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Assumption College Review

Entered at the Post Office at Sandwich, Ont. as second-class matter

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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JUNE, 1910.

Vol. III. No. 11.

Sleep.

When I'm asleep no time exists for me—
The days and years are neither short nor long.
With loss of sense I lose the stars that throng
The sky, and mountains, men, cities, and sea.

From my own joys and sorrows I am free.
Failure, success, to nothingness belong,
And I am loosed from every earthly thing—
And so 'twill be when death has mastery.

For life's a day, and evening comes apace;
The shadows lengthen, and the tapers cast
Their ghostly glow. And we're asleep.
And that of me which death cannot deface
I must look to. For he will soon hold fast
And take for his all that is light and cheap.

—C. A. B., '11.
An Hero of Charity.

*Father Peter Damien.*

It happens occasionally even in this dull, sad, commonplace century, when all the fire of youth and enthusiasm seems well-nigh burnt out, that some thrill of irrepressible emotion, some touch of passionate hero-worship, surges up for a brief while at the mention of some hero, who by his self-sacrificing spirit has deserved to be raised to the very pinnacle of fame. This emotion touches with its living flame all hearts and sympathies, lifting them into a momentary forgetfulness of the toils and cares which make up the sum of modern human existence within the boundaries of what we call civilization. I am to tell you of such an hero and I hope with the same result—to lift you above yourself for the moment and to leave you to view through an unclouded blue the brightness of a noble and beautiful character. But first let me prepare your minds for a fuller appreciation of his greatness.

Perhaps to many of us the gospel stories of cleansed lepers, the pictures of outcast ones touched with a foul disease from which all turned shudderingly away as the stricken wayfarer hastily covered his mouth lest he contaminate the air with his breath, and shrank away—perhaps these, I say, have come to us familiarly enough since childhood but with little realization of their dread significance. To none of us has been allotted the task to watch in trembling silence for the signs and tokens, almost imperceptibly at first, but surely and fatally developing upon the face or form which embodies all that is most dear to us on earth; to mark the falling hair, the slight discoloration of skin, the numbness of limb, which all too surely tell their own tale; and shudderingly with the last passionate clasp of despairing love, to hide for days and weeks such fatal knowledge from the officers who must needs
impose the cruel kindness of legal banishment on those afflicted with so fearful a curse. To hide it for a time it may be—for surely such parting must be a separation far worse than death—aye, a thousand times worse than even that supreme hour that counts the last pulsations of the blood and notes each struggling breath and then leaves the beloved form within our clasp to receive all last and tenderest ministrations which sorrowing love may lavish on the pale and flower-strewn form.

It is heart-rending indeed to whisper to that silent form a last "Good-bye," but what must it be to bid farewell to a living, palpitating presence, and know it condemned to live out, far, far from home and friends a long, long death agony; to picture all the horrors of disfiguration and loathesomeness which day by day must spread over the beloved features; to look onward to the lonely, struggling, uncared-for death of that dear one, whose last hour delays perchance too long to come, while the parched lips and starting eyeballs plead almost desperately for the relief of the grave.

Small wonder that loving relations seek desparingly to hide their afflicted ones—that the doomed turn at bay; and, as in the case of one of whom I have read, stand pistol in hand, defying the officers of the law until overpowered by force of numbers and dragged away and shipped to his life-long exile on one of the leper settlements.

Molokai is perhaps the best known of the various leper settlements. It is one of the group of islands called the Hawaiian, situated about the middle of the Pacific Ocean. The dreadful disease is quite prevalent among the islanders, and the government had long since reserved a portion of the uninviting, rocky and volcanic isle of Molokai as an exile for these poor outcasts of society.

For years they had been without a spiritual director, and sore indeed were the hearts of the Catholic pastors to think that their stricken souls were passing unblest into eternity; but though the harvest was great the laborer
were few and a short visit from time to time from a passing missionary was all that could be given them.

But, at last, after many years of waiting, a stranger arrives among them. He has come to sacrifice his life for them, and he is not a leper. To enumerate the blessings which they derived from his coming would be by no means an easy task. Picture to your minds these poor outcast islanders doomed to a slow and miserable death, far from the relatives from whom he has been mercilessly torn. Many are Catholics, but by far the greater number are Protestants or even Pagans, in whose eyes the true light has not yet shown, and who cannot but curse their lot. Among them, a white minister of the Lord arrives, a Catholic priest, who, though free from the disease that is gradually undermining their strength, yet comes to take up his abode in their midst and to labor with them under their almost insupportable burden. He opens out his arms and heart to all without distinction. He brings to these poor wretches the succor of a tender and truly Christian charity and of unlimited self-sacrifice, at the sight of which joy is awakened in their withered hearts. The brows, heavy but yesterday with the pressure of sorrow and misery, are now cheered with radiant hope. Death, it is true, remains inevitable, but the sight of the man of God robs it of its bitterness. His exhortations open for those who can no longer hope for comfort here below the delightful prospect of a future life of boundless happiness above. And among such people as I have described was the missionary to labor, and pray and suffer and die. And this priest, this apostle of the lepers, this hero of charity was Father Peter Damien.

