

erally get all the verbs of that exercise in the subjunctive—even those that should be in the indicative.

Altogether his lecture was most enjoyable, and though *John Bull Jr.*, his last work published February, 1888, had already found its ways into the College, still the stories were new to many. Max O'Rell is not the English lecturer but rather the French *conferencier*. Space does not allow us to speak of his lecture in the Opera House further than to say that it was, of its kind, a masterpiece. Nowhere is it more pleasing to see that a man has a *heart* than in a humorous lecture.

He was shown through the College and the Fathers express their delight with his magnificent conversational powers. His visit will be long remembered.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Rt. Rev. Ronald McDonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, paid the College a visit on his passage through the city a few weeks ago.

The classes of '88 and '89 have now increased facilities for perfecting themselves in practical electrical work, as the Physical Laboratory has been enriched by several new instruments, among them being a Bertin-Ampère table, and several instruments for electrical measurements.

The lectures on general literature by Prof. Glasmacher have given a marked impetus to literary study in his classes, and have won for the Professor many encomiums.

The Faculty have received two medals from His Eminence Cardinal Zigliara which will be awarded to the students holding first position in the sixth and seventh forms.

On Thursday, March 27th, a lecture most appropriate to the season was delivered in the Academic Hall by Rev. Father Dontenville, O.M.I. His subject was "Gustave Doré," a series of whose scenes in the life of Christ were presented to us through the medium of the stereopticon. Father Dontenville's excellent ar-

tistic taste enabled him to point out the beauties of those masterpieces of the great French artist, and to show wherein he is superior and wherein inferior to other painters who have treated similar subjects.

RETROSUM.

Adown the foot-worn, dusty paths of ages
The story comes of kingdoms and of peoples
Which, in their time, fulfilled the task of life.
Their names forgotten are, and of them now
No relic may be found except perchance
A household implement of wood or stone
Or clay or brass, to tell that far away,
The early dawn of light looked down and smiled
On men and women,—children as we are ;—
That they enjoyed the sun and all the wealth
Which nature gives with bounteous hand.

But here
And there a monument contrived by brain,
And fashioned by the rules of crowning art,
Completed with a skill of which the key
No more is known to us, appears and thrills
Our hearts with joy, and makes us feel that those
Whose might upraised the slanting pillar or
The shafted column were a part of us
And we a part of them.

The pyramids,
The needle raised in Cleopatra's honor,
The tombs of kings Assyrian,—the walls
Of Romans in our British Isle,—the mounds
Of Indians on our western shores proclaim
That greater men have been before us on
The shifting sands of life, and that to-day
Alone belongs to us, while of the vast
Uncertain gulf they call to-morrow we
Are naught save by the good we leave behind.
Where are the bones of Alexander now?
Where sleeps Cambyzes of undying fame?
Where shall we look for Milo of Crotone
Who in his day could rend in sunder oaks
With naked hands? Where is the grave of him
Whom men preferred to God,—Barab'as called?
We know the victim dwells above, and where
Does Helen sleep who stirred to war the Greek
And Trojan of heroic days, and where
The poet's grave who sang of her? they live
Upon the page of history alone.
A few more years and men will ask of us:
Who were the ants who gathered up this mound?
What foxes delved these holes? what spiders wove
Those rusty cobwebs on decaying poles
Of which we are to-day so proud,—through which
We speak to friends at distances unmeasured.
Our lives will be mere passing shows if we
Leave not behind us something more than these.
Some deed, some word which on the tide of time
May bear our name down to the coming crowd,
And lift our souls up to the throne of grace.
Aylmer, 20th March, 1888.

T. P. FORAN, '67.