better fight than was expected. They had a strong defense but their line was weak. This resulted in several tie games. The Yannigans were at first thought to be easy winners but Fate had decreed otherwise. Both their line and backs were thought to be superior to the other teams, but, somehow or other, the Yard seemed to be their hoodoo.

At the opening of each game every student crowded the side lines to encourage and cheer his class. Nor was the game over when the players left the field for both the victors and their supporters awaited the chance to fling their victory into the face of the defeated. The schedule was long and could not be finished before the first snow fall, which found the Yard one game ahead.

The Yard team deserves great credit for the spirit maintained throughout. It was this spirit that gave them success, for although their line was strong, their backs had to be chosen from the junior boys and were hardly able to cope with their opponents. But their determination surmounted this difficulty and they, on the eve of the Christmas Holidays, were presented with the Pennant

by Rev. Fr. Roach, President of the Football Association, who justly praised the enthusiasm maintained throughout the season.

Handball.

Nothing can take the place of Handball at Assumption. The annual league has been formed and already the ball has been driven spanning and glancing from wall to floor, and back and forth, with many a mighty drive. There are six teams in the Senior League.

1. Casey-Fillion. 2. Klick-Theorat. 3. Moriarity-Costello. 4. Minich-McQuillan. 5. Kelly-Coyle. 6. Hartnett-Robinet.

The Juniors and Minims will soon be ready for opening day and are eagerly expecting it.

The Peninsular League.

The fall season of 1907 marks an epoch of unbounded success in athletics at the college. In both Association and Rugby Football very great interest was evinced, and for this added interest we owe our thanks to the Rev. President, the faculty and the officials in charge.

Soon after the college re-opened in September the College Association team was entered in the Peninsular Football League. When the committee essayed the task of selecting a team, they found it necessary to create a new team rather than to select from old and tried players. With only one or two players of last year's team available, they began the work of training. A large squad of aspirants turned out for practice. In the beginning the committee had little hope that the college team would figure prominently during the first season of its membership in the league. But "Lowliness is young ambition's leader," and by a dint of hard practice and skillful training the team rapidly developed into a banner aggregation, inferior to none in the league and of which we may well be proud.



RUGBY TEAM, '07.

In the first game they were pitted against Walkerville, the champions of the previous season. Our boys showed lack of confidence and the need of training. The visitors easily won by the score 6-1. However, this overwhelming defeat, far from discouraging, proved an incentive to practice ; so that when Sandwich came, hoping to duplicate Walkerville's victory, they were greatly surprised to find that they were unable to cope with the fast and aggressive attack of the college forwards, who made the score 4-1 in our favor. In the next game, played in a drizzling rain, Detroit was very lucky to make a tie, 1 to 1. In the fourth game with the score 1-0 against them Walkerville claimed a foul and when the referee would not grant it left the field and protested the game. When the protest committee met they refused to sustain the protest and the game went to the college. The Sandwich team, who were next on the list, had strong hopes of landing the cup, and as a college victory, just here, would work havoc with their chances they bestirred themselves to secure new players to strengthen their team. When they arrayed themselves on the field on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day they looked formidable enough to contest for an International Championship. Meanwhile our sturdies had not been idle, and since it is a principle with them not to recruit players from outside they worked to the utmost to be in perfect condition. The teams met in what proved to be the fastest game of the League. The determination to win goaded each team and they battled hard for the first 30 minutes with honors about even. In the next half Sandwich took several long shots at goal without effect and the college lost two excellent chances after plays marked by brilliant combination. Fate alone could decide the day, and before time Sandwich managed to squeeze one through the goal-posts. In the last scheduled game our team had little difficulty in handing to Detroit the first decisive defeat they received this season, the score being 3-0. When the schedule had been concluded the league stood as follows :

	W	L	T	P
Assumption College.....	3	2	1	7
Sandwich.....	2	1	3	7
Detroit.....	2	1	3	7
Walkerville	1	4	1	3

The winner of the Walker Cup was still undecided and the League Executive ordered two games to be played in order to decide the championship. On December 13, Sandwich journeyed to the college for the first game of the post-season series, the teams being about the same as when they last met. In the first half the play was fast and furious, during which the College netted one tally. In the second half the Sandwich forwards became more aggressive but the College defence was impregnable. Just four minutes before the time was up the referee called a foul—which was obviously a mistake—and awarded a penalty kick to Sandwich. The kick scored and the game was a tie. The incident caused a delay and it was now too dark to resume the game. As the weather was unfavorable and the College closed soon after, no other games were played. Thus, after a season of strenuous football the title to the Walker Cup for 1908 remains undecided. An occasional piece of rough play and the work of the referees during the season have been the only regrettable features of an otherwise successful season. We hope that the officials of the Peninsular League will see fit before another year to cast in their lot with the Western Football Union, from which efficient umpires can be secured, invested with such authority as would obviate a recurrence of such regrettable incidents as that to which we have referred.

