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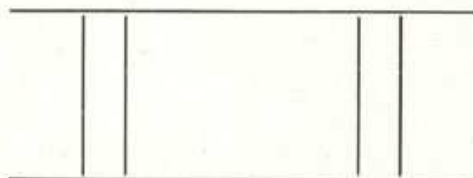
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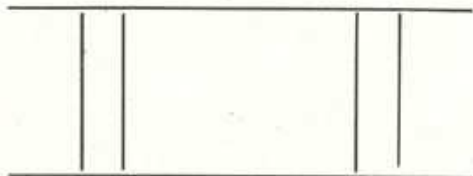
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—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

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For every day.

Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long:
And so make life, death, and that last forever
One grand sweet song.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

—SHAKESPEARE

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With skies that smile on rivers wide,
And lends them charms so tender;
From east to west in loud acclaim,
We'll sing your praise and story,
While with a faith and purpose true
We'll guard your future glory.
Our own dear land.

2
Your flag shall ever be our trust,
Your temple our devotion,
On every lip your paean be sung
From ocean until ocean;
The Star that lights your glorious path
We'll hail with rapture holy,
And every gift of heart and hand
Be yours for ever solely.
Our own dear land.
—Thomas O'Hagan

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Beauteous in service,
Lilium Coeli,
Peerlessly lovely,—
Garden of Heaven's (Lily of the Valley),
Never shall earth-poet sing
Of a lovesomer thing
Than thy beauty immaculate,
Unto which I am dedicate,
O Lilium Regis—O Lilium Coeli,—Beloved of the King.

"Santamarian"

Nineteen-Twenty-one

Unto which I am dedicate,
O Lilium Regis—O Lilium Coeli,—Beloved of the King.

Yea, ever at dawn, at noon, at dusk; at night,
I am remembered, Gracious Christ, by Thee,
With gifts unmerited, unnumbered quite,
From Thy unplumed, unreckoned treasury.

Cometh the dawn, I lift expectant eyes:—
Above Thine hills
The Sun of Love shines in the skies,
And Peace descends in dewy rills.

When I must on assoiling matters attend,
I hear Thy voice unmistakably:
"I'll meet thee by the Happy Highway bend,
And all day long keep thee close company."

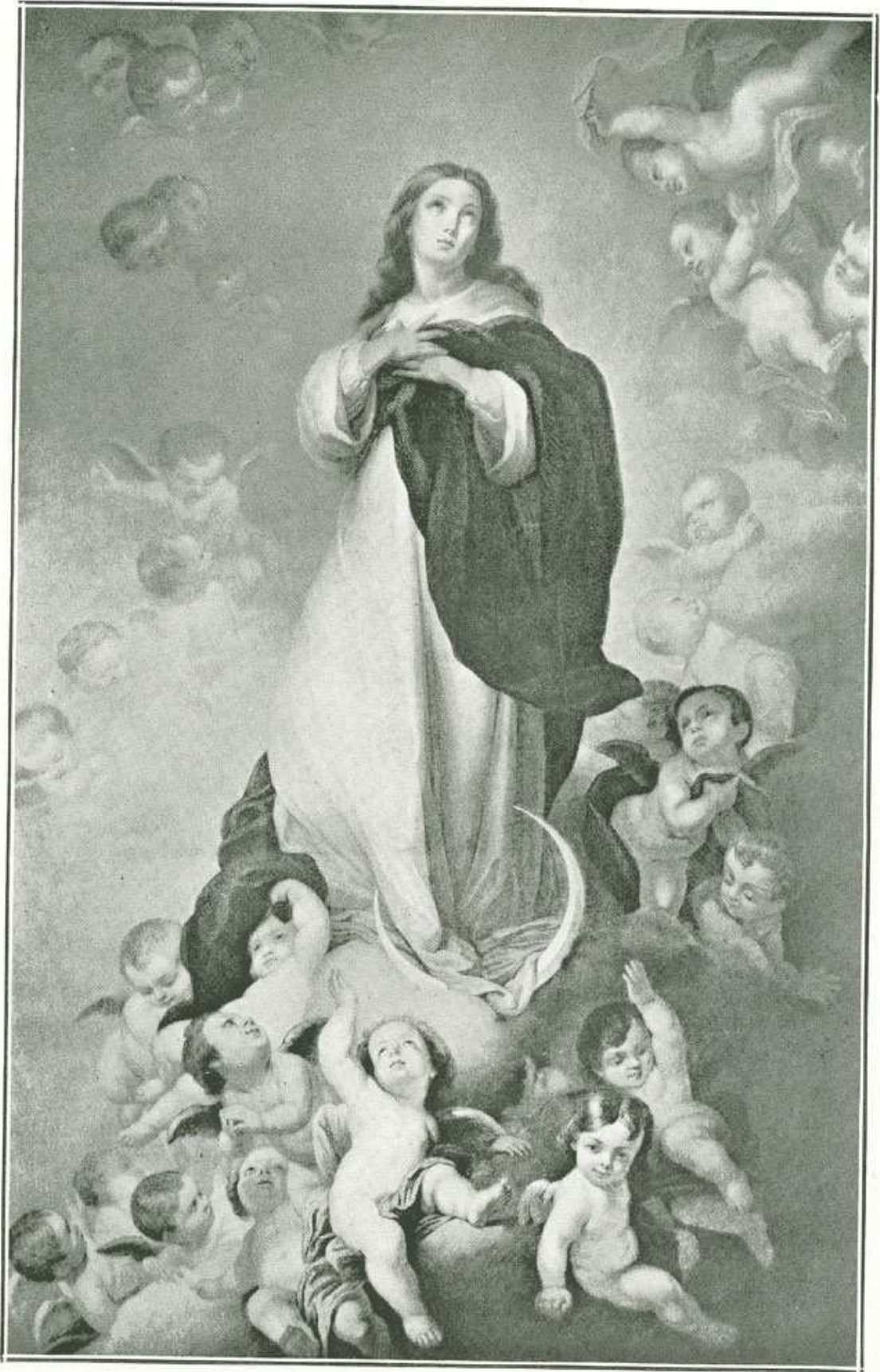
Endeth disquieting day, sooths Vesper chime.
And I, Dear Gracious Christ, am freely shriven,—
Then all the night is sweet with rose and thyme,
And white with ONE snow-chaliced Lily of Heaven.

LILIUM REGIS,
Beauteous in service
LILIUM COELI,
Matchlessly lovely,—
Peerlessly pure; of Christ's spirit begot,
Flecklessly shining in God's garden plot.
Never shall earth-poet sing
Of a lovesomer thing
Than thy beauty immaculate,
Unto which I am dedicate,—
O LILIUM REGIS—O LILIUM COELI,—Beloved of the King!

"Age Quod Agis"

J. D. LOGAN.

From "Songs of the Happy Highway."



"SANTAMARIAN"

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE

FOREWORD



We have long recognized the necessity of a College Annual, and the only question at issue in connection with it has been the right and proper time to start such a publication. War time and the time immediately succeeding war did not seem favorable; but there seems now no reason why its publication should be longer deferred and therefore the Santamarian makes its appearance.

It comes before the public as a new and yet an old publication—new in its form, older in its title and tradition. Almost a decade of years has elapsed since the last issue of a Santamarian; a new generation of students take up the pens of their predecessors, from whom they are separated by the lapse of time, but with whom they are joined in a unity of spirit, traditions and ideals.

The present writers will in their turn pass from St. Mary's, to be succeeded by others, and thus through the long years, till the young of today have become the old of the distant future will the Santamarian appear, recording the history of every year, chronicling the events of interest to students past and present, bringing back to the old the memories of youth, holding up to the younger the examples of the older; recalling, perhaps, to the tried the principles and teachings of earlier days and uniting all in a bond of sympathy and loyalty to their Alma Mater.

Such are the aims, and such will, we trust, be the mission of the Santamarian. Its pages are intended largely indeed for students past and present, but we trust they will not be devoid of interest for the many friends and well-wishers of St. Mary's.

For the shortcomings and defects, inevitable perhaps in a first publication, we crave the indulgence of our readers. Many omissions of what should have been included will probably have been made. All such we hope to rectify in subsequent numbers.

A word of thanks is due to all who helped our publication—particularly to our advertisers, whose generous support has made it possible. In their interest we solicit the patronage of our readers.

Most fittingly may our foreword be concluded by dedicating this first of a new series of Santamarians to Mary Immaculate whose name it bears, and under whose protection our College was placed by those who founded it may years ago. We trustfully hope that She will ever watch over and guide through the dangers of life her children of St. Mary's College.

The Holy Name Society.

A Potent Factor in the Training of Catholic Youth.



Opposition is the life of progress. It stimulates effort. Active resistance to any movement whether religious or profane, often suffices to ensure its rapid development.

The normal growth and progress of Catholic doctrine and practice which spring from the intrinsic vitality of the Church itself, is frequently conditioned by circumstances peculiar to the age. Thus the rise of heresy occasions a fuller discussion of the traditional attitude of the Catholic Church which, as a rule, results in a more explicit definition by the infallible authority of the Holy See of the point at issue or a more vigorous effort to provide an antidote to whatever savours of heresy.

The history of this struggle dates back to the earliest ages of Christianity. Many examples leap to the mind to give eloquent attestation of the truth of this fact. Thus, for instance, the beloved Apostle marshalled the full power of his genius against the heretics of the first century of our era and wrote his inspired theology of the Incarnation which provided the apologist of the early Church with arms and ammunition to defend the Divinity of Christ against the attacks of Platonic philosophy and the more insidious neo-Platonism. The subtleties of Arianism fired the zeal of the great Athanasius whose keen and cultured penetration dissipated the misty sophisms of error, leaving to his enemies the last, but hopeless weapon of persecution. Crushed by the decisions of the first Ecumenical Council of the Church, Arianism was vanquished. It served but to throw into bolder relief the monumental genius of the "Father of Orthodoxy" and to rally the forces of Grecian culture to the support of the traditional faith.

Again, it was the rabid speculations of Pelagius that drew from the greatest theologian among the Fathers of the Church his lofty and masterful defense of the gratuity of divine grace, and heresy once more was made to glorify the doctrines of the Church. For, in the works of the illustrious Bishop of Hippo we have a heritage of invaluable learning, a model of serene dignity in controversy and a flaming fire of zeal for truth and loyalty to the supreme authority of the Apostolic See.

To what do we owe the rise and growth of the medieval university but to the determined effort on the part of the Church to stem the tide of rationalism which threatened to engulf the Christian learning of the Middle Ages? Roused by the pride and arrogance of the brilliant Abelard the genius of Aquinas gave to the world the sublimest apology of Catholic faith theology has ever known. The bellowings of the Dumb Ox resounding down the centuries have been re-echoed in the mind and heart of every Catholic thinker since his time.

So too, to give one last example, the literature of England and the thought of the world is indebted to the vituperative bigotry of Charles Kingsley for the Apologia of the great Cardinal Newman.

To similar circumstances may be traced the origin of the Holy Name Society. Towards the middle of the twelfth century heresy was rampant. From Albi came the virus of false doctrine which infected the whole continent of Europe. Defying the fundamental truths of Christianity by their revival of the ancient errors of the Manicheans the Albigensian heretics struck at the very roots of our faith. With blasphemous infidelity they swept aside the doctrines of the Blessed Trinity and with it the Divinity of Christ and the Mystery of the Redemption. The Sacraments, vain useless forms, were replaced by efficacy of God's consolation. The divine Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary was categorically rejected. A completely new system of religion, based upon the nebulous theories of oriental philosophy was substituted for the Faith built upon divine tradition. So rapidly did these pestilential errors spread that vast numbers of the faithful fell victims to the plague of heresy. Hatred of the christian faith, blasphemy, sacrilege, outrage and scurrilous insult were rife. The Name of God was openly profaned, and the Sacred Name of the Saviour of men, in which alone there is salvation, became a by-word in the mouths of wicked men, “an epithet with which to express every feeling whether of sinful passion, undue excitement or unholy anger.”

In these trying times the Providence of God raised up a champion of the cause of virtue and truth. St. Dominic was the doughty warrior who flared forth in obedience to the commands of Rome to engage in combat the enemies of the Church and repair the ravages which heresy had wrought. Crucifix in hand, he preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified throughout the length and breadth of Europe. He, with his band of noble followers, the Friars of the Order of Preachers, brought home to the hearts of deluded men the knowledge and the love of God.

The heresy of the Albigenses, though repeatedly condemned by the councils of the Church and stamped out by the preaching of St. Dominic and his colleagues, left behind an aftermath of rank irreverence for the Holy Name of Christ. Laxity in the performance of religious duties was prevalent and indifference to the supreme obligations of the Christian life characterized the spirit of the age. To counteract these evils the Holy See sanctioned and encouraged the establishment of the Holy Name Society. Under the direction of the zealous sons of St. Dominic the society flourished and spread its splendid influence far and wide. Its history is replete with manifestations of God's special favour and pope after pope has enriched its members with spiritual privileges. To-day it wields a unique power among the many organizations of the Church which make for the practical upbuilding of the Kingdom of God,—the power to attract and hold the allegiance of thousands upon thousands of men the world over. Other societies do excellent work in wielding together the scattered energies of their individual members into co-operative effort to attain their respective ends, but their appeal is always more or less restricted. The strength of the Holy Name Society lies in the simplicity of its organization and the universal, manly appeal it makes to every Catholic man to live and act according to his faith. A sturdy religious spirit is the prime object of the Society. Reverence and respect for God's Holy name, a staunch belief in the Divinity of Christ and respect for authority are its fundamental principles. In an age when agnosticism is the popular attitude of mind and doctrinal conviction is regarded as reactionary a strong counter-effort is emphatically needed to offset the destructive forces of the day. At such a time the powerful influence of a great body of men who pride themselves on the open profession of their

faith in Christ and adherence to the principles of His religion is simply incalculable.

If practical Christianity is the only lever that can lift the burden of unrest from the shoulders of prostrated society, the Holy Name Society has a grand and noble work to do in the world today. The socialist claims a fair trial for his revolutionary system because he contends it will produce results. He calls upon the Christian economist to step aside and leave him the field. Principles and theories to him are unimportant. Results alone count for anything and in our pragmatic times his plea is likely to get a wide hearing unless the power behind our profession of Faith can work to produce better, safer, surer and more lasting fruit.

Because the religion of Christ was founded to lead men to Heaven, it alone teaches how to live in peace and happiness on earth. The erroneous idea that makes of religion a purely artificial thing which wakes no ringing response in the depths of the human heart is a distortion born of Reformation times. To give the lie to such false notions the members of the Holy Name Society pledge themselves in the name of Jesus Christ to stand up for the fundamentals of true citizenship—justice towards our fellow men and obedience to all lawfully constituted authority. Thus we can hope to build up a social fabric strong enough to withstand the hostile attacks of fanatical anarchy and demonstrate the fatal consequences of divorcing religion from the occupations of daily life.

Ideals such as these make a strong appeal to Catholic youth. The natural uprightness of the average boy is attracted by the prospect of the manly virtues and sterling qualities of character for which the Holy Name Society stands. The sturdy spirit of the Society finds a responsive echo in his clean heart and awakens within him the sentiments of loyalty and noble aspiration.

Prompted by these considerations the directors of St. Mary's College took advantage of the visit to this city of the Rev. Father Schwertner, O. P. and invited him to establish a branch of the Holy Name Society in their institution. Accordingly in the spring of 1920, the Society in St. Mary's College was inaugurated.

The power for good which this institution wields has been manifest in the results it has produced. Through the inculcation of sound principles of assiduity to work, regularity in the performance of duty its fruits have been remarkable. Zealous appreciation of the sense of mutual responsibility for the influence which the conduct and example of individual student exerts upon his comrades, makes for the development of true college spirit.

To this end the work of the Holy Name Society is powerfully directed. From the profession of loyalty to religion and the pledge against blasphemy, bad language and profanity which each candidate for admission to the Society must publicly pronounce, there arises a feeling of obligation which appeals to a young man's sense of honour. Another current of energy is switched on which generates a dynamic force which sustains effort and incites to greater achievement.

As a factor in the training of young men the undeniable influence of the Holy Name Society ranks high. One cannot but feel that the young men who go out from St. Mary's College will carry with them the fruits of their membership in this society. Affiliating themselves later on with the parochial branches of the organization they will range themselves amongst the sturdy defenders of the Faith and exert a strong influence for good in whatever community they may be.

GERALD B. PHALEN, S. T. B., M. A.



MOST REVEREND CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D.

Sketch of Archbishop O'Brien



Archbishop O'Brien, whose picture appears on the opposite page, was the founder of St. Mary's College. He became Archbishop in 1883, succeeding the late Archbishop Hannan. Full of zeal, and administrative ability, a deep student and a fluent writer, this great man of God became known everywhere throughout America. But particularly for the earnest interest he displayed in the cause of education did his name become a household one in his own diocese. Catholic institutions and schools of learning, for the education of his people, arose early in his reign. Among them were the present Good Shepherd Monastery, the Theological Seminary, the Home of the Guardian Angels, and the Infirmary, together with several Catholic school buildings the erecting of which is in no small measure responsible for our efficient separate school system. Yet ahead of all these and his other great diocesan works, there stands St. Mary's College as one of the greatest works of his episcopal career.

Looking over his field of labor, in the very first days of his reign, he perceived the dire need of a Catholic College for the higher education of young men. The old St. Mary's College, which owing to financial difficulties had become extinct a few years before his advent as Archbishop, must be rebuilt. Otherwise he said, the many vocations to the priesthood, already depleted in numbers could not be fostered, and the Catholic community of Halifax must suffer serious educational handicap generally.

Not a few difficulties beset and perplexed him, in his task, yet with indomitable will he over and again declared, "In God's name, we will go on." Accordingly, he was able to lay the corner stone of the new College in 1903. Progress was slow but sure; the number of students increased steadily, and in appealing to his people from the pulpit of St. Mary's Cathedral for financial backing, the Archbishop used these striking words, "I may not see it, but mark my words, a fine college shall grow up there yet." It did grow. The great Archbishop only lived to see the cherished hopes of 20 years partially realized. Yet he died happy on March 9th., 1906, knowing his good work in God's name would live on. And to-day St. Mary's College, the dream of his life, with the brightest future, and in a most flourishing condition, stands forth a living monument of its father and founder.

JOHN A. MARTIN.

The Martyr Priests of Canada



A noble savage, alert and amazed, heeding not the playing of the wild waves at his feet, stood gazing at three objects of wonder which lay on the waters before him. Whence had they come? Had they risen from out the bosom of the deep or had the "Great Spirit" sent them to his people? Were they real or were they phantoms? Such things he asked himself but could not answer, and when beings were seen on them with skin like the snow and garments that glittered in the sun, he and his people were so awed with feelings of the supernatural, that they fell on their knees and worshipped the strangers as gods. Such was the welcome received by Christopher Columbus when he landed in the New World and it was he who first told the Indians of the God who rules over white man and red man.

For many years after the discovery of the new continent the nations of Europe quarrelled over its possession, but France formed a colony in Acadia, and to her belongs the honor of having established Catholicism in Canada. Samuel de Champlain, a fervent Catholic, was an early governor in New France. He wished to spread the blessings of the faith among the pagan savages of the country and with this object in view sought the aid of the Franciscan Recollects who arrived in 1615. A few years later the Jesuits embarked from France and these in turn were followed by the Sulpicians. These heroic men, born in sunny France, came out into the Canadian wilderness to teach the law of God. Among savages wild and merciless they dwelt not seeing a friend for years, and surrounded by enemies thirsting for their blood.

On the arrival of the Recollects, they endeavoured, with their limited numbers, to cover as much territory as possible, and they penetrated to the heart of the country and taught the love of God to the Indians.

After eight years of hardship new recruits came out from France and amongst them was Friar Viel, the first victim of apostolic zeal in Canada. After persistently asking, for three years, he had at length obtained the permission of consecrating his life to the Canadian missions and in 1623 he landed on the shores of the Saint Lawrence. After a few days' rest he set out for the Huron country which he reached after great difficulty taking up his abode in the village of Franché. He began earnestly to study the language, collecting the first elements of a dictionary and sowing the good seed of faith amid great difficulties and tribulations. Many were the conversions he wrought but there were also many who laughed at his doctrine, and called him fool. Having passed a tedious winter of solitude he decided to accompany a band of Hurons down to Quebec with the intention of spending a few days in retreat and then returning to his missions. The stern cliffs which rise up from the waters of the Riviere des Prairies, are now the only witnesses of the grim tragedy which occurred in their midst. Father Viel was treacherously thrown from the cliffs to the waters below by a few Huron enemies of the faith who drowned him in hatred of his religion. A neophyte who accompanied him suffered the same fate. In a

THE SANTAMARIAN

deep pool bordering a rapid stream lies a grim token of a horrible deed. But in Heaven there is a great rejoicing for a weary soul had passed through the valley of hardships to the bosom of his Saviour.

On an early morning in August 1642, twelve Huron canoes were moving up the northern shore of the Saint Lawrence. There were on board about forty persons, including four Frenchmen, one of whom was a Jesuit, Isaac Jogues, who had come to Canada six years before and since dwelt in constant danger. The rest of the party were Indians. As they were wending their way along, keeping close to the bank to avoid the current, suddenly the silence was frightfully broken. A war-whoop, mingled with the reports of guns and the whistling of bullets rose from the shore, and several Iroquois canoes filled with warriors broke out from their concealment; a short struggle ensued but the Hurons were overpowered. Jogues although escape was possible, gave himself up that he might be with his friends. For thirteen long months he toiled in slavery, suffering apparently beyond the bounds of human endurance, but working conversions and baptising many. Then on the eve of the day set for him to be burned to death he effected an escape to New York. From there he was sent to Europe where he became an object of curiosity and reverence. Although heaped with honors the simple-minded missionary thought only of returning to his work of converting the Indians and in the early spring he sailed again for Canada having received a special dispensation to celebrate mass despite his mutilated body.*

On his return to Canada he was sent into the country to negotiate peace with the Iroquois. The treaty was signed and he returned in safety. He immediately asked to return to the Iroquois as a missionary and his request was granted, and so in 1646 he set out on his third and last journey into the Mohawk country. He now felt a presentiment that death was near, and wrote to a friend, "I shall go, but shall not return."

In the interim sickness had broken out in the tribe, and a blight had fallen on the crops. This double calamity was ascribed to Jogues, whom the Indians always regarded as a sorcerer. They determined upon vengeance and on his arrival, he was seized and tortured nearly to death. He was then left alone, but a few hours later the chief of the tribe sent for him, and as he stooped to enter his lodge, he was struck on the head with a hatchet and fell at the feet of his murderer, who severed his head from his body.

Thus died Isaac Jogues, one of the purest examples of virtue that the world has ever seen. Though humbly submitting to every caprice of his tyrants and appearing to rejoice in abasements, a derisive word against his faith would turn the lamb into a lion, and the lips that seemed so tame, would speak in strong bold tones of warning and reproof.

On an early day in May 1625, the sound of a cannon from the fort announced the glad tidings that Samuel de Champlain had arrived to resume command of Quebec, and with him came Brebeuf, Davost, and Daniel, of the Society of Jesus. Brebeuf from the first, turned his eyes towards the distant land of the Hurons, a field of danger, full of peril, but rich in hope and promise. For several years he wandered about with the vagabond Algonquins, that in hours of distress he might touch their hearts, or by a timely drop of baptismal water despatch some dying child to paradise.

In 1634, however, he with Father Davost, after a painful journey of nine hundred miles, with limbs scarred with rocks, and bodies bruised and bitten, and torn and worn,

arrived in the Huron settlements, not far from Lake Simcoe, and established the missions for which they had willingly endured so much. "Amid it all," wrote Brebeuf, "my soul enjoyed a sublime contentment knowing that all I suffered was for God," and it really seemed as if the blood of the martyrs was to be the seed of the Church. Gradually the Hurons became converted and the altars which at first, and for a long time had been raised in the aisles of the forests, began to find a place within the palisades of the native villages.

This great success was marked with tragic, yet glorious incidents, and crowned with the most tragic and most glorious of ends. Brebeuf and Lalement and other devoted priests labored without ceasing to promote the faith among the Indians, but when victory was nearly complete the Iroquois made a raid on the Huron country and took the lives of the missionaries as forfeits, and the pennant of Christ fell, only to be raised by others and carried on, on, on.

In the spring of 1649 the Iroquois destroyed St. Joseph and murdered Friar Daniel at the altar of his church. From there they swept up the country towards St. Louis. Brebeuf and Lalement disdaining to flee remained with their flock and were eventually captured. Enraged, and yet admiring their fortitude the savages exhausted every method of fiendish ingenuity, to procure some sign of suffering from their prisoners. Scalding water was poured on Brebeuf's head in mockery of Baptism, a collar of red hot hatchets was placed round his neck and a red hot iron was thrust down his throat. They were scalped, their living bodies were cut to pieces, they were burned with red hot irons, but all was useless in the face of a firmness of faith which impelled them to die as He died on the cross many years before. Thus died Jean de Brebeuf, the founder of the Huron missions, its truest hero, and its greatest martyr. Lalement followed his superior in death a few hours later and as the gathering of the shadows betokened the close of the day, they passed from a world of toil and torture to a land of peace and love. Armed with nothing but the crucifix, and wrapped in a mantle of Christian enthusiasm which made them dare everything and fear neither torture nor privation, nor death, the early missionaries trudged through the lonely aisles of the forests, wandered through swamps and the haunts of wild beasts, dwelt in the smoke-blackened atmosphere of dirty huts, nursed and prayed with the ignorant and helpless victims of contagious disease and preached to threatening tribes ruled by savage "medicine men" who saw their supremacy menaced and finally abolished by the new doctrines of peace, charity and good will.

What was the future is now the present, and as time passes, Canada has grown from a land of the red man, and wild beast, to a great nation. But far back in the past there was a foundation, a foundation that has stood firm throughout the years, and it was formed, not by men who came to quarrel over gain, but by those who died "for the glory of God" and won victories, the greatness of which cannot be imagined until the "Day of Judgment" when they will be written in letters of gold, for all to see.

"They died, but death was fitting,
Their life to its latest breath
Was poured like wax on the chart of Rights
And sealed with the stamp of death."

J. B. O'Reilly,

ARTHUR MURPHY.



MOST REVEREND EDWARD J. MCCARTHY, D.D.

Age Quod Agis.



"Age quod agis" is the motto of our Alma Mater and it is one that ought to be acted on by every student even after he has left the protecting walls of St. Mary's. It is a message to every one to do his best, no matter what he is doing, no matter how trivial. It means to do with all our strength that which we have set out to do, and to persevere until we succeed.

"Age quod agis" embraces ambition, perseverance and courage. In order to do what you are doing it is necessary to have these three essentials.

Ambition is a natural instinct. It is a desire for superiority by which most men are more or less affected according to their character. Napoleon says: "Great ambition is the passion of a great character. He who is endowed with it may perform very great or very bad actions; all depends on the principles which direct him." The ambition to excel has always stirred man to greater efforts. True ambition is a desire to excel in what is of merit to oneself and beneficial to mankind. It is from this kind of ambition that science, literature, art, etc. have made such wonderful progress. As a result the condition of the world is altogether changed from what it was a few hundred years ago. But all who have true ambition do not necessarily become great men for we cannot all be leaders. But we should all have ambition so that even if we cannot be leaders, we can lead useful lives and have the satisfaction of thinking we have done some service for our neighbor. Ambition, with the object of being more successful and of doing good, is one of the highest and most laudable motives, and should actuate every student. Wealth, position and fame increase a man's means of doing good; for a man of wealth and fame has great influence, and is thus easily able to help others who are less fortunate.

Perseverance is essential to success. He who allows his application to falter is on the sure road to ultimate failure. The steady plodder is sure to succeed. But those who are not steady, flitting about like butterflies, not content unless they are making great strides to the top, seldom, if ever, get there. Great musicians began with scales and great artists with strokes, because they saw the folly of trying to play or paint great masterpieces without knowing the fundamentals of their profession. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Keep at it, and what at first seems difficult will become easy by dint of your effort. The perseverance of the spider taught a lesson to Robert Bruce, who immediately turned defeat into victory. Many illustrations such as this will be found in history and in connection with inventions, as Stephenson and his engine. Great patience is necessary. The slow and sure win the race, as we learn from the fable of "The hare and the turtle." "Little strokes fell great oaks," and each blow helps that much to fell the tree; and so every hour spent over some knotty problem is so much nearer to its solution. The prizes given at school and college do not always fall to the clever, but to the plodding student.

"The heights, by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Cardinal Gibbons, in his advice to young men, says: "Without work no amount of talent, no amount of influence, will carry a man very far in this world. I am amazed at the point of view of some modern young men. They look at the successful men of the day as if they supposed success to be an easy master— giving rich gifts and requiring little in return.

"The higher men climb, the longer their working day. And any young man with a streak of idleness in him might better make up his mind at the beginning that mediocrity is to be his lot. Without immense sustained effort he will not climb high. And even though fortune or chance were to lift him high, he would not stay there. For to keep at the top is harder, almost, than to get there. There are no office hours for leaders."

Diligence and attention to detail must go hand in hand with perseverance if success is to be attained. The cause and remedy of each failure must be diligently sought. Being able to use one's mistakes and benefit from other people's experience is the key to success. Inventions are rarely the result of luck, but the fruit of long weeks of tedious toil. Attention to detail is the secret of greatness. It may be that small things annoy us and we seek the greater. But that very neglect of trifles is what destroys perfection. No truer words were ever spoken than those by the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, when he gave to mankind his secret of success: "Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle."