It is now twenty years since he went to his reward, but the various incidents of his life are still fresh in the minds of all lovers of what is grand and noble and beautiful. I have but to recall to you the leading features of his life. That he was born in Belgium about seventy years ago of humble but holy parents. I have but to remind you of his exemplary life, of his call to the priest-
AN HERO OF CHARITY.

hood, of his entrance as a novice in the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, of his being sent to the missions of the Hawaiian Islands, of his volunteering to enter a living tomb for the relief of its occupants, these wretches who had neither priest nor physician, neither church nor chapel, of his work among them, how he built their houses, tended them in sickness, rejoiced with them in their misery, comforted them in their last agony, closed their eyes in the sleep of death, and then when it seemed as if they could do no more, he still discovered one more work of charity, he even made their coffins and dug their very graves.

Can we wonder that he received the worship of these simple islanders? Can we wonder that the cords of friendship and love bound his heart to theirs with ever increasing strength? Can we wonder that this man is called the Apostle of the Lepers and the hero of charity?

Father Damien was thirty-three years of age and in strong, robust health when he came to this lazaret-house. He was a man of education and refinement. But he voluntarily sacrificed his prospects for success from a worldly point of view, and with the simpleness of a child he obeyed the inspiration from on high, he made his great renunciation, he sought out his new field of labor, and slept under a tree amidst his rotting brethren, alone with pestilence and looking forward to a lifetime spent in dressing sores and decaying limbs, with what courage, with what pitiful sinkings of dread, God only knows.

You will perhaps say that I am too sensitive, that sights as painful abound in cancer hospitals and are confronted daily by physicians and nurses. But there is no cancer hospital as large and populous as Molokai; and, in such a matter, every fresh case, like every inch of length in the pipe of an organ, deepens the note of the impression, for what daunts the onlooker is that monstrous sum of human suffering by which he stands surrounded. And besides no doctor or nurse is called upon to enter once for all the doors; they do not say farewell,
they need not abandon hope at its threshold, they go but for a time to their high calling, they can look as they go to relief, to recreation, to rest, and to final deliverance. But Damien shut with his own hand the door of his own sepulchre!

And what a wonderful change he effected. When he first arrived the lepers were in a state of most horrible degradation. "In this place there is no law," was the saying current among them. Besides Molokai still retained its old Paganism to a great extent. To make bad worse, the people had discovered a certain root from which they distilled a liquor, upon drinking which they became more like beasts than men. But Damien came, a priest and teacher, among them. At first as he himself says his labors seemed in vain. But his kindness, his charity, his sympathy and his religious zeal, had not long to wait before their influence was felt. Before he reached the island the settlement was squalid, hideous, almost hellish; he made it a peaceful law-abiding community, presenting an attractive, nay, an almost cheerful appearance. It became a colony of neat whitewashed wooden cottages, some of them standing in pasture lands, some amongst fields of sweet potatoes, some even having their gardens of bananas and sugar cane.

But in the field of religion, in their spiritual life his influence was even greater. For in spite of their almost hopeless condition, under the influence of the consolations afforded them by religion they were really not unhappy. And their interior peace and joy were often outwardly manifested. For on their festive days they were wont to adorn themselves with wreaths and garlands of flowers in the pretty Hawaiian fashion. On one occasion they even had a grand ball in their hospital. Can we imagine such a dance of death!

For sixteen years without relaxation, Damien cared for their bodies which corruption had made its prey, and of their souls which found in him a consoler. He knew that a premature death would be the price of his charity.
And what a death—a slow, painful and horrible death, far beyond the power of words to describe. That foul rotting away of limb after limb, the body one mass of scaly corruption, and that horrible stench—all these must be his even as it was of those who daily everywhere surrounded him. He saw its approach from afar; he could follow week by week, and month by month, the constant and inexorable progress of the growing canker. And with what dread did he see its approach, dread not for himself, not for his own suffering; but dread at the thought of his being forced to discontinue his work among his flock which needed him so badly. And so he prayed and labored and waited—waited, until one morning he awoke and as he began the usual duties of his busy day he saw for the first time the white spot upon his hand. And as he gazed the realization of the truth came to him. Now he too was a leper. He could not mistake the inevitable sign. He was too familiar with it ever to mistake it. As he thought, the awfulness of his doom dawned upon him. Now indeed could he address his flock in all truth as “We lepers.” In his agony and sorrow, well might he cry out, “The hand of the Lord is upon me.”

But his fear and apprehension were gradually changed into a feeling of joy as he realized that he had been found worthy not only to spend his life for Christ, but also to die as his Saviour had died, for the souls that he loved.

Gradually the disease progressed, and Damien was forced to give up one after another his various duties, but, amid all this dreadful decaying of the flesh, his soul remained intact, and full of the supernatural calmness of spirit, he waited patiently for the end. After four years of this slow immolation of self upon the altar of charity he consummated his sacrifice and went to his God to receive his reward—the reward of a triple crown. The crown of confessor, of virgin, and of martyr. Of confessor, since his life had been but one continuous profession of the faith that was in him. Of virgin, since he was a
priest and one of the Lord's anointed. And of martyr, since his life had been for years a living martyrdom for the sake of the souls Christ had redeemed.

He had not spared himself in the lepers' service. As I have already said, he was their priest and physician, their nurse, carpenter, schoolmaster, gardener, cook, aye, even their undertaker and grave-digger. It is well to know that his work has not passed entirely without recognition. To this deceased hero, buried in the triumphant honor of his leprosy, all have awarded glorious palms and have sent across the ocean the touching homage of their admiration. Words of respect and of praise for the hero and martyr have fallen from every lip. One need not even share Damien's particular form of Faith to recognize the simple and unrewarded heroism of his life. There are not too many heroisms in the world; the earth, as Carlyle says, will never become too god-like. Obscure bigots who are never tired of proclaiming that they are Christians will take very good care of that. But to ignorant intolerance which presumes to revile such a life as Damien's, because he was not this, and was not that, may be very deservedly applied the crushing rebuke which the brother of the dead Ophelia addressed to the "churlish priest" in Hamlet:—"A ministering angel shall he be when thou liest howling."