The team :—F. Bush, J. Moran, J. Bell, T. Moran, J. Quigley, P. Mahoney, J. Rooney, J. Condrick, D. McKenzie, F. Mooney, T. Murphy, A. Roy, F. Costello, T. Kelly, Rev. W. Roach, C. S. B.

Basket-Ball.

Among the many improvements in the athletics of

the College this year the introduction of basket-ball deserves special mention. In past years those who were not much given to frequenting the Library, were at a loss how to occupy the time during the evenings of the long winter months. The introduction of this popular game has solved the difficulty. The hand-ball alley, which has served so many and such varied purposes, besides being large enough for a game, will, in addition, accommodate a fair-sized crowd of spectators.

The enthusiasm runs high among the younger students as well as the older. A number of the latter have already shown themselves to be good players and the prospects for a good fast team are excellent.

Games are being scheduled with teams from Detroit and Windsor. Besides this a house league has been formed and the interest shown in this attests the popularity of the game here.

The enthusiasm and the interest of the students assures the management that basket ball has come to stay and will in future years be an important branch in athletics, for which Assumption College has gained a wide reputation.

Rugby.

For several seasons past the students have been clamoring for the introduction of Rugby. It has come at last and it has come to stay. Three teams were organized and each played several games with Detroit and Windsor clubs. Although they did not win many games, yet a steady improvement was discernible in their play, and the Rugbyites promise that next year will see them win from the best school teams in Detroit. A more detailed account of their doings will be found in the next issue.

Alumni Notes.

We ask the assistance of the Alumni in making this department as interesting as possible. Without your assistance it is impossible for us to secure all the items that we shall need. Do not forget us. A line or two will suffice.

Reverend and Lay Alumni :

Greetings and best wishes for the coming year.

To you, to your interests and to the strengthening of the bond which unites you into a single body, powerful for the performance of good, we dedicate these few pages. May they ever be welcomed to your hearts, constituting as it were the great sympathetic nerve-system of the whole Alumni organization.

This, we understand, is not the beginning. Long before the Association was formed, aye even at that distant time when the first graduates passed from the portals of Old Assumption, this bond of sympathy sprang into existence. We, in consequence, now find it difficult in starting this record, to go back over so much territory, to us unknown and untraversed. The obvious way of surmounting this difficulty seems to be that we content ourselves for the present number with notes on events since the last meeting of the Association, not intending, however, to omit the past altogether, but leaving this great chasm to be bridged by more skillful hands, who themselves can with Ulysses say, "I am a part of all that I have met."

To do this we have decided to style the April issue the Alumni Number. Now we do not mean that your contributions are solicited for no other publication, for the success of every number depends greatly upon your hearty co-operation, but what this special one will be is the reminiscences of "your" days at Sandwich. In this way we can bridge that gulf which separates the younger members from the older ones.

We shall then expect a letter from every one describing his view or his recollection of college and college days, which will be printed in letter form.

—T. K. '08.

The annual gathering of the College Alumni Association was held on November 5, 1907. There was a large number of clergy and laymen from the dioceses of Detroit, Cleveland, London and Grand Rapids.

The exercises were opened with a solemn high mass. The officers of the mess were: Celebrant, Rev. Dean McManus, Pt. Huron, Mich.; deacon, Rev. D. Forster, Mt. Carmel, Ont.; sub-deacon, Rev. M. O'Neill, London, Ont.; acolytes, Rev. E. J. McCormick and Rev. D. Needham, both of Detroit, Mich.

Rev. J. Stanley, of Woodstock, Ont., delivered an eloquent sermon on "The Dignity of the Catholic Christian."

