

The Owl.



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ONE PHASE OF THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.



AM confronted by a two-fold difficulty at the outset of this, which must necessarily be a very incomplete treatise. On the one hand, there is the magnitude and importance of the subject, and my conscious inability to cope with it, and on the other, I am incurring the danger of imposing upon the reader opinions and theories, which have already found expression at the hands of others who have made the question of education the object of their study and research.

That I should say anything of what has been already said, would not perhaps be surprising, seeing that to imitate is easier than to be original; nor, if it were well said, would it be seriously wrong to repeat it, but it is chiefly because so much has been said on this subject, that I am urged to offer my quota to the general contribution.

The educational system of our day, is presently the topic about which centres the attention of almost all who lay claim to an independent thought. What has come from this general inquiry into educational matters? Lest no more tangible effect be forthcoming, we will say that, at least the deficiencies of the system as at present constituted, have been made plainly manifest. But this is the less important result which this inquiry may have. To the defects alluded to, will naturally

suggest themselves effectual remedies, and thus our system, gradually changing, will ultimately become perfect, the adherents of ancient customs and traditions to the contrary notwithstanding. Yet, withal, the progressive spirit of our age may be pregnant with evil, in so far as education is concerned, unless special care be exercised as to the manner in which reforms are effected, and the motive which prompts them. As regards the motive, there should be but one—man's higher, nobler and ultimate end: but concerning the former, opinions differ, and hence, the reason of the few reflections contained in this paper. For it is possible that the true object has been missed, it may be that we have been proceeding in the wrong direction, towards the solution of a difficulty which demands a speedy and a permanent settlement. Has the earnest band of enthusiastic workers in the cause of education, been marching on in blissful ignorance of the real position of the foe? It may be. What do we want to accomplish? This, once firmly set down, would be the first step gained in solving the difficulty. However, a little examination will reveal the fact, that even this point has not been sufficiently well established, to render progress easy.

There are at present afloat and in very general acceptance, certain misconceptions with regard to the end and object of education, which render the public opinion of the comparative importance of its different branches, precisely the reverse

of truth. Not unfrequently we hear it said, that the school is not the place for the imparting of religious training. Education is thus made to consist in sharpening man's faculties for the struggle with his fellowman, during his stay here below. With others the opposite extreme holds sway, and on all sides is exhibited an excessive readiness to advance an opinion on this important question. The reason of this is not far to seek. Education has not yet, unfortunately, risen in public estimation to the grade of a science. It is as yet an art based upon induction and experiment. It is still capable of being perfected; but a little way removed from its primitive state of potency, and its movements are unsteady and accidental. Its process thus far has been one of trial. The printing press has placed at our disposal, immense and numerous advantages (?) but it has not, as yet, given us a text book on the philosophy of education. We have not yet laid down a code of fixed and evident principles to serve as the foundation of the educational fabric and an impregnable barrier to him who would destroy it. Who would dare call into question a mathematical principle, the veracity of which is self-apparent? No one who has not made a life study of astronomy would dispute the soundness of the axioms of that branch of knowledge, nor are the principles of economical science over-ruled by a mere wave of the hand, and all this, because, these have been raised to that state of perfection when their cultivation is no longer a work of chance, but a procedure from known scientific truths. On this account, there is much reason to hope that according as we deduce a philosophy of education, it will become more stable, and the number of those who are ever ready to summarily disp. . . of the most momentous issues will correspondingly diminish.

It is time, however, that a reply should be given to the question already put. What do educators wish to accomplish? In answer, we say that they are in search of that mode of drawing out—for education is, etymologically, nothing else—and developing the faculties of man, which will best enable him to live honestly and uprightly, with the greatest moral and material advantage to himself, and in the best interests of the community in which he lives. It is well, however, to limit the

scope of the term, as it is understood in the present instance. Broadly enunciated, education is all that the individual sees, hears, learns, or imbibes throughout his journey from the cradle to the grave, but here, education is confined to the efforts made by the older and more experienced portion of the community, to mould the character, and to increase the mental capacity of the young. To mould the character of the young, an apparently simple process, but at what a terrible cost, in the majority of cases! How can we conceive of an instructor forming the young mind, and giving the proper bend to the character, without being at the same time, thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the material upon which he works. A stone-cutter would not think of commencing the purely mechanical process of dressing a block of granite without knowing something of its nature, still less, would the sculptor proceed to carve a figure out of marble, before he has learned some of its properties, and are we then to believe that the framer of the human mind can enter upon his task without having made a study of his subject. When we think, however, that by no means a few of those who have it in hand to fulfill this highly important office, this duty, upon the proper performance of which depends the after life of the young ones of the land, are wanting in this knowledge without which their efforts are not only lost, but positively injurious, we cannot but pause at the responsibility of the teacher, and at the blindness of those who over-look this essential aspect of the educational problem.

We cannot all, therefore, be instructors, for it is manifest that he alone is justified in undertaking the duties of this office, who has mastered the idea of education in the sense above indicated. He alone is qualified to teach, whose sound ethical principles, enable him to comprehend man's moral and religious nature, whose psychological learning, gives him an insight into the mental construction of his pupils, and whose knowledge of physiology will direct him in supplying their bodily needs. Do those who occupy the exalted position of teacher in our primary schools, possess this triple qualification? If they do not, and few will venture to say that all do, an effort in the direction of supplying this want, would be of incalculable aid

to the whole community, and would, perhaps, reveal the secret of the ill-success of too many students.

Enough has been said in a general way. We come now to the more minute, but on that account often the most neglected details of the subject. And first we must consider the means employed in affording that mental cultivation and formation of character which constitutes education. Two general modes immediately suggest themselves, and, in fact, have been accorded an almost universal acceptance. They are moral or disciplinary training, and the imparting of information properly said. The application of the first, is largely beyond the sphere of direct teaching, because the influence of the home, and constant contact with noble examples, will do more towards cultivating in the young habits of order, obedience and self-control than any number of teachers; yet this very fact, opens the way to one of the most serious dangers that threaten our school system of to-day. Briefly stated, the outcome of this theory is that moral training is left to be effected, solely by example, without the aid of positive precept from the teacher. It has been removed from the routine work to give place to something more practical. How pernicious this is, is at once apparent. True, the public school may not teach anything which is positively immoral, but, because it fails to inculcate positive dogmatic precepts of morality, justice and right, the system is censurable in the highest degree.

This, however, must be said to the credit of primary schools, that their efficacy as channels of useful and practical information is of a high order, but their vulnerable spot is to be found where they are supposed to be strongest, and until the useful is coupled with the good and the true, our educational system will remain imperfect and wholly inadequate to the wants of a Christian, law-abiding people.

Let us come however to what is generally held to be the province of education—to instruct. Following the logical order, the two questions which immediately suggest themselves, are: What should be taught? and, how should it be taught? We accept for the sake of convenience, the familiar division of instruction, into that which is useful, inasmuch as it may be

practically applied, and that which is useful only as a means of mental development. But just here, we incur the danger of paying too much respect to the time-honored custom of employing as a means of mental development, branches of learning which have little or no practical importance. Particularly is this true, if it can be ascertained that the cultivation of those branches, which have a practical utility, can be also used to expand and perfect the faculties. Surely there is nothing repugnant in this, and if its feasibility has not been already demonstrated, perhaps it is because the new hypothesis has never been accorded a fair trial.

