

of his audience when he throws his whole soul into the subject brought up for consideration; then, indeed, he appears to have as much command over the passions of others as over his own. His words, nay, his very actions, are peculiarized by his personal conviction—feigned or real, as the case may be—and carry persuasion to the minds of many of his audience. The horizon of his political career, so bright, is certainly promising of a great future; yet time alone will declare him a statesman or a mere politician. Not long since the talents and abilities of the Hon J. A. Chapleau were highly estimated, even in a land so distant as Italy, and he received a pleasing and substantial mark of that appreciation. He visited Rome lately in order that he might see His Holiness Leo XIII and the Eternal City. This act of respect, and devotedness to the Holy See, on the part of the leader of a government—a thing of rare occurrence in this age of worldliness and infidelity—was gratefully recognized and amply rewarded. After spending a few days in Rome, the Hon. J. A. Chapleau was forced, on account of his provincial affairs, to return to Canada without having had a personal interview with the Pope, for the Holy Pontiff was ill at the time. A short while, however, after arriving here he received all the insignia attached to the order of St. Gregory. This distinction, the greatest possible, was conferred upon him December 17th. The Hon. J. A. Chapleau is the third Canadian who was honored by being named Commander of this great order, the late Messrs. J. Viger and C. Wilson having also received a like honor. Though yet young, as we have stated elsewhere, he already stands high in the estimation of his country, and we sincerely trust he will continue to enhance that estimation. Our hope is that he may end gloriously a political career commenced so auspiciously.

PERSONAL.

—James Wiseman, '75, is employed in a railroad office, New York city.

—Rev. J. McCusker, '74, is assistant pastor of St. Michael's Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.

—Frank Mehan, '74, is in the undertaking business in Jersey City, N.J.; he is very successful.

—Jno. W. Donovan, '76, is in the real estate business, and is rapidly progressing on the road to wealth. His friends at St. Laurent wish him all success in the battle of life.

—Thos. Noonan, '75, is studying law in Jersey City. We wish him well in the course of studies which he has adopted.

—Edward Robert, '76, is in Montreal engaged in the profession which he has chosen for life. We are informed that he is considered one of Montreal's most competent Notaries.

MULTA, NON MULTUM.

—Oh!

—Tommie!

—Don't you go.

—"Cold enough?"

—"Dr. Skiboreen."

—"Mr. Jurymen."

—Are you a Phrenologist?

—Who sang the *Dixie*?

—"Diogenes was an Irishman."

—Examination me Examinat!

—Come, hear me sing the *Dixie*.

—"That's right, boys, keep the fire warm."

—"I wish these examinations were over."

—It's only 23° degrees below zero!!

—"The Windsor has too much wind, sir."

—Good deal of work for the staff this week!

—Empty are the boxes—goodies gone!!!

—Owing to the examinations, locals are scarce.

—How many good resolutions broken since the glad New Year!

—"Oh! for a cause, ye mighty gods," a—the rest was lost.

—The St. John's Association will soon favor us with another entertainment.

—When are the Geoffrion Cadets going to give us an exhibition?

—Rev. Father Carrier delivered a discourse on Cosmography, the 19th ult.

—Active preparations are being made for the erection of the new College.

—Very Rev. Father Louage assisted at the examination of the Classical Department.

—The students are anxiously awaiting the annual visit of Bishop Fabre.

—Owing to the very cold weather, outdoor sports are entirely abandoned.

—Many of the juniors were, after the vacations, afflicted with that most terrible disease—*blues*.

—An immense quantity of cut stone has been hauled to the premises for the new buildings.

—After an almost invincible concatenation of subterfuges the son of the city of Priam went on *retinue*.

—We observed a certain student scanning intently the blank leaf of a class book. He remarked, "This is a hard lesson." We came to the conclusion that it was, indeed, a hard task to do nothing.

—The days grow perceptibly longer; yet the extreme cold and heavy drifts of snow proclaim the spring a long way off.