For having raised his flock from poverty and misery to peace and comparative contentment, and secured for them the blessings of a future life, at the same time furnishing an example which other priests might well emulate, Father Damien could, with transports all his own, say, "my work is done," and dropping his mantle upon the shoulders of a young Elisha, "take his seat with kindred spirits in his native skies."

I have attempted to give you an idea, however inadequate, of Damien's greatness. We have seen him in various stages of his life and everywhere we obtain the same impression of devotion to his fellowmen, of self-sacrificing zeal, of absolute renunciation of self and of
An Hero of Charity.

Singleness of purpose in the cause of suffering humanity. If you have failed to be impressed by his virtues and his greatness, oh! attribute it not to the man himself, but rather to the feebleness of my powers to present him to you in a manner in keeping with the grandeur of his character and life. And I ask you to suspend your judgment until investigation will prove to you that Damien was a man, who for the honor, love and esteem he won, and for the misery and suffering he endured, was justly called the Apostle of the Lepers, the greatest of modern martyrs, the hero and Martyr of Charity.

—C. A. Bates, '11.
To the Anemone.

ENUS mourned Adonis slain,
We read in ancient lays,
And where her teardrops chanced to fall
Sprang up anemones.

And some there are would have us believe
Them heralds of the wind,
Who sends them to the woods and hills
His coming to remind.

How tremulously beautiful
Upon their stalks they dance—
Where young leaves scarce a shadow cast—
Should Auster pass by chance.

To us this slender floweret
As light and free as air,
Should ever be a good emblem
Of God's infinite care.

How fragile yet how strong it is,
Aswaying in the breeze,
This thought then comes into my mind,
"He careth e'en for these."

—C. A. Bates, '11.
ONE of the gravest questions agitating the Press of to-day is that of the treatment of criminals. It is a matter worthy not only of the consideration of criminologists but also of the public at large.

In the past the aim of the state has been merely to protect society against the evil tendencies of those criminally inclined. In consequence, when she had them safely corryled behind prison bars she considered that her obligations had been filled. Later the methods in dealing with criminals included an effort to reform them, and many changes were introduced into the penal system with this end in view. But there is another phase of the question which has been neglected in the past. As a matter of fact, one of the parties immediately concerned in this social question has been entirely overlooked. Besides the criminal and the state there is the criminal's family, which has as much right to protection and support as the state has to self preservation; and men who are concerned with this question are only now beginning to recognize that society owes something to the criminal's family. The singular part of the whole question is that men have been so slow to realize this truth.

It often happens that the greatest sufferer for crime is not the prisoner himself but someone closely bound to him by the bonds of friendship or family. The wife and children must bear the stigma of having a criminal belonging to the household. These are the ones upon whom the world looks down with contempt and treats with suspicion when they try to earn an honest living. The circumstances which have conjoined to make the father a felon are beyond the control of the family and no blame rightly attaches to them, though the consequences fall on them with crushing effect. And yet wh
should they suffer? Why should they not be credited with honesty, as well as their neighbors, at least until they have been proven dishonest?

What a picture of misery and shame is presented by the family of the unfortunate criminal, sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. For a time, it may be, they are able to eke out a miserable livelihood from the meagre savings of the father before his conviction. But sooner or later they come face to face with the awful struggle for bare existence. Education for the children must cease and daily toil take its place. The social standing of the family is lowered and former acquaintances pass them by without sign of recognition. They must work; but the only occupation which they can obtain is that of the common laborer. The father of the crime made them, as well as himself, social outcasts and the penalty of his sins is visited on his family. Even fellow workmen look askance at them.

The condition of the family goes from bad to worse; the children, compelled to associate with the dregs of society, imbibe their depraved thoughts and begin to hate all authority and its representatives. If there is a boy in the family he longs for that parental affection which is natural to his youthful years. Hitherto he has trusted implicitly in his father and even yet believes in his innocence. When, therefore, the heavy hand of the law lays its grasp on his parent he is driven to the desire to be avenged on those whom he considers to be the cause of all his misfortune. He grows up imbued with the spirit of hatred for law and authority, and each succeeding day of his father's imprisonment weighs more and more heavily on him, and adds ever more fuel to the fire of his hate until it bursts into a flame of lawless deeds. He has been avenged on the law, but at the cost of his own freedom and the addition of further disgrace to his family.

Little wonder that the poor mother is bowed with age and grief before her time. Little wonder that her brow is seamed with the wrinkles of care and suffering;
and there is great danger that even she will sink beneath the weight of her affliction and fall away from the duties she owes to God, to her family, and to herself. Surely here there is a duty on the part of the state to lighten the burden of those on whom the heavy hand of misfortune has fallen in spite of their innocence.