But, it is what is practical in education that immediately concerns us, and to that phase then, we will turn our attention. Since education is for the people, it must as far as possible, be made to meet the requirements of the people. This is made imperative by the fact that but a comparatively small percentage of the young ones of the land attend school after the age of sixteen. On this account, education for the majority has to consist in a hurried training for the battle of life, whereby the pupil is placed in possession of the knowledge which will enable him to surmount all the obstacles he may afterwards meet.

The prevailing idea nowadays is that this training is best accomplished by placing the pupil in constant contact with facts; by subjecting him, as it were, to the stern realities of life, while he is yet a child; by placing him, in a word, in the position in which he will find himself in after life. No doubt the object in view is in every way a laudable one, but care should be taken, lest in avoiding Charybdis we should rush into Scylla. No doubt it is of too frequent occurrence that we meet with students who, at the end of their school days, are totally unprepared to take their place in the world—as inexperienced, in fact, as they were when they first entered school. This is an evil, unquestionably, but it is to some extent a necessary evil and one that time will soon set right.

On the other hand, if on account of the *quasi* practical elementary training of the young man, he leaves school unacquainted with those things which he must necessarily know if he would succeed, it may be accepted as certain that he will never know them. He may be able to tell what is meant by subtraction or division, he

may even have an idea of what is understood, in daily transactions, by interest at such and such a per cent., but if he is not trained in the class-room, in the *perhaps* mechanical processes of subtracting and dividing, if he leaves school without being able to compute the interest on a sum of money, he will, in the majority of cases, go on through life with this vague and useless idea of these important matters. It will hardly be questioned that he who can read his own language with a moderate share of correctness, and is thoroughly grounded in the fundamental principles of arithmetic, is better educated than he who lacks these perfections, but in lieu thereof has a large store of facts of general import, and on the strength of which he will draw his own conclusions and formulate his own methods whenever necessity demands it. In the case of the first pupil the facts can be acquired later on, but in the case of the second, his studies too often end as he passes out of the shadow of the school-room. The former method is more arduous, but it appears to be the more effectual.

We are apt to forget the time-worn statement "there is no royal road to learning," and experience has proved that those trumped up methods, to suit the exigencies of time and place, have no solid or lasting foundation. "The Gods," says an ancient sage, "sell us everything for toil," and the mandate of God, that "in the sweat of his brow man should eat his bread," applies as directly to intellectual development as it does to any other human acquisition. But on that account we are not to shrink from the task. Intellectual advancement is within the reach of all. One thing only is requisite, strenuous energy. This energy is at first painful, it is true, but it is painful because it is imperfect, and, as it is gradually perfected, it becomes gradually more pleasing, and when finally perfect, that is, when the power of the faculty is fully developed, then its exertion is a purely pleasurable act. The great problem in education is therefore, how to induce the pupil to undertake and go through with a course of exertion, in its result good, and even agreeable, but immediately and in itself, painful and irksome. If the pupil has *learned* to enjoy the exertion of his faculties, then, and not until then, has he commenced to advance on the road to learning.

But the school buildings and the curriculum, the teachers and their methods, will not fail to receive their full share of praise or blame where the tendency on all sides, seems to be, to instruct the instructors. In the midst of all that is being said about governing and about interesting the pupil, it seems that a few words addressed to the pupil himself, might, perhaps, be as effectual as the method hitherto adopted.

For we cannot treat the subject of education, as though the entire responsibility lay with the teacher, and none with the student. Is the pupil like wax, to be moulded, by the tutor, into good or bad shape, according to his skill or zeal? To a certain extent this is the case, yet success depends largely upon the pupil. The master may be highly efficient and the pupil may be correspondingly blunt. Perhaps the teacher is progressive, energetic and enlightened, and the pupil dull and indifferent. The master may be kind and the pupil may abuse of that kindness. The efforts of the one are counteracted by those of the other, and if, when the pupil is anxious and industrious, success is doubtful, how much may be looked for when co-operation is entirely wanting. Look back, you who have made no appreciable progress during a course of studies, and convince yourselves, if you can, that the responsibility does not rest with yourselves, no matter how incapable the teacher or how lax his method, may have been.

There is another reason which seems to be largely responsible for the failure of so many students, and particularly those who entertain the idea of going through what is understood by a University Course. The reason is this? Young boys enter upon school life without sufficient aim, often without any aim at all. They conceive of the idea of going to college because forsooth their friends are going, and later on they decide to go for a session, to see whether they will like it. If they decide "to like it," they may possibly remain for one, two or three years, "they cannot say just now." Many flit from college to college for no other reason than such as caprice or love of change may suggest. Few enter college with any definite idea of a work to be accomplished, of an end to be reached, of a standard to be attained, and, entering without motive, they work without energy. They perhaps have ambition. They in fact frequently show

themselves to be the possessors of it, but their ambition is divided; they wish to succeed but they are satisfied with the success of a moment. They study for the day, the hour, to gain approval, to merit reward, to avoid blame, to please their parents, perhaps, and all the while their minds carry an undercurrent of thoughts of home, of enjoyments, and of imaginary achievements.

They fail to realize the necessity of holding fast the knowledge which each day brings. They do not see that education is a structure, slowly erected and whose every stone must be firmly and carefully laid. They do not view it as a complete whole. Their eyes are not raised to the beauties of its finished proportions. They look upon each stone as a separate and complete labor, and reaching the end of their school days, they look back upon their work, and discover

to their sorrow that it has resulted in a confused mass of disconnected facts.

But, on the other hand, let the pupil recognize and appreciate the talents with which he has been endowed, let him set up for himself a standard towards which he will constantly tend, let him give his whole heart to his work, storing up the fund of each day's class; let him devote himself with all his energy to the amusements of his recreation hours, as well as to the other exercises of the day; let him no longer live in the future; constantly looking over the edge of his work and waiting till "the fun" will begin, let him, in a word, love education for its intrinsic value, and there will no longer be any need for the efforts of the teacher, no longer the disappointments of student life.

DUNCAN A. CAMPBELL.



THE ROSARY.



TENDER Mother, with thy lavish hand
 What priceless gifts, what treasures hast thou giv'n.
 Ungrateful man, whereby thou fain wouldst show
 Thy favor for thy children here below!
 What, in return, what can we offer thee
 More pleasing than this crown of roses fair,—
 Whose fragrant buds exhale that sweetest prayer,
 First uttered by God's messenger from heav'n,
 Then echoed by the whole celestial band—
 This garland fresh and fair, the Rosary?

C. C. D., '91.

THE NEW BOY.



NE of the most interesting features coming before our notice at the opening of a scholastic year, is surely the sight of the new boy.

It is especially so for his elders who have passed through the same phase of college life.