Of all the elements of success none is more vital than courage. It is the master key that unlocks all difficulties in every profession or calling. Without it we are ready to give up at the first stumbling block and once we falter we shall fail. But we must not act thus; we must keep on striving manfully and remember that God has given each of us a mission to perform for which our talents fit us. If we cannot do all we wish we can at least do our best. We should therefore be courageous and do what we're doing with all our might, because it is our duty.

"Those who throw up their hands in discouragement when the first snow falls, fail to profit when the sunshine of spring returns. And no great thing comes to any man unless he has courage, even in dark days, to expect great things; to expect them of himself, of his fellow-men, of his country, and of God." —Cardinal Gibbons.

Let us therefore take to ourselves the lesson conveyed by our college motto applying ourselves to life's tasks with the ambition to excel, perseverance to sustain, and courage to overcome; and doing all things as St. Paul would have us do, to the greater glory of God, we shall make ourselves ever more worthy of Him of Whom it was said:

"He hath done all things well."

JOHN HUTTON.

Canadian Literature.



Quite recently in a well known public library I inquired if they had any books on this subject. The librarian studied me as though I had asked her for a first edition of Shakespeare.

"We have no books on the subject," she said, "but you may possibly find some stray articles concerning it in these periodicals."

She handed me several bound volumes of a Canadian magazine devoted to literature and art. They contained several well written articles by Dr. J. D. Logan, undoubtedly one of the foremost authorities on Canadian Literature. In my opinion these articles settled decisively the question whether a real Canadian nativistic literature exists.

As a matter of fact, we have no masters whose work reeks with the sap of human nature's common and everlasting sympathies, (in terms of Lowell); no profound riches of scholarship that render our literature of knowledge, puissant and universal in appeal to reason; no literary riches of song and beauty resistless in appeal to the affections of pleasure and sympathy; but in spite of all that, we have our noted writers, masters in their own restricted spheres, writers who know how to weld words carefully, curiously and beautifully into sentences that charm, instruct and please.

Canada has a literature, a comparatively great literature in fact; but its apogee lies far ahead in the future. The literature of its past and present constitutes only its renaissance. Like the great country itself, it has years and years of growth, and who knows but in some very distant future year, a speculative pendant dabbling with a perspective of world literature, may find in Haliburton the true precursor and model of a great Canadian Rabelais or Moliere.

Still, it is difficult indeed to understand why this subject has been wholly neglected. With one or two brilliant exceptions we have no critic interested enough to draw up an historico-critical review of its history. And as far as I know, only one university in Canada—Acadia University—has established a chair and begun the foundation of an up-to-date library of Canadian belles-lettres.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton is really the first Canadian author of consequence. This Nova Scotian is the only author whose work savors genuinely of native pathos and humour. He was the real leader in his own peculiar field, a master of nativistic humour, and the originator of a genuine humouristic literature that is saved from total neglect as far as followers are concerned by two names only—Lanigan and Leacock. Unfortunately, the former died before his ability ripened into the wonderful achievements it promised. In the efforts of the latter we find a brilliant attempt to create real humour and sometimes we are almost certain he has received the mantle of Haliburton; but on the other hand his writings incline rather heavily towards Mark Twain at his worst,—earnestness commingled with nonsense, and a humour that condescends too often to satiric burlesque.

"The Clockmaker" as a work of humour stands supreme. Sam Slick of Slickville takes rank among the best beloved comic characters in world literature. It is satisfying to learn that the genius responsible for his creation, was the first Canadian author to exert a vigorous constructive influence towards the establishment of a real and permanent nativistic literature.

There is another name in the period of pre-Confederation literature that claims attention. Between 1832 and 1840 two romances, "The Prophecy" and "The Canadian Brothers" were published. Both were remarkable works of fiction, both dealt vividly and actually with Canadian life, and both bore the stamp of originality and independence. It was quite evident a real Canadian novelist had appeared. The novelist was Major John Richardson and to him belongs the honor of being to Canada what Cooper was to America, what Samuel Richardson was to England—the originator of the first novel in our literature. Richardson stands at the head of a whole list of novelists, prominent among whom are Parker, Roberts, Lesperance, Saunders, Fraser, Seton, Allen and Stringer.

The next writer of note was William Kirby, 1877, author of "The Golden Dog." He secured the theme, setting and color for this work entirely from Canadian life, and his inspirational influence on other native novelists is very considerable. A noted critic terms this novel "the harbinger of the spring and summer that were to be in Canadian novelistic and national fiction."

Impressive work in novels, romances, tales, prose, idyls, social satire and other "genres" in native fiction began with the publication in 1889 of Saunders' "My Spanish Sailor." It was followed a year later by Parker's "Pierre and His People." Both of these novels are pervasively Canadian in theme, color and action and head a long list of novels that soon followed. They came from the pens of G. M. Adam, Susanna Moodie (sister of the accomplished Agnes Strickland), Lily Dougall, W. McLennan, W. A. Fraser, E. W. Thomson, Ernest Thompson Seton, Charles G. D. Roberts, Wilfred Campbell, Norman Duncan, Arthur Stringer and many others.

Of the above Sir Gilbert Parker is indubitably the most eminent writer. His reputation is international and his works have won world-wide reputation for first-rate invention, incisive characterization and enlivening incident. However as a really creative artist he is outclassed by the author of "Anne of Green Gables." L. M. Montgomery takes rank as the leader of a still later generation of novelists, and by far the finest painter of homely simple life, in the long line of Canadian prose fictionists.

In the more serious departments of Canadian letters, as science, history and philosophy there are many able writers, whose work has given our literature a reputation.

Sir William Logan was a world authority on geology, and his works on that subject are of universal interest and note. Sir J. W. Dawson and his son, Dr. G. M. Dawson take rank with leading scientific writers. In the department of history we have Sir John Bourinot, Sir James Lemoine, Dr. Kingsford, Robert Christie, James Hanway, George Bryce, J. C. Dent and Doughty, whose six volumes on Wolfe's campaign represent a timely and valuable contribution to Canadian historical literature.

It is very difficult to present a satisfactory survey by signaling only authors of importance. Genuine evolutions in Canadian prose, in more cases than one, have had something to do more or less, with authors who proved quasi-fictionists in some senses. They lacked invention for instance, but were rich in characterization or realistic nature painting. Perhaps, their inventive ability was out of all due proportion to their characterization, or while, they excelled in the latter, they lacked the art of

welding words properly. In this connection the names of Brooke, Galt, Heavysege, and several others occur. According to Mr. Marquis they are "birds of passage" and have merely a right to have their existence and work noted in an exclusive Literary History.

A renaissance of a people's genius and national life is more evident perhaps in their poetry than in their prose. Poetry is really the sublime expression of the essential longings of the spirit, the craving for the dearest and most ardently desired ideals. Great poetry makes immortal all that is best and good in a nature, and the relative greatness of its literature is most evident in the value and quality of its song.

Our foremost nature poet perhaps is Archibald Lampman. His work is somewhat uneven, but the best of his poems are marked by surprising strength and originality. Witness his "April in the Hills" and the sonnet "Mid-summer Night." The chief characteristics of Lampman's poetry are of an uniformly lofty character and a pure lyric beauty. And in these gifts he has a near rival in Bliss Carman.

Few Canadian poets possess such a love for sprightly nature combined with a superb lyrical lilt as the author of "Low Tide on Grand Pre" and "Behind the Arras." Carman's verse above all possesses an exhilarating healthy tone that stamps him as a lyrist of great charm, and influence.

Prominent amongst other Canadian poets is Dr. W.H. Drummond, a master of humor, pathos and picturesqueness in no little degree. His French Canadian dialect poems are among the most unique and beautiful in the literature. In embodying the speech and thought of the "habitant" he is inimitable, and the success of his delving into this rich and original vein has added considerable lustre to the originality and picturesqueness of Canadian verse.

Pauline Johnson is another example similar to Drummond. This highly gifted Mohawk poet has succeeded admirably in capturing the wild delightful beauty of forest and stream. "The Song My Paddle Sings" is an excellent example of her best exquisite verse.

In Wilfred Campbell, Canada possesses a delightful "poet of the lakes". His "Lake Lyrics," "The Dread Voyage" and "Modred and Hildebrand" have claimed wide attention in both Europe and America. Alexander McLachlan, Wilfrid Sherman, John Stuart Thomson, G. F. Cameron, Elizabeth R. MacDonald, Isabella V. Crawford, Bernard McAvoy, Thomas O'Hagan, T. H. Rand, F. G. Scott, George Murray, S. A. Curzon are prominent among the poets whose efforts are helping in no uncertain manner to mold a truly national literature.

The most remarkable feature in regard to Canadian literature is the place it holds in the republic of letters. Legions of Canadian writers have arisen, whose interpretation of their native land is marked with rare distinction, and when the early life of the young nation is considered—what a constant battle for existence it was—the fact that a great national literature is still unfolding bears the richest promise for the future.

Our skies, plains and mountains; our rivers, lakes and streams; our meadows, fields and forests; what are they but the supreme literature of nature, her choicest expressions written superbly on the face of a great country, we call Canada. Where nature in the physical is so supremely sovereign, so masterful in the generalities and details there is no need for fears concerning the literature of that country!

Nowhere perhaps, could a more appropriate expression of the wayward and delicate expression of romance, that should pervade prospective students of Canadian

literature entering upon its matchless riches—nowhere, I repeat could such an expression be found, unless in that brief phrase of “A Winter’s Tale”:

“A wild dedication of yourselves
To unpathed waters, undream’d shores.”

FREDERICK G. HAWES.

The Song My Paddle Sings.



West wind blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow;
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing’s past;
My paddle will lull you into rest;
O; drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep;
Now fold in slumber your laggard winds,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies swirl about my bow,
Swirl, swirl;
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl.

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle, be brave canoe,
The reckless waves you must plunge into;
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead,
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky;
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON,
Indian Poetess.



Shakespeare.

The Hero of the World of Books.



How should one write of Shakespeare, the poet, who as Dumas the elder aptly said, was the greatest of Creators, except God. To characterize him as the most wonderful genius of any age or clime that wrote books, or to define him as the incarnation of drama would only be retreading a beaten track and reiterating the praises of three hundred years.

To his country has descended the rich inheritance of his fame; we should rather say to the world, for wherever the English tongue shall hereafter be spoken, the works of him who enriched and preserved it, shall descend a fountain of wisdom, wit and poetry, of teaching and of pleasure "for all men as for all time."

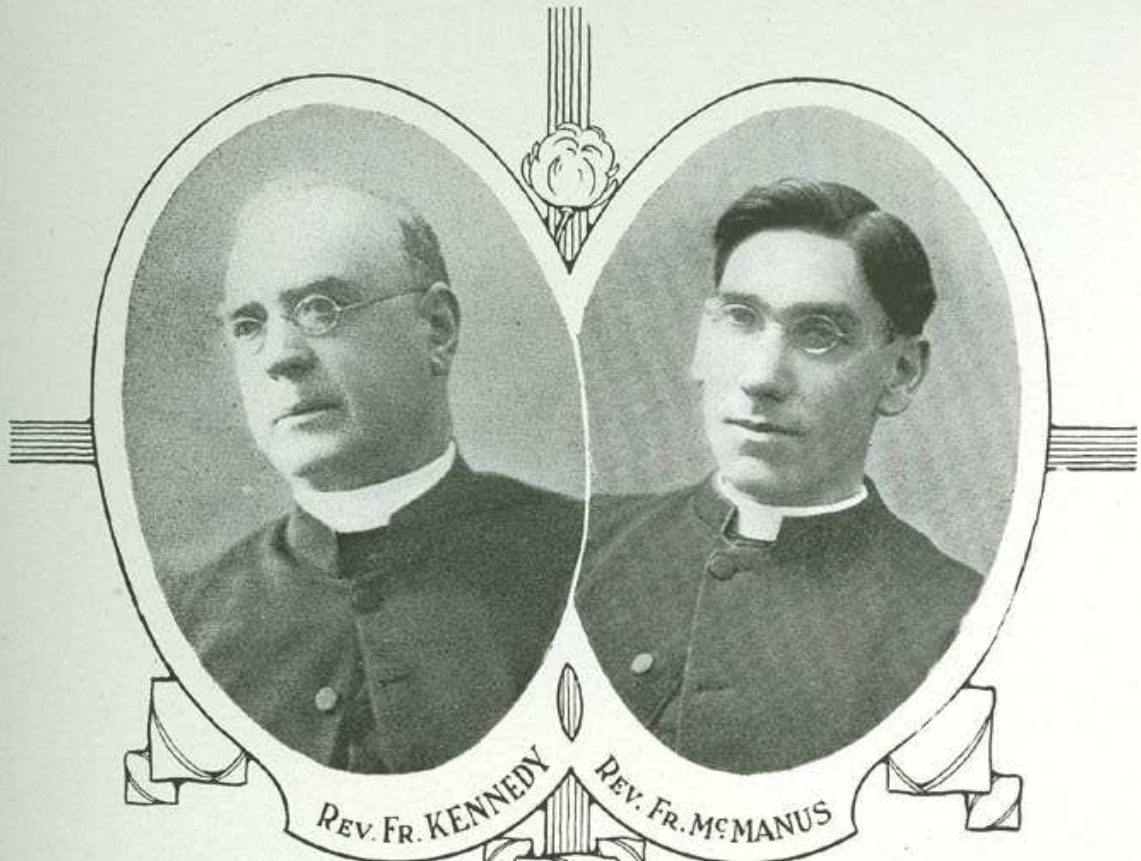
The interest and enthusiasm of his stage creations is increasing with the lapse of time. His plays not only amuse and entertain his audience but leave upon their minds if at all receptive a rich harvest of world knowledge, of apt phrases, and a better understanding of human nature. There is no hollowness, there is no scamped work, for he is as patient, exact and as first hand as nature herself. Each performance of Shakespeare's plays, each of his works intelligently read increases the vocabulary of his audience or of his reader. It may be possible not to read Shakespeare but it is impossible to read the English language and not quote him.

What a procession of men and women, statesmen and warriors, kings and clowns proceeded from Shakespeare's brain. No matter from what walk in life his characters are taken, each is a work of consummate art and when he is unnatural he is so splendid that the defect is forgotten. He disarms our reason by disarming our fancy.

He was the intellectual spendthrift of the world; he gave with the generosity, the extravagance of madness. In scarcely more than half a century of remarkably sane, of remarkably industrious and none too widely adventurous a career he seems to have run the gamut of human experience.

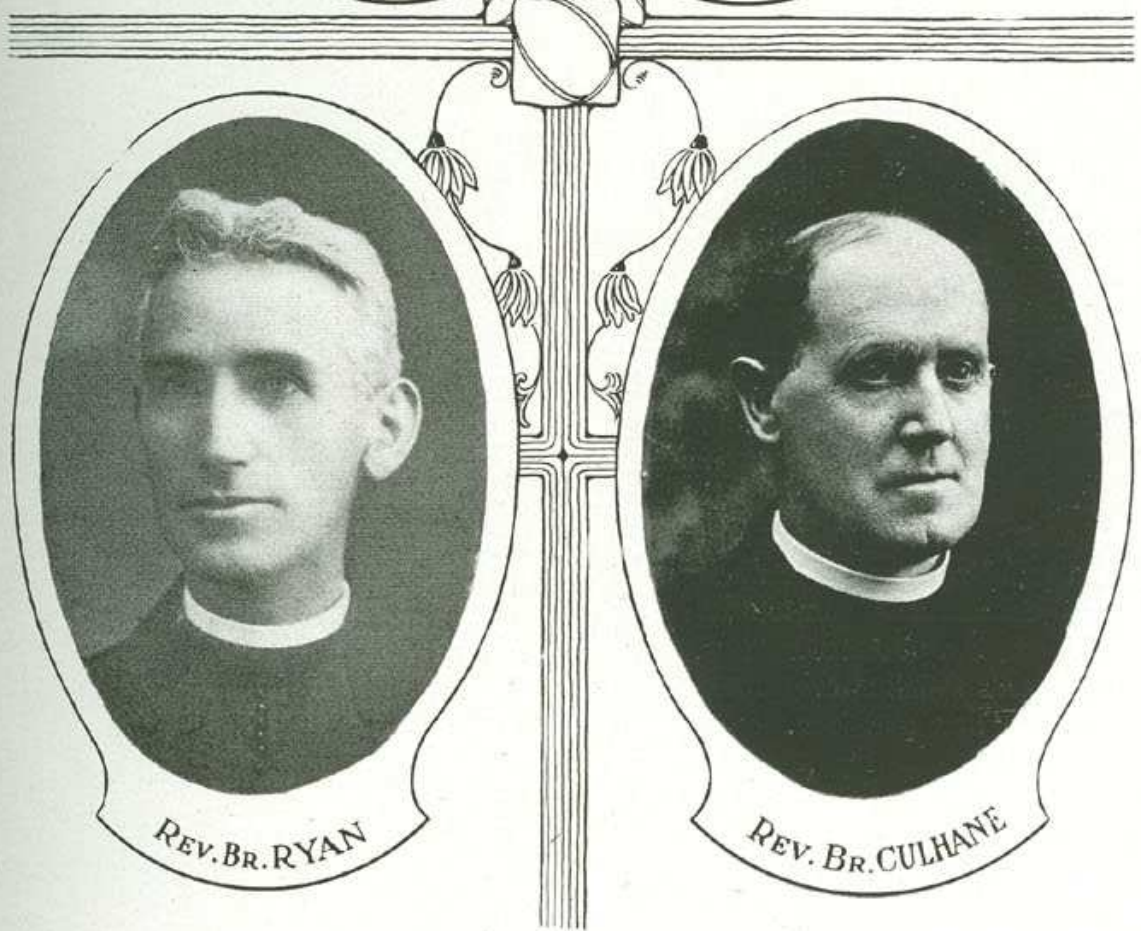
His knowledge of human nature was immense and infallible and yet throughout his whole life he preserved in his heart the feeling of the divinity and the sacredness of womanhood, so that in his latest as in his earliest plays, his strong spirit so keen to detect human weakness and sin, pays woman the homage of laying aside, in face of her excellence the weapon of criticism.

Shakespeare has done more for woman than all other dramatists of the world. In the strictest sense of the word he has no heroes whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity. Spotless Isabella, Juliet pure as a rose, Cordelia—who chose to suffer loss rather than show her wealth of love, Hermoine—who bore with perfect hope and faith, the cross of shame and who at last forgave with all her heart, Desdemona—incapable of suspecting that another could suspect, Perditia, Miranda, Helena and many others all of the same peerless and admirable type.



REV. FR. KENNEDY

REV. FR. McMANUS



REV. BR. RYAN

REV. BR. CULHANE

"THE SANTAMARIAN"

So great a faculty as Shakespeare's sets at nought the common limitations of nationality and to every quarter of the globe to which civilized life has penetrated his power is recognized. All the world over language is applied to his creations that ordinarily applies to flesh and blood. Hamlet and Othello, Lear and Macbeth, Falstaff and Shylock, Ariel and Caliban are studied in almost every civilized tongue as if they were historic personalities and the chief of the impressive phrases that fall from their lips are rooted in the speech of civilized humanity.

He was no priest, he waves no censor, yet when we consider the thousands that have learned the lessons of Shakespeare, who will say that he was not one of the greatest of teachers. His doctrine may not be preached in any set dogma but one who ponders over his dramas will learn a lesson more precious and more sweet than any thing that has fallen upon the world since the time of the Apostles.

In Richard III we are told "The purest treasure mortal times afford, is spotless reputation." And again in "Othello" he impresses upon us the same lesson, that "good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls." Where can we better learn the lessons of brotherly love, forgiveness and freedom or of that 'quality of mercy' that earthly power of free forgiveness "which then shows likest God's when mercy seasons justice"—more unerringly than we can from Shakespeare.

He was no priest, I repeat, he waved no censor, but just as in regard to those other lessons, Shakespeare does seem to give to each of us courage, energy and strength to dedicate ourselves and our work to that service which life has revealed to us as best, as highest and as most real.

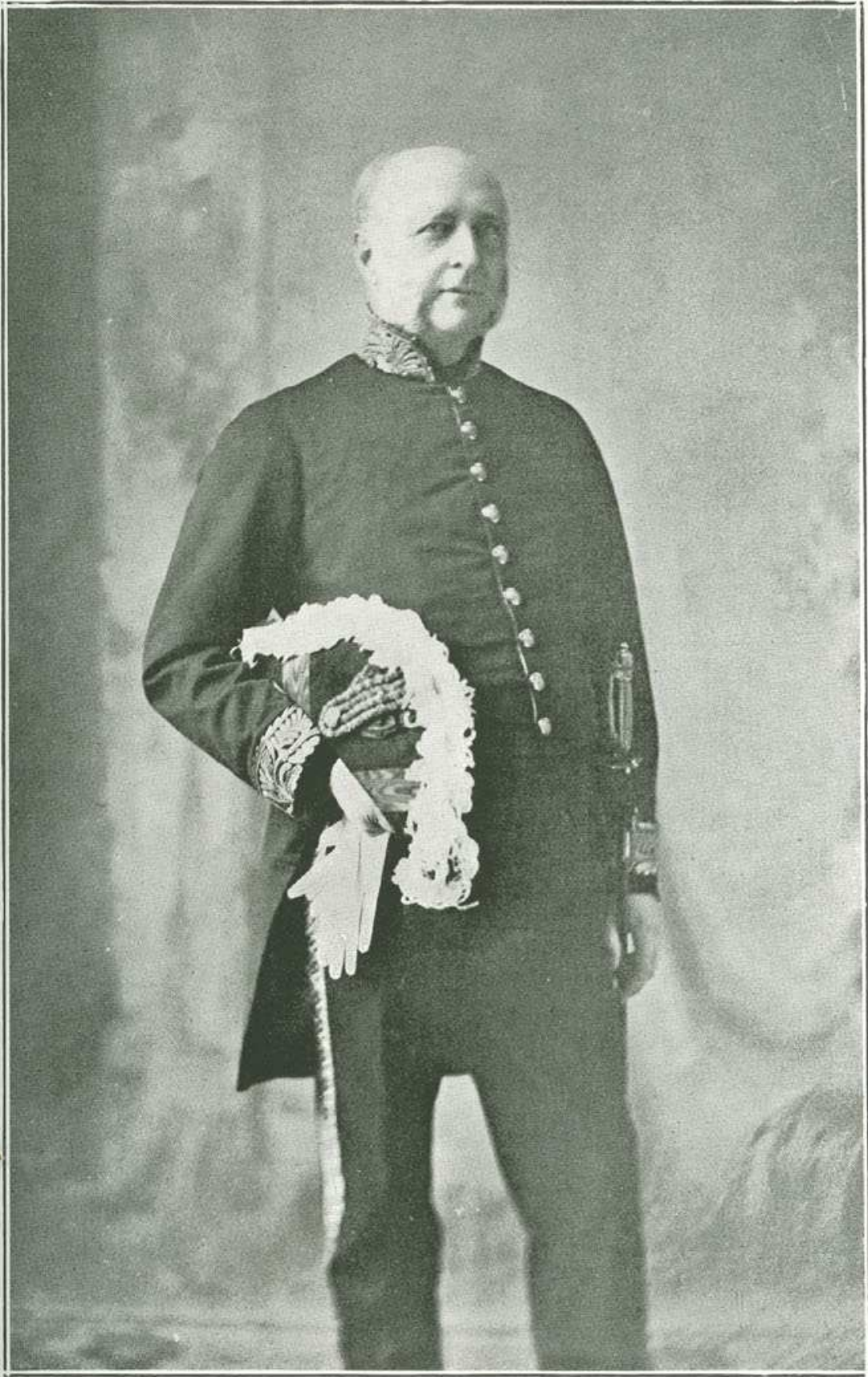
Never perhaps since Shakespeare's time was there greater need of a diligent and thorough understanding of his grasp of the weakness of human nature, or greater necessity for a close observance of his lessons—than to-day with the problems of suspicion, hate and revenge—the legacy of a conflict that has wrought so many changes on the physical map of the world.

Shakespeare's war pictures teach us to hate war. Appeals for mercy seem to issue from the gaping wounds of the corpses he heaps upon the field of carnage. The old sire who has slaughtered his son exclaims:

"Oh pity God, this miserable age;
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget."

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean whose waves touched all the shores of thought, within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death and all the sunlight of content and love—an intellectual ocean towards which all rivers ran, and from which the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.

CHARLES L. BEAZLEY.



SIR MALACHI BOWES DALY, K. C. M. G.

Sir Malachi Bowes Daly, K.C.M.G.



About a year ago St. Mary's College lost one of its best friends in the person of Sir Malachi Bowes Daly, who passed away at his residence, 95 Spring Garden Road, on April 26th, 1920.

Sir Malachi Bowes Daly was one of the most prominent and best known citizens of Halifax. The well known probity of his public life, as well as the geniality and truly Christian charity he displayed in private, obtained him universal esteem.

It has been well said that he displayed the qualities of a perfect Irish gentleman. Cardinal Newman has defined a gentleman as one who would not deliberately cause pain to another. Sir Malachy certainly had this qualification. To young and old, great and small he was always genial and considerate. Moreover, not only did he never cause pain, but he ever tried his best to relieve it whenever an occasion offered itself.

His charity showed itself in a great willingness to support every worthy cause. It led him to take an active part in the work of such bodies as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and the Charitable Irish Societies. In both he held the position of President. He was a member of the latter for over 52 years.

Nor was he content with mere membership in these, but likewise took a keen interest in any movement which tended to the national weal. Among others was the Patriotic Fund of which he was Vice-President. He was also connected with such bodies as the British Empire League and the British Navy League.

His charity was thus by no means local. At the same time it was not confined to the present but looked forward, benefitting the future of education. As director of the School for the Blind he gave freely of his time and experience to that splendid institution. He was also a member of the Senate of Saint Mary's and anything which interested us interested him.

However it was as a true Catholic, imbued with those principles which have enabled our fathers to suffer for the faith, that his merits shone the brightest. He was fully alive to the necessity of interior sanctity: Every morning, in rain or shine, he was at Saint Mary's Cathedral for Mass. He had the greatest reverence for all connected with the Divine Sacrifice. In fact as Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia he always gave a priest precedence to himself, saying that the spiritual is higher than the temporal.

Sir Malachi was also a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. He had entered this order in 1912, and we feel sure that, though it has had among its members many saintly men and women there have not been many who came so near the standards set by its founder.

Sir Malachi Daly was born at Quebec, February 6th, 1836. His father Sir Dominic Daly, was then Colonial Secretary of the United Canadas, an office which he filled from 1823 to 1848. His mother was a niece of Admiral Sir John Gore. Both were natives of Ireland. Sir Malachi was educated at Oscott, England, and graduated from St. Mary's College, Halifax.

On returning to America he became the private secretary of his father—then Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island. Later he filled the same office under Sir Richard Groves MacDonald, Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Doyle and General Sir William Fenwick who were Lieutenant-Governors of Nova Scotia. He later took law as a profession. However, political life seems to have attracted him and from 1878 to 1887 he sat as member for Halifax County in the House of Commons. He was deputy speaker of the House for years.

Because of Sir Malachi's long term as Private Secretary the Dominion Government chose him as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia in 1890 and it has seldom made a better choice. So well did he fill that office that he was appointed for a second term and did not leave Government House until 1900. On New Year's Day of that year Sir Wilfrid Laurier recommended him for the honor of K.C.M.G.

His death in 1920 was unexpected though his years were many. His memory will live long in the annals of St. Mary's.

W. J. BURNS, '23.



The Psalm of Life



Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the heart is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.

Much Needed Information.



When, on coming to Canada, I found that many of my new companions had very vague and even erroneous ideas concerning the West Indies, I thought that a little information concerning these delightful islands wouldn't hurt them a bit. Therefore I gladly avail of the pages of the Santamarian to say a little about St. Christopher,—one of these West Indian Islands for ever famous as my birth place.

As I have said, my Canadian comrades evinced an altogether magnificent ignorance of this particular portion of Geography. Some were even surprised that I could speak English, believing of course that the West Indies were away back in the jungles of India. They seemed to think, too, that the West Indies are peopled by fierce dusky savages, living in mud huts and whose only clothing consisted of green dresses. Now there does happen to be quite a number of negroes in these islands; but these are dressed decently, even flashily, and are quite respectable in their manners. The hard work in the cane and cotton fields under the blazing rays of the tropical sun necessitates the presence of these negroes, as white men would be incapable of this labour.

The origin of the name St. Christopher is shrouded in mystery. Many stories are current which try to explain how the island came by this name. It is said by some that Columbus, when he had discovered this isle lying like a beautiful garden in the Carribean Sea was so charmed with its beauty, that he honoured it with his own name; by others, that the peak of Mount Misery, the highest mountain in the island, reminded him so much of a statue of St. Christopher carrying our Saviour on his shoulder, that he called it after the Saint.

The climate of St. Christopher is delightful. The cool refreshing sea-breezes blowing over the island brace and invigorate one and there are never many cases of those fevers and other infectious diseases that are prevalent in other tropical climates. The island in common with most of the other West Indian islands is subject to occasional hurricanes but of recent years these visitations have been of a very mild character.

As may be expected in a tropical island, there is an abundance of the most luscious fruits and wholesome vegetables, to be got for the trouble of going for a climb to the mountains and picking them. As the children in Canada go picking blue-berries in the summer, the children of those sunny isles go picking straw-berries, mangoes, guavas, oranges, cherries, plums and other delicious fruits too numerous to mention. Cocoanut trees are found in great numbers all over the island. These nuts are a great blessing to the negro-labourers, as after a hot day's work on the sugar plantation, they can refresh themselves and quench their burning thirst with this perfect nectar that God provides. The best of the vegetables obtained on the island are, yams, sweet potatoes, idoes, squashes, coralls, turnips, tanyas and bread-fruit.

