

demnation and severe punishment. Lo! a bright thought entered one of the juvenile's minds. The worthy master had not mentioned the term of disrespect with whose utterance he charged the accused. How, asked the bright young gentleman for the defence, how determine amidst the general clamour, prevailing at the time of the alleged transgression, the expression of disrespect charged in the indictment? To the surprise of the oft offending youths Father Ryan admitted the force of the objection, which the good disciplinarian himself strengthened by his refusing to repeat the name to him applied, and they left the presidential presence rejoicing at a very narrow escape from justice. Among the incidents of my early college years deserving of mention was the foundation of three college journals in the fall of 1867: the *Arrow* edited by the present worthy pastor of St. Patrick's, the *Chronicle* by M. J. J. Kehoe, County Crown Attorney of Algoma, and the *Sun* by my unworthy self. These journals were not as is the Owl, printed in clear type on excellent paper. They were written on sheets of plain foolscap, and could not of course pretend to a very large circulation. Their publication was carried on for several months despite Father Chaborel's powers of observation

and repression. Their regular appearance was looked for by a trusty few, who enjoyed the articles in which personalities, too largely, I fear, prevailed. Nor were those days of old devoid of striking examples of solid faith and piety among the students. I will recall but one, the erection of a magnificent altar to the Blessed Virgin, by the students of the classical course in May, 1868, in a large class-room on the south-east end of the College. This altar, much admired for beauty and taste, cost the students many hours of patient labour, and not a few dollars, willingly contributed from slender purses. These were, indeed, brave days of old, days of generous self sacrifice, even during friendships and no small success in the rugged path of learning. How many, alas! of those who then sat on professors' chair, or students' bench, have gone to join the majority! How many still living have dropped out of memory, or succumbed to misfortune! Our consolation as we survey the past's horizon is, that there is a record kept on high of every noble deed, achieved by young or old, and that there in the realm that knows no past, but all is present the worth of our by-gone times is ever in sight, ever prized, and for ever glorious.

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