The remedy proposed for this is that the state should allow the prisoner's wages to go for the support of his family, deducting of course the cost of his maintenance. At the present time his labor is made use of by the state or else it is contracted for by manufacturing concerns and the money goes to the state. Now Justice would seem to require that whatever a man can earn engaged in an occupation in prison should be given to him. A man's wages are as sacredly his own as the blood in his veins. All thought of charity must be banished in consideration of this matter. It is not Charity but Justice. It is simply the refusal of the state to confiscate what does not belong to it. The prisoner earns the money, and although the state has a right to keep him imprisoned it does not acquire the right to the result of his labor. If, however, a man were thrown into a dungeon and kept unproductive the state is not so gravely responsible; but otherwise, it has no right to curtail his labor.

Besides the idea of Justice there is also that of the reform of the criminal to be considered. Now by allowing his family the proceeds of his labors he is made to realize that he has something else in life to work for besides the state, which is punishing him. He sees his earnings expended for the support of his wife and children and he realizes that the more faithfully he labors the greater reparation he is able to make for the injury which he has done to those who are nearest to him. This tends to make him a better man and more willing to work and to obey the rules of the prison. Thus a spirit of discipline is fostered in him which will have its effect even when he has regained his freedom.

Even though a man may not be married still he has
a right to the wages he earns, and though they need not be paid him during his prison term, they could be kept till he is liberated and then given to him. Thus he would have something with which to start out again in his battle with the world.

Although a man has committed a crime against society still we must remember that it is but human to err, and we ought, at least out of regard for common charity, to give the unfortunate convict another chance. He has spent probably the best years of his life in ejection for his deed and surely, when a man has served a long term in prison, he has paid in full the penalty of his crime. When liberated he is easily recognizable. His gait, his demeanor, his close-cropped hair, and his clothes, characterizes him as a convict and he has a difficult situation to face when he is again free. He has great difficulty in securing a position, for the world not content with ostracizing him during his imprisonment, continues to treat him with suspicion when he has been released. He is still branded as a felon and very few care to employ him. Without his wages, accumulated during his sentence, he would feel more keenly these rebuffs and would be compelled to seek his former haunts and pursue his former evil ways.

In order to furnish him wages the state could take over some industries run by private concerns, and pay the prisoner a wage similar to that of the worker outside the prison. Thus, if he is honestly paid, he is put on the same footing with other laborers, and prison labor loses its competition. It is not the prisoner's industry but the refusal of the state to pay him sufficient wages that makes him a dangerous competitor.

Thus observing the question from all points of view it is obvious that the wage earned by the prisoner should go either to himself or to his family. As one of the American papers has said "the moral issue in this matter will never become subservient to the financial issue and
this is one of the things in which the moral procedure will be found to be financially practicable." As the first step in dealing with this problem was wrong, every succeeding step has been infected with the same vice, till now a revision of the whole penal code is necessary.

Greeting to King George II.

Take thee our greeting, oh Edward’s son,
Bearing undaunted the royal crown.
May no foe oppress you nor woe distress you,
Nor Fickle Fortune on you frown.

We greet you son of that noble line
Begun by Alfred and Aethelred.
We greet you and we pray the years
Will hold unharmed thy kingly head.

Take thee our greeting, oh India’s Prince,
And as sunbeams kissing each holy shrine,
On history’s pages in future ages
May your hallowed lustre unceasing shine.

May England’s glory, through ages hoary,
Ever illumine thy sacred brow,
And light of gladness, never sadness,
Beam on you always, not as now.

Take thee our greeting, oh noble ruler,
Of a country won by warrior kings,
For whom side by side, many thousands died
’Mid ardent hopes and high imaginings.

Now May Heaven smile on your lone isle,
Against whose shores the oceans toss,
And it’s flag wave o’er free and slave
With you to meet your father’s loss.

Take thee our greeting, oh Royal leige,
May peaceful Edward your subjects guard
From foreign shrewdness, barbarian rudeness,
All craft and treachery ill-starred.

Let our greetings leap across the deep
From each Canadian hill and plain,
“For many years, devoid of tears,
May George and good Queen Mary reign.”

—W. C. Moffatt, ’09.
Editors of Assumption College Review.

Top Row: W. Murphy, L. Roberge, F. McQuillan, J. Fillion, C. Breteker.

Editorial.

Edward VII.

As often happens in a world blind to its own greatest benefactors, the true greatness of Edward VII., for seven years King of "the greatest empire that has been," was almost unrecognized and certainly unappreciated. Only the discerning few, who had access to the world events of the last quarter of a century, knew the man in the royal robes. Now that the great Edward is gone, they have convinced the general public that the British Empire and even the whole human race, has lost a great deal in the death of one who has ever lent the great might of his thought to the preservation of peace, and has brought men a little nearer to that day when war shall be no more, and the olive branch of arbitration shall never again be torn from the pinnacle of the Temple of Universal Peace. In the Hall of Fame his scroll will read "Edward the Peacemaker."
Among the many reforms for which John Redmond is struggling, must be numbered the expunging from the coronation oath of the bigoted condemnation of certain Catholic beliefs. When the late King took the oath he faltered at it, and had the agitation against it been started earlier he might have been able to refuse to repeat what he knew to be offensive to millions of his most loyal subjects. We have yet to learn whether King George V. will have the courage to refuse to take an oath which must be most humiliating to him. The enlightened toleration, of which our age can rightly boast, is directly opposed to the preservation of the objectionable clause in the coronation oath. Besides the agitation against it is spreading rapidly. In Canada the protest against it was officially made, when, through the efforts of Bishop Fallon the subject was brought before the attention of the Canadian Parliament. That every other colony of the Empire will follow so commendable an example of toleration, we may only naturally expect. Until this change has been made the boasted English fair play will never possess the stamp of sterling quality.

