

The Owl.

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THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

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THE OWL is the journal of the students of the College of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

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ALMA MATER.

"Every man, however brief or inglorious may have been his academical career, must remember with kindness and tenderness the old university comrades and days." With this truthful and touching sentence Thackeray beings the 17th chapter of the "History of Penderiss." And it is next to impossible to have a kindly remembrance of College friends and College days without associating with it the place where these friendships were formed, these days so happily spent. But

a few hours more and those, who for the past session have been students of Ottawa College, will have crossed her portals to enter on the dubious pleasures of a long vacation. Some will go forth never to return. Their College life is ended, and the little republic, wherein perhaps, they have played an important part, will know their face no more. The campus and the class-room give place to the more manly pursuits of an active world. The church will claim some, commerce others, and the learned professions will, doubtless, receive their quota. Friends who have gone arm in arm throughout their College course, who have shared their joys, and borne their sorrows together, will be separated by necessity and must bid adieu to the old familiar haunts and to each other, to push forward on their path and make or mar their lives. There is in the breast of each graduate a vague satisfaction that at length he has reached the first goal in the great race, but mingled with this, and tinged with a shade of sadness, is the wish that the long-looked for day had been prolonged a little further. But will all forget and be foregotten? Let us hope not. In future years when weighed down by the cares that surround a citizen of the world, an hour of leisure may be given to the past, and a glance cast back upon the scenes of youth. Then the lips will form that welcome, though unbidden exclamation—"Oh! happy College days; how happy now you seem when you are gone forever." For each of her sons Alma Mater offers up a heartfelt prayer for his success and welfare. The only return she asks is that which any grateful child owes an affectionate mother—love. She expects that her sons will so deport themselves that she may always point to them with pride and the knowledge that they have followed her wise counsels.