A striking feature of St. Christopher is the extent to which the slopes of the hills and every inch of spare ground is cultivated. In the open country-side are seen fields of waving sugar-cane, which give a fresh and green appearance to the whole landscape;

these fields are especially beautiful in the month of November, when they give forth countless flowers called 'arrows,' delicate silver inflorescences, which wave majestically over the green fields, giving a silver lustre to the surrounding country. Cotton is also grown here, but not to such a great extent as the sugar-cane.

The most interesting things in St. Christopher are first, the old fortress of Brimstone Hill, called the Gibraltar of the West Indies; the old fortifications are still standing, mute memorials of the gallant defence, in the face of overwhelming odds, made by the English under Generals Shirley and Fraser against the French, commanded by the Marquis de Bouille.

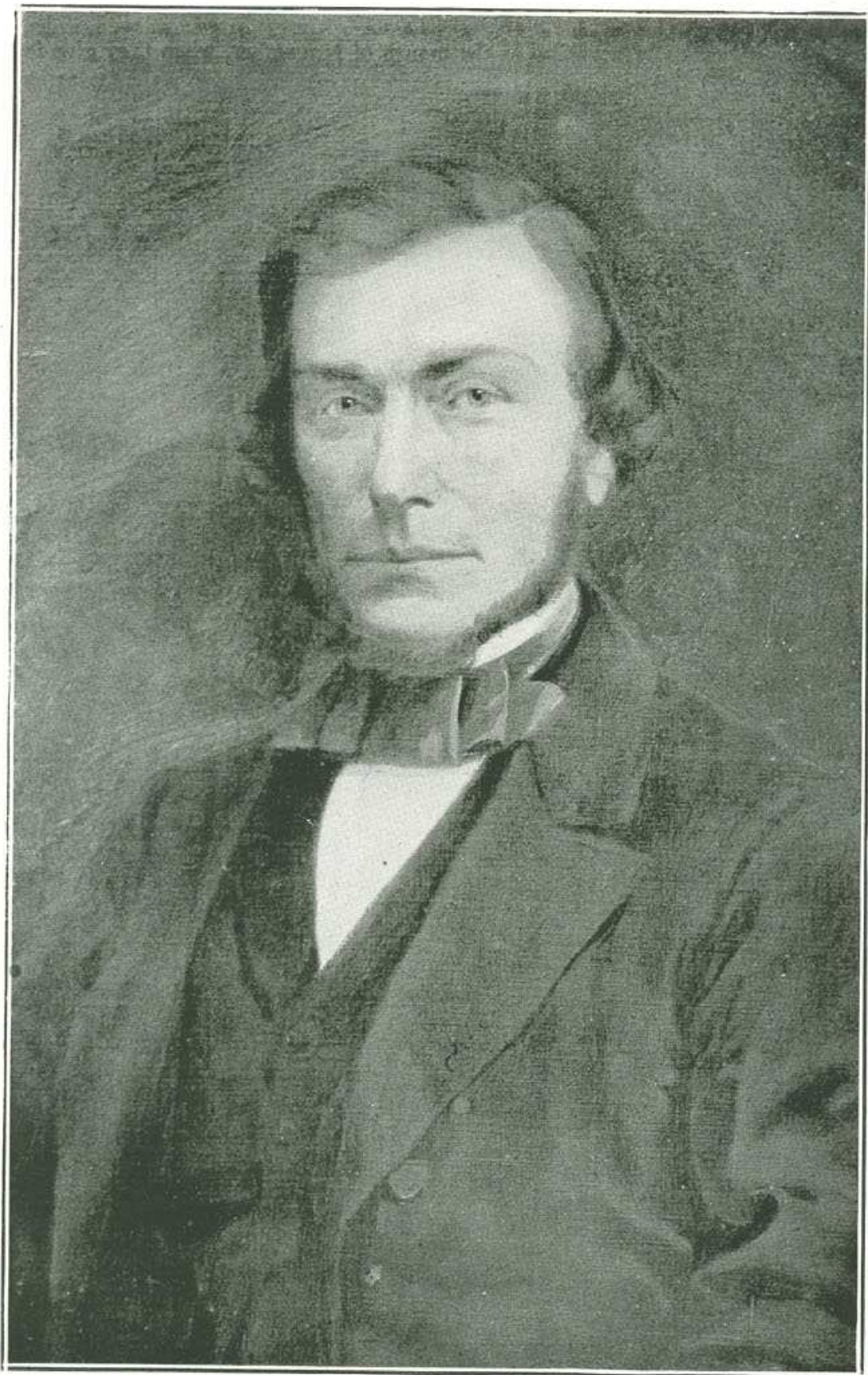
Pall Mall Square in the Centre of the Basse Terre, the Capital of the island, is a place of great interest and attraction. In the middle of this square, there is a large fountain, from which there is always a flow of clear sparkling water. There are a number of gold and silver fishes swimming around in the wider recipient, seeming like flashes of gold and silver in the sunshine. Surrounding this fountain are a group of stately palm and cedar trees, which keep out the rays of the sun and leave the square quite cool and shady. There are innumerable beds of flower trees, resplendent with varied coloured roses, whose beautiful odour delicately perfumes the air and whose bright hues lend their beauty to enrich the scene and all nature seems in harmony in this beautiful garden.

The Botanical Garden is also a place of attraction. In this garden are reared different species of flower trees, which are sold to purchasers at a moderate price. Different tennis clubs have their grounds here and these lawns are the scenes of many hard fought tournaments every afternoon. The chief sports indulged in by the inhabitants of this island which are common to all the West Indies are: Sea-bathing, boating fishing, shooting, and the games that are played at the schools are: cricket and football; but the one in which every one participates with the greatest enjoyment and amusement is sea-bathing. The water in the West Indies is delightful and one can spend hours in the sea without much fear of impairing his health. The chief bathing places of the island are Frigate Bay and Conaree. The last named is an ideal spot: the bay is surrounded by a coral reef which keeps out the breakers and leaves the water in the enclosure as calm as a pond. This reef also prevents any large or dangerous fishes from entering and therefore the sea-bathers can enjoy their swim without any fear of sharks, which is a source of great uneasiness to the swimmers in some parts of the island. Bordering the shore of this bay are trees of red berries about the same size as the ordinary grapes and which possess a delicious flavour. Intermingled with these is another fruit called fat-pork. These fruits are eaten with great relish by sea-bathing parties who may become hungry after being in the water for a long time.

The West Indies are progressing every year in commerce, trade and home-agriculture. The inhabitants of these islands depend mostly on America and Canada for flour and corn, but the duties on these goods is high, a fact which prevents the importation of a larger quantity, and vice-versa most of the sugar used in Canada is from the West Indies.

By and by, when we allow Canada to confederate with us these duties on each side will be removed, trade and intercourse between the two countries will increase, and young Canadians of the future will paint to themselves no lurid pictures of the "Wild West Indies."

LIONEL RYAN.



PATRICK POWER, K.S.C.

Hon. Patrick Power, K. S. G.
Benefactor.



The late Patrick Power was born in Kilmacthomas, Ireland, on the 17th day of March, 1815. He came to Canada as a young man and entered into business, in the City of Halifax. By the exercise of those indispensable qualities, thrift, integrity, fair dealing and honesty, he soon gained the confidence of all classes of the community, and his business expanded and increased apace, finally embracing wholesale and retail dry goods, trading in various commodities with the West Indies, and a general fish business. No other man of his day enjoyed the confidence of the fishermen to the same extent, the season's catch was invariably offered to him, the fishermen knowing full well, that they would receive one hundred per cent. value in all their dealings with him.

Mr. Power always took an active interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the city and province of his adoption, and his advice and counsel were sought for and freely given. He was an intense opponent of Confederation and was elected to the Nova Scotia Legislature in 1867, on the Anti-Confederate policy. So unpopular throughout the province was the cry of Confederation that, in that election, only one of its supporters, the late Sir Charles Tupper, Baronet, was returned to a seat in the house to represent his Majesty's loyal opposition.

Mr. Power suffered an irreparable loss, one which caused him great grief, in the drowning of his son, Patrick, on the ill-fated S. S. City of Boston, about the year 1870. Patrick Power, Jr., who was associated in business with his father, was on the way to England to buy goods for the firm, when the ship sank carrying with it every soul on board. Hon. Senator L. G. Power representing Halifax City and County in the Senate of Canada for the past forty-four years is also a son and inherits all the qualities of his distinguished and generous father.

The care and attention which Mr. Power devoted to his many business concerns did not prevent his seeking the Kingdom of God and His Justice. Throughout his life, he was ever a devout and edifying member of the Church—identified with every cause which tended to her welfare. In recognition of his services, the late Pope Leo XIII conferred upon him the well merited honor of Knight of St. Gregory.

On February 23rd, 1881, he died fortified by the rites of the Church of which he had ever been so faithful a son.

Patrick Power was a generous benefactor of many Catholic institutions in the City of Halifax. But beyond all others does St. Mary's College stand indebted to his munificence and if it be a duty of every college to honor and perpetuate the names of its benefactors, then must the name of Hon. Patrick Power, K.S.G. be for all time enshrined in the memories of the students of St. Mary's.

Historic Spots in Nova Scotia.



The seventeenth century is noted in the annals of North America as the period in which England and France became rivals for the possession of that Continent. By the shores of the beautiful basin of Port Royal, now known as Annapolis Royal, by the banks of the James River in Virginia on the heights of Quebec, and on the shores of Massachusetts Bay during the first quarter of that memorable century, were planted the germs of the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America.

Memorials of the French occupation of Acadia, can still be seen in the sleepy town of Annapolis, with its tinkling ox-teams and apple-orchards, its sombre convents and churches, its steep erratic streets; while its French inhabitants recall the story of the bold Frenchmen who landed there one year after the English founded Jamestown.

An expedition was got ready by some French Huguenots to sail westward across the Atlantic. The command was given to De Monts, a French noble, who set sail from Havre de Grace in the north of France. Among the men were many of high rank; as Champlain, Poutrincourt, and Pontgrave. After being roughly tossed on the ocean for a month the expedition reached Nova Scotia.

De Monts sailed up a small river and found a fellow countryman named Rossignol trading with the Indians. De Monts was very angry because his charter gave him the sole right to trade from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Hudson River. He took all of Rossignol's furs and as a warning to others, he called the place Rossignol. The expedition now sailed up the Bay of Fundy and entered a beautiful basin. This place was honored by the kingly name of Port Royal, and was chosen for the sight of a settlement. The Baron de Poutrincourt obtained a grant of land and decided to make his home in so lovely a spot.

De Monts resolved to spend the following winter on an island in Passamaquoddy Bay near the mouth of the St. Croix River. This place was entirely unsuitable because water and fuel were scarce and disease broke out and carried off thirty-five men. Immediately the hopes of the pioneers were turned towards Port Royal, and in the Spring De Monts set sail for Acadia. In 1607 De Monts' charter was revoked and he set sail for France leaving Champlain in charge of the Colony. Three years later Poutrincourt returned bringing with him a Jesuit missionary to convert the Indians. All went well until 1614 when an English expedition was got ready to attack Port Royal. The command was given to Captain Argall who destroyed the struggling settlement. Poutrincourt, now a ruined man, soon after met a soldier's death during the civil war which was then raging in France.

The French again returned to Acadia and they were not troubled until 1690. The English at Boston and New York did not want the French in Acadia so they fitted out eight war vessels which with eight hundred men were sent against Port Royal. The command was given to Sir William Phipps and in September he appeared before

Port Royal, and asked the Governor to surrender. The wily Frenchman by putting on a bold air, concealed his weakness and gained honorable terms of surrender. When Phipps saw the weak condition of the fort he was greatly annoyed. Some unruly French soldiers had stolen some of the stores which should have gone to Phipps. Phipps was glad of the excuse to send the garrison to Boston as prisoners of war. Villebon the next French Governor of Acadia had his headquarters on the St. John River. Here in his forest retreat he gathered round him French soldiers and sailors. Here also was a notorious French pirate who sacked the English towns along the coast, and robbed and burned the ships at sea and here found ready sale for his plunder.

The French again returned to Acadia. The colonists applied to Great Britain for aid, and Queen Anne who was then reigning gave money from her private purse to equip four New England regiments. With thirty-five war vessels and over four thousand men, they set out for Port Royal. The Governor of Port Royal could not hold out long against such a force, but he held the fort long enough to gain honorable terms. The garrison and whatever inhabitants wished could go to France, and so ended the French rule in Port Royal. Port Royal was changed to Annapolis Royal in honour of Queen Anne.

After Port Royal was finally captured the French turned their attention to Cape Breton which was then called Isle Royal. On the shores of the sheet of water called English Harbour, they built a settlement and to this place came the French from Acadia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Isle St. Jean. In honour of Louis of France they called the settlement Louisburg. Louisburg was so strongly fortified that it reminded the people of the Dunkirk in France, and so it was called the Dunkirk of America. From here in time of war, privateers would set out to prey on English commerce and ravage English settlements along the coast. An expedition was equipped at Louisburg to attack the English settlements in Nova Scotia. They burned Canso and sailed to Chignecto whence they marched overland to Annapolis. Here they met three hundred Indian allies and together they went against the town. The leader was timid but cunning and threatened the Governor of Annapolis saying that a naval expedition from Louisburg was on its way thither. After a few skirmishes in the night, the expedition marched to Canso.

The Colonists began to get afraid of the French at Louisburg and raised a huge expedition to attack the place. On the way to Louisburg they were joined by Commodore Warren with a naval force. Soon afterwards they appeared before Louisburg and Warren opened fire on the town. The inhabitants outside the fortification rushed into the fort. At the beginning of the siege the Governor felt secure, but as the siege went on he grew less confident, and soon the guns on Battery Island were silenced and the same with Lighthouse Point. The English had a difficult task to overcome. The landing was hard, the huge waves burst upon the rocky shore and the French were willing to contend every inch of the way. In, back of the town the ground was marshy and the ammunition and the food had to be carried on the backs of the men, while the heavy cannon had to be dragged on sledges across the marshy ground. But after seven weeks the white flag was seen flying over Louisburg. The garrison was allowed to go out with colours flying and bands playing and Pepperel and his men marched in. The French flag was allowed to fly over the fort for a few days and three merchant ships with cargoes valued at \$30,000 were captured by the British.

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A few years later a new scene was being enacted at Chebucto. Ships had arrived at Chebucto from England, but it was not soldiers that they brought, it was settlers with their families. At this time the forests grew right down to the water's edge. Soon the settlers were busy cutting down the big trees, and building houses. These houses were made of the trunks of trees driven into the ground and with a roof of spruce boughs, the spaces between the logs being filled in with moss to keep out the cold winds. A few of the wealthier people had lumber brought from New York, and built frame houses from it. A square fort was built on a hill now called Citadel Hill. The Government of England sent these colonists over to inhabit the New World, supplying them with farm implements, seeds, etc. This settlement was called Halifax in honour of Lord Halifax. The Indians around this part of the country were unfriendly, and whenever any settlers went into the woods for fuel it was always necessary to take weapons with them. In Dartmouth on the opposite side of the Harbour, it was worse than on the Halifax side. In the daytime when the children were out in the fields picking berries, the Indians would swoop down on them and either kill them or capture them. Capture in those days was worse than death, because the Indians would torture their captives dreadfully or else burn them alive at the stake. Sometimes in the night the Indians would come down on the town and the cries of the men, women and children could be heard on the Halifax side nearly a mile away.

There were about seven or eight thousand French Acadians living at Grand Pre, Minas and Annapolis. Governor Lawrence determined to use drastic measures against these French Acadians. There had been about eleven thousand French people in Acadia, but after the fall of Annapolis and Louisburg most had found their way into New Brunswick and some returned to France. Governor Lawrence ordered the heads of the forts around Grand Pre, Minas and Annapolis to gather all the French inhabitants in the churches. When they were in the church the doors were locked and the church was surrounded. General Winslow told the Acadians that they were all prisoners of the King. The women were told to collect whatever valuables they could get together and go down to the shore. A little while later the men joined them. The British transports took the people on board, but the families were separated, fathers from mothers, children from parents, brothers from sisters. Some of the inhabitants managed to escape to the woods, but the English burned all the houses and barns and killed all the animals so that those who ran away could not have any shelter or food.

The ships which had taken the Acadians away from their homes landed at different parts of what are now the United States. Some landed at Boston, others at New York and ports in the Southern States. The Acadians when they landed in the States were cruelly treated by the English. Many of them went westward to seek their fortunes while others after many years of wandering made their way back to their loved Acadia.

WILLIAM DOWNIE,
Grade IX.

Our Students in Other Colleges.



Holy Heart Seminary.

MR. WILLIAM A. PENNY is our senior student at the Seminary. It seems but a short time ago since Willy was a leading figure in the dramatic pieces at our Closing Exercises, but the years have sped quickly and in September next we hope to see him admitted to the Sacred ranks of the priesthood. In anticipation of this happy event the Santamarian tenders him its congratulations and expresses the hope that he may be spared to labor long in the Master's Vineyard.

JOHN E. BURNS, B.A. Mr. Burns enjoys with his class-mate, Mr. William V. McCarthy, the distinction of being one of the first two graduates of St. Mary's under its new Charter. The distinction could have fallen on no worthier subjects. John attended St. Mary's for many years and was a most industrious and successful student. His favorite form of athletics was Association Football, which he generally played according to Rugby Rules.

WILLIAM V. MCCARTHY, B.A. Willy was always an earnest and successful student and in the football field his defence work was often of service in winning the day. He frowned on Hockey but in his younger and less mature years is said to have taken an interest in baseball and even to have occasionally pilfered some bases, but the College Chronicles are silent on the subject.

WILLIAM H. SMITH. Willie was long the senior representative of St. Joseph's Parish. He and his comrades faithfully appearing every morning at five minutes before or after nine. Needless to say he was a model student and his entrance into the Seminary seemed but the natural sequel to his College career.

LEO MURPHY. How we remember Leo's dramatic efforts when that welcome day in June came round! We feel sure the gifts he displayed on these occasions will be of great service in the Sacred Ministry. Like all his colleagues at Holy Heart he left nothing to be desired as a student.

China Mission College.

BASIL MARTIN. Basil's departure for Almonte was keenly felt by his host of friends here, for had he not a "wonderful way with him"? What "heathen Chinese" will be able to resist the influence of his genial personality?

WILLIAM P. STONE. Willie was generally recognized among his class-mates as their "Philosopher." We are sure he will prove a very worthy member of Father Fraser's band of heroes.

LEO DAY. When it was rumoured last summer that Leo had decided to enter China Mission College, those who knew him best were not surprised. His constant good humor made him ever a favourite with his fellow students

Dalhousie University.

MEDICINE

FOURTH YEAR. Edward Granville passed in all his subjects obtaining "Distinction" in Hygiene and Paediatrics. Edward was a keen student at St. Mary's while his chronicles of the Baseball Games at the College are still classics.

Duncan Campbell— Likewise passed in all and obtained Distinction in Hygiene and Therapeutics. Duncan has had a uniformly brilliant course.

THIRD YEAR. Herbert Corbett passed in his year and obtained "Distinction" in Pathology, Bacteriology and Surgery, leading his class in this last subject. "Bert" first sprang to fame as "the best goal-tender in the College." Bert is doing better every year.

SECOND YEAR. James J. Carroll passed in Second Year obtaining "Distinction" in Chemistry.

Walter J. Keating and P. Searle Skinner also passed in this year.

FIRST YEAR. Gerald L. Burns and Ernest T. Glenister, our last year's graduates, having decided to adorn the medical profession, they, along with Kenneth P. Hayes constitute our representation in this year. All three passed successfully, "Ernie" obtaining "Distinction" in Physics, Biology and Practical Anatomy.

ARTS

FIRST YEAR. In first year of the Arts Course Mr. Parker Hickey worthily represents the College. Parker was for many years one of our best Hockey and Football players.

LAW

SECOND YEAR. In second year Law St. Mary's is well represented by Mr. Basil E. Courtney. Besides passing his examinations creditably Basil had the distinction of managing the Dalhousie Hockey Team last season and brought together one of the best teams in the city.

FIRST YEAR. In first year Law Mr. Charles L. Beazley has made quite a distinguished record this year. He obtained "Distinction" in every one of his subjects, leading his class in one. Charlie was always one of our most brilliant students at St. Mary's.

Mr. Gerald P. Flavin has done almost equally well. He obtained "Distinction" in all subjects but one, in which latter he secured a pass.

We tender our congratulations to all three students.

Technical College:

FOURTH YEAR. Mr. Luke B. Feetham graduated this year in Civil Engineering. Luke will be well remembered as Captain of the Hockey Team in many a thrilling game.

Mr. Thomas B. Kerr graduated this year in Electrical Engineering. Tom was one of our most brilliant students at St. Mary's. A few years ago he made quite a

sensation as the villain in "The Bishop's Candlesticks." We predict a successful career for Mr. Kerr!

THIRD YEAR. St. Clair Hayes, B.A. passed very successfully in his third year. Clair was a keen student but was also very prominent in athletics, either in the thick of the fray or leading the "Royal Rooters."

McGill University.

LAW

Having spent several years "over there" Mr. "Jock" Long on his return entered McGill University and will soon be a full-fledged lawyer.



"Old Times"



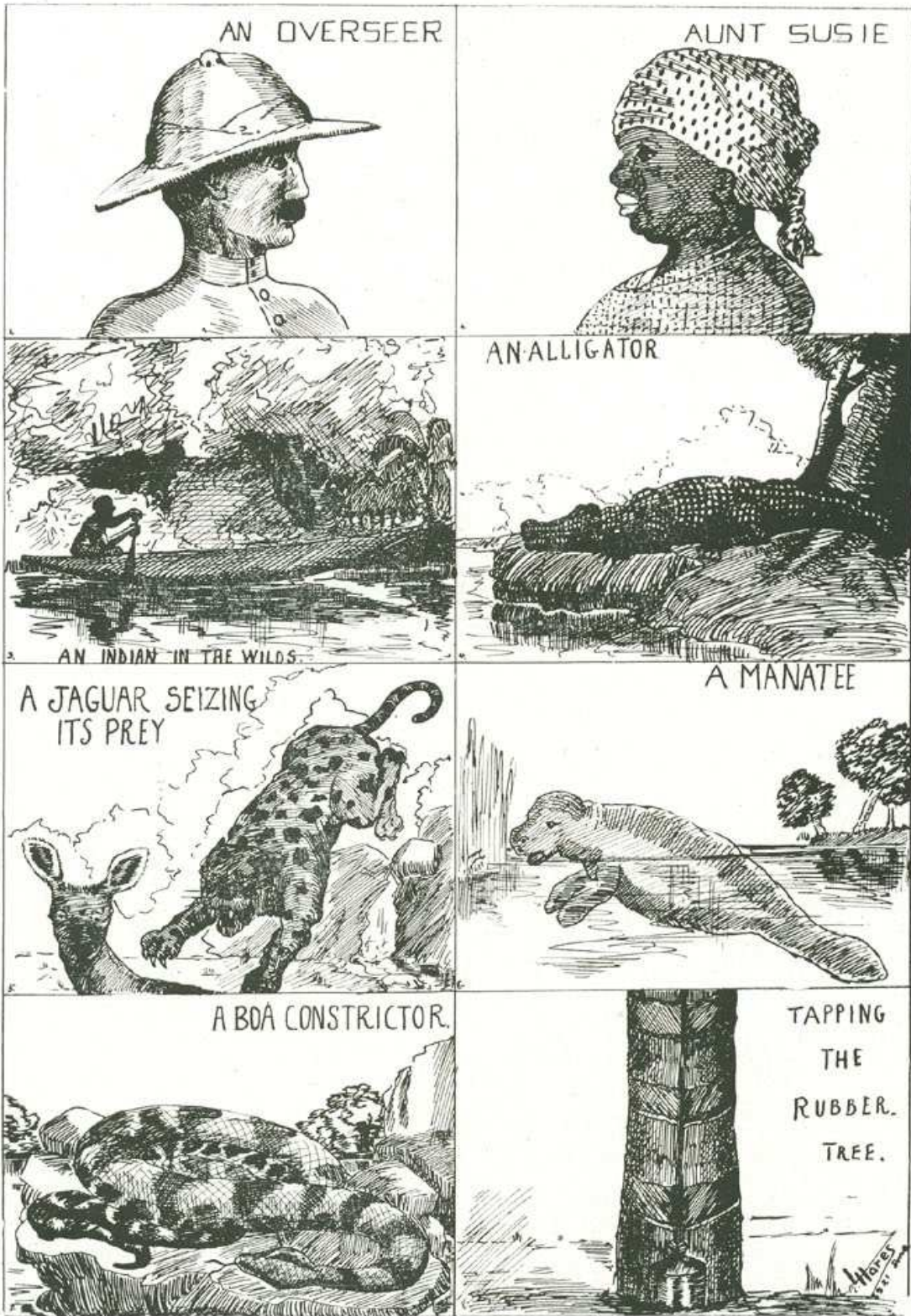
" Old Times! Old Times! the gay old times
When I was gay and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree;
My Sunday palm beside me placed
My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old Times! Old Times!

" And here the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we ranged
There's sunshine on the hill;
The sally waving o'er my head
Still sweetly shades my frame
But ah! those happy days are fled
And I am not the same!
Old Times! Old Times!

" Ah come again, ye merry times
Sweet, sunny, fresh and calm;
And let me hear these Easter chimes
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes
My tears would flow in vain
If I could waste my heart in sighs
They'll never come again.
Old Times! Old Times!"

Gerald Griffin.

IN DISTANT DEMERARA.



Recollections of Demerara.



Two years have passed—two years of intermittent sunshine and shadow. The past has become an accumulation of pleasant memories—memories centered chiefly in a land where, under the delightful warmth of a tropical sun, palms and coconut trees rear their tufted crowns high above the surrounding scenery. They tower over great tracts of green, waving canefields, criss-crossed by canals which sparkle in the bright sunshine like ribbons of silver. Along these cool waterways come heavy iron punts loaded to overflowing with mellow juicy sugar cane fresh from the plantation, and long-eared mules, urged on by copper-skinned coolie boys, strain at the chains as they haul these loads up to the factory, or “buildings” as we Demerarians call it.

In the canefields motley gangs of labourers are chopping down the cane with broad-bladed cutlasses, while others load the waiting punts. Here we see East Indians dressed in their flowing robes and skilfully wound turbans, chattering in their native tongue as they work. The negroes wear grins that are unbanished even by the knowledge that they are each clad in only a pair of dirty trousers, rolled up to the knees, and a ragged shirt. There is a jingle of spurs as a sunburnt overseer wearing a broad-brimmed sunhelmet and a light-colored riding suit moves among the workers giving orders, and encouraging them to further efforts. He is greeted here and there by a guttural “Salaam sahib,” or a “Howd’ye sah.” “Salaam baboo! Howd’ye!” he replies pleasantly. There, on the other bank of the narrow canal another sunhelmeted figure is urging his mule up a slight incline caused by a bridge across the water. It is the manager. From all sides arise shouts of “Salaam sahib!” “Mawning manjah!” and the shriller “Howd’ye sah!” of the creoles—East Indian children employed to do various small jobs like weeding and mending “stop-offs” or dams. The planter returns the greetings and passes on elsewhere to overlook the work.

Meanwhile, at the factory, which is in charge of the building overseer, a busy scene is going on. Just beside the buildings the main canal widens into a miniature lake. A steam-driven cane-lift is busy lifting whole puntfuls of cane and dumping them on to an endless-belt carrier which revolves on a platform-like foundation protruding out of the factory, and over the water. This carrier conveys the cane up to the mills. Through five or six sets of these the sugar cane is passed, and every drop of juice is squeezed out of it until the resulting “megass,” or pulp, is so dry that it can easily be used for fuel. The juice, or liquor, drips down into tanks below the groups of rollers and is pumped up to the “boiling pans.” It now passes through a complicated process of boiling which reduces it to a sticky molasses; then it is dumped into steel boxes and left to crystallize. The next step in the manufacture is the separation of the crystals from the liquid molasses. The centrifugals do this part of the work; these are cylinders with sides of very fine copper netting and they revolve at a terrific speed in steel cases just a little larger than themselves. The molasses having been put into them, they are started. The crystals of sugar cling to the sides but are not

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small enough to pass through the netting, while the molasses is whirled through the wire into the outer case. From this it is pumped into tanks, and is afterwards used in the manufacture of rum. The sugar is let out into a hopper which carries it along to the whirling belt of scoops that sweep the crystals as they fall from the end of the hopper into the sugar room above. There a couple of dusky "cullud gentamen" are busy with spades shovelling and piling up the sugar. You of the colder climes would be astonished were you suddenly transported to the "sunny south" and taken into one of these rooms where the hills of sugar reach to twice a man's height, sloping gradually down like the pyramids of Egypt. But to us of British Guiana it would be no novel sight. While the sugar is being received into the sugar room it is also being let out, for into an apartment somewhere below, a wooden shaft run, down which the sugar is ever ready to rush at the opening of a sliding door. Bag after bag is seized by the neck and slipped over the mouth of the shaft; the sliding door is opened and a stream of sugar rushes down to fill it. The slide is shut when the bag is full, and the sack being released is weighed, sewn up and stacked with the rest ready for shipping. This is how sugar is made in British Guiana.