The Year 1909-1910.

On June 14, next, the present scholastic year will have passed into history. What has it brought us? What have we accomplished? In the internal economy of the College many changes have been made with a view to increasing the pedagogical efficiency of the institution. The scientific and commercial departments have been greatly enlarged and improved. The courses of studies in the classical department have been rearranged so as to correspond more nearly with the High School work, thus enabling the students to secure the standing required for teacher's certificates and admission to the schools of Law, Medicine and Science.
Among the students a better feeling of patriotic attachment to the College has been noticeable. Greater enthusiasm has been manifested among them for all aims that would further the development and growth of the College. This will undoubtedly bring a larger attendance in future. The presence of a new bishop will tend to promote the work of higher education in this diocese.

But what the individual student has accomplished during the year must be answered by himself. No one else knows so much of the opportunities used or neglected, and no one else can feel the consequent feelings of gratulation or regret. It may be that these feelings will soon be forgotten but what gave rise to them will never pass. Every task, whether well or ill done, must continue to have its effects on the future career of the student. As the work of the year has progressed favorably in every department, we believe that few if any of the students will look back upon the year just drawing to a close with any but feelings of satisfaction and kindly remembrance.
ASSUMPTION VS. SPALDING.

On May 14th the strong Spalding team of Detroit took a funny game from us. Eight mistakes by our boys on the field assisted the sport shoppers in hoarding up a decade of runs. Rash base-running was the immediate cause of the defeat; for the collegians hit the ball much harder than their opponents but were caught several times trying to stretch hits or were called for not touching the sacks. Both teams secured nine bingles; three of Assumption’s counting for extra bases while our visitors’ only long hit was good for two sacks. Kennedy, who was on the rubber for the college, was disastrously wild, and our opponents were presented with eight walks to first; this gift to our visitors, coupled with Assumption’s errors, gave the college her second defeat of the season. The score:
ATHLETICS.

Assumption.

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Totals .............. 33 10 9 27 13 2


Y. M. I., 7. ASSUMPTION, 4.

Is 1910 a hoo-doo year for our first team? Though the average batting percentage of the team is considerably better than it has been for some time past we cannot defeat downright hard luck. On May 21st the Y. M. I. team of Detroit journeyed to the local campus and with six bingles drew a better score of runs than our boys made with nine. Robinet pitched five innings for Assumption and hit six men. This naturally was an immense advantage to our opponents since none of the blows were knock-outs. He was relieved in the sixth by Kennedy whose pegging was the feature of the game. In the eighth inning he retired the batsmen who opposed
him with nine pitched balls, crediting himself with three strike-outs. Costello, Robinet and Kennedy were the leading sluggers for the college, having secured two hits apiece, while McQuillan, Bell and Fillion each pried off one. The score by innings:

<table>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
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Batteries—Assumption, Robinet (5 inn.), Kennedy, (4 inn.) and McQuillan.

Y. M. I.—Brady and Dreher.

**Assumption's In Seventh.**

The St. Louis team, representing St. Vincent's Young Men's Club, of Detroit, met with defeat on our diamond on May 24th. The game was close and fast throughout and was doubtful until the seventh inning when Assumption connected with Maurer's benders for four consecutive bingles, and made the game their own by scoring as many runs. This left the score 6 to 2 in Assumption's favor, and Kennedy, who did the twirling for the college, held the visitors down to one hit during the last three innings. The game was a battle of "South-paws," but Kennedy showed his superiority over Maurer having eight strike-outs and allowing but five hits, while our boys touched Father Chawke's man for twelve safe ones, and he has credit for four strike-outs. The scorer's account:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>AB.</th>
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<th>PO.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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<tr>
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<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
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<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>LeBoeuf, 1st</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mackey, 1 f</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Kelley, r f</td>
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**Totals** 37 6 12 27 7 3
ATHLETICS.

St. Louis.

Keller, 1 f. ................. 3 0 0 0 0 0
Wilkinson, 1 f. ............ 4 0 1 2 0 0
Carney, c f. .............. 3 1 1 1 1 0
Sertt, 1 r ................... 5 1 1 1 0 0
Wilson, 2nd .............. 3 0 1 7 1 2
Ross, 1st ................ 3 1 0 6 0 0
Maurer, p ................. 4 0 1 0 1 0
Esperian, r f. ........... 3 0 0 1 1 0
Scanlon, c. ............ 3 0 0 6 3 1
Breshean, s s .......... 4 0 0 3 4 0
Stringer, 3rd .......... 4 0 0 0 1 1

Totals ................. 34 2 4 24 9 6

Base on ball—off Kennedy, 6. Struck out by Kennedy, 8; by Maurer, 4. Double plays—Esperian to Ross; Kennedy to Bell to LeBoeuf. Left on bases—Assumption, 7; St. Louis, 11. Passed balls—McQuillan, 2; Scanlon, 1. Umpire—Brennan. Time 1.40.

BATTING AVERAGES.

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<th>A.</th>
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<td>11</td>
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<td>Kennedy</td>
<td>29</td>
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<td>310</td>
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<tr>
<td>LeBoeuf</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bell</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brennan</td>
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Team Average—Batting, 271.

FIELDING AVE'S.

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BELVEDERES.