For, in the melancholy shadow that glooms his countenance, in the symptoms of his ambitious views that sparkle in his youthful eyes, in the persecutions, though petty, yet painful, he has to endure at the hands of his merciless companions, they behold a counterpart of the sadness that preyed upon their own minds, of the glowing prospects that dazzled their own fancy, of the ordeals they had to submit to at the dawn of their own literary career.

The poor boy has just wrested himself from the fond embrace of a loving mother, from the society of affectionate brothers and sisters, from all the sweets and comforts of home; he now finds himself thrown into the midst of strangers; his eyes meet none but unknown faces; sympathies come to him but from few, while neglect seems to meet him on all sides.

Of course, owing to the kindness of his teachers, if he has the good fortune of being placed in an institution where his tutors are men whose love and life are exclusively devoted to God and to the welfare of the young, he soon hears from them words that allay his sorrow, pour into his soul the balm of consolation. But, at first, his heart is so full, the thought of his mother and the dear ones he has just left is so vivid in his mind, the change has been so abrupt, he feels himself so forlorn, that tears naturally well up to his eyes, and he feels not disposed to listen to words of solace. But soon after, if he be a young man of ordinary spirit and courage, other thoughts will supersede the former, and other feelings find place in his heart. He is mindful, young as he may be, that sacrifices have to be met with in life, and that instruction and education involve generosity and self-sacrifice. So he begins

gradually to look around; the walls of the college no longer present so repulsive an aspect; he considers it no longer a prison, faces by degrees grow more familiar; the sight of many companions in the same condition as he is, the class work that urges him on, the liveliness of the games, time itself by its benign influence diminishing the vividness of man's impressions, all these concur to draw away his attention and to reconcile him to his new home and new mode of life. But, alas! his trials are only beginning. His lot has been cast into the midst of a hard-hearted, light-minded, mirth-loving, unscrupulous comrades. These, from far and near, eye the new comer, ogle him, gloat upon him, brood over him, fix their gaze upon him, watch his every movement, survey his personal habits, heel his every step, scrutinize his peculiar inclinations, endeavor to ascertain whether in addition to his huge, heavily-laden, well-strapped, strongly-girt, and mysteriously locked oaken trunk, he has brought with him idiomatic terms, quaint expressions, cant phrases, rugged, uphill utterances, novel constructions of antiquated oaths, an abundance of pelf, and, withal, an ample supply of old Virginia leaf in his kangaroo pouch.

And, in the midst of all the intrigues, the plots, the diplomatic tricks, wherewith he is surrounded; in the midst of all the nefarious designs, of all the malicious intentions, of all the covetous views, whereof he is the fresh, innocent, unsuspecting victim, he becomes the aim and the butt at which are hurled many an arrow, fast-succeeding darts of cruel sarcasm.

Many a time he is missioned forth on an aimless errand, the outcome of which cannot fail to cover him with ridicule. Grim and horrible are the accounts dinned into his ears, of impending dangers, of unchronicled hardships, of unearthly sufferings, whereto the student must daily submit. First and prominent among all is a nauseating, qualm-creating, heart-sickening description of the classical hash. In awe-inspiring, horror-striking terms, he is forewarned to so demean himself as to ward off the threatening thunderbolts, the pliable ferule, the squelching

looks, the pulverizing frowns, the withering rebukes, the scathing remonstrances of the stern, implacable teacher.

A mischievous and over-officious friend whisperingly tells him of the unrestricted freedom prevailing in the house, in connection with daily egress and ingress, on the faith of which our artless, unsophisticated hero, candidly and fearlessly saunters forth through the parlor door, and proceeds to discharge the noble mission of purchasing a stipulated quantity of "Sweet Caps" for his wily deceiver. On his return to his great stupefaction and instantaneous horripilation the reproachful and menacing countenance of an unflinching, inexorable disciplinarian, gives him to understand that the much-vaunted freedom is confined within limits narrower than he was led to believe.

Anon, the poor persecuted lad may well imagine that a legion of hobgoblins and elfs, on evil bent, taunt the dormitory wherein he striveth to rest his wearied limbs and restore his exhausted strength, as counterpane and sheets fly from off his couch and leave him exposed to the inclemencies of an autumnal night. If nature hath made him a robust and lusty youth provided with broadly expanded chest, and vulcanian lungs, that rival the bellows of the smithy, he is directed to blow out the incandescent light. At the sleep-chasing sound of the matin bell, after repeated and heroic efforts to unseal his organs of vision, after stretching his arms aloft, dangling his legs through blanket and mattress, in vain doth he inspect the floor round about him in quest of a pair of socks which, if he remembers aright, he had thereon deposited the previous evening. Socks are not to be found,

and compelled is he, ploughman-like, to plod his weary way, down flight after flight of the interminable stairs, contented with a cold and clammy pair of boots.

Such are a few of the impositions, contrivances, manœuvres and wiles the new-boy is subjected to at the incipency of his college life. If he be a bright youth, a month of these proceedings will suffice for his perfect inurement; if he be of duller intellect, several moons will have waned before the same happy result can be brought about.

At all events, the trials do not prove mortal. The wearied and persecuted one manages to keep alive away from home; he grows plump and rosy-cheeked on hash diet; he learns to limit his sphere of action within the precincts assigned to him; in the grum and austere prefect he finds a solicitude and an affection that replace, as far as it is possible, the cares and love of the fond parents he has left behind; he soon realizes that that man is sufficiently free who is shackled by no other chains than those of duty; elfins and goblins no longer haunt the castle wherein he seeks his nightly repose; electricity by its brilliant rays, has partially disclosed to him the mystery of its nature. In a word, he has now passed through the trials of his initiation, he has left the ranks of the profane, and been enrolled among the knowing ones. Nay, the day may come when, forgetful of his own troubles, he will reverse the parts in the play and console himself with the thought of dearly-bought experience, which has made him a master in the land and will enable him to become a leader where he once stood as a raw recruit.

MYSTES.



THE EVENING BIRD.

SWEET day in silence now is dying,
 The evening breeze is softly sighing,
 And vesper bells toll far away.
 From leafy bowers a bird is calling,
 Through growing shadows swiftly falling,
 He rings his loud and fearless lay.
 O! unseen singer
 Of peace the bringer,
 You hymn of dawn beyond the grave of day.

Not to the cold moon proudly striding
 'Mong veiling clouds the shy stars hiding.
 Those tender, thrilling strains ascend ;
 Nor to the night shades earth investing,
 But out unto our still world resting,
 The harmonies in mercy wend.
 Among God's creatures,
 Our human natures
 Need all the sympathy that He may send.

Tired men from ended toil reposing
 List to the soothing song, half dozing
 At doorways domed with trellised vines ;
 And blighted breasts benumbed by sorrow
 Surcease of pain and rest can borrow
 From pleasure born of sweetest rhymes,
 May rest be given
 By kind Heaven
 To eyes that weep and minds that sad repine.

September 15th, 1890.

M.



