

Hamlet, and *Richard III* seem to reprobate the principal tenets of the Reformation.

Add to this the testimony of Richard Davies, Anglican rector of Sapperton in Gloucestershire, who in a biographical

notice of the dramatist written within half a century after his death says "he dyed a papist," and we may be pardoned for doubting whether the religion of Dante and Tasse was not also the religion of Shakspeare.

D. V. PHALEN, 89.

VIVE LE CASTOR.

ON the 19th ult. the members of the Castor Snow-Shoe Club, to the number of about thirty-five, faced the wind and storm, and tramped out to Gatineau Point, where one of the most pleasant afternoons in the Club's history was spent. The start was made about one p.m., and as the snow was in excellent condition, the merry wearers of the garnet and gray saw no reason why they should not have a most delightful tramp, and for the majority of them, it was a most delightful one. But there are not wanting in the ranks of "Le Club Castor" those who are ever the victims of a defective snow-shoe or some other hindrance, and unfortunately for themselves at least, they attempted to accompany the Club to Gatineau, but before reaching there, they found the service of a friendly farmer's sleigh more valuable than that of their snow-shoes. As the long, solid column moved down the Ottawa, Joe. Landry in the van trolled out "Allouette! O gentille allouette!" which coming down on the wind became transformed into "Are you wet? O Johnnie! are you wet, O?" and as such was taken up by the rearguard. Arrived at Gatineau we were met by the genial Mr. Daoust, by whom we were given a most hospitable reception. After the fatigue occasioned by the walk had been overcome, we found ourselves seated around a sumptuous table, and it is needless to say that ample justice was done to the good things with which it was laden. The meal over, Mr. Masson, President of the Club, in response to numerous calls, addressed those present in a few well-chosen words. He was followed by several other speakers, who made happy allusions to the way in which the members of the snow-shoe club were in keeping

with those of our other organizations as regards that spirit of unity and concord which characterizes all our undertakings. Lastly, Mr. J. P. Smith, of our contemporary *The Busy Bee*, made an exceedingly felicitous speech, in which, *en passant*, he commended THE OWL so warmly that our representative was obliged to rise in modest deprecation. An adjournment to the parlor was followed by a select musical programme, the presentation of which occupied the remainder of the afternoon. Old snatches, the common property of all colleges, were sung and additional verses added for the occasion. One of these we must mention with grateful acknowledgment, even though as S. O. T's., we would be unable to take part in the action suggested.

"Here's to the good old OWL!
 Drink it down, drink it down!
 Here's to the good old OWL, drink it down!
 Here's to the good old OWL!
 For it's going to make things howl
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down"

They were indebted for no small amount of pleasure to Mr. Owens for having rendered in his usual good style several of his choice selections. Mr. Troy whose fine tenor voice was heard above all others, also added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. With "Auld Lang Syne," and three cheers for the host our visit was brought to a close. The run home brought to view several promising young "knights of the shoe," but as often happens, the prize was not for the best, and the veteran John Meagher could not cope with his younger rivals, and the reliable Craig, although surely "coming" had to be content with a place in the rear ranks. The College was reached about 6:30 p.m., without the occurrence of any mishap, and everybody brought back the happiest recollections of the trip to "The Point."