St. Gregory's boys, one of the fastest amateur teams of Detroit, is the only club that has been able to check the team representing our middle campus. On May 14th they faced our boys on the local diamond and put up a
hard fight, which is easily the best game on the schedule. However, while the Belvederes were not able to conquer their sturdy opponents, they proved that they were not inferior to them. The game went ten innings to a tie and had to be called; the final score being 4 to 4. For the visitors Scebert was the leading man with the willow, twice hammering the sphere over the left field for home runs. Dalton did the heavy clouting for the home team having made connections for three safe ones out of five, two of which went for extra bases. Fitzmaurice got two out of three, while Craine, Brennan and Richardson pulled off one each. The score by innings:

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Batteries—Belvederes—O'Neil and Dalton.
St. Gregory's—Maher, (6 inn.), Scebert, (4 inn.) and Brodel.
Umpire—Kennedy.

**BELVEDERES IN THE NINTH.**

On May 21st the Belvederes took a handsome victory from the Detroit College Reserves. In the last half of the ninth with two down, and the score 4 to 3 in favor of the Jesuit boys, Meurer let Dacey's grounder through him; Morand then doubled to deep left-center, and Richardson won his own game by driving out a pretty single scoring Dacey and Morand. Meurer's fluke was the only error of the game. Brennan starred with the stick, while Richardson held his opponents to five hits and in the eighth inning retired the side on three pitched balls. As the scorer saw it:

**Belvederes.**

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Minim Base Ball Team.

Tai-Kun Base Ball Team.
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**Detroit College Reserves.**

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<td><strong>9</strong></td>
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*Two men out when innings run was scored.

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<tr>
<td>7</td>
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<td>9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Detroit College** 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 5 8 0

**A. C. Belvedere’s** 0 1 2 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0


**Tai-Kuns.**

Our friends in knee breeches have afforded the fans some interesting games this year when the representative team were on the losing side; and we would be pleased to record their games, but time does not permit. Among the several teams they have defeated this year are the Cadillacs, of Windsor and the Elk Jrs. of Detroit; both these teams have an excellent standing among those of the sixteen and seventeen year old teams of the vicinity. The Tai-Kun team is composed of the following promising young stars: Joe Famularo, c., W. MacAteer, c., M.

MINIMS.

The Minims were never so proud of their nine as they are this year. In baseball as in rugby, they have an unblemished record, and this is due to the fact that they never wilt; although they may be on the losing end they keep up the fighting spirit and eventually pull out on top. They are “game to the core.” Three of the six games they played this season went over time, and the last was a tie, 7 to 7, in the thirteenth inning. The youngsters who do their fighting are the following: L. Kleinhans, captain, c., R. Kelly, p., A. Morand, p., W. Chambers, 1st., L. Sangelier, 2nd, H. Quernbach, 3rd, W. Neiderpreum, s s, E. Mathers, J. Burns, Secretary, L. White, E. Brennan, fielders.

—Joseph L. Fillion, '12.
The Review is in receipt of a card bearing the name of Lawrence F. Johnston, Architects, 821-235 Fifth Ave., Chicago. Mr. Johnston was a student of Assumption forty years ago and has requested us to put his name on the subscription list.


Mr. Raymond Girardot, a student of some years ago, has finished his course in dentistry and now has a first-class establishment at 270 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Paul Lemire, Commercial, '06, is a scientific and artistic photographer with a studio at 86 Marentette Ave., Windsor, Ont.
Mr. Remi Belleperche, who was one of our number for three years, won the Skinner Medal for debating at the annual contest in Detroit College.

Many of the students of 1905-1907, will be happy to learn that Mr. Francis Poupard, a former member of the present Rhetoric Class, has a good position in the Michigan Central Dispatchers’ Office, in Jackson.

Mr. William Moffatt, ’09, who displayed much ability on the REVIEW staff last year, is now assistant editor of the Owen Sound Herald. In another section of the paper we print a poem of Mr. Moffatt’s, which appeared in a recent issue of the Herald.

Mr. Francis Marchant, Philosophy, ’03, will soon be ordained in the Dominican Convent at Limburg, Holland, and will be known as Fr. Cyprian. We extend to the gentleman our heartiest congratulations on his elevation to the holy Priesthood.

It gave us much pleasure to learn of the convalescence of Mr. John Callinan, First Year Academic. When Mr. Callinan left us last November there was little hope of his recovery. We trust that next September will find him again at Assumption.

Mr. U. Durocher, ’01, and Mr. E. Pillon, ’05, graduated from Detroit College of Medicine, both of whom made excellent records during their medical course.

Mr. C. O’Connell, ’04, has graduated in Medicine at St. Louis University.

We wish the young medics all sorts of success, and we hope that they will take the first opportunity to visit us again.

Farewell Boys! When shall we meet again?

In vain did the "comet seekers" parade the back yard at a ghostly hour in a shivering attire.

Cas.—I never liked radishes, they will not stay down for me.
Moran.—Put the big end first for a sinker.
Art.—Wow! I hate to wash in cold water.
Waugh—But you're not in Coldwater now.

The last track-meet under the auspices of the "Fat Rat Klub" was held in No. 4 Dormitory. One marathon and two hurdle races were the feature of the night. The hurdle was a grand success, the winner having cleared three beds and made a high dive into the wide open man of snoring "Stans." The marathon, however, was not quite finished when St. Ives crashed into a bedstead while Longboat and Hayes both fell victims to a pair of flying brogans.

"Crook" was working in the pond the other day and has been sick ever since.

Do you understand that, Flynn?