The visitors then gathered in the spacious refectory to partake of the sumptuous banquet prepared by the officers in charge of the meeting. Rev. F. Van Antwerp, of Detroit, acted as toastmaster, to the entire satisfaction of the great gathering. Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, Bishop of London, was the principal speaker of the occasion. In his address he voiced entire confidence in the college staff and expressed the hope that the government of Ontario would not overlook the work that was being done at the college. Rev. J. M. Schreiber, Detroit, spoke to the toast "Our Alma Mater." Rev. R. Command, Trenton, Mich., in responding to the toast "The Alumni," won the good will of the younger generation by his eloquent and graceful address. He very clearly showed that in the great world to-day the burden of the work which made for progress in all lines was being done by the young men, for which they should receive due recognition. Dr. Casgrain, Windsor, Ont., spoke of "Old Times," recalling many amusing incidents of pioneer days in the college. Hon. J. O. Reaume, Minister of Public Works, assured

the college authorities that Assumption College would not be forgotten by the government and recommended that Catholic colleges devote more attention to technical education. Rev. F. Forster, President of the College, thanked those present for the interest the Alumni had always manifested in the work, which the Basilian Community were endeavoring to accomplish. For the first time in the history of the Alumni Association the students were represented among the speakers at the banquet. Mr. T. Kelly, '08, made a happy suggestion, which was readily accepted by all, when he urged the necessity of establishing a college magazine. Rev. Dean O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich., thought that it was too late for a lengthy address, and very gracefully fulfilled his part by replying to the toast "The Future," with the two words "Heaven : Hell."

After the banquet the guests repaired to the Students' Club Room to transact the business of the association. The officers chosen for the following year are : President, Rev. J. Corcoran, Seaforth, Ont. ; vice-president, Rev. J. Hally, Wyandotte, Mich. ; second vice-president, Rev. A. Ternes, Detroit, Mich. ; treasurer, Mr. E. Burns, New York, N. Y. ; secretary, Rev. C. Collins, C. S. B., Sandwich, Ont. ; chaplain, Rev. Dean McManus.

The suggestion of Mr. Kelly was then taken up and met the approval of all. After some discussion it was agreed that the association pledge itself to support the paper and recommended the students to go on with the work as soon as it would be convenient. The meeting then closed.

Mr. F. McIntyre, '96, who made such a decided hit last year in "Strongheart" and is again with Robt. Edeson in "Classmates," took advantage of his appearance in Detroit to visit his former teachers on November 29. During the forenoon he spent two hours in drilling members of the Dramatic Club, who presented the drama, "More Sinned Against Than Sinning," on the following

evening. The young Thespians would gladly have profited by another rehearsal under his direction, but professional engagements prevented it. He has the best wishes of all for success in his profession.

Mr. McIntyre, as Bubby Dumbles in "Classmates," is a character which few who have seen will ever forget. He has made a decided "hit." Our old grad. seems to us to have been fitted by nature with his jolly, round face and his 250 avoirdupois to enact the part of the genial whole-souled Bubby.

Messrs. Thomas Ford, Hubert Robert and James Hogan, '04, were ordained to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McEvay, December 21. The ceremony was performed at St. Peter's Cathedral, London. About twenty-five members of the clergy were present. The new priests have been assigned and are now fulfilling the duties of their exalted calling, Fr. Ford at the Cathedral, Fr. Hogan at Raleigh, and Fr. Robert at the Immaculate Conception church, Windsor, as assistant to Fr. Downey.

Mr. John B. O'Leary, rhetoric, '03, was elevated to the holy priesthood at Galveston, Texas, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gallagher, December 22. He visited friends and relatives in Michigan during the Christmas holidays, and then departed for Galveston, in which diocese he will labor.

Alfred Riley, commercial, '04, is now engaged as foreman in a large manufacturing plant at Jersey City.

Chester Crowley, commercial, '03, and Frank York, commercial, '04, are now engaged as electricians in Detroit.

Charles Bresnahan, commercial, '04, is employed as stenographer in the offices of the Northwestern Railway at Chicago.

The name of O'Meara is so conspicuous on our walls and fences that we cannot refrain from putting it in the "first issue." That's right, James, make your mark in the world.



Obituary.

Many of the younger priests in London and Detroit dioceses heard with sorrow of the recent demise of Fr. Fred. Barry. As a student Fr. Barry was universally and deservedly popular for his cheerful disposition and skill in athletics. No one was more fond of a practical joke, and his fund of good humor, which continually excited to laughter, never provoked displeasure or resentment. After ordination his enthusiastic labor in church work at London and Sarnia, and a complete disregard of personal comfort, quickly developed the germs of consumption, and during the past year his friends were only too well aware that the dreaded day was not far distant. The end came rather suddenly and must have been a great shock to his parents. We extend them our sincerest sympathies.

May his soul rest in peace.

Chronicle.

We are longing for cold weather in order to flood our new rink.