INFLUENCE OF THE ILIAD ON ART.



an enquiring mind no task can be more congenial than that of tracing back to its primary sources the development of Grecian art. For, since modern art is but the feeble echo of this great original, by so doing, a thorough acquaintance would be obtained with those deep fountains of inspiration from which has sprung the *ensemble* of æsthetic beauty known under the generic term of Art, that never-failing spring which has through all ages supplied civilized nations with the nectar of highest intellectual enjoyment. And even, were the investigations to be of the most superficial nature, it would be found that of all these sources, that which has been the most abundant and most continuous in its discharge, is the *Iliad* of Homer. With justice, indeed, has it been said that it was Homer who gave laws to the artist. The influence of his unrivalled poem upon Grecian art was twofold; indirect, inasmuch as it stamped Grecian action and Grecian history with its own impress; direct, inasmuch as it laid down the principles and furnished the grand conceptions upon which most of after-art has been formed.

To any nation, during the various stages of its development, the possession of an epic such as the *Iliad*, in which the heroic characters of its early history are painted in all their grandeur and nobility, is of prime importance, since it infuses into the people an enthusiastic determination to rival the renown of their great ancestors, and, cost what it may, to maintain untarnished their glorious national escutcheon. Of the Greeks, in particular, than whom a nation more susceptible to all that is grand and noble has never existed, was this especially true. In the *Iliad* they beheld mirrored forth in the most striking and attractive way what Greeks had been and what Greeks should be. This produced in them a certain mental exaltation, an

inward striving to attain a grand ideal which engendered an atmosphere wherein art in its most perfect form could not be other than spontaneous. We are told that "there are two kinds of artists in this world—those that work because the spirit is in them, and they cannot keep silent if they would—and those that speak from a conscientious desire to make apparent to others the beauty that has awakened their own admiration." To the first class, undoubtedly, belonged Homer, and by that subtle bond of sympathy which so especially distinguished the Greeks from all other nations, he perpetuated his own irrepressible spirit amongst his countrymen for centuries after he himself had passed into that "stirless rest—that change which never changes."

Not upon art alone was his influence of a lasting character; were it not for him, many a page of Grecian history would in all probability have another reading. We know that his poems, although in existence for some time before, were first collected into their present form and committed to writing during the reign of Pisistratus—that is, a few years before the commencement of the famous Persian wars. Most of the Greek states, indeed, seem to have been unaware of the danger-cloud arising in the clear sky of Grecian freedom now that the Persian empire had absorbed all the lesser states of Asia. Pisistratus, however, whose watchful eye was ever scanning the political horizon, was quick to perceive it, and took every means to ensure the safety of the ship of state during the terrible hurricane which he saw was about to burst upon her. And possessed as he was of a keen insight into human nature, he fully understood that, in such a crisis, the only hope lay in stirring up in the whole body of the Greeks a spirit of heroic patriotism, such as would make them consider death itself a desirable boon if therefrom would accrue any benefit to their fatherland. This being so, his collection and publication of the *Iliad* was beyond doubt an act of far-seeing policy. What could better fire the

patriotism of his countrymen and nerve them to united and giant effort than the Homeric poem which related in exquisite verse how, in days of yore, Grecian heroes had warred with unified strength against Asia and triumphantly destroyed the well-walled capital of mighty King Priam? Who can doubt that to the influence of this recital upon the emotional Greeks was in great part due the phenomenal success with which they met in their second struggle with Asia. "But," queries some one, "what has all this to do with Art?" A great deal, indeed. Would Grecian art ever have existed if Greece had been vanquished and forced to submit to the Persian yoke? Assuredly not, for what the sun is to the flower, liberty is to art. Deprive the body of freedom and the mind grovels amongst the servile things of earth and never once soars into those ethereal heights where dwells æsthetic beauty. Thus, then, was the Iliad of incalculable benefit, indirectly, to Grecian art.

But this is as nothing when compared with the glorious radiance wherewith the Homeric writings have directly suffused the whole domain of human art. To attain relative perfection, art must have a high ideal. With the single exception of the Bible, nowhere in the whole range of literature are to be found such lofty conceptions, such awe-inspiring sublimity as in the writings of Homer. For here, there prevails no peculiar system of thought, no narrow adherence to prejudices adapted to live within a certain period, or to extol exclusively the fame of any one race. Throughout these poems there breathes a nobler spirit, a sensibility alive to every feeling of our nature and extending to every circumstance and condition of the great family of men. A whole world is laid open to our view in the utmost clearness and beauty—a rich and ever-moving picture illuminated by the divine spark of genius. The chief heroes such as Achilles, Hector, Ulysses, etc., each embody a whole set of ideas and characters that have become the inexhaustible mine from which after-artists have ever drawn the golden ore required for their work. True, they have fashioned it into new forms, but Homer it was who first separated it from the dross of the common place and stored it up, purified and refined, to answer the requirements of art in all after ages.

In literature, this is a truth requiring no demonstration. Not only are all epic poems modelled upon, and, in a great measure, mere imitations of Homer's master-pieces, but, throughout the whole field of mediæval romance, nay, even in the pages of the modern novel, the chief characters delineated are but faint and imperfect copies of the grand conceptions of the old Grecian bard. They are the shadows of his substance. Achilles, a youthful hero, who in the fullness of his victorious strength and beauty exhausts all the fleeting glories of the life of man, but is doomed to an early death and tragical destiny, is a character with which tragedy may be almost said to be identified. In a word, Homer is the sun from which most of the clearest shining stars of the literary firmament receive their light.

Upon sculpture, too, has Homer's influence been wonderfully strong. It is not that there are wonderful descriptions of exquisite artistic work of this nature given in the Iliad, such as, for instance, that of Achilles' shield or of the palace of Alcinous; no, but rather that Grecian sculpture, in its most perfect form, was confessedly but the material embodiment of his sublime ideas. What production of the chisel has ever rivalled the Jupiter of Phidias, as described by those severest of critics, the Greeks themselves. Even to their refined taste it seemed without a blemish. Yet Phidias is himself authority for the statement that he had merely attempted to put into material form Homer's conception of the "Father of the Gods" as outlined in the following passage:—

"He spoke; and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate and sanction of a God;
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took
And all Olympus to its centre shook."

In painting alone, of all the fine arts, have the moderns equalled, and, perhaps, surpassed the ancients, and this pre-eminence they owe to christianity which furnished the conception from which their master-pieces have been evolved. With scarce a single exception all the celebrated paintings of modern artists depict scenes or personages, whose original is to be found in the Bible. And it may be remarked in passing that since the modern revolutionary and materialistic spirit has attempted to drag down that lofty religious

ideal towards which art for so long a time aspired with eminent success, no artistic efforts of the first order have been made, nor will they be until art returns to its first love and again recognizes in the spiritual its only true source of inspiration. Compared with this, Homer's ideals are but as the finite to the infinite, but they stand as high above all other human conceptions, as does Grecian art above the modern. He has chiselled his name deep into the

pillar of human art and there it will remain until swept away in the general consummation of the world. To attempt to justify and estimate his greatness would be a hopeless task.

"Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven ;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness.

--D. MURPHY, '92.



AUTUMN.



leaden hue o'ercasts the sky,
Divested stands the shiv'ring tree,
The withered leaves in masses lie,
Or from the blast to cover flee.