A few yards apart from the sugar factory is a smaller building two stories in height. That is where the rum is made—every sugar estate in British Guiana has a side production of rum. Below the huge fermenting vats on the second floor is a small room with neat concrete walls and floor and over its strongly-barred door is a glaring sign, "NO SMOKING." The warning is very necessary, for in the apartment are vats and barrels of liquor, and the mere lighting of a match or glow of a cigarette might send the building sky high. From the windows on the top story may be seen a panorama of the plantation's outbuildings. Just in front is the neat little pay-office where the book-keeper pores over his accounts and the chemist, in the little laboratory, peers into the eye-piece of a polariscope for testing the standard of the sugar.

A little farther away are the overseer's quarters. The house is raised on pillars some ten feet high as are most of the Demerara houses, both in the city and the country. A couple of saddled mules are hitched under the house waiting for their riders and each is attended by a "back dam boy" whose duty it is to saddle his master's mules and do other odd jobs. A short distance away from the pay-office is the hospital, a structure whose cleanliness and efficient equipment show the care with which the estate tends the sick labourers. Back of this is the "nigger-yard" where the labourers are housed. The manager's house is surrounded by a spacious garden whose flower beds, banana trees and other fruit and vegetable crops extend down to the trench which borders the roadside in front of the dwelling.

On the road running in front of the manager's house there is a busy throng, for the weekly roadside market is being held. An automobile comes honking through the crowd, and once clear of it, speeds along the open highway. The country doctor who drives the car, is making his rounds. From his home higher up he comes visiting each estate hospital, and every house along the way in front of which a white flag, the sign of sickness, is suspended. Through a few of these open-air markets the car careers; past isolated houses, over bridged canals, through a village or two, and finally sweeps round to the left of two intersecting roads. It soon disappears in a cloud of dust. Over to the right is a broad avenue leading down to the ferry. A steamer moored there is being loaded with lumber taken from a train

standing on the wharf. The cargo is soon taken in, a stream of passengers followed by a few cars and drays boards the vessel, and she is soon steaming across the river to the rhythmical throb of her engines. The City of Georgetown is her destination. There it is right ahead, a phalanx of church spires, market towers, factory chimneys, stores and dwellings. At the waterfront big steamers and smaller craft are moored, while a regular fleet of river-boats is plying to and fro between city and country. The steamer runs alongside the "stelling", and its human freight flock out. On shore they are greeted by a flock of noisy cabmen, who vie with each other in recommending their cabs, while a horde of ragged "centipedes" or street gamins run hither and thither with shrill cries of: "I'll carry your bag, sah!" or "Hey, mistah, dat bag too heavy foh you; lemme carry it, sah!"

In the Stabroek Market close by, there is a busy, picturesque and interesting scene. Hindus haggle and bargain over their goods, before the gates, through which a continuous stream of people passes. Inside the building there are numerous stalls. Coolie and negro women are seated behind trays of fruit, buns, candy or nuts; Portuguese men, yonder, offer for sale numerous trinkets, and other goods; and others are disposing of bottled "cool drinks." The butchers flit about in white aprons, behind their counters, hacking, and sawing at their meat, while, not far off, a large section is resplendent with shining tin, glass and chinaware. On one counter is a tempting assortment of oranges, bananas, pineapples, mangoes, guavas, pawpaws, and various other native fruits, and yet another adds colour to the whole by an array of fine vegetables—tomatoes, cucumbers, breadfruit, cassava, yams, and many other varieties. Drapery stalls are below and yet farther down fish, fresh from the river, may be obtained. As the people who have done all their shopping go out, a barefooted crowd of newsboys meet them on the street with shrill cries of "Awgussy, sah?" "Daily Chronicle?" all the while flourishing their papers hopefully.

With a warning clang a street car comes slowly through a throng of automobiles, bicycles, drays, and pedestrians, and races onward up Water Street, the business street of the City. It goes past the shops and shores, until it finally brings up before the Tramway and Museum Building, where it delays for a few minutes. The Museum is a well stocked one. In its halls, huge glass cases are filled with various stuffed wild animals, and nearly every kind of insect and reptile is to be seen there. A couple of alligators are lazily sprawling in a glass-topped tank, sleeping off the effects of a prodigious meal, while some snakes are coiled up in captivity and hiss at each visitor that approaches their cages. Yonder, down at the end of the hall is a model of a "Buck" (the "Bucks" are the native Indians of British Guiana) encampment, which portrays concisely the jungle life of these people. Birds and butterflies, both native and foreign, are shown, and a varied collection of Indian household instruments and weapons may also be seen. So extensive is the Museum inventory that it contains even samples of native rubber, woods, metals, (including gold and silver) and precious stones, these last coming from the great mines far up in the interior. Meanwhile, the car outside has already restarted. Down by the corner, is the Carnegie Library, and a glimpse of it is caught as the car glides by. The tram runs swiftly up the street, turns a corner, then another and the next minute is whizzing through one of the finest streets in the whole town, namely, Main Street. A long gravelled avenue, shaded by beautiful trees runs up the middle of it and the houses bordering it are fronted by pretty

flower gardens. On this street a beautiful Catholic Church is situated and farther up, the Governor's House with its luxurious gardens can be seen from the street car. The car speeding swiftly along the street, presently bumps its way over a railroad crossing, and after it has gone across one of the numerous canals that irrigate and drain the town which is below the sea level—emerges into High Street. As the trolley sweeps around a slight curve where two roads intersect there springs into sight the great Sea Wall. This long structure stretches along the coast for several miles, and it keeps out the sea, which otherwise would flood the town. It is built of reinforced concrete and is backed by a continuous mound whose green slopes form a miniature valley surrounded by palms and flamboyant trees. A cool breeze blows from the ocean beyond and rustles their leafy boughs. The car goes straight ahead, and then turns abruptly to the right and runs at the foot of the embankment parallel to the wall. Then it glides alongside a small platform and in a short time is off again, leaving its former passengers to find their way to the esplanade above. A domed bandstand, in which a party of bandmen are playing, stands in a triangular green nearby. This is Saturday afternoon the day for the weekly band concert, and so around about the bandstand at the roadside a multitude of carriages and automobiles are drawn up. Their occupants lounge luxuriantly in cushioned seats and lend an attentive ear to the music. Other folk, coloured and otherwise saunter along the wall, which serves as a promenade. A coloured man resplendent in his best suit and Panama hat beams self-consciously at the negro belle, who sits on a bench on the Esplanade, trying to balance on her head a hat topped by an enormous feather which threatens every moment to overbalance her headgear; groups of children are paddling on the beach and amusing themselves in various other ways, and ever and anon another detachment of people arrives on the scene, each new party adding more colour and variety to the already miscellaneous crowd.

Every now and then a car detaches itself from the throng of vehicles drawn up on the roadside and goes purring off along the road beyond. Past the great towering poles of the wireless station it moves until the bandstand is far behind, then with a swift turn it changes its course and soon arrives at the gates of the Botanical Gardens. This park covers a large area and in it are to be found a great many varieties of native flora and fauna. The long centre avenue is bordered with different native trees and beds of pretty tropical flowers, and the beautiful grounds are threaded with numerous canals which are covered with water-lilies. The huge circular leaves of the *Victoria Regia* form an ideal background for its delicate pink and white lily, and the bamboo groves and shady vine entangled trees give the place a secluded and junglelike appearance. In some places the scenery is delightfully wild. Small islands whose bamboo-covered shores are scarcely ever visited by any human being shelter myriads of birds from the ever present *kes-kiddie* (a small brown and yellow bird whose cry sounds almost exactly like the French "*Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?*") to the long-legged heron or the brilliant *curri-curri*, or scarlet *ibi*. These birds are protected by stringent laws, and, of course, no one is allowed to pluck either flower or fruit in the garden. It is a great temptation sometimes, when one is hot and tired, to be confronted by a grove of fruit trees; and the presence of an inconvenient signboard with the legend "*Please do not pick the fruit!*" is scarcely sufficient to keep one off. The nurseries of the park, too, are very fine and well kept. There one may see all kinds of ferns and orchids, of the latter the Holy Ghost orchid being one of the most remarkable. Near the nurseries

are a number of hutches in which small wild animals are caged and even a few manatees or sea-cows which live in the canals are included in the sights of this park. There is also a small experimental farm in the Gardens. Near the fern houses too, is the office which overlooks the road outside.

Across from the gates are the Georgetown Football Club grounds and at a corner higher up stands Queen's College, one of the most important colleges in the City. The street in which it is situated is known as Brickdam. On this street stands the new Catholic Cathedral, a fine building, which, however, is not quite completed, and opposite it is the Presbytery and next to this is the Gaiety Theatre. Emerging from a building lower down the street there comes a troop of horsemen, whose white tunics and caps contrast strongly with their dark faces. It is a body of the mounted Police. With rifles slung across their backs, swords glinting at the saddle, and astride fine horses they are riding out of the Brickdam Police Station. Soon they are out of sight round a corner. A group of school boys are looking on with interest at a game of football which is going on in the field at St. Stanislaus' College near by. This is the only Catholic College in the city. At the mention of this name visions of the days spent at St. Stanislaus College rise before my mind, for there were enacted some of the pleasantest—and also some of the most painful—scenes of my life. A not very distant neighbor of the school house is the Administration Building or the Public Building as it is called, and as one glances along to the end of the street, he can see the smokestack and masts of the ferry boat rising above the roof of the Sterling, and the Stabrock Market, the very spot from which the Sea Wall street-car started.

There are many more items too numerous to mention about both city and country, but there is one thing whose grandeur and beauty compel attention. It is the Kaieteur Falls, which is situated far up in the interior, and even the most sceptical of tourists would have to admit that the sight of this great body of water plunging over a rocky precipice and falling with a continual roar into the pool nearly eight hundred feet below equals and even surpasses that of the great Niagara.

Such is Demerara as I remember it. It is a land at once common-place and romantic, but its romance does not interfere with its progress, for, as a country whose great resources have scarcely been tapped, it is fast progressing. May we one day see it among the fairest of the fair! Now, I am not trying to force upon you the opinion that Demerara is the best place in the world, for as loyal Canadians you think otherwise, and "a man convinced against his will, is of his own opinion still;" but I do say that to us, at least, it is the best and the most loved of all others, for it is HOME!

LEONARD HARES.



St. Mary's Centenary, 1920.



The Centenary of St. Mary's Cathedral was a notable event in the history of Halifax. It was a long cry from the little Mission, which marked the beginning of Catholicity in Halifax, to the great Cathedral which is one of the architectural ornaments of the city, and is a tribute to the zeal and devotion of the Catholic priests and people during the past hundred years. The Centenary was commemorated with solemn religious ceremonies and by a series of social functions, which dignitaries of the Church, from many parts, distinguished by their presence.

The celebration actually began with the arrival of His Eminence, Archbishop di Maria, the Papal Delegate, in Halifax. There was a large gathering at the station, where His Eminence was greeted by the Archbishop, the clergy, and officials of all the Catholic societies.

That evening, the official reception to His Eminence took place, and was a brilliant affair. The Cathedral was crowded to the doors, and the interior of the edifice was beautifully decorated in honour of the occasion, the colour scheme being white and yellow—the Papal colors. All the large pillars were draped in these shades, and the lengthy panelled draperies bore white crosses. The same color scheme was carried out in drapings throughout the Church.

His Eminence, the Delegate, accompanied by His Grace, the Archbishop of Halifax, and the visiting Bishops and clergy, and preceded by the altar boys, walked in procession from the entrance of the Glebe House to the main entrance of the Cathedral and up the centre aisle to the altar, where His Eminence proceeded to the throne especially erected for him, to the east of the main altar. The purple robes of the Delegate, Archbishops, Bishops, and Prelates, lent color to the magnificent picture within the altar rail, the high altar being ablaze with the lights of many candles. The Processional, by the full choir, was a grand one, and exceptionally rendered.

After everything was in ceremonial order within the Sanctuary, His Eminence was presented with two addresses—one from the clergy and the other from the laity. The Delegate fittingly replied to the two addresses stating that his visit to Halifax was one which he had desired for some time, because of the historic Catholic traditions of Halifax and the loyalty of the Catholic citizens thereof.

Then followed Benediction of The Most Blessed Sacrament and the Papal blessing by His Eminence. This was succeeded by a banquet to the clergy at St. Mary's Hall. His Grace Archbishop McCarthy, presided at the banquet with the Papal Delegate on his right, their seats being at the end of the main table which was laid in the form of a cross. The decoration of the Hall was one of the best pieces of banquetroom ornamentation ever seen in Halifax. At the wall back of the Chairman's seat there stood a large cabinet of white and yellow, in two squares of which were set paintings of St. Mary's Cathedral in 1820 and the present Cathedral of 1920.

Many speeches were made during the evening, including those by His Eminence, Archbishop McCarthy, Archbishop Roy of Quebec, and Bishop Morrison of Antigonish.

During the morning celebrations, which consisted of Pontifical High Mass, an eloquent and powerful sermon was delivered by Bishop O'Leary, who took for his text "The Kingdom of Heaven is Like to a Grain of Mustard Seed." At the evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament Bishop Morrison spoke forcefully and appealingly on the text "I Have Loved, O Lord, the Beauty of Thy House and the Place Where Thy Glory Dwelleth."

Not by any means the least important feature of the Centenary celebration was the new vestments. A complete new set—Chasuble, Dalmatic, Uicle and Cope, with their accessories—were used for the first time. Lovers of art cannot but admire the set of vestments which were used during the celebration. They are ample, graceful in lines, and in general extremely artistic. And what is more, they are quite correct and much more like the original garments of early centuries.

Thus did the Centenary celebration come to a close. What St. Mary's has been to her people for one hundred years is known but to God. The historic chain which links her to her children still goes lengthening out until the Cathedral shall crumble into dust. Between the humble church of 1820 and the magnificent structure of 1920, there is a long story of enthralling interest, generosity and zeal, devotion and self-sacrifice; laymen and priests co-operating with Archbishops for the upbuilding of the spiritual life which crowns a parish with success as solid as the eternal hills.

E. C. SMITH.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Hood.

Visit of the Papal Delegate.



The closing month of the year 1920 will be memorable in the annals of the College for the visit of His Excellency Most Rev. Pietro di Maria, Papal Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland who had come to Halifax in connection with the Centenary celebrations of St. Mary's Cathedral.

The day previous to this important event bands of earnest workers set themselves to adorn the Assembly Hall in a manner worthy of our illustrious visitor. Banners and bannerettes quickly adorned the walls; festoons and tapestries seemed to suspend themselves by magic—for the willing hands were many—and everywhere the Papal colours were in evidence.

On the day itself everything was in harmony with the occasion and a glorious December sun did its part in contributing to the day's success. Around the entrance a guard of honour was formed through which the distinguished Prelate and accompanying Bishops and Clergy passed into the building. Entering the Assembly Hall he was greeted by the strains of "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus."

The Delegate, Archbishop McCarthy and Bishops Morrison of Antigonish and O'Leary of Prince Edward Island having taken their places on the platform the President briefly addressed the assembled students introducing His Excellency and giving an account of the Papacy, touching on its holiness, its Divine Power and on its unbroken line of Popes coming down from the time of our Lord and observing that the Ambassador of Christ's Vicar could be a stranger in no Catholic College. He cordially thanked His Excellency and the other distinguished Prelates for the honour they had conferred upon St. Mary's College by the visit and then called upon Mr. John E. Vereker to read the following address of welcome.

Address from St. Mary's College, Halifax, to His Excellency Most Reverend Pietro di Maria, D. D.

YOUR EXCELLENCY

On behalf of the Brothers and Students, we beg to tender you a cordial welcome to St. Mary's College. We feel that this is a memorable day in the Annals of the College, because to-day we welcome in your person, not only an ecclesiastic distinguished by his learning, his diplomatic ability and his Christian piety, but, above all, the worthy representative of Our Beloved Pope Benedict XV. Your presence stirs to their depths all the tender love and veneration which, as Catholics, we bear to him who, as Christ's Vicar, holds within his hands the keys committed to St. Peter; and we gladly avail of the occasion to offer to you the expression of our loyal devotion and filial homage to the Holy See—of which we ever wish to be the devoted and obedient children.

And to us, as Canadians, your visit has a special significance; for to you has been entrusted the care of that portion of the Lord's Vineyard which comprises the land of our birth. We rejoice that its welfare has been confided to the care of one whose administration has already amply justified the confidence reposed in him by the Ruler of the Whole Vineyard. We pray that you may long remain amongst us, and that under your direction the interest of Religion may thrive in this great land of ours; and that enjoying the liberty of just and equitable laws, it may ever be one of the fairest flowers in the Garden of the Church.

We are deeply conscious of the honour conferred upon us by your presence here. We take it as an evidence of your deep interest in Catholic Education, and we humbly ask your blessing on ourselves and on our College. We shall ever recall with pleasure the memory of your visit, enhanced as it is by the presence of our own beloved Archbishop, in whom we ever recognize a kind friend and Spiritual Father.

Renewing the expression of our loyal devotion and filial reverence, we pray that Your Excellency may be long spared to continue your work for Christ and His Church.

Signed on behalf of the Brothers and Students of St. Mary's College.

WILLIAM B. CORNELIA, President.

JOHN E. VEREKER.

After the address the College Choir rendered the "Hymn for the Pope."

His Excellency then spoke, thanking the Students for the warmth of their welcome and referring very touchingly to His Holiness whom he represented. He then gave the Papal blessing. As all arose an angel must have whispered to His Excellency, for turning to the President he asked that as a Souvenir of his visit the students be granted a full holiday. This request of course was acceded to and the distinguished visitors passed through the Hall amid the strains of "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" sung, for some reason, with even greater enthusiasm than before.

It is perhaps fitting to insert here a few words concerning the career of the Apostolic Delegate.

The Most Rev. Pietro di Maria was born at Maliteno, Diocese of Mardico-Nuoro, Italy, on August 3, 1865. Earnestly he pursued his studies until he had attained the vigour of manhood. Then in his twenty-fifth year he was ordained priest. Soon he became Vice-Rector of Propaganda College. He remained only a short while in this position. His abilities fitting him for higher posts, he was appointed Rector of Bohemian College at Rome. In 1906 he was consecrated Bishop of Calanzaro, Southern Italy. Promotion followed promotion. He was next created Titular Bishop of Iconium. Finally in 1918 he was appointed to the office which he now holds that of Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland.

GERALD HAYES.

Pulp Mill Development in Newfoundland.



In the spring of 1920, my chum and I, having the opportunity of accepting a position with a firm of New York engineers who contemplated some industrial development in Newfoundland, decided to avail of the occasion.

Not having any idea whatever of the nature of the place we were destined for, or the work to be undertaken, we naturally looked forward with mixed feelings to spending the Summer and Autumn—till "freeze-up", on the outskirts of civilization and in the company of a crowd of engineers with whom we were totally unacquainted.

Having made all necessary preparation we left Halifax on the morning of June 28th; all that day was spent in the train, and crossing Cabot Strait at night we found ourselves at day-light within sight of the foggy, rockbound coast of Newfoundland which looked very cheerless and far from inviting through the drizzling rain. We docked without mishap and after passing the sharp eye of the Customs official we finally found our seats on the tri-weekly "Transcontinental" which traverses the island.

After a weary wait of three hours we commenced to wind our way along the west coast thro' a stretch of very cheerless country broken only by an occasional fringe of trees indicating the course of a meandering stream on its way to the sea. On getting further north the nature of the country seemed to change, being more mountainous, thickly wooded and traversed by innumerable rivers; these latter holding forth many promises of great possibilities for the "knight of the rod and fly." We had by this time made the acquaintance of the engineer under whom we were to work and found him to be a "regular fellow" in his treatment of us; and this fact, aided no doubt by the improvement in the scenes around us, sent our spirits up and made us chafe at the slowness of the train.

We passed over many miles of such wonderful country as the valleys of the Codroy and Humber rivers, so famous for their salmon fishing, and finally arrived on the evening of our fourth day at the station nearest our destination.

Eight miles further over a road that was none too smooth and we were at our camp. Having been prescribed for by the cook and shown our quarters, we were introduced all around to the crowd that made up the personnel of the camp.

Canada, the United States, Newfoundland, Norway and Denmark were all represented in one of the finest groups of men of whom I have ever made the acquaintance. Thus satisfied we retired for the night.

The morning gave promise of a glorious day and having climbed a hill at a little distance north of the camp we were able to survey the whole situation. Looking north we could see an immense bay of salt water leading to the Atlantic, on the east a mighty river of fast-flowing water winding out of a vastness of country as yet unexplored. On the west rose a high mountain, while to the south as far as the eye could see was just wilderness meeting the skyline miles away.

Such was the site chosen and wisely chosen for a pulp plant. The sea brought Italy's sulphur, the rock and sand formation along the river supplied construction materials; the river proper served for water supply, power development, drainage, and for transporting the millions of logs cut far inland to furnish the greedy pulp presses with a never ending supply of wood fibre. Finally the sea again served as a highway to carry the manufactured article to the world's great centres of demand.

Taking advantage of the resident engineer's suggestion that we spend a few days in making ourselves familiar with the lay-out of the various projects to be undertaken, we started immediately after breakfast on a tour of inspection. Half a mile from camp we located the temporary pier, just completed, where a gang of men were unloading steel, cement, bricks and other structural material brought by schooners from Montreal and New York. A little further along we came across another gang making roads, while a little to the right were to be seen carpenters busily engaged building store-houses, shacks, dining-halls and cook-houses. In the distance another railroad was being laid down for transportation of sand, for concrete manufacture from a large deposit in the river bank. On a small hill we found a building just completed and to be known henceforth as "The Office" and,whence after a day or so we were assigned to a particular part in this scene of industry. As these structures just referred to neared completion, the gangs of men were re-organized, and, under the leadership of the superintendent and his various foremen, the permanent units of the development proper were commenced and pushed forward day and night towards the final completion. A set of six piers was commenced about a mile and a half from the plant where the depth of the water in the bay would facilitate the docking of large ocean-going steamers. These piers were to be connected to the Reid-Newfoundland Railway ten miles away by a narrow gauge line which was to cross the river in front of the plant. This project involved much surveying, mapping, excavating, and other construction work and was far from completion at the commencement of winter, having to be abandoned until the following year. The railway bridge piers, five in all, and made of concrete, were however safely finished, despite a very turbulent current which made the work particularly hazardous. In the meantime soundings had been completed at a point below railway bridge and two dams had been built into the river. The construction of one of these offered quite a problem as the down stream face of the dam was on the edge of a ten foot fall in the river which began to rise just when the work was well under way.

About the time the dam was completed it was decided to run a survey along the course of the river to a point about seven miles above the plant. At this point a series of rapids ranging in height from five to fifty feet, and extending about five miles up the river produced ideal conditions for the installation of power houses to supply electric energy to the plant below. My chum was detailed to do this work with the assistance of rodmen, packmen, canoes, and necessary equipment. After two months strenuous work in a country infested with flies that are a species all their own for original torment the necessary data was completed. It was while carrying out this section of the development that we really had our first insight into the immense potential resources of Newfoundland—her expanse of pulp timber, her peat bogs, her geological formations which constitute some of the largest mineral deposits in the world and the wonderful possibilities of her streams.

As months passed, work on the plant proper was being rapidly pushed ahead.

The mining machinery and concrete pouring equipment had been erected and the walls of the huge acid towers, along with the acid burner and digester rooms were gradually climbing skyward at the rate of fifteen feet a week. Later the blow-pits and dryer and machine rooms were commenced. In all the work the heaviest reinforced concrete was used throughout.

The buildings ranged from thirty to one hundred and twenty feet high and covered an area of approximately forty-thousand square feet. Obviously in a district where no houses existed, it was necessary to go to some extent into a scheme of town planning. This was decided upon and partially finished by the time the plant itself neared completion. Streets and lots were laid out, houses erected, sewers dug, a store and a bank constructed; and in general a town was begun which would serve as a nucleus and a model for all future residents to pattern after.

Thus have I endeavored to bring before you, very briefly it is true, some of the main points in the construction of a plant which will be second in size only to Lord Northcliff's immense paper mill at Grand Falls.

L. B. FEETHAM, S. B.

A Distinguished Student of St. Mary's.



On March 19th of this year there passed away in the person of Martin J. Griffin, C.M.S., L.L. D. a very distinguished student of St. Mary's.

Born in St. John's, Newfoundland, Mr. Griffin spent his boyhood in Halifax and was educated at old St. Mary's. At the early age of twenty-one he was called to the Bar of Nova Scotia and for some years combined the practice of the two professions, law and journalism. Passionately fond of reading, and wielding a powerful pen, he gradually drifted more and more into journalism and definitely abandoned law in 1878 to become attached to the editorial staff of the Toronto Mail of which he afterwards became editor-in-chief.

When in 1885 the post of Parliamentary Librarian became vacant Mr. Griffin, through the influence of Sir Charles Tupper was appointed to fill it. This important position he held until his retirement a short time previous to his death. In it he found ample field for the exercise of his encyclopedic knowledge while at the same time it afforded him leisure for the composition of many most valuable contributions to our current literature. In him Canada has lost a very distinguished man of letters.

Boarding House Geometry.



Definitions and Axioms.

All boarding houses are the same boarding house. Boarders in the same boarding house and on the same flat are equal to one another. A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

The landlady of a boarding house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong angular figure which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.

A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other that meet together but are not in the same line.

All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

Postulates and Propositions.

A pie may be produced any number of times. The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions. A bee line may be made from any boarding house to any other boarding house.

The clothes of a boarding house bed, though produced ever so far both ways will not meet.

Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals.

If from the opposite end of a boarding house a line be drawn passing through all the rooms in turn, then the stovepipe which warms the boarders will lie within that line.

On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

If there are two boarders on the same flat, and the amount of side of one be equal to the amount of the side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady, be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each. For if not, let one bill be greater. Then the other bill is less than it might have been which is absurd.

LITERARY LAPSES.—S. Leacock.

The Land of the Humming-bird.



Many Canadians have a very limited knowledge of the West Indies. But, no doubt, this is due to the fact that only the briefest notes, concerning those southern isles, are given in the ordinary literature, such as, geographies, encyclopedias, etc. It is with the desire of giving them a few more particulars of those "Gems of the Caribbean Sea," that I propose to describe not all, but one "La Trinidad."

Trinidad, as it is generally called, is the most southerly isle of the West Indies. It lies at the north-eastern corner of the Republic of Venezuela,—from which it is separated by the Gulf of Paria, and the Dragon's and Serpent's Mouths— and about ten degrees north of the Equator.

The shape of Trinidad is that of an oblong figure, at each corner of which a peninsula projects. The coast line is very little broken except in the west, where it is deeply indented by the Gulf of Paria. The entrance to this large, safe, landlocked basin, which is as calm as a mill pond, and measures ninety miles from east, to west and forty-five miles from north to south, is by the Dragon's Mouth in the north, and the Serpent's Mouth in the south. The Dragon's Mouth measures twelve miles across, and is subdivided into four entrances by the islands of Chacachacare, Huevos, and Monos. The southern passage is nine miles wide, and is divided into two entrances by the Soldier's Rock.

The surface, though in general flat, is pleasantly varied by three mountain ranges, which extend along the borders of the island, but the interior is practically a large plain, in the centre of which there is an elevation of about one thousand feet. The island is well watered by small, though numerous rivers, and is entirely free from flood and drought.

There are two seasons, namely the Rainy and Dry. The dry season begins in January and ends in or about May. The rainy season takes up the remainder of the year. The climate is rather warm, the temperature ranging from sixty-six degrees, in the cool December nights, to ninety-five degrees in the middle of the day during the hot months.

The area of Trinidad is one thousand, seven hundred and fifty-four square miles, and the population is about four hundred thousand. Port-of-Spain, the present capital of Trinidad now holds the position of being the premier city of the West Indies. It lies towards the north-western part of the island, on the Gulf coast. The city is well laid out, with fine, broad, asphalted streets, the superiors of which would be very hard to find, running north to south, and east to west, crossing each other at right angles. The houses are mostly of stone, and are well built.

San Fernando, the second town of Trinidad, is to the south of Port-of-Spain, at a distance of about twenty-eight miles by water and thirty-five by rail. It is situated on the Gulf coast just where the south-western arm juts out into the sea. Being the Capital of the Nagrimas, the largest sugar producing district in the

island, it naturally has a very busy trade. The town has several schools, churches, a college, and many large public buildings. Harris Promenade is the chief place of resort. The population is about eleven thousand.

Prince's Town is one of the smartest and largest towns in the island. It has a fine sugar centre, and is daily growing in size and importance. There are many fine buildings, among them being the District Hospital, and Post Office. It is situated in Savanna Grande, one of the healthiest inland districts of the island, and is connected with Port-of-Spain and San Fernando by railway.

St. Joseph the ancient capital, and oldest town of the island, was founded by Don Antonio de Berrio y Oruna, in or about the year 1584. Though not now of any great importance, St. Joseph in the ancient history of the island played a great part.

There are many other towns and villages, but none of any great importance. The soil of Trinidad is varied, and on the whole rich and fertile. The chief objects of culture are cacao, sugar-cane, and cocoanuts. The chief minerals of Trinidad are asphalt, or, as it is locally known, pitch, petroleum oil, gypsum, and building stones.

Asphalt is found in great abundance, but chiefly at La Brea. This large deposit of Asphalt, known as the "Pitch Lake," covers an area of 110 acres of unknown depth. Being one of the best materials for road building it is a great source of wealth to Trinidad, and, no doubt, accounts for the fact that every road of the island, no matter of what importance, is always kept in splendid condition.

Another great source of wealth to Trinidad is Petroleum oil. It is found chiefly in the southern part of the island, where various companies have expended money, amounting to about £2,000,000, in sinking wells to obtain it. Some of the wells give as much as 50,000 barrels of oil per day.