Have you heard the latest topics
How "Fitz" has killed the Cook?
When for the Pond were "Hungry."
The "Bell" is told or "Crook."
"How are you going Lame," said one,
"I'll Walker" with my "Kane."
Brisson (breeze on) old man don’t bother me
It almost drives me sane.

Cliff Dalton hit his last home run for '10, with the Belvedere team when he helped beat the St. Gregory team and sprained his ankle in the ninth inning after sealing the fate of his game for his fellow-warriors. Cliff has
gone home where he will remain until the condition of his ankle permits him to continue his work.

Mr. Ralph McKeon, of Graduating Commercial, has discontinued his studies here and gone to his home in Fenton, Mich., where a sick father is awaiting him. Ralph joined our ranks after the Xmas holidays, and during his short sojourn has not only won for himself many friends but has also proven himself "some" ball player. His loss is keenly felt by our team as the gap left by his departure was hard to refill. We at least hope that Mr. McKeon will be with us next year. In the meantime, Ralph, "If you can't be good be as good as you can!"

SHAKESPEARE ON BASE BALL.

"I will go root," .................. Richard III.
"Out, I say,".......................... Macbeth
"I will be short,"........................Hamlet
"Thou can't not hit it, hit it, hit it,". .Loves Labor Lost
"He knows the game,".................... Henry VI.
"O hateful error,"..................... Julius Caesar
"A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit,"...................
"He will steal, Sir," ............All's Well that Ends Well
"Whom Right and Wrong have chosen as Umpire,"......
...........................................Loves, Labor Lost.
"Let the world slide,"............... Taming of The Shrew
"He has killed a fly,"............... Titus Andronicus
"What an arm he has,"...............Cariolanus
"They cannot sit at ease on the old bench," . Romeo and Juliet.
"Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves threw incense,"
......................................... King Lear.

Students, at last we have approached the climax of our ambitions; we are about to pass the triumphal arch enshrined with the glories of Commencement, away from College discipline into new fields of labor. Some will, for the last time, pass out of these Halls, now ring-
ing with glad praises and shivering with rustling banners, never more to look upon those walls that would, had they the power of utterance, recall the hard fought games, the friendly chats or some undaunted feat rewarded with its highest recompense, the applause and recognition of fellow-students. In this little world of ours, the preliminary step that leads and pilots us to the great path of life, we surely have many a fond recollection buried deep in our hearts that tends to strengthen the bond of filial friendship towards those with whom we have so long dwelt. We all no doubt have experienced the "cloudy day" and felt that adversity had surely crossed our path but,

"Into each year some rain must fall
Some days must be dark and dreary."

And after all occasional mishaps only enable us more fully to appreciate our "sunny days." Although the completion of this year may, and must, break in upon our games, our social circles and common pastimes, let it not sever the spirit of union and friendship between the ex-student and those he has so reluctantly left behind upon his advent to the world of fickle fortune.

The Senior Oratorical Contest is decidedly the feature of last month's locals. We regret to say that the contestants were but two, but, owing to the near approach of Exams, many who otherwise would have entered thought the undertaking too laborious. Messrs. H. McGinnis and C. Bates are to be highly commended for their work. Mr. Bates, the first speaker, delivered a panegyric on Fr. Damien. While the composition was all that could be desired from a literary standpoint it was nevertheless criticised on the writer's failure to introduce the name of Fr. Damien early in the speech and also that it tended to the essay style too much. Where the speaker chiefly failed was in his lack of familiarity with the matter he had written. Mr. McGinnis delivered an excellent oration on "The Apostolate of The Laity." His powerful voice and perfect command of his subject
enabled him to win the attention of the audience, and, while as a literary effort it was not equal to the previous speech, it was, however, written in a more oratorical style. The decision was given to Mr. McGinnis by the judges, Rev. Frs. McCormick, Murphy and Griffin. Mr. McGinnis' decided success was indeed a surprise to all as he has never had many opportunities of showing his oratorical ability, but it was as pleasing as it was unexpected. Fr. Forster concluded the program with a few remarks on the value of oratory and the consideration it demands from us, as students.

The program was, viz:

Chairman ............................................. F. McQuillan
Introductory Speech ................................. Fr. Roach
Violin Selection ..................................... E. Welty
Speech—Martyr of Charity ......................... C. Bates
Song ...................................................... M. Brisson
Speech—Apostolate of The Laity ................... H. McGinnis
Song ...................................................... W. Alt
Decision and Speech ................................. Fr. McCormick
Speech .................................................. Fr. Forster
Judges .......... Rev. Frs. Murphy, McCormick, Griffin


Monday, May 16th was a holiday in honor of our new Bishop, the Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I. D.D. We regret that his work in the diocese necessitated only a brief visit here but he promised to be again with us on the 14th for the Commencement Exercises. In the morning a large choir of students conducted him to the church of L'Assumption, where he confirmed a large class and assisted at Mass. After a sumptuous dinner the Bishop and a large party of priests departed, while the "Boys" spent a very enjoyable afternoon at the riverside.

'Ere we had fully realized that our holiday had ended we were listening to the first instruction of the Retreat by
Rev. F. J. VanAntwerp, of Holy Rosary parish, Detroit. For several years Fr. VanAntwerp has conducted our retreats and each time with the greatest success. This year especially we were favored with splendid weather and an excellent course of sermons which tended to make this retreat a grand one.