The fragrant buds that graced the bough,
And thro' the summer sweetness spread,
Are faded, seared and scattered now
About the slimy garden bed.

The wild, gay notes from yonder tree
No longer thrill the morning air;
Birds, gifted with soft melody,
No longer find a shelter there.

The shrill-voiced crickets, whose delight
Was 'round the genial hearth to throng,
And chant their chorus thro' the night,
Have ceased to sing their wonted song.

No busy bee now greets the eye—
 Alas! how brief his golden hours!
 No burnished winged butterfly
 Survives to mourn the lifeless flowers.

This gloomy season thus recalls
 To thoughtless man the grave's chill breath—
 Reminds him of how thin the walls
 That tottering stand 'twixt life and death.

Reminds him of the youthful bloom
 That tinged the cheek of one held dear,
 Whose ashes fill an early tomb—
 Whose spirit begs his fervent prayer.

'Tis sad for mortal man to see
 Fair nature's beauty thus decay.
 For death shall come as ruthlessly
 And snatch his youth and bloom away.

Faith, standing on life's stormy wave,
 A shining star of hope has given,
 That lights the gloom beyond the grave,
 And shows the path that leads to heaven.

But die we shall—for die we must—
 Though for existence still we yearn;
 "Remember, man, thou art but dust,
 And into dust thou shalt return."

C. C. DELANY, '91.



= The Owl. =

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University 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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VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1890. No. 2

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are sorry to trouble the readers of the Owl with the old, old story of unpaid subscriptions. We all know that the Owl, like other mortals, cannot live on its merits alone; it must obtain material assistance from those who are pleased to welcome it at its monthly appearance.

Too many have ignored the bills, inclosed in our last number, calling upon the good will and generosity of delinquent subscribers.

Are you one of these? If so, remember that the success of our publication depends on *your* Dollar.

Most of those to whom we now make reference are lavish in their praises and good wishes for the prosperity of our magazine, but these good wishes they neglect to materialize, thereby rendering impossible all contemplated improvements.

It is to be hoped that a prompt response

on the part of all our subscribers, both new and old, will prevent us from again infringing on the privileged precinct of our editorial columns.

LET CANADIANS DO LIKE WISE.

Mr. J. J. Hill's generous offer to Archbishop Ireland is the topic of the hour in Catholic circles. Five hundred thousand dollars to establish a Theological school, and a further quarter of a million for the endowment of chairs therein, is one of the first fruits of the vigorous, enthusiastic, and eminently Catholic policy of the Prelate of St. Paul. There are some features of this donation worthy of special remark. Mr Hill is himself a Protestant. He gave, therefore, to the individual rather than to the cause. St. Paul, not Washington, benefits by his generosity. To the outsider, who considers only the practical unanimity of the bishops of the United States and their recent efforts for the general advancement of Catholic interests, it would seem that the one educational institution that could suggest such an unexampled endowment is the new University of Washington. That its attractions have failed in this case is an evidence of the powerful personality of Archbishop Ireland, and a proof that the energy of the individual, and his unceasing persistency in advocating, by word and example, what is high and noble, are a surer passport to favorable recognition, both public and private, than the most elaborate ideal that lacks the crystalizing and realizing power of a man of the people.

Mr. Hill's act, viewed on its best side, points a moral for the Catholics of Canada. With its almost three millions of Catholics, this country has yet to boast of a great gift to any of its educational, charitable, or ecclesiastical institutions. And this, despite the too evident fact that the work of Catholicity is deplorably im-

peded by the lack of funds. Canadian Drexels, Caldwells and Hills, in generosity, we have none, but in wealth they are found in every province from Vancouver to the sea. To their disgrace be it said that the higher interests of their co-religionists and of themselves have been wholly forgotten in their unreasoning thirst for gold. Not metaphorically, but literally, is the widow's mite greater than the contribution from their riches; and not metaphorically, but literally, must we read and apply the condemnation of their action. If our schools and colleges and charities and churches are at all what they should be, they owe it to the firm faith and constant charity of the poor; if they lack in aught, the fault must be laid at the door of the rich, who hold that they are masters of what they have, and forget that they are but the treasurers and dispensers of God Almighty.

READING.

This subject may be hackneyed. What we shall say on it may be trite. But its indisputable importance must be our excuse for offering thereon a very practical suggestion. Setting aside observation and experience, reading is the medium through which we must obtain nearly all the knowledge that we acquire on this side of the grave. It is from reading that we derive our best thoughts and our noblest inspirations. This it is that inspires the lawyer with legitimate ambition, the physician with a lofty sense of his responsibility, or the priest with purity of intention and holy zeal.

The student who does not acquire a taste for reading during his collegiate course will probably never acquire it. Though he succeed in his examinations, he will not be well read; and, we venture to say, he will never rise higher than the routine work of his calling in after life. On the other hand, the indiscriminate

reader will find it extremely difficult to study anything seriously, thus losing the two most important results of a course of studies—the training of the intellect and the exercise of the will.

Emerson lays down the rule, "Never read but what you like," and James Freeman Clarke, "Read what interests you." We have, however, only to point to the half-crazed reader of sensational trash, to show that these rules are not absolute. We have but to look at the lax morals and accommodating creeds of too many of those who read "what they like," to be convinced of the necessity of some guidance in the matter, at least, until a correct taste is formed. During college life this guidance is easily obtained. The professor of history, for example, would willingly direct the attention of his class to different standard authors, and indicate the parts bearing on the question under discussion. Anti-Catholic writers could be safely read in conjunction with passages of the works wherein the Catholic side of the question is most ably presented. The student who thus reads history will with comparatively little study, become familiar with the masterly style of Hume, the "extensive, various and profound" knowledge of Hallam, and the "gigantic merit" of the impartial Lingard. Chapters of Guizot and Buckle, compared with corresponding chapters of Balmes, would go far towards giving one a just idea of the real influences which have been at work in European civilization; and go far also, towards making one familiar with many of the prejudices and sophistries which he would otherwise meet under less favorable circumstances. The class work will enable him to read, intelligently, isolated parts of authors; and the study, thus conducted, will be productive of benefits which could be obtained otherwise only by an extended course of reading.

What is true of history is equally true

of the natural sciences, of classics, even of mathematics. It is undoubtedly true of philosophy. Lighter literature need be no exception; standard novels can be best read in the light of the lectures on literature.

Reading pursued in this manner may be varied, interesting and useful. Instead of interfering with the course, it will strengthen and supplement it. By the time a young man is graduated, he will not only be sufficiently well read, but he will also have had the opportunity of judging what kind of reading is in accordance with his natural taste and abilities. Then, Emerson's rule, "Read but what you like" can be advantageously followed. Whereas the student who, during his college days, indulges in indiscriminate reading, can be, at best, but a superficial scholar, the formation of whose taste must depend largely upon chance.

BACCALAUREATE REFORM IN FRANCE.