It may be interesting to mention that there are places in Trinidad where the oil is found in so pure a state, that expert analysts declared it was oil already distilled, and refused to believe that it was crude.

The wild animals of Trinidad are not so plentiful as they were some years ago. None of the species have as yet disappeared, though the number of some is gradually getting less as the forests are being opened up.

The chief wild animals are the red monkey, grey monkey, lappet, agouti, peccary, deer, armadillo, maniocou, mataperro, racoon, tayra, otter, squirrel, porcupine, ocelot, and the "little ant-eater."

The agouti, a small animal very much like a rat, is found all over the island. It keeps near the plantations, where it can get its food, which consists of seed and edible roots, such as cassava, and yam.

The deer is very common, and when tamed it becomes quite a pet.

The mataperro, or dog-killer, is a large ant-eater. When attacked by a dog it throws itself on its back, and in that position awaits its assailant, which it seizes with its arms, and kills by thrusting its long sharp claws into its body. It lives on ants, and is found in the high woods.

The armadillo, or tatou, has a choppy shell like covering or coat of mail, which protects it from the bite of a dog. It lives in the high woods, and feeds on fruits and insects, which it goes in search of at night.

The maniocou, or opossum, is very common. It is a great enemy to the farmer, and even to the public, for at night it will enter the fowl roost and kill many of the

fowls. It lives in trees and feeds on fruit and fowls.

The peccary is quite common. It resembles the pig, of which it is a species.

Bats form quite the greater part of the mammals. Among them is the *Vampyrus Spectrum*, the largest bat in the new world. Bats feed on fruits and insects, though the larger kind have been known to suck the blood of animals and men.

The manatee, or sea-cow, is sometimes seen, and whales visit the surrounding waters at certain times of the year.

The birds of the island are very numerous. Their great attraction is not so much in the sweetness of their voice as in the beauty of their plumage. Some of them, however, please the ear with their sweet song, while others deserve to be noticed on account of their peculiar cry. The "Qu'est ce qui dit" is perhaps next to the humming bird the most common bird in the island. It is of a dark brown colour with a bright yellow crest. Though not a song bird, the French cry 'qu'est ce qui dit' of this bird is heard from morn till eve, as it flies merrily from tree to tree. Of all the birds in the island the one which counts the greatest variety is the humming bird.

Trinidad is indeed the land of the humming bird. There are no less than eighteen species of these little feathered beauties. Their dazzling coats of ruby, emerald, gold and opal glitter in the sunlight, as they support themselves by the rapid movement of their wings over the flowers while drinking in their nectar.

The most important reptiles of the island are snakes, frogs, lizards, and land tortoises. The snakes form a large and interesting family, of which only four members are deadly; the others are harmless. The water-boa is the largest snake in the island. When full grown its length is from 18 to 22 feet. It is found in the rivers and swamps of the eastern districts. The boa-constrictor is the next largest in size. Its length is from 10 to 13 feet. These two snakes are very dangerous in their coil but not in their bite. The bite of the mapiire zanana is very dangerous and causes death if not attended to in time. The bite of the coral snake is also very dangerous. It is a very pretty little creature and feeds on small snakes and swallows even those of its own size.

HISTORY OF TRINIDAD

Trinidad, or in the language of the natives, "The Land of the Humming-bird," was discovered by Christopher Columbus in his third voyage to the New World. When the sailors landed they saw no human beings, but foot-prints on the sand of the sea-shore, and small huts on the sides of the hills, told them that the place was inhabited. The next day Columbus met the natives who at first attempted to show fight, but seeing the strangers were kind they gave them a friendly welcome.

The island of Trinidad being now discovered, the next thing was to colonize it. It was not until 1530 that an attempt was made to do so. In that year Don Antonio Sedeno, was sent by the Spanish Government to colonize the island and was appointed Governor. He, however, treated the natives with such cruelty that he was poisoned by a slave woman and died in 1540. In 1570 another attempt to colonize the island was made by Juan Pance, but he too was unsuccessful, and had to retire before the valour of the natives. In 1584 a third attempt to colonize the island was made by Don Antonio de Berrio y Oruna. He called himself Governor of Trinidad, though it is doubtful if he ever got that appointment from the Spanish Government. Anyway he got assistance from Margarita and Cumana, and attacked the Indians.

The Indians put up a good resistance and it was only after a hard fight that they were forced to yield and respect his power. De Berrio being now master of the island, built the town of St. Joseph, which he made his Capital. It was at this time that the rumor of the famous El Dorado first began to be spread among the Spaniards. It was supposed to be a place where everything was gold. Its location was supposed to be somewhere in the northern part of South America. Trinidad by its position between the rivers Orinoco and Amazon became a gate to the Dorado. It is this fact that first brought the English to the island. Among the many men who were seized with the Dorado mania, was the famous Sir Walter Raleigh. Of all the dreamers of this fairy land of gold, he was perhaps the one who dreamt most of it. He determined to find this wonderful land, but before setting out to search for it himself, he sent Capt. Whiddon to Trinidad to see what information he could get regarding the Dorado. Whiddon arrived at Trinidad in 1594, and at once began his task. De Berrio who was himself counting on the conquest of El Dorado, received Whiddon kindly. But as he was doubtful as to the nature of the Englishman's visit he kept a sharp eye on him. Meanwhile some of the ship's crew which had gone out on a hunting expedition with some Indians, did not return and were never seen or heard of again. It was suspected that they were killed by the Spaniards. When the matter was brought to De Berrio's notice he did little or nothing to bring the murderers to justice. For his apparent neglect he had to pay dearly later on. Sir Walter Raleigh to whom the affair had been reported left England and arrived at Trinidad on the 22nd of March 1595. He was received with the same kindness by De Berrio as was extended to Whiddon. De Berrio however mistrusted the presence of another Englishman in his port and sent to Margarita and Cumana for help, stating his critical position. Sir Walter, knowing the intention of De Berrio regarding the Dorado, looked upon him as a rival, and thinking it would be foolish to go in search of El Dorado with a Spanish garrison in his rear, resolved to destroy De Berrio and his men before setting out on his search. He therefore charged the Spaniards with having attacked Whiddon's men, and made this a pretext for attacking them. He surprised the guards at Port-of-Spain and put them to the sword. After this was done he attacked St. Joseph and captured De Berrio. His rival being now a prisoner, Sir Walter set out to search for El Dorado. He was unsuccessful and after a vain search he had to return to Trinidad, where he released De Berrio who resumed the Governorship of the island. De Berrio died soon after.

After the raid of Sir Walter Raleigh very little of any interest happened in Trinidad until 1777, when the island was visited by Philip Rose Roume de St. Laurent, a French gentleman from the island of Grenada. He, struck by the natural wealth of the island and the fertility of the soil, saw at a glance the great future in store for the neglected land of the Humming-bird. At that time the population numbered only 1000, and St. Laurent thought of a scheme by which people might be attracted to the island. He showed the great future of the island, and proposed to the Government of Spain the grand plan he had thought of by which people might be drawn to the island. This is what is known as the "Cedula of Population." In this Cedula liberal offers of land were made to those who should decide to settle in the island, the Government pledging itself to see after their protection and well-being. The inviting terms of the Cedula, backed by the persuasive eloquence of St. Laurent had the desired effect, and people

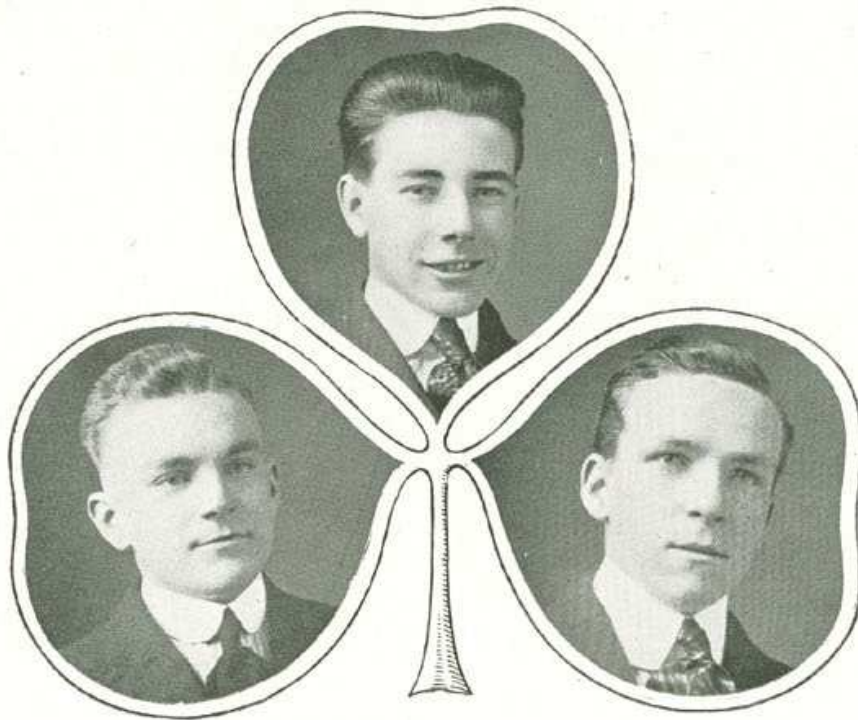
flocked to Trinidad. In a few short years the population sprang from 1000 to 12,000 people.

In 1780 Don Jose Maria Chacan arrived at Trinidad as Governor and Captain General. He had all the qualities needed for a good Governor, and what is more, he used them to the best advantage of the Colony. Down to this time St. Joseph was the Capital but Chacan who saw how advantageous it would be to the island to have a sea-port for Capital, removed the Capital to Port-of-Spain. In 1792 he founded the town of San Fernando, now the second town in Trinidad.

In 1793, the last and most important invasion of Trinidad, which was to completely change her future, was made by the English. On the 16th of February, news reached Chacan that a British squadron had entered the Gulf. It consisted of 18 ships of war under Rear Admiral Harvey and with an armed force of 10,000 men under the command of the famous Sir Ralph Abercromby. The alarm of Chacan and the panic-stricken people can be better imagined than described. It is true that Chacan had foreseen that the island would be at some time or other attacked by the enemies of Spain, and had appealed to the Spanish Government to place the island in a state of defence, but nothing had been done. The crash had now come and he found himself with but 400 men and a few small guns on the South Quay, to oppose the strong and well equipped force sent against him. Not thinking of that, however, he at once gave orders to fight. The small battery on the South Quay opened, but the shot all fell short. Chacan kept up a brisk fire, hoping to deceive the enemy as to his strength; but as the other parts of the coast were quite silent his weakness was plainly seen. Chacan saw that the English had only to choose points for landing, and took up a position on Laventille Hill in order to defend the city, if that indeed were possible with such a weak force. But Sir Ralph had by this time landed his troops and had taken up a position on the heights behind Laventille, and had Chacan at his mercy. He sent some soldiers to attack Port-of-Spain which was easily taken. Chacan was now completely surrounded both by land and sea, and his hopes of saving Trinidad were completely shattered. Abercromby, who was too noble a gentleman to take advantage of a weak but worthy foe, invited Chacan to surrender, showing him that he had no chance and that resistance would only cause unnecessary bloodshed. Chacan consented and at eight o'clock on the morning of the 18th of February a capitulation was signed under the most liberal terms. Thus ended the dominion of Spain over Trinidad.

C. STEPHENS.





China Mission College.



China, with her teeming millions of immortal souls, has always made an irresistible appeal to the Christian missionary. Until of late years, however, a most stringent law, forbidding strangers, under penalty of death, to enter within her borders, kept these eager missionaries away, and, for many centuries deprived China of the blessings of the Christian Faith. However, in spite of the cruel restrictions and the terrors which awaited the intruder, a number of men of dauntless fortitude endeavoured to gain this great kingdom to Christ. Among those, who earnestly strove for the heavenly purpose, the name of St. Francis Xavier prominently stands forth. We see St. Francis dying on the desolate island of Sancian, in an endeavour to reach this country and preach the Faith of Christ. The good saint was just on the verge of entering the land, when God called him to his eternal reward, and he died, like Moses, within sight of the land of promise.

For hundreds of years after his death China remained buried in the dark throes of paganism. However, in the nineteenth century, with the relaxing of these ancient laws, many missionaries entered the vast country, there to spend their lives in the noble task of gaining souls to the Kingdom of Christ, and frequently, as in the case of the Venerable Theophane Venard to win the martyr's crown. Among this brave band of Apostolic men Canada has not been unrepresented. More than twenty years

ago Rev. Father Fraser sailed for China, and for many years zealously laboured there, obtaining as the fruits of his endeavours a great number of converts, many of whom are now being instructed for the priesthood. Anxious to obtain new labourers for this vast vineyard, Father Fraser returned to Canada, and established at Almonte, Ontario, the now well-known Canadian China Mission College. He travelled through many parts of Canada, making stirring appeals for the support of his undertaking; success crowned his efforts in a much greater degree than he had himself anticipated, for in a very short time the College was filled to capacity with some of Canada's finest sons, eager to embark on their journey of mercy. In his tour of all Canada, Father Fraser did not omit Nova Scotia, nor its capital, Halifax, where he gave a number of interesting and appealing lectures, both at the public schools and at St. Mary's College. His talks were greatly appreciated by the school children, who determined to help the good work by contributing each month the pennies they saved by self-denial. Father Fraser's visit to St. Mary's College was crowned with glorious success. So powerful an effect has his illustrated address on the condition of heathen China, and his talk on vocations, that three of our most promising students, Messrs. B. Martin, W. Stone and L. Day, answered the divine call and soon enrolled themselves in the holy undertaking. Their action in answering the call of devotion was no surprise to their fellow students, who knew that they were well suited for the mission on which they had embarked, and would prove invaluable additions to the cause of St. Francis, and a credit to the name of St. Mary's. On their departure, many others of the college expressed the intention of joining the noble work when they became of age; but let those not called upon to follow their noble example help on the good work by praying for the success of their former companions and contributing generously to the upkeep of the China Mission College.

GERALD GODSOE.

“MACHREE”

Pray come and unfold the strange secret to me,
And tell what an Irishman means by Machree.”
“ 'Tis the white of the day and the warmth of the sun;
The ripple of waters that laughingly run;
The sweet bloom of youth, the harvest of years;
The gold of all smiles and the salt of all tears;
'Tis the thrill of the hand and the light of the eye,
The glow of the cheek and the lips' softest sigh;
'Tis the gladness of welcome, the pang of farewell,
And the loneliness left by the funeral knell;
'Tis father and mother; 'tis children and wife;
The music of woman's—the wine of man's life;
'Tis all that he lives for and hopes for above;
'Tis an Irishman's heart making vocal its love;
The whole of creation and one isle in the sea,
And that's what an Irishman means by Machree.”

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S. J.

Halifax.



One hundred and seventy-two years ago, when Lord Cornwallis selected the western shore of Chebucto Bay as a site for a settlement, he laid the foundation of a city destined in the course of time to attain the proud distinction of being the third most important sea-port in the world.

Halifax, called after Lord Halifax the President of the Lords of Trade and Commerce, more than fulfilled even during his lifetime, the high expectations of its founder. To-day it is a city with an area of more than seven square miles and a population of nearly eighty thousand. With its fine harbour and unique situation it bids fair to become one of the leading cities of the great American Continent. The harbour of Halifax is its greatest asset. From the mouth to the northern shore of Bedford Basin there is a distance of more than sixteen miles. Being open all the year round it is the winter port of call for many of the great steamship lines. Ships of all nationalities and of every size ply its waters daily. Bedford Basin is a beautiful expanse of water nearly eight miles long and five broad, connected with the harbour proper by a passage called "The Narrows". It was in this passage that on the morning of December 6th, 1917, the collision took place between the Belgian Relief ship "Imo" and the French munition ship "Mont Blanc" which resulted in the horror known as the "Halifax Explosion." During the war Halifax Harbour served as a safe retreat for a great number of ships which availed of its facilities for coaling and revictualling; when necessary too repairs were carried out as there is a very large dry dock fitted with the latest modern appliances. A large ship-building plant is now in full operation and already two large steamers have been launched, the product largely of Nova Scotia workmen. The new terminals, built by the Federal Government at an expense of thirty million dollars, enable the largest liners to dock with ease, and as railway lines run along the piers they can be relieved of their cargoes with the greatest possible efficiency. Justly has Halifax been styled the "World's Third Most Important Port." Needless to say this important port is one of the most strongly fortified in North America.

Space does not permit of a detailed account of the city itself, its fine churches, its great business houses, its educational and other institutions, and its public buildings, but a little must be said of its beauty spots, the North West Arm, Point Pleasant Park and the Public Gardens.

The Arm is an extension of the Harbour of about two and a half miles in length and of picturesque beauty. Its waters afford the citizens every opportunity for enjoying all manner of aquatic sports. Numerous boat and club houses are built along its shore and on summer evenings its waters are dotted with countless canoes and motor launches.

Point Pleasant Park is a natural park of about two hundred acres intersected by many well-kept roads and bordering on the sea-shore.

With reason are the citizens proud of the Public Gardens—the creation of the ex-Superintendent, Mr. Richard Power— and recognized as the most beautiful of their kind in Canada. Situated in the heart of the city, they constitute a never-failing source of rest and recreation to the tired Haligonian.

Halifax is an old and historic city rich in the memories of the past, and dowered by nature with every gift that should make it great; yet it is but recently that it has entered into its heritage and seized its opportunities. In the last few years its population has much increased, its roadways, streets and public utilities have been brought up to the standard of the most modern requirements and we look forward to seeing at no far distant date a newer and greater Halifax.

WILLIAM FINN.



Reverend Leo, J. Buchanan

Born 1893—Ordained 1916—Died 1917

Neither youth nor virtue nor fruitful promise can stay the inexorable hand of Death. Our circumscribed vision fails to perceive the reasons which prompt the

eternal decrees of God's Providence. When the light of a young life, full of hope, is suddenly extinguished, we stand aghast and wonder. The ways of God are indeed inscrutable! But the lustre of resplendent faith throws its consoling rays into the darkness of our limited understanding and enlightens our bereaved spirit with the vistaed glories of eternity.

When the summons of death called the young priest whose name is enshrined in honoured memory in the annals of St. Mary's College, the Catholic people of the diocese of Halifax and the community at large sustained a great shock and his Alma Mater mourned the loss of one of her most brilliant alumni.

Born in the environment of a profoundly Catholic home, Father Buchanan gave early promise of a bright career. St. Patrick's Boys' School claims the honour of his elementary training. After a number of years spent in the lower grades and the High School of St. Patrick's, where his proficiency in study attracted marked attention and the simplicity and utter boyishness of his lovely character made him beloved of teacher and pupil alike, the future priest of God entered St. Mary's College.

Four years of ardent study, happy associations and animated college life were passed within our walls. Throughout all, his influence for good among his fellow-students was but the natural product of an upright manly spirit. His splendid scholastic career at St. Mary's, in which he outdistanced all competitors for academic honours, and the enviable record he bequeathed to those who followed after, augured success for the young man who was now entering upon the study of the higher branches of ecclesiastical learning.

As a student in the philosophical and theological courses of Holy Heart Seminary, where the next five years of his life were spent, the unusual ability of the late Father Buchanan was further remarked. His exemplary piety and modest unobtrusive manner were a source of edification to all his fellow students while his joviality, sound common-sense and keen appreciation of the humourous side of life made him a delightful and ever welcome companion. One must needs have known him intimately to understand the rare combination of innocent simplicity with sharp and practical insight which gave to this young disciple of the Lord his alluring charm of character.

With qualities so supremely sacerdotal, so sturdy and so virile one seemed justified in predicting a long and faithful life of service to the Church for the youthful minister of God who went out from the Seminary in the month of June 1916, with the oil of sacred unction still wet upon his consecrated hands and the glory of the priestly character still fresh within his soul.

Who could foresee that within but little more than one short year his last call should come? In the days of his youth he was mindful of this Creator—for his life was devoted to the divine service of his Master—and when the golden fillet had shrunk back and the spirit returned to God who made it, he was found ready. The echo of the prayers of his last Holy Mass had scarcely died away when his pure soul was ushered by the angel of God before the Great White Throne of Heaven.

His memory will linger long among us and his life, replete with virtue, though young in years, will be an inspiration, and ideal, to all who may come after.

G. B. P.

The Redmen of North America.



Scarcely one hundred years have elapsed since the time when the Red Men of America claimed as their possession the boundless forests and the great plains and rivers which now form a part of our Dominion. These majestic plains and rivers were the scenes of many a thrilling adventure, as those fearless savages, recklessly rode after herds of buffalo, or as they swiftly sped along the calm surface of a lake or river, or shot over the turbulent waters of a rapid. The great forests of Canada still seem to re-echo the terrible death-defying war-whoop of the Indians as they went on their errands of destruction. The places which were once the favorite haunts of these pioneers of our land are now crossed by highways and railways and the steamship has taken the place of the frail canoe. But hidden in the memories of the Red Men there still linger strange legends and stories of the days when they were free and they sadly look upon a people who have taken from them the privileges which they enjoyed in their primitive civilization.

Nothing very definite is known of the origin of the Red Men and the little we know of their history before America was discovered by Europeans has come to us by tradition. They were divided into tribes as far back as their records show. When the Europeans crossed the Atlantic the principal tribes were the Algonquins who were thinly scattered along the Atlantic slopes, the Hurons who inhabited the country between Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, and the Iroquis who occupied the territory now included in Central New York. There were also many smaller tribes. We find the Crees and the Micmacs in the East, the Obigways living on the South-Eastern shores of Lake Superior and the Blackfeet, Sioux Sacrees and others in the West. It is probable that these small tribes broke away from the bigger tribes in their wanderings and became independent. The similarity of some of their dialects seems to indicate this supposition.

When we study the characteristics of these hardy pioneers of the wilderness we discover that they have more good qualities than is generally ascribed to them. They have been regarded as a cruel and superstitious people by persons who have had to meet them in warfare. But persons who have lived among them tell us there is much wisdom, truth and beauty in their belief and manner of life. Lafitau a celebrated missionary who lived amongst them for a considerable time says concerning them, "They are possessed of sound judgment, lively imagination, ready conception, and wonderful memory. They possess a courage equal to every trial, an intrepid valour and the most heroic constancy under torments. Towards strangers and unfortunates they exercise a degree of hospitality and charity which put the inhabitants of Europe to blush." Another Jesuit, Father Legure remarks, "I think that the Indians rank high in intellect. Education and instruction alone are wanting." They had a high standard of virtue but unfortunately their coming in contact with the

white people has been for many of them a misfortune. They were slower to adopt the good morals of the whites than their vices, and the result in many cases was that their homes were neglected, their courage daunted and the pride which was the pillar of their independence was taken away by those vices which added to their original barbarity.

The houses in which the Indians lived were not all of the same model. The Iroquois generally lived in long houses constructed of wood and covered with the bark of trees. Several families as a rule occupied one of these houses. Mostly all the other tribes lived in tents called wigwams made by sticking posts in the ground, in a circle and tying them at the top. At the time when the buffalo were in abundance the Indians covered their wigwams with the hides of these animals; but later on they had to use other material. The fire was always made in the center of the house or wigwam and the smoke escaped through the aperture in the ceiling or covering. The provisions of the family were hung on the posts inside of the tent. The inside fires were used chiefly in winter when it was too cold to cook their food outside, and to warm the wigwam. At this time of the year they would sleep close to the fire closely packed together. These people were wonderfully skillful in the use of their primitive tools which consisted of shells and instruments made of stone. With these they manufactured pots in which they cooked their food. They also made pipes, and their weapons. Later on when they met the white people they got tools better fitted for their work and they now pride themselves on their skill in making the wonderful birch-bark canoe, mocassins, cradles, gloves, knife-sheathes, whips, root baskets and other articles. Some tribes cultivated the soil in a rude way, raising some corn, tobacco and other products, and this task was generally left to the women, known as squaws. Most of the Indians were of a roving disposition and they did not settle in any place for a very long time. The squaws always worked hard but went about their work cheerfully, quite satisfied with their occupation. There is a deep affection in the heart of a savage which is not manifested in his stern and indifferent appearance. The squaws were devoted to their children and terrible was their sorrow at the death of a child or near relative.

The chief occupation of the men when they were not on the warpath was the chase. Large parties, after various ceremonies performed by their sorcerers to assure them success went on a hunting trip. An Indian was trained from his youth to be a skilled hunter. He could detect game at a long distance and his sense of hearing was developed to perfection. Nothing escaped his attention and his weapon always found its mark. They were fitted by nature to endure great hardships and they suffered wants with the greatest patience.

The chief weapons of these Red Men whether in war or while hunting were the bow and arrow. These however were supplanted by the gun of the white men for which the Indians gave their furs. The gun was so prized by the Indians when they became used to it that they would give any amount of their valuable furs for the possession of one. The knives of the white people also became great favorites among them and every Indian possessed of one wore it in his belt.

There were many mystery-men among them who by their superstitious craft wielded great influence over them. They were supposed to be helped by the evil spirits and their power was unlimited. They were even supposed to have the power

THE SANTAMARIAN

to kill anybody at a distance. The Indian believed in spirits and any wonderful thing became an object of reverence.

It was principally the fault of these sorcerers that the Indians were slow in adopting the laws and doctrines of Christianity and the missionaries who ventured in their midst to bring the word of God were looked on as enemies. They were denounced by the sorcerers, who by speeches incited the people against them. They told the people that these priests came to destroy their religion and customs and finally to destroy them. Most of these holy missionaries suffered the most cruel deaths. But even here we must not judge the savage too rashly. He acted according to his teachings. He was taught to punish his enemies just as much as we are taught to forgive them.

The Indians were particularly fond of war and in warfare nothing exceeded Indian ferocity. They always made great preparations and held dances to invoke the spirits for success over their enemies. They generally fought naked, painting their bodies with horrid designs. On the warpath they exercised great precautions and only travelled in the night when they came near their enemies. Before the battle they always gave the terrible war-whoop, which sent terror into all the hearts that heard it. They generally fought their enemies wherever they met them but often resorted to strategy. An Indian brave considered it no disgrace but indeed a praiseworthy act to lurk in silence and take full advantage of his enemy. Their prisoners were, when not adopted in some of their families, cruelly put to death. They made them suffer the most excruciating pains to find out if they were brave warriors or not, and when in their turn they were captured they expected the same treatment at the hands of their enemies. Such was their rude code of honour and bravery.

When they were at peace with each other, they would sit by their camp fires in the evening, and as they watched the glorious sunset the old men would tell the traditions of their people. The men listened attentively to the recital of brave deeds and tales of sorrow done, while the young would be thrilled at the prospect of following in the footsteps of their fathers.

But the future of the Red Man is dark and cheerless. The buffalo has gone from the prairies, and the independence which his fathers enjoyed is no longer his, and he has to live on reserves which are given to him by the white man, on whom he once looked with such contempt and hatred.

L. AUCOIN.





STUDENTS 1920-21

The Faith of the Acadians.



History teaches us that the religious impulse is the most irresistible. Religious motives have shaped the destinies of whole nations and for their faith men have laid down their very lives. The history of the rise and progress of the Catholic Church in Canada is replete with examples illustrative of the force of religious conviction. They are the echoes of an inward faith intense and unquenchable.

The story of the part played by the race of Acadian French in molding the destiny of the Catholic Church in Nova Scotia is perhaps the most beautiful in the annals of the Church in this country. Peasants from the fertile prairies of Normandy and Picardy, in sunny France, for their zeal and industry, they were chosen as colonists, and sent thither. With them they brought an ardent and undying faith nurtured by centuries of Christian belief and tradition. According to a census taken in 1671 and preserved in the Archives of Nova Scotia we find the population to consist at that time of forty-seven families settled chiefly at Port Royal, but in a census taken some years later we find them spread out in little colonies around the beautiful Annapolis Basin and in the fertile valleys of Beaubassin and Grand Pre, which in a measure resembled their favorite haunts in their fatherland. From these forty-seven families the two hundred thousand Acadian people who are now spread over the Maritime Provinces chiefly derive their origin.

Always mindful of their spiritual needs their first concern was to erect a church and hearken to the voice of their clergy as they had been wont to do in former days. Their attachment to their faith has become traditional. For their clergy they conceived a supreme respect; in them they reposed supreme confidence. Even the administrators recognized the depth of this devotion. Paul Mascarene, commenting on the situation in Nova Scotia in 1720 wrote to the Lords of Trade: "It is to be remembered that each of these places has a French Popish Missionary who is the real chief commander of his flock." The presbytery was their highest tribunal of justice not only in religious matters but for the settlement of daily differences. If in those days we are wont to regard this beautiful attitude towards the priesthood as befitting only an Acadian people, we must remember that long experience had taught the Acadians the prudence of the pastor's decisions and the strict impartiality with which they were discharged.

Considering the severity of the life they had to lead; how they used their ingenuity to build miles of dikes to reclaim their lands from the encroaching tides; how they were practically forgotten by France and left to the mercies of heartless bands of political administrators; how, to crown their hardships, they were again and again plundered by marauding bands from the colonies and later subjected to the discriminating laws of an uncompromising conqueror, their steadfast devotion and unwavering faith in the Church was touching and even sublime. Amid all those hardships their energy and industry still prevailed and abiding in their faith they prayed as they toiled

and the earth under their careful hand yielded abundantly. The implacable Indians fell before the fervor of their religious convictions and became friends whose attachment withstood all efforts at alienation.

The poet Longfellow with inspired pen, in his beautiful poem, *Evangeline*, makes use of that striking simile in describing the life of the early Acadian peasants; "Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodland." The creation of a poetical fancy it is true, but, nevertheless, a faithful reproduction of social life among the French in those days. Longfellow had grasped the meaning of the Acadian spirit and sentiment. No doubt life's stream did not always flow like the broad peaceful river that imparts life and beauty whither it wanders. Often it raged in turbulent flood and often it was "darkened by shadows of earth," but always it, "reflected an image of Heaven."

