

Said, "'tis well, beloved father,
That you've come in here to teach us."
And we listened then in silence
To his welcome words of wisdom
As they fell from lips so holy,
Coming from his heart so golden.
Then he told us of the Saviour,
Of the humble child of Mary,
Of our Lord, the only model
We should follow when hereafter
Duty hard should call us from him,
Or when he, the faithful chieftain,
Should be called to lands far brighter.
And we listened, yes, in silence,
And our hearts within said to him—
Said, "'Tis well, beloved father,
That you've come in here to teach us."
Now no longer is his voice heard
Speaking words of golden wisdom.
One bright day he spoke with pleasure
Of the great saint, of his patron,
To his children, whom he loved so;
But before the shades of evening
Had descended on the college
We were lonely, for our father
Had been called to wear in glory
That bright crown which Christ has promised
To his good and faithful servant.
And we sadly laid an offering
On the bier of him we loved so,
Laid a wreath of choicest flowers,

And we wrote in golden letters,
"To our father," "To our loved one,"
Who has gone from us for ever;
And 'midst tears as thickly falling
As the dreary showers in spring time,
Said farewell to him we loved so.
And the wintry breezes sighing
Through the leafless trees seemed saying:
Farewell, farewell to thee, loved one.
And we laid him 'neath the altar,
Where for years his soul had feasted
On the bread of life eternal.
And we left him there with sorrow,
For our hearts with grief were heavy,
As we said, Farewell for ever.
Thus departed our great teacher,
Our dear father whom we loved so,
In the glory of his manhood,
Ere the misty shades of evening
Had descended on his forehead.
Yet his spirit lives and governs
That dear place he loved so fondly;
And we hope one day to meet him
In the land of joys eternal,
Where no sorrow, where no parting
Will forever tear asunder
Those who in the days now gone by
Forged the golden links of friendship
In our well-beloved college,
In our dear old Alma Mater.

S.

SMALL TALK ANENT BOOKS, &c.



ERE I the "noblest Roman of them all," or a grim Spartan, or even a practical Yankee, with no more sensibility than a patent nut-meg grater, I would glance askance at my gossipy quill with unflinching self-denial, and listen to the demands of all the great spirits who "rule us from their urns," (is that it?) and give the solemn readers of this solemn journal some solemn views, all in keeping with the solemn bird under whose wings so many solemnities shelter themselves: but inclination (dear, amiable creature!) chuckles softly to herself, "Scribble *small talk*." Nut-meg grater grinds out, "Be solemn," but of course inclination—being

a bosom friend—wins the day, and *Grater* wiggles off, with lemon-peel sweetness, unlike the buoyant "Mark Tapley," don't yearn to be "smothered in misery" for the sake of "coming out strong."

The afore-mentioned solemnities can be duly avenged in an autumn number of *THE OWL*, for *THE OWL* is sure to live 'till then, and considerably afterward. Besides, there's no reader of this stuff but can refute, as he reads, the heterodox opinions of the undersigned—who does not *pose* as a critic. No! He leaves that to George W. Curtis, in the rear pages of *Harper's Monthly*; and as for the solid Catholic views to be expressed on the popular writers of fiction—because fiction it is—why, Maurice F. Egan is your man. So here go a few random musings on