The Minister of Public Instruction for France has recently announced some important changes in the programme of the State University. The two baccalaureates Arts and Science, are replaced by one, bearing the name of Arts; and the system of special courses of study so much in vogue in England and America, is introduced also into France. Two examinations lead to the new Baccalaureate of Arts. The matter of the first is the same for all candidates, viz., the ancient and modern languages. What knowledge of these is required cannot be learned from the bare outline of the official programme, which merely states that the candidates must pass a written examination in Latin, and orals in Greek, Latin, French, and German or English. After passing the first examination, the student has to choose from three courses of study the one which

he wishes to be the subject of his second and final examination. These three courses are Philosophy, Mathematics and Natural Science, and are arranged similarly to the Honor Classes in the same subjects in our universities. The students of Philosophy must also be examined in Physics and Chemistry; the students of Mathematics and Physics are required to know something of Philosophy. And the successful candidate will receive his diploma as Bachelor of Arts in the course of Philosophy, in the course of Mathematics, or in the course of Natural Science.

Such is the programme of reform announced by M. Bourgeois. Its chief significance is that it curtails in some measure the attention given in past years to the study of the natural sciences, which were allowed to usurp the place formerly occupied by classics and philosophy. This curtailment is a half acknowledgment from the French educationists that an exclusively scientific training has not produced the good results expected. And therefore they have once more adopted the old programme, but with some modifications. These modifications are of importance, and their wisdom is already the subject of discussion. The special courses, or honor courses, which prepare for the second examination, contain no provision for classics, which must, therefore, be discontinued after the first examination, that is after the second or third year of the university course. Herein France's new educational programme is inferior to the programmes followed in this country, in which an honor course of classics almost always finds place. And the failure to provide such a course affords the strongest possible argument to those who desire to see classical studies entirely done away with. For, they will say, the study of the classics is useless unless pursued to the point where the student becomes familiar with classical literature; but this he can never become in a few

years' study of the elements of Latin and Greek, which is all that is allowed him by M. Bourgeois' new programme. And utilitarian as the world is, it has not yet ceased to look up to the men who are really classical scholars. John Henry Newman was among the first of English scholars; John Bright boasted of knowing no language but his own. Who will say that the vastly wider influence exerted by the former than by the latter over the minds of all Englishmen, was not largely due to his broader culture? But the classics are not without defenders in France to-day. The powerful voice of Jules Simon is heard proclaiming the necessity of retaining classical studies. The intrepid Mgr. Freppel boldly prophesies that as the church was not long since obliged to protect the classics from the destroying hands of the scientists, she will soon have to throw her ægis over the sciences to save them from the assaults of the resuscitated classicists. *In medio stat virtus*—for *virtus* substitute *Ecclesia* and the saying is equally true.

Another point on which many thoughtful men are inclined to take issue with the Minister of Public Instruction for France, is that the new programme makes philosophy an optional subject or very nearly such, for the knowledge of philosophy required for the B.A. in mathematics and science will most probably be the minimum. Now, there are those who believe that philosophy is the keystone of the educational arch, the study without which all other studies find their usefulness greatly limited. Believing this, they will not willingly see it degraded to the position of an optional study. What alternative proposal they have to offer to the government is not very clear. To pursue simultaneously complete courses of philosophy, mathematics and science, is well nigh a physical impossibility. To defer the two last till the first has been completed, is to leave little time and less

inclination for the studies deferred. It has been suggested by a careful student of the question, that the elements of philosophy, particularly of logic and psychology, might be taught during the three years preceding the first examination. Nor would there be more difficulty in teaching young students the elements of psychology from a properly prepared text-book than there is in teaching them the elements of theology from the catechism. Thus prepared, the students wishing to pass the second examination would, even while devoting special attention mathematics or natural science, be able to acquire such a knowledge of the general principles of philosophy as would enable them to understand the relation in which all the other sciences stand to their queen; such a knowledge as would preserve them from the snares of sophistry, and prevent them from ever harboring the thought that there is contradiction between the science which is discovered and the science which is revealed.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

In a former issue of *THE OWL*, we took occasion to offer a few remarks on the growing tendency among college students to attach themselves to some one or other of the numerous fraternities, which flourish in the modern college. To point out the manifest danger which such action involves, was of course, the sole aim of the writer, but the effect was important, as well as interesting, from another point of view.

In the first place, the article in question, called forth a large share of criticism thereby showing that a vital spot had been struck; and in the second place, we are presumptuous enough to think that our remarks helped to open the way to an investigation of the merits and demerits of these fraternities.

For us, there is no difficulty in express-

ing an opinion with regard to them. They are an evil, little less serious than the ordinary secret society, of which they seem to be so many branches. Their motive is sinister, uncharitable and unchristian—a triple demand for their abolition. Selfishness, pure and simple, is the underlying principle of all secret organizations, and there is that about them which, at once, causes us to look upon them with suspicion, viz., their number. If the college fraternity, for instance, is intended for the mutual happiness, protection and advancement of the students, why should not one or two, suffice to care for the interests of a community? Other things being equal, such should be the case. What do we find, however? At the foot of the scale, there is the fraternity, which numbers among its members the lowest order of pupils, in a word, the dunces. Next, comes the society of the “middling good” ones and, at the top, gazing scornfully down upon their inferiors, are the “Sigma Taus” or the “Phi Beta Kappas” as the case may be, the sum total of the wisdom and worth of the community. Never is a student admitted into one of these bodies, by reason of some commendable quality of which he may be the possessor, but always in the belief that his membership will reflect credit on the society and be of service to the other members thereof. It is useless to come empty handed, as it were, to seek admission into one of them: unless the applicant can lay claim to some material or moral possession, of which the fraternity can hope to enjoy the fruit, it is, in vain that he asks for assistance. Such is the benevolence of the college fraternity. But even here, there is something, be it ever so small, of the essential element of benevolence, whereas in the secret society, properly so called, there is none, absolutely none.

And just here, perhaps, it would be well to show the propriety of our remarks. The different Colleges of the land, are the store-

houses for the occupants of every position of trust in the public gift. College-bred citizens are called upon to take the leading places in the pulpit, at the bar of justice and in our legislative councils, and if this be so, how important must it be to preserve the young intellect from the crippling effects of fraternity influence. Since the preservation of order, as well as the future well-being of the classes, is, to a large extent, in the hands of the student, it is of infinite concern that he should be carefully guarded lest lodge-poisoned blood should be injected into his veins, and his capacity for subsequent usefulness totally destroyed. Masonry and Odd-fellowship, and their kindred institutions are already sufficiently alluring, so much so, that, even if the influence of the fraternity were not undesirable, its assistance would be unnecessary, to keep up the larger societies. But, if the danger which they constitute is to be averted, if the fountains of jealousy and hatred are to be dried up, if harmony and mutual confidence are to prevail among men living together under different institutions, in a word, if the liberty of the citizen is to be preserved, and just government assured to all, it is by offering an effectual opposition to secret societies. They are, indeed, powerful, but they will be more so unless opposed, and opposition is imperative, because they are anti-social, anti-national and anti Catholic.

The Annual Retreat, to open on the 19th of this month, is looked forward to with daily increasing interest on the part of the students. This exercise is of the greatest moment, its good results being almost beyond appreciation. But, it is quite evident to all that, until this Retreat is made, their minds remain in an unsettled state, and that they accomplish more in a week's time after it than they could have in two weeks before. It will be conducted by the Rev. Father Whelan, Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa.