Circumstances and surroundings made it natural for the Acadians to become welded together in strong bonds of mutual affection. Thrown on their own resources in times of oppression and unable to obtain redress, they sought comfort in the society of one another. Most of all they looked for spiritual happiness in the consolations of their sacred religion. If they suffered from want of the material comforts of life they enjoyed a spiritual comfort,—the fruit of a peaceful conscience.

Their material comforts appeared to them of secondary importance. Frequently they showed that the church and the means of practising their religion meant to them more than their earthly possessions. For this attitude they suffered severely. In 1710 overpowered by numbers, their principal fortress, Port Royal, yielded to the enemy. Many years followed the treaty signed at Utrecht (1713) before England determined upon a policy of colonizing her newly acquired territory. During this time conditions were most opportune for the Acadians who controlled the sole means of subsistence of a weak and impoverished garrison, to oppress their enemy. But no instance occurs of their having betrayed the terms of agreement to which they were signatories for they considered themselves bound to their terms by their honor and the dictates of their belief. In later years when it became the policy of England to erect Nova Scotia into a province of the established church and to protestantize those simple Acadian peasants they could not find it within themselves to forsake the church so deeply enthroned in their affections, for one that, though it promised to them on adoption equality and commercial advantages, was responsive neither to their spiritual aspirations nor their traditional impulses. That their solicitude at this time was not so much for their own welfare as for the preservation of their Mother Church is evident from the nature of the memorandum presented by the Acadian delegates to Governor Cornwallis at Halifax in 1749. One of the very first items in that document had reference to the prospective fate of their priests. When no understanding could be arrived at on that basis they withdrew and though for this obstinacy they were subjected to harsh measures they did not fail to make it the chief issue at all subsequent encounters.

This unyielding attitude of the Acadians on the religious aspect of the situation was attributed to their ignorance. They had to be educated "in the true principles of Christianity," and to promote this purpose French ministers of Calvinistic belief were sent amongst them; English schools established and every inducement offered them for instruction. Penal laws were also passed against their priests and they were denied the privilege of establishing schools. Nevertheless the policy made no appre-

ciable impression on their religious convictions, though it deprived them of the benefits of education and the offices of their clergy—they were simple and their schooling was meagre, but their faith was reinforced by an intense devotion that by years of cultivation had become a part of their own innate tendencies. Their morality, sense of justice, honor and uprightness were admitted—but they were Catholics and hence obnoxious to the policy of settlement—and when every effort to swerve them from allegiance to their church failed they were driven into exile from the province. With the measures taken to carry out this ignominious undertaking at Beausejour, Pisiquid, Minas, and Beaubassin, and which attained the height of its horror at Grand Pré, in the fall of the year 1755, we are all familiar. Terrible as was this calamity, and conducive as it was to an apostacy from that faith which they had so strongly espoused,—faith in them must have been uncommonly strong, for in that fearful moment it seemed that they were abandoned to their desolate fate by Heaven itself. But the plaintive hymns, that those young Acadian men of Grand Pré chanted, as they took their doleful march from the church to the seashore, and the forlorn cry for mercy they sent up to Heaven, on beholding their cherished homes given over to devouring flames, echo down to us through the pages of Catholic History in this country, to revive and sustain their descendants whenever the pathway of life is darkened and the trials of life assail.

With the consummation of the deed of 1755 the destruction was complete. Longfellow, well expressed the thought of its perpetrators, when he wrote—

“Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the nightly blasts of October,
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o’er the ocean.”

But they were not forever departed. The intense longing to see once more the country they had sanctified by years of toil and prayer was beyond the destructive force of the conqueror. As time rolled on these cherished memories urged a considerable number to undertake the strenuous return journey towards the land they held so dear. Though hard and perilous was the undertaking, by an unflinching courage some of them reached Nova Scotia. In some sequestered nook, out of the way of observation, they established their little settlements “forgetful of the world and of the world forgotten.” But the aspect of the country was changed; their priests were gone, and could visit them only on special permission. Nevertheless churches were set up in which they congregated on Sundays and festival days to do homage to God as best they knew how. The visit of the priest marked an epoch in the life of the settlement. In our day we flock the streets and highways to witness the procession of great dignitaries in church or state but nothing like the fervor of those early days marks our demonstration. Whoever has read Father Dagnaud’s memoirs of Father Sigogne must be moved by his touching description of the arrival of the priest in the French settlement. When the word was passed round that the boat bearing the priest had hove in sight it was the signal for general desertion of village homes and a rush to the seashore. And as the boat bearing its precious freight approached, all knelt reverently to receive the priestly blessing. Then followed the motley procession to the church,—strong men and women, babies in arms, and decrepit old men all equally moved by the presence among them of their venerable pastor. Not

infrequently there were among those who knelt at the altar to receive the holy sacrament of confirmation, octogenarians who through all these years had preserved their faith intact,—soldiers of Christ, even if not confirmed,— to await the consummation of this happy moment.

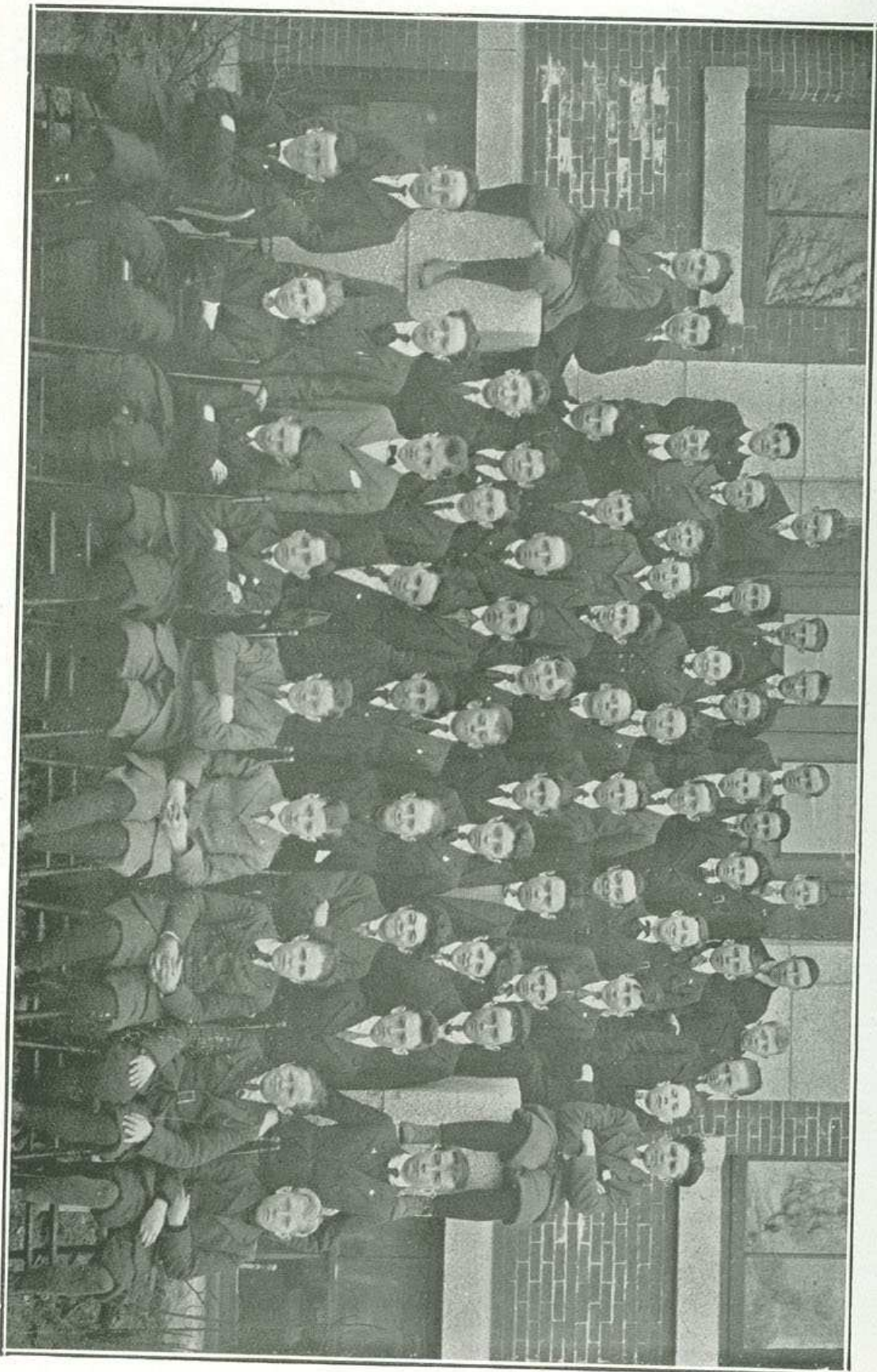
Such faith could not perish. A last effort was made to pervert them after the treaty of 1763, but it met with no more success than previous attempts. A drastic law was devised to deprive them of the guardianship of their children. It was enacted that if the parents of a Catholic child died the offspring should be brought up in Protestant surroundings. Further restrictive regulations were also imposed on the priests; and education which hitherto had been a rather *laissez faire* procedure was denied them by legislative enactment. Reduced therefore to political impotency, and non-legal existence, the Acadians were tolerated and permitted to exercise the offices of their religion in so far as these harsh laws permitted. And if they emerged at the time of emancipation an unlettered people, they emerged, nevertheless, the victorious standard bearers of the Catholic faith in Nova Scotia. Had the Acadians been weak in their faith, had they accepted the glowing inducements made them to embrace a new creed the history of the Catholic Church in this province and all Maritime Canada would have been different from what it is.

Their co-religionists who came from the old world to join them years later found a field already sown; amongst these the Irish people, who also had suffered intensely for the faith in their country and the stalwart Scotch Catholics, breathed new life into the faith in Nova Scotia. With the sickle of fearlessness and determination they reaped the harvest of an early cultivation. To His Grace the late Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, of venerable memory, the Acadians of Nova Scotia owe a debt of gratitude, for authorizing the erection, on the shores of Baie St. Marie, St. Anne's College, and for having entrusted its discipline to the Eudist Fathers who have since done so much to develop French education and promote the faith so well preserved.

Today the descendants of the first Acadian settlers constitute a large proportion of the population of the Maritime Provinces. In some districts they are in the ascendancy numerically. They have changed the cut of their clothes and in some extent their customs to conform to the latest social fashions, but instinctively, in the very fibre of their body, in allegiance to a venerable religious tradition they are intensely insular to the fads of prevalent hazy religious conceptions. The joy of their religion no man has taken from them. They still carry the imprint of that abiding faith that actuated the motives of their forefathers. An atmosphere of strict Catholicism still surrounds their villages.

With the educational facilities now at their command in both the French and the English languages they are taking their place in the educated world. Numerous vocations to the religious life and the priesthood appear among them. Many families have already given up the best of their children to the convent and sacred ministry. Today the descendants of the Acadian People are to be found among the ranks of the Canadian Hierarchy. A new and glorious future has opened for the Acadian People.

L. J. AUCOIN.



STUDENTS 1920-21

The Pathfinders of North America.



Spain was the first to send explorers into the great vineyard of the New World. Ponce de Leon holds the honor of being the first Spaniard to penetrate into the wilds of America. His chief object was the gold mentioned by the natives and also the "fountain of youth" which he sought for his personal use, as he was then an old man. His first attempt was unsuccessful but in 1521 he managed to found a settlement. His success was short-lived. His expedition was attacked and defeated by the natives. He himself, instead of finding "the fountain of youth," found death in the strange land. Cortes, De Narvaes, and De Vaca made similar expeditions but only succeeded in exploring the lands around the Gulf of Mexico.

In 1540 Mendoza, the viceroy of Mexico, determined to find the rich cities mentioned by De Vaca and the other explorers. A Father Mark was despatched who penetrated as far north as the Zuni Pueblo of Mexico. On his return the missionary's stories were eagerly received by the Governor who then sent Coronado to claim the country. Some of the latter's party discovered the Colorado River. Coronado himself went as far north as the Platte River. He failed to discover the rich cities and returned to Mexico bitterly disappointed.

In the meantime another Spaniard, Hernando de Soto, the Governor of Cuba decided to try his fortune at finding the "golden country." He landed at Tampa Bay during May 1539 and slowly marched north. He travelled all through the present states of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi and arrived at the great river itself in 1541. Here he began to make preparations for another great march but the hand of death intervened. His disheartened men turned their faces homeward with only a remnant of their glorious expedition.

In the north the explorations were carried on by the English and French. Champlain, De Monts and such men founded settlements along the coast. From these posts numerous adventure-seekers set out to explore the new country in the west. Famous among the French inland explorers are La Salle and Jolliet, La Verendrye and his sons, Radisson and Grasseilliers. Champlain made one expedition inland but did not go very far; he spent his efforts in completing the settlements founded by him along the coast.

To France goes the honor of exploring the Mississippi from its source. Frontenac the Governor of New France sent Louis Jolliet and Father Marquette in 1673 to explore the great waterway. After a long and tedious voyage they discovered the Wisconsin. They drifted down the beautiful waters of this river and sailed into the Mississippi named Conception River by Father Marquette. They examined the country around the river and descended to the spot where the De Soto had perished some years before. Fearing the savage natives they decided to turn homewards. The most important result of their explorations was the proof that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico.

THE SANTAMARIAN

In 1679 La Salle, a Frenchman of noble rank, accompanied by a Franciscan, Father Hennepin, set out to make further explorations in the vicinity of the Mississippi. Father Hennepin fell into the hands of the Iroquois and after some trouble found his way home. La Salle continued on with his plans and explored a great part of the country. On his return to Montreal he obtained fresh supplies and more men and again set out fully determined to reach the mouth of the Mississippi. His ambition was realized. After a long and tiresome journey he arrived at the Gulf of Mexico in April 1682. He then returned to France and set out on another expedition, this time by way of the Gulf of Mexico, to the "river of his dreams." For two years he sought in vain for the mouth of the river and was then brutally murdered by his men.

Radisson and Grosseilliers are the next French explorers worthy of note. Radisson, young and reckless, thought of nothing but adventure and to secure it he plunged into the dark forests to live the life of the Indian. Grosseilliers, older and "wiser than the owl" was eager to advance the Canadian border to the verge of the "Great Sea in the West." The two set out together with the determination to explore the great western plains, the home of the buffalo. They pushed on towards the west and saw the turbid spring flood of the "Father of Waters" sweeping southward towards the Gulf of Mexico. As they raised their eyes from the swirling current to the distant shore they were the first of all white men to gaze upon the broad and beautiful plains of the great northwest. Judging from their reports these men explored into the very heart of the plains. Radisson and Grosseilliers worked in the employ of both France and England. While exploring for the latter Radisson claimed all the Hudson Bay territory and founded the Hudson Bay Company. Though these two may be listed among the great explorers of America we find no great monument marking their resting place—though lesser men have such. But this is the way of the world and as Pericles, an old Greek statesman has truly said—"The whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men, their memorials are not graven on stone but in the hearts of mankind."

Canada had many brave sons in the ranks of her explorers, but none braver than Pierre de la Venendyne, who gave all he had, including his life, for the glory and welfare of his country. This able pathfinder set his heart on discovering the Great Western Ocean talked of incessantly by the natives from the west. Accompanied by his three sons he travelled all over the western plains and built up numerous trading posts. He discovered the Rocky Mountains, but as the King of France refused to support him he decided not to cross the mountains with his scanty supplies. Time after time he appealed to the Court of France with the same result—failure. His last days were spent trying to obtain support from leading men in Quebec and Montreal—but all in vain.

Among the English pathfinders we find such men as Herne, Kelsey, Mackenzie and Hendry. Unlike other explorers these men enjoyed the full support of their country. Their deeds were recognized and rewarded accordingly. Kelsey, a ragamuffin from the streets of London, found his way to Canada on a ship bringing supplies to Radisson. On arriving at Hudson Bay he deserted and found a home among the Indians. For years he led this savage life and became familiar with all the northern parts of Canada. The English Governor at York, learning of his strange adventures, recalled him and placed him in charge of an expedition with which he explored all

Saskatchewan and Manitoba. On his return he did not suffer the same fate as Radisson and Grosseillier but was given a high place in the Hudson Bay Company under whose auspices he had travelled.

Following in Kelsey's footsteps we find Samuel Herne braving the cold of the north in endeavoring to examine that vast country. His chief object was the Northern Ocean but in trying to reach it he passed through the northern parts of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Nevertheless in spite of his great efforts Kerne's discoveries were as he himself said "of no advantage to the nation at large," although they did succeed in ending the dispute over the North Western Passage.

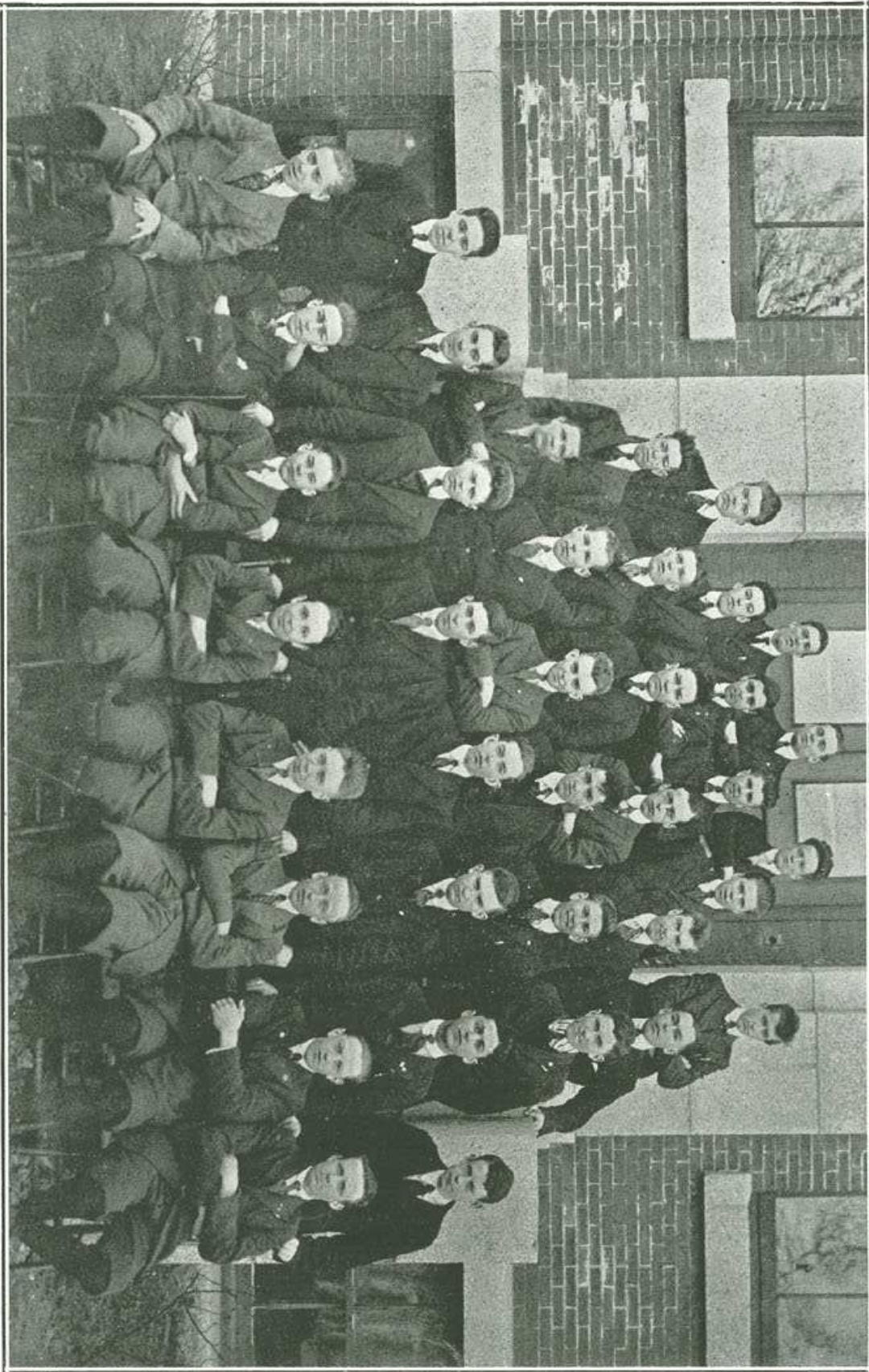
The next great landmark in the exploration of the Far North is the famous voyage of Alexander Mackenzie down the river which now bears his name and which he traced to its outlet in the Arctic Ocean. This was in 1789. Mackenzie had first come to Canada in 1779 and was employed by the Hudson Bay Company in one of their counting-houses in Montreal. His great interest in his work and in the country led to his promotion and thus we find him leading an expedition into the north. His trips took him in all about one hundred and two days. During this time he had explored all the country in the vicinity of Lake Athabaska and right up and around the river bearing his name. His voyage was a complete success and his name is held in veneration by all true lovers of the far north.

It would be a difficult matter to mention all the pathfinders of this period. The complete record of the adventures sent out by the different fur trading companies is not in existence. It is enough to say that representatives of these companies travelled over the whole of Northern America opening up the country to trade and settlement. The lands beyond the Rocky Mountains were explored by such men as Behring, a Russian and Lewis an American. Cook and other navigators also did much in opening up these regions. But now there is another body of men whom we must list and rightly list among the great pathfinders of America.

The missionaries sent out by France and Spain are those that truly deserve this title. In the south the Spanish missionaries were the only ones who gave really satisfactory reports of the country. Among the French missionaries we find such men as Fathers Marquette, Hennepin, Brebeuf, Lalement and many others who were as much noted for their zeal in examining the country as they were for preaching the gospel. The missions were built up in all parts of the country under the guidance of good and holy men. "The fascinating history of the remarkable and widespread Indian missions and the thorough knowledge of the country furnish some of the most brilliant examples on record of self-sacrificing and heroic devotion to an exalted cause."

As the years passed by, the whole of America became known through the noble efforts of the pathfinder. Gradually the east and west coasts became dotted with numerous cities and trading posts. Then modernism, with all her new methods, gently pushed the pathfinder, with his clumsy methods, into oblivion. Great trains passed to and fro over the continent in less than no time compared with his previous trips. He was called upon no more to continue his explorations but he "went to his rest" with the assurance that it was he and he alone, who had made possible the strong foothold of the white man in the New World.

WM. J. BURNS, '23.



STUDENTS 1920-21

Early Records.



St. Mary's Hostel opened on the 9th day of January 1906, with four boarding students:— Charles Roche, Halifax; Harold Roche, Halifax; C. Joseph McGinn, Halifax; Peter Carroll, Springhill.

Rev. Charles E. McManus was placed in charge of the institution. The household affairs were put into the hands of The Sisters of Martha of Halifax.

On January 13th, Octave of the Epiphany, Mass was celebrated for the first time in the little oratory at the Hostel. The celebrant was His Grace Archbishop O'Brien to whom the institution owed its existence. This Mass was attended by many of the benefactors of the College. Among those present on the occasion were Judge and Mrs. Meagher, Mr. Gerald Ternan, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McNeil, Prof. and Mrs. Drennan, Rev. Mother Berchmans, Sister Loyola and Rev. Gerald Murphy.

FEBRUARY 9.—Father Hayes in company with Fr. Crumley of Chatham, N. B., visited the College and Hostel.

MARCH 10.—At ten o'clock a.m. word reached the College that His Grace Archbishop O'Brien had died suddenly at eleven o'clock the previous night.

Because of this sad event, the College was closed until after the funeral obsequies in respect to the memory of His Grace.

MARCH 14.—Wednesday was the day set apart for the funeral. At 10 a.m. on this day Solemn High Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral by Most Rev. Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, having as deacon and sub-deacon respectively Rev. Fr. Mihan and Rev. Fr. G. Murphy. Attending prelates were His Excellency Mgr. Sbordetti (papal ablegate), Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal, Bishops Cameron, Casey, McDonald, Racicot, and Baslais.

MARCH 15.—New border, Oswald Ellis, arrived.

APRIL 10.—Easter Holidays began.

APRIL 23.—Re-opened with two more boarding students, Eric Erskine of Kentville; John Brousseau of N. W. Arm.

APRIL 23.—Month's mind of deceased Archbishop. Mass was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop Cameron of Antigonish at St. Mary's Cathedral. Sermon preached by Archbishop Howley. Present: Bishops Casey, Barry, McDonald. Students attended.

JUNE 21.—Distribution of prizes was held today. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Daly presiding. Summer Holidays began.

JUNE 22.—Mr. Drennan left for England.

AUGUST 25.—Mr. Cobb, new Head Master, arrived from England.

SEPTEMBER 4.—College opened. New boarders:— Donald McDonald, Antigonish; Jeremiah O'Brien, Shelburne; Alfred Mackasey, Halifax; Goodwin Braslan, New York; Fred Haywood, Halifax; Fred Hudson, Halifax; William Adams, Halifax.

SEPTEMBER 26.—Archbishop McCarthy pays first official call to the College.

He was entertained with several selections—musical and otherwise—by the boys and presented with an address.

NOVEMBER 21.—His Grace celebrated Mass today at the Hostel.

DECEMBER 20.—School closed today. During the term just completed we have had forty-four boys enrolled, the biggest number so far in our history. Of these sixteen were boarding students.



Obituary.

REV. MR. JOSEPH MULCAHY—Nearing the goal of his ambitions, the holy Priesthood, Mr. Mulcahy met death by drowning, while yet a sub-deacon. Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine. Et lux perpetua luceat ei.

FRANK QUINAN—A student of excellent promise, one whose career in the banking world was filled with hope; he knew the early struggles of the college under the old regime and ever bore the deepest affection for his Alma Mater. His death, though a severe blow to all who were his friends, was marked with that deep religious consolation that the passing of a sincere and truly pious soul inevitably brings.

JOSEPH MACKEY—Prominent in all that meant advancement and progress for St. Mary's, another boy who saw the growth of the College under Father McManus. St. Mary's mourns his loss.

THOMAS McDERMOT—A general favorite and an excellent student. His sufferings were protracted and it was a kindly Providence that ended them. May his soul rest in peace.

LAURIE FITZGERALD—Known and appreciated for his fine manly qualities by all who were with him at St. Mary's. An athlete of no mean powers, a man of sterling character and a fervent Catholic student. In him the great White Plague claimed a victim whose demise left many to mourn.

DESMOND BUTLER—A real sport at College, a hero on the field of battle. He lost his life while fighting in Flanders with the Royal Flying Corps, in which department he had gained his commission.

GERALD CURRAN—While yet a student, was struck by a fast-moving train and instantly killed. His was a sad ending of a bright and joyous young life.

GEORGE RICHARDSON—A zealous young man, who devoted himself at the cost of great sacrifice to teaching the little Indian children at the reservation school in Tuft's Cove. At the time of the great Halifax Disaster he was also filling the position of organist of St. Joseph's Church. On the way to his little Indian charges he was killed by the explosion which claimed so many victims.

GEORGE MILLER—Little Georgie as he was called at College. His recent death left many a sorrowing heart.

HAROLD GASSLER—A Church Point student who came to St. Mary's to finish

his commercial education. On the athletic field, a familiar figure, in class a good and serious student. May he rest in peace.

FRED MONAGHAN—Fred attended St. Mary's in 1913-1914. In the early Spring of that year his health began to decline and death soon set free his pure young soul.

HARRY LATTER—Harry Latter attended St. Mary's in the fall of 1913. When war broke out he was among the early volunteers and saw considerable service at the front. He was called upon to make the supreme sacrifice in the third year of the war.

JOHN MITCHELL—John Mitchell finished at St. Mary's in the June of 1914. Enlisting in the Second Canadian Contingent, he died in England shortly before his unit was ordered to the front.

LIEUT. CLIFFORD FINN—If ever an ardent spirit thirsted for the fray, that spirit was Clifford Finn's. A born soldier, he longed for active service of which, alas, he was spared to see but little. When he died, leading his men a brave and gallant young soul went to its Creator.

GERALD ST. JOHN—"Jerry" will long be remembered by those who knew him at St. Mary's for his prowess in every form of sport and for the tragedy of his death. He was, as goal-tender for the Hockey team, a tower of strength to the College; while he was equally remarkable at Baseball and Football. He returned to his home in St. John's, Newfoundland, after the Halifax Explosion and was coming back to College on the ill-fated *Florizel* when she was wrecked. Poor Jerry was not among the few survivors and we trust his soul, purified by the suffering of his death, had swift entrance into Heaven.