The Junior Oratorical Contest under the auspices of the St. Dionysius Literary Society and under the guardianship of Rev. Fr. Morley, was held on May 23rd. The contestants in this entertainment outnumbered those in the Senior by one. Messrs. N. O'Connor, A. McIntyre, and B. Gaffney being the trio aspiring for the honors. To Mr. O'Connor fell the highest awards of the contest with Mr. McIntyre as a close second. The winner's speech abounded in excellent composition and orderly statements and these, coupled with his melodious voice were the chief sources of his success. The life of the great Irish Canadian statesman and poet, Thos. D'Arcy McGee was well delineated in this speakers address. Mr. McIntyre eulogized the works and character of Ireland's greatest statesman, Daniel O'Connell. Some very good advice on books told in a forceful manner made Mr. Gaffney's effort very creditable, but it was very brief. He had most of the requisites for a splendid speech, but although, as Fr. Kennedy said; "Brevity is the soul of wit," it is not the secret of successful oratory and to this we must lay the blame for this speaker's defeat. To Fr. Morley is due no small measure of consideration and commendation for his untiring efforts in St. Dionysius Society during the past year. The programme was:

Chairman .............................................. T. Moran
Violin Solo ............................................. E. Welty
Speech—Daniel O'Connell ....................... A. McIntyre
Song ......................................................... W. Alt
Speech—Thos. D'Arcy McGee ............... N. O'Connor
Speech—Books ........................................ B. Gaffney
Judges ............... Rev. Frs. Kennedy, Pageau, Mr. Rogers

—Leo Kennedy.
Exchanges.

Amidst all the rejoicing which marks the elevation of Bishop Fallon to the episcopal dignity, that of the University of Ottawa Review seems to us especially sincere and fitting. The newly consecrated bishop is an alumnus of Ottawa, and spent several years as a member of the staff; and he endeared himself to the students of the University by his affability and talents. Verily, if anyone may rejoice, Ottawa may.

We note with approval the new cover design with which the Mitre has blossomed forth; we're always glad to see signs of life in a paper.

The spirit of loving remembrance which prompts the setting apart of one day each year in honor of the soldier dead, underlies the first essay in St. Mary's Sentinel. We think that Americans should be more proud of that day, and more eager for its fitting observance than any other civil holiday. For as long as we find it in the hearts of a people to pay their tribute of love to those who have shed their blood in their country's defense, so long can we rest assured that there is patriotism; there is honor; there is the spirit of liberty.

Mr. Timothy O'Brien, writing in the May Laurel, has chosen for the subject of his efforts a poet; one of the truest poets and finest characters of the nineteenth century; one of God's noble men—John Boyle O'Reilly. The life of this famous son of Erin, whether we read of his happy childhood on the banks of the Boyne; of the hardships his refined nature suffered at Dartmoor and in the terrible penal colony of Australia, "forced to herd with the overflow of society's cess-pool"; or of his career of fame and honor in the literary circles of America, his adopted country, is a beautiful story of devotion to religion and to freedom; to the grand old faith of his fathers, and to the liberty of his native land.
The essay, "Papal Infallibility," in *Fleur de Lis*, is a masterly exposition of the Church's teaching with regard to this much misunderstood doctrine, and an enumeration of the proofs of Christ's bestowal of this great prerogative upon Peter and his successors, as well as a refutation of the chief objections which have been interposed by unbelievers. While the main feature of the essay is argument, the style is attractive enough to command attention; and a careful perusal should convince us that the Vatican Council created no new doctrine when it defined Papal Infallibility, which is at all times a necessity in the Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

One of the good things which come in small packages is St. Mary's Messenger. The critic of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" names him the "apostle of courage and cheerfulness." There has indeed been a remarkable change in the tone of his productions of late; and that argues, of course, a radical though pleasing change in his viewpoint, and not the least difference in the great mysteries of life which have so baffled him. He appears to be approaching the true solution. The poem "Memorial Day" expresses admirably, in just sixteen lines, the perfect reconciliation of North and South, so that there is no longer North or South.

"Nor ask, as o'er the grave the wreaths you strew,
If he who silent sleeps wore Gray or Blue."

It seems that in the Ex. columns of our March number, we slept at our post for a moment, with the result that we incurred the extreme displeasure of the Ex-man of our esteemed contemporary, *Niagara Index*, and he switched his tail at us. Whew! But we are eagerly awaiting the coming issue, which is to contain the continuation of a newly discovered dramatic poem, strongly resembling a masque, from the pen of Father Ryan. We desire its completion only that we may express our sincere appreciation and admiration.

And the year is ended. Let the parting moments be brief, lest their sadness increase. To each and all we
extend our most sincere wishes for a pleasant vacation; and if any of us meet during the summer months, let us forget the knock of the knocker, and remember only the booster's boost.

We are grateful for the following, received during the year:—Agnethian, Angelus, Ariston, Augustinian, Beacon, Catholic Record, College Spokesman, Collegian, Columbiad, Dial, Echoes from the Pines, Extension, Fleur de Lis, Fordham Monthly, Laurel, Marquette Journal, Mercury, Missionary, Mitre, Niagara Index, Notre Dame Scholastic, Patrician, S. M. I. Exponent, St. Mary's Messenger, St. Mary's Sentinel, Schoolman, Stylus, Tidings, Trinity College Record, Ottawa Review, Toronto Monthly, Viatorian, Victorian, Vox Studentis, Western University Gazette, Xavier.

—Manion Kane, '13.
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