LITERARY NOTICE.

In the *Ave Maria* for September are maintained that excellence of matter and general elevation of tone which have characterized the magazine since its inception, and made it a welcome visitor in thousands of Catholic homes. The frontispiece consists of a well executed cut of "Le Pressentiment de la Vierge" by Landelle. A glance at the table of contents shows that the *Ave Maria* still counts amongst its contributors some of the ablest writers in the land. With poetry by Eleanor C. Donnelly and Katherine Tynan, description, by Charles Warren Stoddard, fiction, by Christian Reid, and familiar chats by Maurice F. Egan, the *Ave Maria* furnishes a variety of matter of such excellent quality as should satisfy all tastes. The article on "The Dolors of our Blessed Lady," with which the September issue opens, forms a fitting complement of the frontispiece and is fully deserving of the prominence accorded it. The life of Cardinal Newman is summed up in a way eminently calculated to show the strength of the great prelate as a controversialist, as well as his zeal for the spread of truth. The "Chats with Good Listeners" by Maurice F. Egan grow, if anything, more interesting, as they proceed. Written in a happy, familiar strain, these short essays aim at instructing at the same time that they entertain, and seldom has so worthy an object been so successfully attained. A highly commendable feature of the *Ave Maria* is its "Youth's Department" wherein the high standard of excellence, characteristic of its other departments, is fully sustained. The magazine should find a place in every Catholic household.

EXCHANGES.

The *Oberlin Review*, whilst allotting a generous space to editorials and local news, devotes none whatever to literary essays. To our mind this should not be. "Literature," says Disraeli, "is an avenue to glory, ever open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honours or of wealth." This being so, we consider the utility of a college journal dependent in a great degree upon the advantages it affords students of first setting foot in this avenue and of testing their ability for progressing therein. The literary portion of a college

journal, moreover, serves to the outside world as a criterion of the work accomplished within the institution.

The *Athenæum* has a well-sustained literary department, a feature the more noticeable that it is wanting in many of our exchanges. The study on Chaucer in the current issue shows a thorough acquaintance with the works of the "Father of English poetry," as well as a good insight into their influence upon our literature. Numerous local notes enhance the interest of the *Athenæum* for those more directly connected with the institution from which it emanates.

The *Pacific Pharos* has soared beyond the realms of prose, and now disports itself in the exalted sphere of poetry. "Eventide," though somewhat uneven, is passing fair, and contains some fine touches of sentiment, intermingled with occasional bits of well executed word painting.

The *Napa Classic*, by its neat appearance, creates a favorable impression, which is heightened by a perusal of its columns. In "The Heritage of Culture" much that is beautiful in thought finds expression in language not less beautiful.

The *University Record* publishes a memorial number on the occasion of the installation of the new Abbot, Rt. Rev. Dr. Locnikar. An interesting account of the proceedings connected therewith is furnished. The number is embellished with numerous cuts of the most distinguished members of the Benedictine order in America, accompanied by short sketches of their lives. The issue is a credit to the editors.

The *Mount*, in a well written editorial on the "Higher Education of Women," holds the view that "as the strength of a woman is inferior to her nobility of character, greatness of soul and tenderness of heart, such, as a rule, should be the proportion between her studies; less of the strengthening, more of the beautifying," a view which to us seems the most rational on this vexed question. We are told also that such is the principle acted upon at Mount de Chantal, and, judging from the *Mount*, it is attended with eminent success.

And lo! a voice from the far distant West, to wit, the *Eagle*, which will in future watch over the interests of St.

Louis College, New Westminster, B.C. *The Owl* extends the claw of good fellowship to the new comer, and trusts that although it has, as yet, but a "small, still voice," it will grow and wax strong in its mountain home until its screech is heard throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The *High School Times* is a well edited journal, but would be improved by increasing the literary matter at the expense of the local items.

The *Bates' Student* is one of the most complete of our exchanges, all its departments being well kept up. "Is it probable that Russia will drive England out of India within fifty years" is answered in the affirmative, and some strong reasons are adduced in proof of the assertion. A writer on poetry considers that the poets of the old order are gone, and that the great poet of the scientific era is yet to come.

The *Washington Jeffersonian* has an interesting account of travel in Palestine, but it is marred by the careless style in which it is written. The author of "No Genius Like Hard Work" shows a thorough appreciation of the power of constant application. He who is thoroughly convinced that "they who would win fame, glory, true riches and honour, must study, toil and labour, work and wait, has already won one half the battle of life."

The *Earlhamite* compares favourably with our best exchanges. Its literary matter is of a high order of excellence and its editorial department well conducted.

The *Christian Cynosure* is not a college paper, and, consequently, we may be straying somewhat from our province in mentioning it here, but, as it is the exponent of a movement against secret societies of all kinds, and as most American colleges are literally honeycombed by such organizations, we deem no apology necessary for so doing. The publication of such a paper as the *Cynosure* proves that society is at last awakening to a sense of the magnitude of the danger with which it is threatened by such societies. Taken at their best they are, and always have been, essentially selfish. No regard is had by their members to the real worth of a man to fill a position, but he receives their support purely and simply because

he is one of themselves. In a country like America, where the voice of the people is omnipotent, the deleterious effects of such united action can scarcely be overestimated. Those engaged in battling against this terrible evil are fully aware of the strength of the opposing forces and purpose, as we learn from the *Cynosure*, to make the fight wholly undenominational, than which no better augury could be given of an ultimate victory. We trust their triumph will be swift and sure.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gregorio has stoutly refused to allow his name to be used as a heading for one of the "Owl's" most interesting columns, seeing that his former class-mates and associates on the campus, have heretofore been totally ignored. To effect a compromise, and, if possible, prevent any serious calamity from befalling our journal we, hereby, pledge ourselves to publish, as often as circumstances will permit, the doings and whereabouts of those whom our young friend holds in such high esteem.

The Skelly Bros. of last year's second grade are at present engaged on a machine, which when completed, will prevent snow from falling on open-air rinks.

Midas Beauchemin has been promoted from the humble occupation of accountant to that of general manager of the establishment mentioned in our last number.

Joe Donovan has been appointed captain of a New York base ball team.

A. Vallerand, who graduated with high honors from the commercial department last year, is preparing a work on mensuration, for the express use of the 4th grade.

Cain is devoting all his energies towards facilitating the acquirements of the Latin tongue.

Robidoux, the athlete, is at present travelling on the continent, preparing himself for the position of professor of calisthenics.

Bernard, of last year's third grade, is writing a compendium of the history of Ireland up to 1690 A.D.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee, the following managers were appointed. For baseball, O. Allard; football, W. P. Murphy; lacrosse, Walter Brophy.

Lacrosse has recently become the most popular game with the junior boys. Mr. Brophy and his committee have displayed considerable discretion in the selection of players. They are as follows: W. Weir, P. Connolly, W. P. Murphy, P. Slattery, O. Allard, D. Leyden, I. McCabe, W. Brophy, H. Cameron, H. Gibbons and F. Lamoureux.