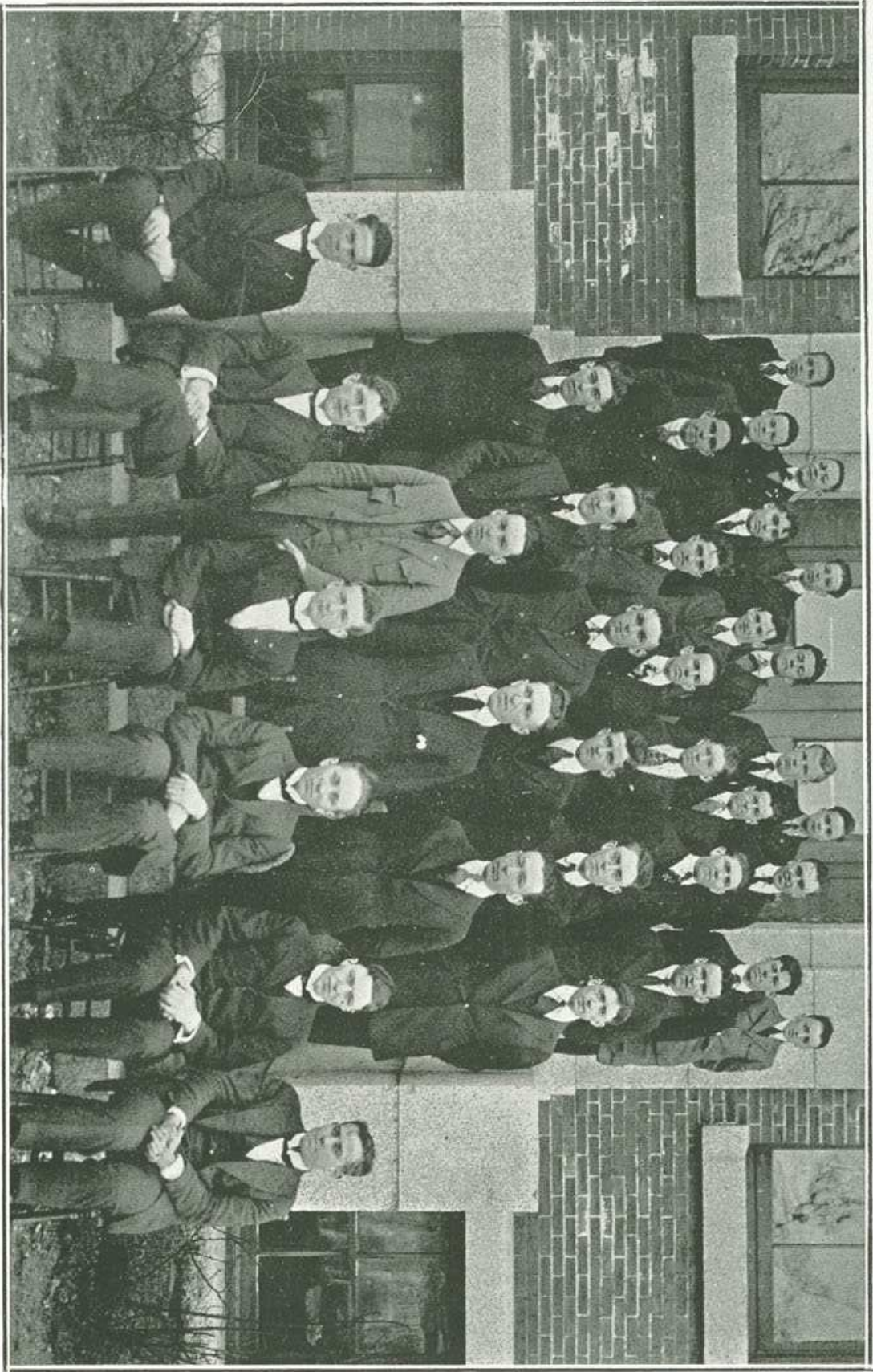
JOSEPH RIORDAN—Joe spent many years at St. Mary's and during that time won to an exceptional degree the esteem and affection of all that came to know him. Pleasant and agreeable in manner and in character, both virtuous and manly he was a worthy model for his fellow-students. He died last Spring after an illness of but some weeks duration.

LOUIS LEMOINE—Louis was one of our youngest students. He was of a sunny disposition and bright intelligence, but frail and delicate in body. He died in February, 1920.

MICHAEL MCPHERSON—A few months ago after a long and lingering battle with disease, a battle in which he ever retained his patience and cheerfulness, "Mickie McPherson" passed away. He was for many years a student at St. Mary's.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE





STUDENTS 1920-21

Programme of Closing Exercises



"Erin, the Tear".....Choir
 "Oft in the Stilly Night".....Choir
 Piano DuetW. Hogan and J. Grant
 Debate
 Affirmative..... D. O'Brien
 Negative..... L. Ryan
 Irish Jig.....Class
 Autumn Winds.....F. Ricketts and G.
 Horner
 Debate
 Affirmative..... W. McDonald
 Negative.....L. Aucoin
 Piano Solo.....P. Dowd
 "O'er the Ice-bound Lake".....Choir
 Selections.....Piano and Violin
 Debate
 Affirmative..... W. Finn
 Negative.....H. McNicol
 Piano Solo.....F. Page
 Four-hand Reel.....W. Downie, E.
 Merchant, R.
 Burns, J. Mahar
 "Mother o' Mine".....F. Ricketts

REBUTTAL

Ora Pro Nobis..... Choir
 President's Address
 Judges' Decision
 Distribution of Prizes
 Musical Director—Mr. Theo. Sanger,
 A. R. C. O.

PRIZE DEBATE.

RESOLVED:—"The Awakening of the
 Yellow Race is Perilous to the
 Supremacy of the White Race."

Affirmative	Negative
Mr. D. O'Brien	Mr. L. Ryan
Mr. W. McDonald	Mr. L. Aucoin
Mr. W. Finn	Mr. H. McNicol

JUDGES.

Rev. Fr. McManus Mr. T. W. Murphy, K.C.
 Hon. R. G. Beazley, M.L.C.

DONORS OF MEDALS

His Grace, the Archbishop	Rev. Dr. Curren
Mr. V. W. Merchant	Mr. J. McRae
Mr. Joseph J. Penny	Mr. W. Godsoe
Mr. W. T. Beazley	Late Sir M. B. Daly
Mr. Theodore Sanger, Special for Music	

Prize List and Diplomas



Engineering.

- Silver Medal—J. Vereker.
Silver Medal—for Christian Doctrine—
J. Vereker.
Pass Diploma,— J. E. Vereker,

ARTS I

- Ten Dollar Gold Piece—Presented by
Mr. J. A. McRae, Glace Bay—for
first in class—G. Hayes.
Silver Medal—for prize essay W.
Burns.
Silver Medal for Philosophy—W. Burns.
Distinction Diploma—G. Hayes.
Pass Diplomas—W. Burns, J. Friel,
T. Morrison.

MATRICULATION.

- Gold Medal—Presented by His Grace
The Archbishop for first in class—
D. Chisholm.
Ten Dollar Gold Piece—Presented by
V. W. Merchant, Sydney, for second
in class—L. Aucoin.
Silver Medal for Third in class—H.
McNicol.
Silver Medal for Christian Doctrine
—D. Chisholm.
Silver Medal for Prize Essay—L. Aucoin.
Matriculation Distinction Diploma—D.
Chisholm, L. Aucoin, H. McNicol.
Matriculation Pass Diploma—N. Los-
ada, F. Power, L. Ryan, W. Finn,
C. Hares, J. Atwood, H. Durney,
C. Cameron, M. Kennedy, J. Clancy.
Gold Medal for Prize Debate—L. Aucoin

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Third Year.

- Gold Medal for First in class presented
by Rev. Dr. Curran—G. Godsoe.
Silver Medal for second in class—J.
Carey.
Prizes for the next four in class—J.
Hutton, E. O'Connor, P. Dowd,

F. Page.

Silver Medal for Christian Doctrine
—L. Beazley.

Silver Medal for prize essay—A. Mur-
phy.

Special Music prize presented by Mr.
T. Sanger, A. R. C. O.—P. Dowd.

Distinction Diplomas—G. Godsoe, J.
Carey.

Pass Diplomas—J. Hutton, E. O'Con-
nor, P. Dowd, F. Page, C. Delorey,
A. Murphy, M. Laba, A. Atwood,
E. Phelan, S. Clancy, H. Penny, M.
McRae, E. White, L. Hares, R. Grant,
J. Hogan, D. Sullivan, G. Perrier, G.
Tobin, H. Bennet, J. Merchant, G.
Redmond.

Commercial Diploma—B. O'Leary.

Second Year.

Gold Medal—Presented by W. P. Beaz-
ley, Dartmouth, for first in class—
M. McNeil.

Silver Medal for second in class—H.
Godsoe.

Silver Medal for Christian Doctrine—
J. Hayes.

Silver Medal Prize Essay—W. Downie.

Prizes for the next three in class—W.
Downie, J. Hayes, C. Stephens.

Distinction Diplomas—M. McNeil, H.
Godsoe, W. Downie, J. Hayes, C.
Stephens.

Pass Diplomas—W. Ryan, H. Bartlow,
J. C. McNeil, D. Markley, D.
Chisholm, J. Connor, O. Meehan,
B. Brophy, C. Cotter, J. Dyer, A.
Frecker, E. MacDonald, B. Doyle,
W. McDaniel, J. Dunphy, L. Hogan,
G. Foley, F. Greene, C. Lovett, E.
Merchant, J. Burgess, R. Burgess, M.
McDonald, L. Baker, G. Flemming,
C. McNeil, J. McGuinty.

First Year.

Gold Medal—Presented by W. H. Godsoe, Halifax, for First in Class—C. Frecker.

Silver Medal for second in Class—W. Hogan.

Prize for third in class—G. Purcell.

Prize for fourth in class—F. Ricketts.

Prize for fifth in Class—V. Merchant.

Silver Medal for Christian Doctrine—C. Frecker.

Distinction Diplomas—C. Frecker, W. Hogan.

Pass Diplomas—G. Purcell, F. Ricketts, V. Merchant, E. Gillis, F. McNeil, W. Tobin, A. Laba, J. Howard, G. LeBrun, W. McGuinty, J. Grant, D. McDonald, T. Kennedy, J. Burns,

E. Fisher, L. Hawes, J. Sutherland, J. Leary, F. Merchant, W. McKinnon.

Diplomas for music (primary division) Royal College of Music, London—W. Hogan, J. Grant.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

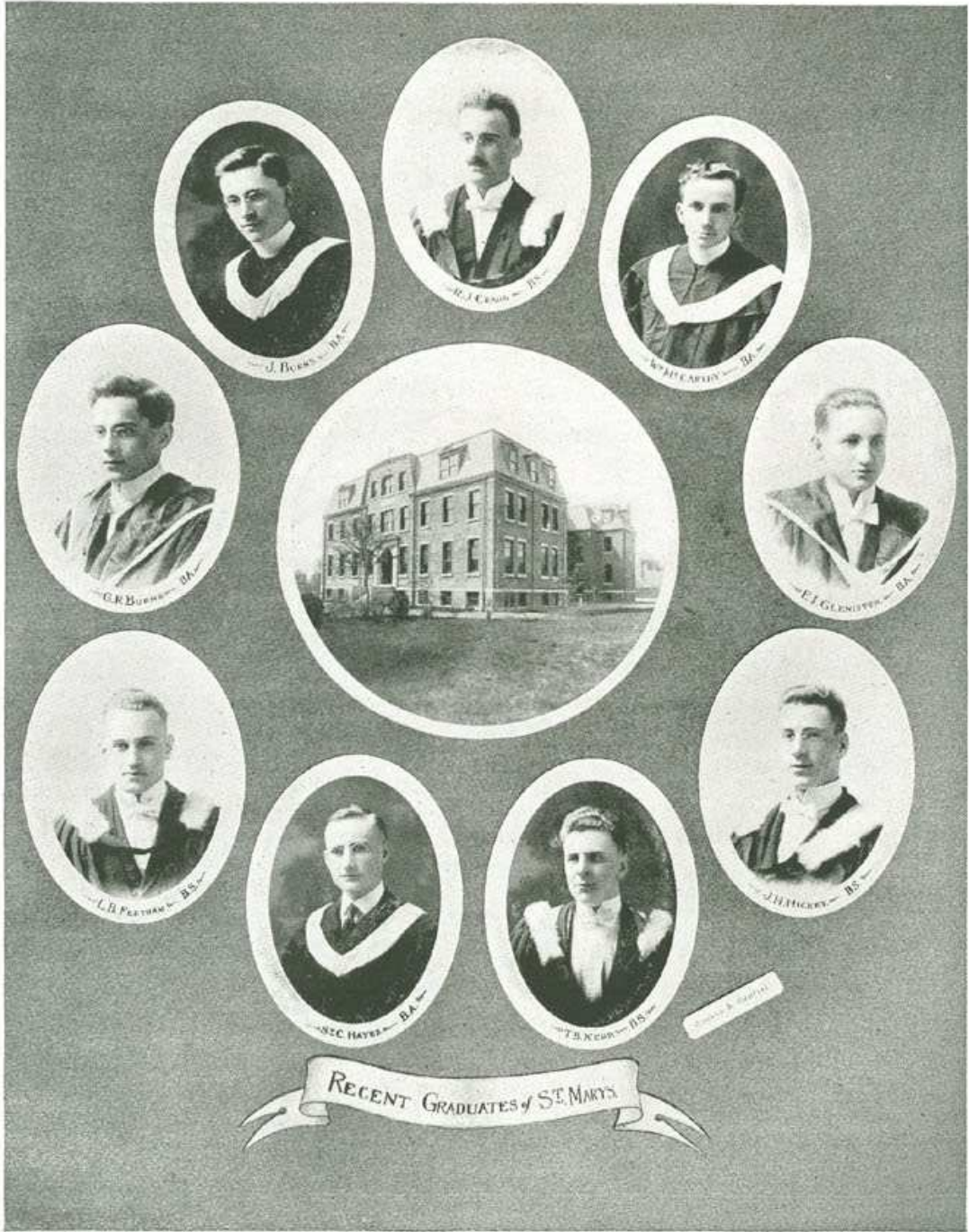
Book Prize for first in class—W. Sebe-slav.

Book Prize for second in class—D. Penny.

The prizes for the next two in class standing were won by C. Carroll and R. White.

Prize for Christian Doctrine—C. Carroll.





Valedictory.



Your Grace, Your Honour,

Rt. Rev. and Rev. Fathers,

Members of the Faculty, and Fellow Students:—

To-day for the last time, we, of Arts '20, walk the halls of our Alma Mater in the capacity of students. To-day we turn from the world of books and bell—the world of the student. We turn to face that in which men labour for bread or fame,—the world we have been preparing to enter during our years of study and reflection.

These have been years of preparation. First in the junior school, then in the collegiate and finally as undergraduates, we have been preparing to take our places in the world. And now, to-day, we step out into it.

On the surface, this world into which we enter seems different from what it has been in preceding centuries. Formerly men went leisurely about their work. Their great edifices took centuries to erect. They who began them hardly lived to see the walls raised. Only their descendants, generations removed, saw the completed building. They did not know haste. To-day, however, the world is all for efficiency, which is now taken to mean the quickest and easiest way of doing things. We are no longer contented with a little, we must have satiety. We have an implacable appetite for amusement. In a thousand ways and habits we differ from those who have lived in past centuries.

However, this difference between the world of our day and the past is only superficial. Fundamentally they are the same. The present is built upon the past. What has been makes what is. Our civilization—differing so much from that of the past—is but a development of it; not a new creation. All that underlies it is the product of earlier ages. The very elements of its social existence spring from former times. The home, the state, the Church, the whole structure of civil society are all but legacies from bygone centuries.

Our civilization has not produced the alphabet nor the arabic numerals, nor was it the first to understand to what marvellous uses these signs could be put. It has not produced architecture, painting, sculpture nor the other fine arts that yield pleasure to, and serve as means of instruction for its more gifted members. Nor despite its great advances in science can it boast the authorship of its most fundamental principles. These, like the principles of art, are received from the past. They are the fruit of ages of toil and patient study.

Nor are these principles all that it owes to the past. Their gradual development in subsequent times has given an impetus to the study of the arts and sciences, but the cause of them is the general diffusion of education, is the putting into the hand of each and every man, the key, whereby he can open for himself the door to enlightenment and improvement both of himself and his neighbor. And whence comes this system of education? I have said that we received our methods of science and art

THE SAMTAMARIAN

from the past—at least with regard to fundamentals. So we have received from our forebears the system of education which we now follow.

To-day, we look back to Socrates, to Plato, and to Aristotle for the maxims of the modern science of pedagogy. But do these pagans supply us with a system suitable for our Christian civilization? It is impossible that they could do so. The pagan civilization was aristocratic, the dominion of freemen over slave, the civilization of a class.

Jesus Christ was the greatest benefactor of humanity. From Him proceeds our civilization with its faith in the brotherhood of men and its belief in liberty. Our education, to suit our civilization must be based upon His doctrines. It must train men to lead an honest upright life, to be strong in temptation, to be unyielding in the fight for right. It must teach him that first he must love God with his whole heart and soul and then, his neighbor as himself. It must be, above all, a religious education. If the truths of Christianity are not fully impressed upon the minds of the young, if they know naught of the future life, of a just and merciful God, what is going to bind them to observe the commandments? Nothing can force them to do so. They will sink back into the realm of egotism and sensuality from which Christianity dragged the ancient world.

Take religion from the schools and from them will come forth a generation of tricksters and polished rogues. Take religion from the schools and there will be no education left. Ruskin has rightly said that education is a training into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of body and soul.

This need of religion in education is and always has been realized by the faculty of this college. It has been their constant aim not only to teach the subjects of the curriculum but also to impart by word and example, a true religious education, and it is our fault if we have not availed ourselves of their zealous efforts. We desire to thank them, one and all, for their incessant kindness and assure them that no matter what other colleges and lands may call us our thoughts will always return with love to our Alma Mater where we spent such happy years.

Engineers and Undergraduates, some time is yet yours ere the portals of this institution close behind you and in taking our leave of you, we only hope that your remaining days at College will bring you the happiness that our associations with you have brought us in the past. Together we have been for the last few years, together we have knelt in adoration before the same Altar and though now, our ways divide, if we but follow the injunctions of our Alma Mater, together shall we kneel before the throne of Heaven.

G. R. BURNS, B.A.

Editorial Notes and Chronicles.



Nineteen hundred and twenty-one has been a year replete with surprises and innovations at St. Mary's. In the spheres of religion, education, sports and social advancement, we have just completed a year which will undoubtedly go down in the College annals as one of the best and most successful that it has yet experienced.

The construction this year of three tennis courts and an excellent quarter-mile track, together with the grading and enlargement of the campus have added considerably to our athletic equipment.

This year, too, has been marked by the publication of the Santamarian, which had not appeared for eight years.

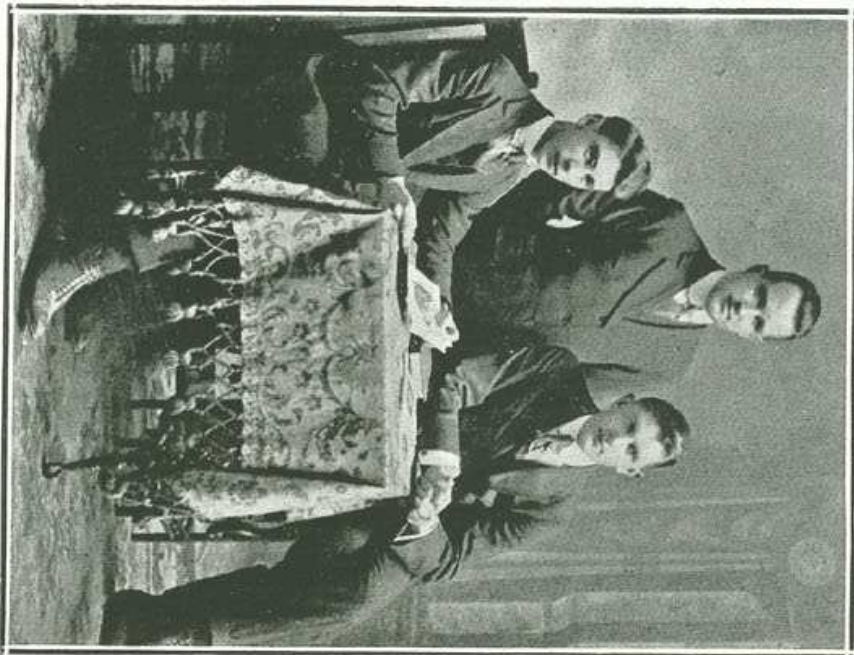
A regrettable feature of the year was the departure of Brothers McCarthy and Grangel. To them the Santamarian sends its best wishes for success in their new spheres of duty. Their places at St. Mary's have been ably taken by Brothers McNally and Coleman to whom the Santamarian extends a very cordial welcome.

In the beginning of October the semi-annual Field Day was held, and proved a great success. Blessed with perfect weather and ideal conditions of track and field, the day brought forth wonderful exhibitions, some of which will probably remain records for years to come. The prominent figure of the day was Daniel Sullivan, who with a total of sixteen points carried off the Senior Sports Cup. Dan deserves all his honours well for he showed the stamina, grit and courage that has been the stamp of the good sportsman, and to him we offer our heartiest congratulations.

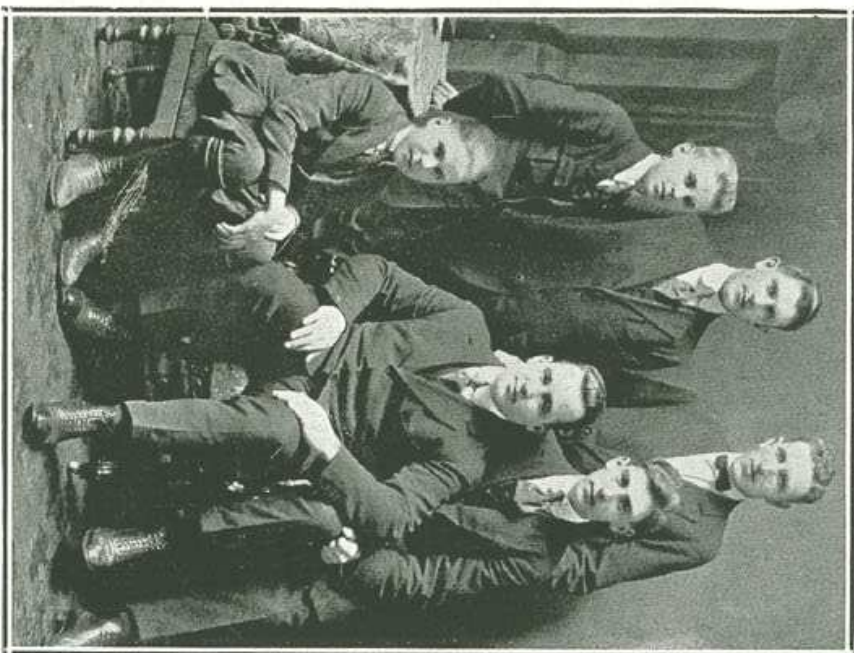
Football and basketball experienced an exceptionally brilliant season. The Inter-Class football league was very closely contested, and the team captained by H. Losada merits the distinction of coming into the lead with a good finish. Amongst the outside games, those contests with the Alumni and the Tigers Club of Halifax are probably most worthy of mention. Needless to say the Maroon and White nobly upheld the traditions of S. M. C., defeating the Tigers and drawing even with the Alumni.

Basketball is enjoying a rapidly increasing popularity. This year saw five excellent teams in the league and interest in its outcome was, without a doubt, more manifest than in previous years.

Hallowe'en was celebrated in accordance with the time-honoured custom at St. Mary's. A very enjoyable banquet and sing-song was held, and the pleasant day closed with an illustrated lecture by the President, on the "Land of the Rising Sun."



BUSINESS MANAGERS



ADVERTISING COMMITTEE

October witnessed the inauguration of a series of motion pictures shown in the Assembly Hall every Saturday evening. This is a decided novelty and a pleasant departure from the set and oft-times monotonous run of college life. It was effected through the kind efforts of Mr. J. D. O'Connor, Chairman of the Nova Scotia Board of Censors, with great trouble and inconvenience to himself, and we wish to assure him that we truly appreciate his kindness. He is a graduate of Old St. Mary's and he certainly endeared himself to the Students of New St. Mary's.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception,—the College Feast Day,—is one of the most memorable in our calendar, and as such was celebrated with great solemnity, and thanksgiving. By its very nature a holiday, the spirit which pervaded it throughout was one of rejoicing. At the big banquet, which is one of this day's attendant celebrations, eloquent toasts were the order of the day. Among which may be mentioned the speech of welcome by Brother Cornelia, the toast of the visitors by Mr. J. E. Vereker, Our Alma Mater by Mr. Luke Fleetham, S.B., Canada by Brother Culhane, and Our Past by Father Phelan. Mr. J. D. O'Connor spoke most interestingly on Old St. Mary's. After the banquet a Sacred Concert and moving picture were held in the Assembly Hall, as well as an address on the Day by the President. Let us hope that this fine old custom will always survive at S. M. C.

A very successful Hockey Season was carried out and the College team, although not quite up to the standard of other years, succeeded in defeating such formidable rivals as the Dalhousie Meds. and the Alumni, but went down to defeat before a team selected from the Alumni and the present students of the Nova Scotia Technical College. Rev. Brother Garvey, Manager of the College team certainly merits great credit for the manner in which he worked for the success of the team, composed as it was of only a few veterans and the remainder, recruits from the ranks of new-comers.

During the winter, through the kindness of Commander and Mrs. Atwood, a very enjoyable sleigh-drive and supper was tendered to the Senior Boarding Students. The long drive to Bedford and the kindness and cordiality of the reception at the Atwood home will be pleasant memories for many a day.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated at the College in a way which if not quite so boisterous as in previous years, was certainly just as full of patriotism and fervour as any we have yet experienced. In the evening Rev. Father O'Sullivan gave a very interesting and instructive lecture, taking as the subject of his discourse "Ireland and Her Past."

On March 26th annual Easter Holidays commenced. Needless to say, after the strenuous weeks of exams, the holidays were more than acceptable and as luck and the weather-man would have it, throughout the whole cessation of hostilities the weather was ideal.

During the month of April the students of the Chemistry classes, at the invitation of Messrs. Hamilton and Lynch, visited the Gas Plant of the Nova Scotia Tramways and Power Co. The inspection was most profitable, enjoyable and instructive

and both professors and students speak highly of the guides who piloted them through the Plant and so thoroughly explained its working.

Shortly after the summer term began, Baseball got under way and with the diamond in excellent shape a most exciting season was looked for. As we go to press, however, right at the beginning of the season, we can do nothing but prophesy. Nevertheless, things look very good and with the good material at hand we can certainly hope that everything will go well with the teams this year.

During the month of March the amateur swimming meet was held in St. John, N. B. St. Mary's was represented by Mr. Lawrence Beazley of Dartmouth. He succeeded in winning the one hundred yards and seventy-five yards dash. To "Law" the Santamarian offers its most sincere congratulations. And he certainly deserves all the honours we can bestow on him.

Thursday, April 7th, at 9.15 a.m., the entire student body gathered in the Assembly Hall to hear from Father O'Reilly of the Eudist Fathers the opening lecture of the Annual Retreat. Needless to say this was the most important event of the year and judging by the earnestness of the participants and the rapt attention to the eloquent and soul-stirring addresses of Father O'Reilly, great and lasting fruit was reaped from this year's Retreat. The closing exercise of the Retreat was Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament by His Grace our beloved Archbishop, followed by a very beautiful discourse on the uses of Retreat and the fruit to be derived therefrom.

The Santamarian congratulates Rt. Rev. Monsignor Foley, D. D. on his recent appointment to the dignity of Monsignor. Monsignor Foley is a member of the Senate of the College; he celebrated the first mass in the new College Chapel on the Feast of Our Lady's Purification, 1915.

The completion of the new wing of the Holy Heart Seminary must be a source of great pleasure and satisfaction to the Rev. Fr. Superior, the Eudist Fathers, and the Students. We share in their pleasure.

The Students are under a great debt of gratitude to Rev. Fr. Phelan for the interest he takes in all that concerns them.

We are glad to see Mr. Ross Byrne around and about again.

The name of the writer, Gordon B. Beazley, is inadvertently omitted from the article, "Patrick Power, Benefactor."

Our thanks are due the Royal Print and Litho for the care they have given the publishing of the "Santamarian."

The 1921 Debates at St. Mary's.



Among the various College activities at St. Mary's, none plays a more prominent part than the Debating Society. The season just passed has marked the termination of an unusually successful year in debating circles, and it may safely be said that this season's sessions have eclipsed all previous ones. It has been said that

"Talking and eloquence are not the same."—
"To speak and to speak well are two different things."

It was with a full realization of this truth that the Debating Society was formed, and each year finds the students endeavoring to emulate the example of the past. To speak fluently, effectively, and truthfully is indeed to speak well; and the knack of clever and incisive speech is no less necessary to commercial life than it is to public office.

So it was, that with a complete knowledge of our limitations, but an unwavering faith in our ability to succeed, we started upon our program for this season. If perhaps, the results have gratified us, it has been largely due to the energy of our leaders, and the encouragement given us by the Faculty. It is sufficient to say that one and all worked together with true class loyalty, and proved to the satisfaction of everyone, that when St. Mary's students consider anything worth doing, they do it well.