The boys did ample justice to the sumptuous turkey dinner tendered them on our Thanksgiving day.

On December 5, our Rev. President was called home to the death-bed of a younger brother. He has the sympathy of all the students in his great bereavement.

James Melling, who has been our faithful porter for the last five years, has resigned and William Robinson is now answering the bell.

Work is progressing rapidly upon our new chapel. The exterior has been completed and the ceiling within outlined in graceful Gothic arches. It supplies a long felt want and promises to be one in which the students and everybody interested in the institution may take a just pride.

Basket-ball has become the popular pastime for the evening recreation and affords amusement to all who do not care to take advantage of the library or the play-hall.

Mr. Von Mach, of Detroit, is busy decorating our class rooms, which have been refloored and furnished with new desks. The play-hall is being fitted out with eight beautiful card tables and fifty new chairs. Every effort is being made to ensure comfort and amusement to the students.

Blessed Virgin Sodality.

On the 8th of December Fr. Semande, the Spiritual Director of Our Lady's Sodality, received nine new members. Before the reception Fr. Ferguson gave a most edifying instruction in which he dwelt chiefly upon the immaculate purity of her, among whose children they were about to be enrolled, impressing on them at the same time, the importance of the step they were taking. The officers of the Sodality for the past year were: Presi-

dent, Mr. T. Kelly ; first vice-president, Mr. F. Minich ; second vice-president, Mr. W. Murray ; secretary, Mr. J. Hackett ; organist, Mr. P. Mahoney.

The election of Sodality officers for the second term was held January 12. The following were chosen : President, T. Kelly ; first vice-president, F. Minich ; second vice-president, J. Hackett ; secretary, M. Walsh.

The Play.

The annual fall entertainment given by the Dramatic Club, took place in the college hall, November 28. The programme was a great success in every respect and was seen by one of the most appreciative and largest gatherings ever assembled in the hall.

The annual play has become an event of great local importance and the patrons have come to expect a really artistic production. And, certainly, if the repeated bursts of applause meant anything, they were more than satisfied.

No expense had been spared and no detail neglected to make the play a success. The costuming and stage settings astonished and delighted, and the acting might have done credit to professionals, a perfectly balanced company sustaining the interest with not one arid spot.

"More Sinned Against Than Sinning," a melodrama by John L. Carleton, is much above the ordinary in humor and powerful dramatic climaxes and the general excellence of the company took advantage of every opportunity afforded by the play to make each situation as impressive as possible. Despite its difficulty, the role of the designing villain, enacted by W. Murray, was very clear.

M. Walsh made an excellent hero, his appearance winning for him the sympathy of the audience on his first entrance.

As the whole souled, jolly major, W. Moffat made a very decided hit, and critics generally conceded that his presentation of the eccentric English officer was among the finest bits of character interpretation that has been seen in the college auditorium.

Mr. Kelly, as Teddy O'Neill, who likes no better fun than punching a land agent's head, shared the applause with the major, and the audience will long remember his clever disguise and capture of the smugglers in the last act, for its serio-comic power.

THE CAST.

Squire Hilton	J. Hackett
Marmaduke, his son, commonly known as.....	
"The Duke,"	M. Walsh
Alphonsus Belhaven, a characteristic land agent.....	
.....	Wm. Murray
Dick Harvey, an unscrupulous villain.....	Jas Condrick
Major Lookout, a jolly good fellow, "ye know".....	
.....	Wm. Moffitt
Teddy O'Neill, a rale sprig of the ould sod.....	T. Kelly
Captain De Balzac, a remnant of the Empire.....	A. Roy
Andy } Smugglers	{ R. Farrell
Tom }	{ T. Murphy
Joe }	{ D. Mackenzie
John Jemison, an aristocratic servant.....	R. Ryan



A Moonlight Serenade.

(Pianissimo.)

The silvery moon was shining clear,
 The rink was glistening bright,
 And very little did we fear,
 As down the hall that night,
 We stole our skates along.

(Allegro.)

With muffled click we ope'd the door,
 Oh joy! now we are free.
 Then round and round the glassy floor
 With hearts so full of glee,
 We sped our skates along.

(Maestoso.)

But suddenly from out the gloom,
 A voice in anger said :
 "Go up at once into your room."
 Then back, with hanging head,
 We dragged our skates along.

—WM. C. MOFFATT, '09.

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Bishop of London.

PARISH OF THE ASSUMPTION,
Sandwich, Oct. 1, 1906.

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