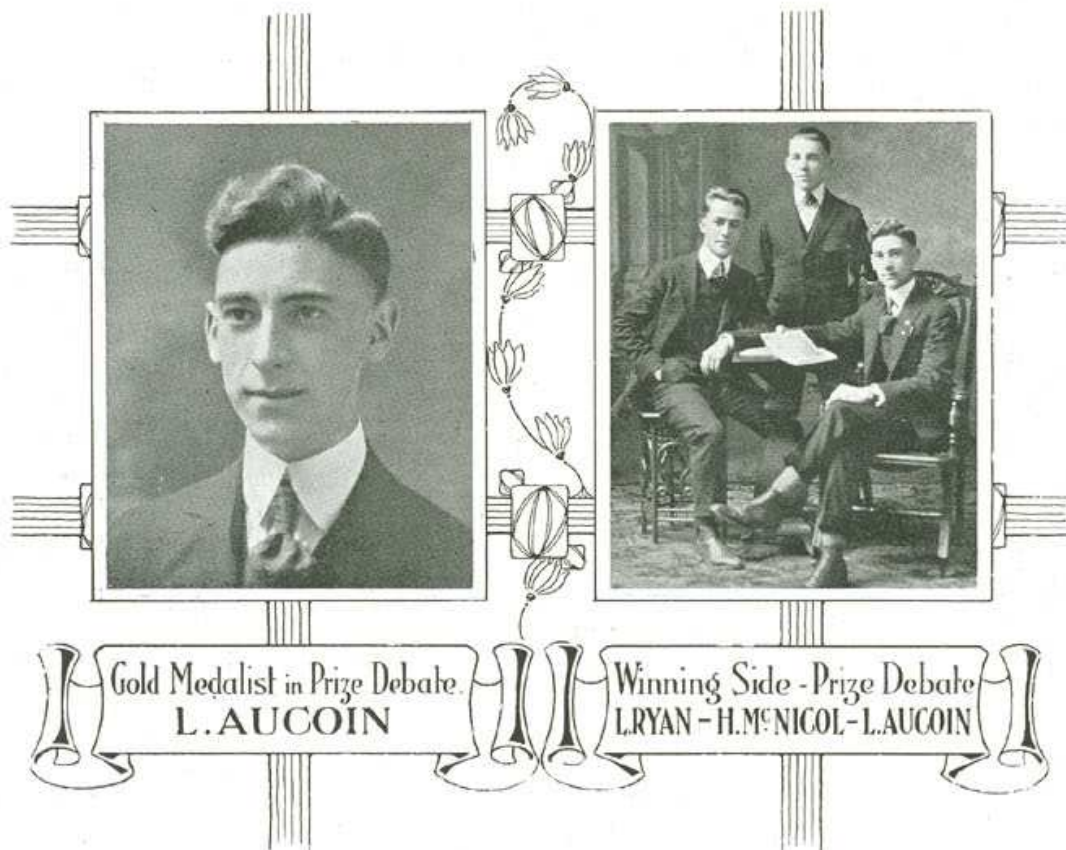
The first session of the Debating Society was held in the first week in February, and Arts and Engineering, lined up in formidable array, weighed the pros and cons of the much discussed question:

"Resolved: That Canada benefited by refusing Reciprocity."

Due, perhaps to the fact that it was the first debate of the season and that in consequence, the various participants were not up to their usual form, the debate was not a brilliant one. Mr. Hayes and Mr. Burns were the high lights in a rather colorless evening; the Jury gave the verdict to the negative side.

The Matriculation class next entered the arena, taking as their subject: "Resolved: That Motion Pictures are Beneficial."

The arguments used against the "Movies" were many and weighty, and the upholders of the negative side, under the brilliant leadership of Mr. McNicol, aided by an impassioned and eloquent speech by Mr. Hares, almost succeeded in convincing the Jury that Motion Pictures were, on the whole, injurious. Mr. Finn the leader of the affirmative side of the question, brought so many good reasons why the Motion Pictures should be regarded as one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed a weary student, that the Jury by the small majority of one, after long and careful meditation gave them a favorable verdict.



The speakers in the following debate were also from the Matriculation Class, and they chose as their subject that important question in the public mind to-day namely, "Resolved: That Prohibition has been of Benefit to Canada." This question is one on which much can be said on both sides. Mr. Ryan and Mr. Aucoin spoke very brilliantly in support of the affirmative side of the question, but the sound reasoning and quick wit of the members of the negative side turned the scale in their favor; and the Jury rendered a verdict favourable to them by the majority of one point.

Cheered and encouraged by the admirable example of the Matriculants, Grade 10 entered the contest, and proved that although young in point of years, they were old in ways that were wily; for their four debates were marked by skilful argument and sound reasoning, and brilliant and convincing speech. With the hardihood of the young and untried, they chose for their first debate—and give them credit for their courage—the old and ever popular subject of "Woman Suffrage." Surely, never before have the old College walls resounded to such vibrant and impassioned tones as those of Messrs. Godsoe and Phelan; the former using the argument that woman's place is in the home, while the latter with fiery vehemence sought to convince his hearers that woman's influence in political affairs would effect for the better the whole course of political events. Unhappily, his efforts were in vain, as an unchivalrous Jury gave a decision in favor of the opponents.

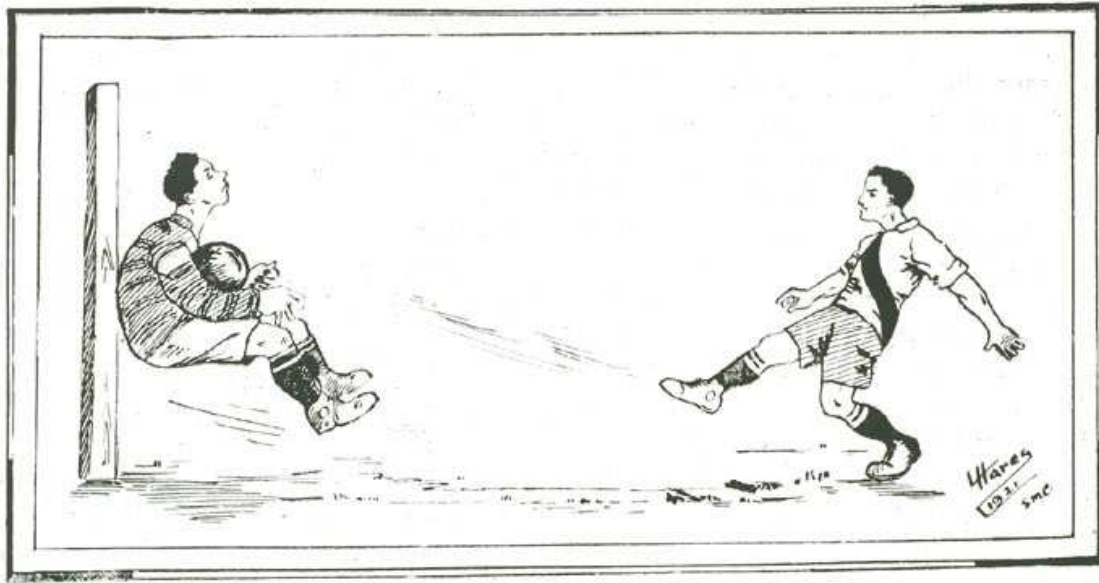
From the absorbing question of votes for women, they turned their attention to one equally interesting: "Resolved: That Canada's Resources and Industries are more important than those of India," and they handled it skilfully. They imparted much knowledge to their hearers, knowledge of the kind that is mentally card-indexed, and filed away for future reference. Were it for this fact alone, the debate was well worth hearing. It was indeed rather a lecture on the vast resources of Canada; resources with which as Canadians, we should be well acquainted, but which we are often too prone to forget. The decision in this debate was close; and Mr. Murphy and his side by dint of brilliant speech and burning patriotism barely succeeded in turning the decision in favor of Canada.

The closing debate of the season was one in which as Nova Scotians we were particularly interested—"Resolved: That Mining and Lumbering are more Beneficial to Canada than Fishing and Agriculture," Many and plausible were the arguments put forth by the patrons of Fishing and Agriculture, under the able leadership of Mr. Carey, but alas! they were doomed to disappointment, for after the Jury had deliberated at some length, they awarded the debate to the supporters of Mining and Lumbering. Mr. Redmond spoke fluently and forcibly in support of Mining and Lumbering, and it was probably due to the effectiveness of his address that the decision was given to his side.

This ended the series of debates for the season of 1921, and both the Faculty and the student body are to be congratulated on the splendid record of the St. Mary's Debating Society. Starting from small beginnings, each year sees it growing stronger, until now it occupies quite a very prominent place in student activities. The season just past has brought to light several very clever young men who have hitherto been allowed to "bloom and blush unseen," and great things are expected of them in next year's sessions.

WM. J. MACDONALD.





Games and Sports.

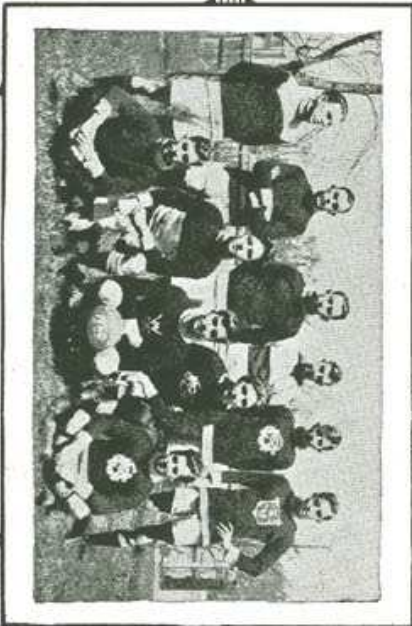
During the College season 1920-21 interest in games at S.M.C. was very keen. Many improvements were made during the summer of 1920, especially the building of a quarter mile track on the Campus. Prior to that great day in mid-October when the Field-day was held many enthusiasts could be seen at every available hour on the track getting into shape for the contests.

Saturday, October 23 was the day and at 9.30 a.m. six contestants bathed in the beautiful morning sunlight, lined up for the first heat of the 100 yards dash. Rev. Fr. Phelan was at his post, for he had kindly consented to act as official starter, and soon had the speedy ones off.

A summary of the day's events appears below:

SENIOR EVENTS			
	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
100 yards dash.....	E. Smith	D. Sullivan	J. Clancy
High Jump.....	H. McNicol	Erin Smith	N. Losada
	W. McDonald		
220 yards.....	G. Willett	J. Clancy	E. Smith
440 yards.....	D. Sullivan	G. Willett	J. Clancy
880 yards.....	R. Grant	B. Maloney	W. Burns
Broad Jump.....	H. McNicol	E. Smith	J. D. McDonald
Hop, Step and Jump.....	J. D. McDonald	D. Sullivan	W. Burns
1 mile cycle race.....	D. Sullivan	R. Doyle	H. Durney
3 " " ".....	R. Doyle	D. Sullivan	M. McRae
5 " " ".....	D. Sullivan	H. Durney	
Football Fives.....	Southerners	Outsiders	
Tug 'o War.....	Cape Breton	Halifax	
Relay Race.....	Halifax	Cape Breton	

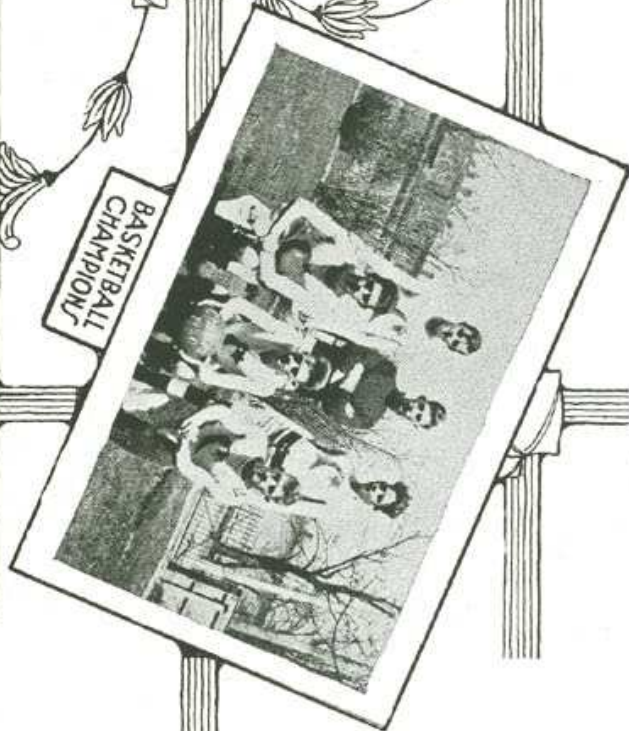
WINNERS IN FOOTBALL LEAGUE



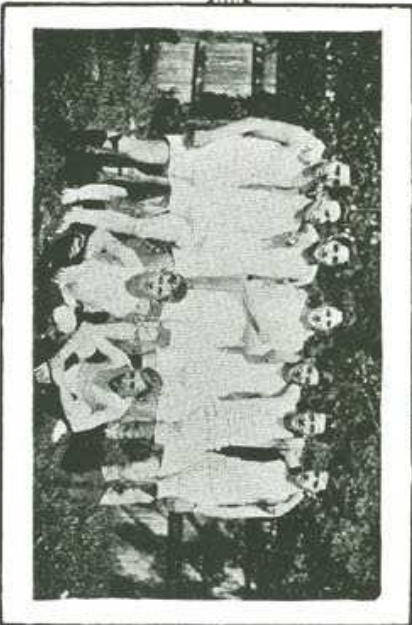
WINNERS IN
HOCKEY LEAGUE



BASKETBALL
CHAMPIONS



FIRST TRACK GROUP - 1920



THE SANTAMARIAN

The Senior Cup, presented by the College, was won by Dan Sullivan with an aggregate of 15 points. Erin Smith was second with 10 points and H. McNicol third with 8.

INTERMEDIATE EVENTS

	1st	2nd.	3rd.
100 Yards Dash.....	G. Redmond	G. Gosdoe	G. Burke
High Jump.....	G. Burke	G. Godsoe	W. Keating
220 Yards Dash.....	G. Godsoe	M. McDonald	G. Redmond
440 Yards.....	G. Godsoe	G. Redmond	M. McDonald
880 Yards.....	M. McDonald	G. Godsoe	G. Burke
Broad Jump.....	G. Godsoe	G. Burke	W. Keating
1 Mile Cycle Race.....	W. Downie	H. Penny	D. McCarthy
1 Mile Foot Race.....	G. Redmond	A. Murphy	

The Intermediate Cup went to G. Godsoe. G. Godsoe, 15 points; G. Redmond, 8 points; W. Downie 6 points.

JUNIOR EVENTS

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
100 Yards Dash.....	W. Hogan.	J. McGuinty	
220 Yards.....	W. Hogan	J. McGuinty	J. Sutherland
440 Yards.....	J. Sutherland	W. Hogan	G. McDonald
880 Yards.....	J. Sutherland	W. Hogan	G. McDonald
One Mile Cycle Race.....	F. Penny	W. Hogan	
Long Jump	J. Sutherland	W. Hogan	G. McDonald
Hop, Step and Jump.....	J. Sutherland	W. Hogan	G. McDonald
Half-Mile Cycle Race.	J. Murphy	J. Sutherland	R. White

W. Hogan won the Junior Cup followed closely by J. Sutherland. W. Hogan, 16 points; J. Sutherland, 15 points; G. McDonald, 5 points.

FOOTBALL (SENIOR)

The College team though well balanced was not as speedy as might have been expected. The forward combination was not up to standard though at times they showed real speed. The first game with the Tigers was an easy victory for the Maroon and White, the score being 6-2. The second game with the Alumni was very keenly contested and the youngsters were lucky enough to emerge victors at the tune of 3-2. However, in a return game the "Old Boys" came on top with the score 5-2.

The College team:

Goal—J. Mahar.

Full Backs—H. Losada (Capt.), N. Losada.

Half Backs—D. Sullivan, H. McNicol, C. Stephens.

Forwards—L. Walsh, W. McDonald, L. Aucoin, E. Smith, L. Ryan, C. Chafe.

H. Losada led the team which won the school league. His team played very good ball and there is plenty of material to be found in it for future years.

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

The Dodgers captured the pins in the Intermediate League, the members of this team were:—E. Phelan (Capt.), J. Merchant, S. Clancy, B. Doyle, R. Myers, C. McNeil, G. Burke, H. Penny, F. Murphy, G. Rent, C. Mullins.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

The Junior Football prodigies had a very successful season, and many of the younger men of the College hope to be promoted next season to the Intermediate Division. Bob White captained the winners of the league.

BASKET-BALL

The opening game of the 1921 Basket-Ball League was largely attended by the students. Six teams entered for competition and the League proved to be of interest to everyone concerned. The winning team was known as the "Crescents" ably captained by "Red" McDonald, who was supported by G. Willett, D. McCarthy, L. Aucoin, L. Hogan, J. Burgess.

INTERMEDIATE BASKET-BALL

Our Intermediates made a very fine showing in Basket-Ball this season, and many of them promise well for future years at this enticing sport. A. McDougall, the captain of the "Orioles", played fast ball throughout the season and succeeded, with the aid of C. McNeil, T. Brown, A. Frecker and J. Young, in carrying away the pins.

HOCKEY

The Senior Team was rather late getting into shape owing to many causes. The ice, however, was in perfect condition and the College Leagues were well under way before the Senior Team took on rivals. The first game was with the Alumni and though very keenly contested the younger men came out on the long end of a 6-4 score. Dalhousie "Meds." were the next ones to bow to the Maroon and White boys to the tune of 7-3. A team picked from Alumni and present students of the Technical College handed the first defeat to St. Mary's, the score being 6-4. The final game was with Dal Meds and resulted in a 1-1 draw.

The College line up was as follows:

Goal—G. Beazley.

Defence—L. Keating, W. McDonald.

Forwards—E. Smith, L. Walsh, D. O'Brien.

Spares—J. Clancy, R. Burgess, M. McRae.

SENIOR LEAGUE HOCKEY

This League was composed of three teams and played games every night except Saturday and Sunday. Keen contests were witnessed on several occasions and the winning of the trophies by the "Tigers", captained by J. Clancy, was regarded as a rather lucky affair as the weather man failed to give ice when the "Terrible Tigers" were but one point ahead. The winning team may be seen on another page.

INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY

The Intermediate League was very eagerly contested and the Intermediate team upheld the honor of the College on more than one occasion. The line-up was as follows:

Goal—G. Burke.

Defence—G. Willett, O. Taylor.

Forwards—M. McRae, C. McNeil, L. Beazley.

Spares—E. White, D. McCarthy, D. Sullivan.

The above-mentioned players defeated the Halifax County Academy, St. Patrick's, and the Windsor Academy.

In the School League the Rovers captured the pins. They were led to the attack by J. Merchant, ably supported by P. Mullins, W. Peck, C. McNeil, R. Burns, M. McDonald and B. Doyle.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

There were only three teams entered for this league but as all the youngsters were evenly matched they had a very exciting time during the season. The Junior team followed the footsteps of the Intermediates and defeated all comers. The winning team of the league was captained by J. Howard, backed by J. McGuinty, V. Merchant, J. Murphy, R. White, and C. Frecker. This team called the "Beavers" after a very hard tussle won the pins.

HANDBALL

Handball has become a very popular sport at the College as may be judged from the crowds around the alleys every day. Brother Birmingham has the leagues under control and as we go to press it is impossible to say what combinations are going to win, but the Saint Pierre representatives are going strong.

TENNIS

This form of amusement seems to have filled a long want and the three beautiful courts now completed are kept busily occupied during recreation hours. Leagues will be formed after the Summer Holidays for the Tennis enthusiasts.



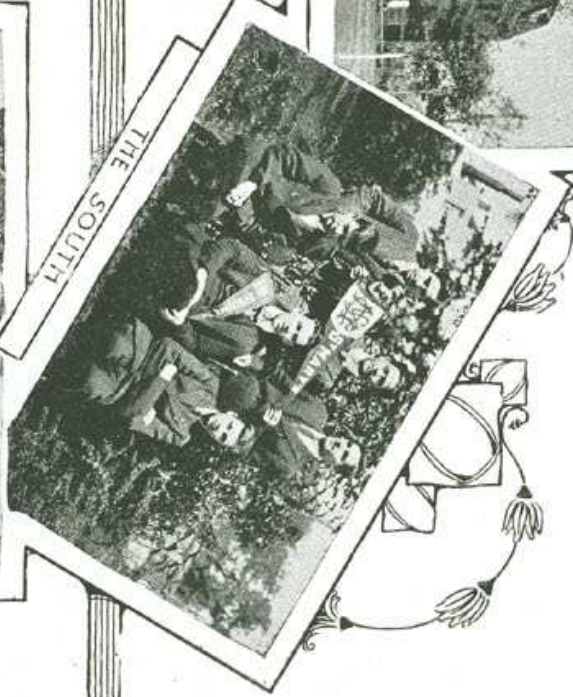
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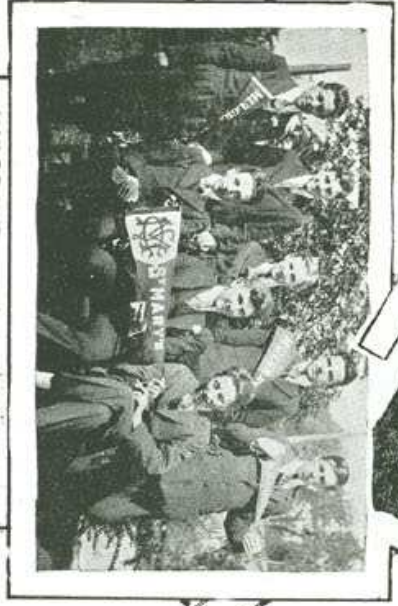
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BILLIARDS AND POOL

The tables were certainly made to hum during the Winter Season and the Leagues formed brought forth great talent in this direction. Ned White has, I think, to be given the laurels as best the College can produce. He is closely followed, however, by Jack Friel and Tom Morrison, not to mention John Vereker.

Hikedy Chike, Hikedy Chike
Solomon Solomon Gee,
Riggedy, Raggedy, Riggedy, Raggedy
S. M. C.
Gee-hee, Gee-ho, Gee-ha-ha-ha!
St. Mary's, St. Mary's,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

H. MACNICOL.



MELVIN J. McNEIL
Most successful worker for "Sautamarian"



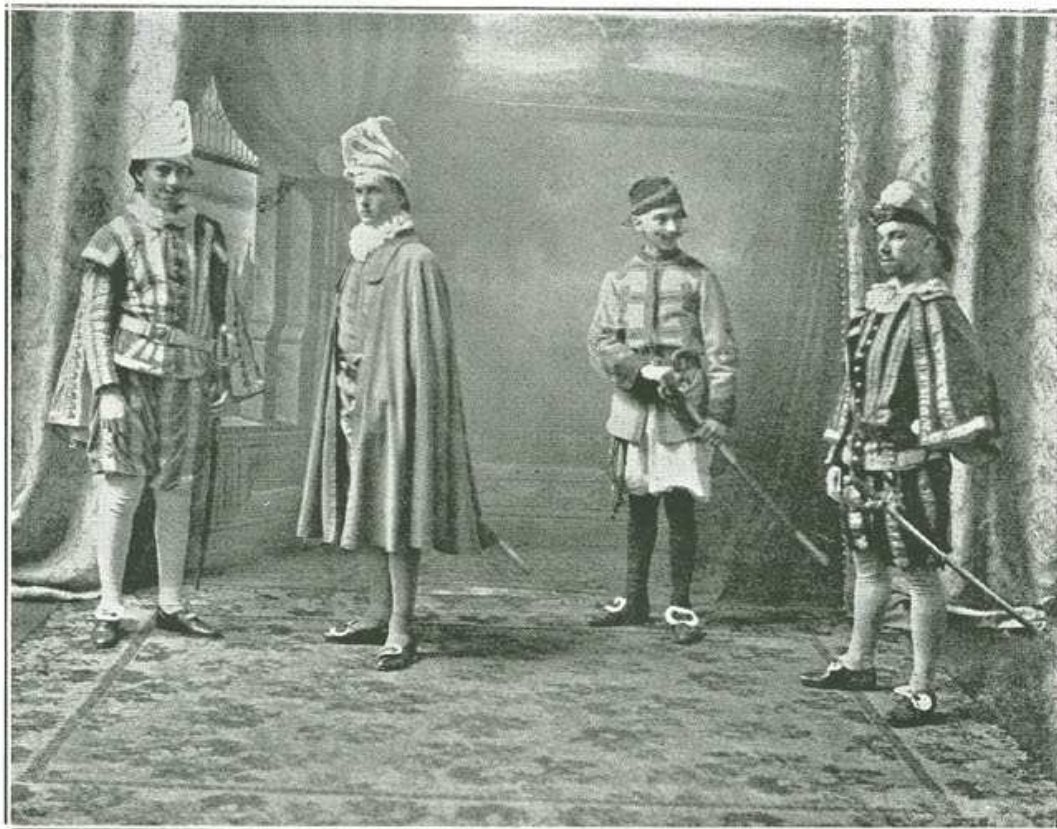
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Atwood, John	Bedford	Deveau, Leo	Digby
Atwood, Arthur	Bedford	Doherty, Bernard	Prospect
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Brophy, Bernard	Mulgrave	Durney, Henry	Dartmouth
Brophy, Joseph	Mulgrave	Dwyer, Thomas	Halifax
Brown, Charles	Stellarton	Dyer, John	Halifax
Buckley, John	Halifax	Dyer, Gerald	Halifax
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Burgess, Joseph	Wolfville	Finn, William	Halifax
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Burns, Ralph	Halifax	Fisher, Clayton	Halifax
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Byrne, Ross	Dartmouth	Foley, Gerald	Halifax
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Cameron, John	Halifax	Frecker, Charles	St. Pierre
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Keating, Walker	Mulgrave	McNeill, Francis	New Glasgow
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Laba, Michael	Halifax	McSweeney, Edward	Moncton, N. B.
Laba, Anthony	Halifax	Meehan, Owen	Halifax
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She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
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There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

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Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

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To deck thy shrine, O Virgin dear:
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Retain their influence o'er my heart.
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In what cavern of the night
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The land will be awake. What recks it then
Who will be dead, or I or anyone
Amongst us who must fall? The land will live.

'Twere sweet to sink in death for Truth and Freedom;
Yes, who could hesitate, for who could bear
The living degradation we must know
If we do dread death for a sacred cause?

Terence McSwiney, Patriot and Martyr.

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It speaks of sorrows nobly borne—
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The watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound; when greatest found
It hastes to die.

Card, Newman (1833)

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Its law and liberty;
But blood and brain and the smile of grief
Hope's sure gain and my heart's belief,
They came across the sea;
And the years of strife where my father strove
And the sweets of life in my mother's love,
'Twas St. Patrick gave to Ireland,
And Ireland gave to me.

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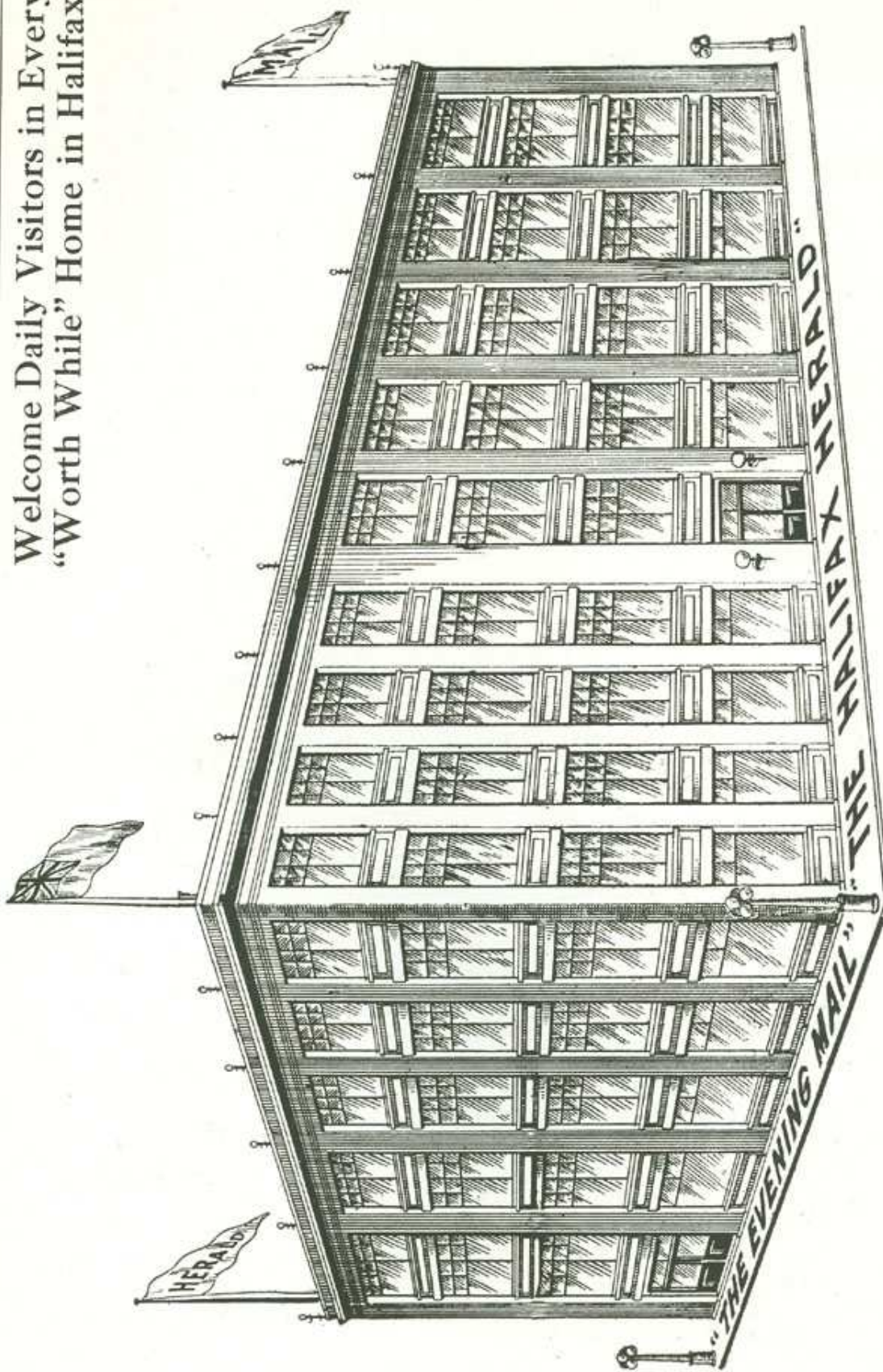
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