Many of last year's baseball team are missing, but there is still plenty of good material from which a first class nine may be chosen. Under the able management of O. Allard, we have no doubt that the following boys will uphold the honors won by their predecessors: F. Lamoureux, H. Gibbons, A. Allard, H. Cameron, W. Brophy, A. Beaulieu, R. Beaulieu, F. Leonard and O. Allard.

The handball alley was the great centre of attraction on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 11th, for there was to be decided who should be champions of that most fascinating game. Four teams were found to be in readiness to compete, owing, no doubt, to the fact that a bag of apples was offered as prize for the winning team.

The following are the teams:

1. Allard, Gray, and Christin.
2. R. Beaulieu, Kavanagh, and A. Ver-rault.
3. Malo, A. Beaulieu, and Maloney.
4. Weir, M. Mellon, and P. Mellon.

After three very closely contested games, during which no small amount of skill was displayed by all, it was decided that Maloney's team had won the match.

The president took advantage of this favorable occasion to banquet those who supported him during the recent severe contest.

Maloney proved most conclusively that the orator, statesman and hand-ball player, are not necessarily three distinct persons.

*Neque dicit Malo mala mala,
Estque bene bona Malo mala.*

N. B.—A year's subscription to THE OWL is offered to the member of the third grade who will first bring the translation of the above to the *Sanctum* of THE OWL.

The following is a list of the students who held first places in their classes for the month of September:—

1st Grade—1, S. Léveillé; 2, A. Campeau; 3, H. Valin.

2nd Grade—1, T. Coulombe; 2, J. de L'Etoile; 3, C. Brophy.

3rd Grade, B—1, J. McDougall; 2, A. Gosse; 3, J. Quirn.

3rd Grade, A—1, J. Robert; 2, P. Mellon; 3, G. Gray.

4th Grade—1, W. Brophy; 2, W. L. Fagan; 3, O. Laplante.

ATHLETICS.

In our last issue, we inadvertently omitted mentioning the reorganization of the "third team." We do so now to draw attention to the importance, and even, the necessity of having those football teams. Every year, there are vacancies in the ranks of the first fifteen, and new players must be had to fill the place of the retired. In past years we have had not a few instances of players taking their places on the first team without having to serve any time as members of the second. This year the number of young players was sufficiently large to organize three clubs. A match takes place between them on every holiday and the team having the best record at the end of the season will be duly accorded the proud title of the "third fifteen." The players are evenly divided and their tactics might well be imitated by older footballers. We congratulate the members of those teams upon the skill they have evinced in their play, and would advise them to continue in their practice.

* * *

As football is considered to be the most important game at this season of the year, it consequently receives the most attention and the other games are to a certain extent neglected. Our lacrosse manager, however, being as great an admirer of that game as he is a player of football, resolved that his men should not remain idle. The club was scheduled in the Junior Lacrosse League to play the Independents on Sept. 27th, and the Gladstones on Oct. 4th. The match on Sept. 27th resulted in a victory for our boys by a score of 5 goals to 1. The Independents, however, attributed their defeat to the absence of some of their best players. On Oct. 4th, the Gladstones proved themselves to be mightier foes than the Independents. Owing to the Glengarrigan-Capital match taking place on the same afternoon, the match between the junior teams was restricted to an hour's duration. At the end of that time each

side had scored a goal, and the match was declared a draw.

* *

From the present outlook, it seems that the championship of the Ontario Rugby Football Union will not be won by Toronto, as was once thought. Previous to Oct. 4th, it was a foregone conclusion that the Torontos would defeat all the clubs scheduled against them. The Hamiltons, however, had a surprise in store for them, and when those teams met in Hamilton on Oct. 4th, the Torontos were defeated by a score of 8 to 5. This, we understand, spoils Toronto's chance for the cup. It seems that the players of the ambitious city said very little about what they were going to do, but practiced steadily, and therein they were wise, for one week's practice is worth more than six month's newspaper gossip.

* *

We see that the executive of the Ontario Rugby Football Union has recommended the appointment of touch line judges, and that the clubs of the Quebec Union have gone further and have given the suggestion a trial, as there were such officials in the recent Montreal-Britannia match. The suggestion is a practical one. It is extremely difficult, and even almost impossible, for a referee standing in the middle of the field to decide whether or not a player that is running up or down the side of the field remains within the proper limits. And the difficulty is increased, if it happen to be a wet day, and the white lines are partly washed away by the rain. Hence the necessity of having a judge to decide whether the ball, or a player running with it, is in or out of touch.

* *

Two former Ottawa College men are prominent in Toronto football circles. W. C. McCarthy, '89, formerly captain and half-back of the champions, is now half-back for the Toronto city club, and, according to the newspaper accounts, is playing a splendid game for the Toronto City team. G. A. Griffin, at one time the manager of the Varsity team, has been selected as one of the official referees for the O. R. F. U. championship matches.

* *

Late as is the season, the lovers of base ball have not yet entirely abandoned their favorite pastimes. On Saturday, October

11th, previous to the football match, a game of base ball took place between the 'Varsity nine and the Rideaus of Ottawa. The following constituted the teams:—'Varsity—Ivers, O'Laughlin, Regis, Codd, Everest, McCluskey, Quinn, Murphy and Perusse. Rideaus—Redmond, Dickson, McIntyre, Quinn, Cleary, Howe, O'Connor, Shea and Lemieux. McCluskey and Regis formed the 'Varsity battery and Dickson and O'Connor filled similar positions for the Rideaus. The play throughout was exciting and few errors were committed. Only seven innings were played, at the end of which the score stood 9 to 7 in favor of the students. Quinn, Everest, McCluskey and Regis of the 'Varsity are all new men, and there are others among the new comers that are no mean exponents of base ball. Together with them and the old players, 'Varsity ought to have a good nine next spring.

* *

The Toronto *Mail* comments severely upon the amount of wrangling there was in the Toronto-Hamilton match, and the *Empire* is indignant over the conduct of a portion of the audience, in hooting the Toronto players. Hamilton played Ottawa College, on the College grounds, in '88, and there was very little talking indulged in; and when the Toronto city team played here last fall, not one dispute marred the game. As for the noisy element of Ottawa College, which was nothing more than the old Varsity cheer, given by about four hundred students, and the tooting of a dozen or more horns, but which drew forth the censure of some western papers, we think it cannot be much worse than hooting at a visiting team. We do not make these remarks for the mere satisfaction of pointing the finger of reproach at others, but rather to show that Ottawa College boys are not so bad after all.

FOOT-BALL.

The foot-ball season was opened on Saturday, October 11th, by an exhibition match between the first fifteen of Ottawa City and the University champions. The most fastidious could hardly wish for a more pleasant day, and as a consequence a large crowd had assembled at an early hour in the afternoon to witness the first game of rugby played on the College Grounds since the memorable 9th of November, 1889, when the Queen's

College team retired from the field vanquished, but not entirely hopeless.

For about three weeks both teams had been practicing pretty hard, and all expected to see a closely contested match. But scarcely had the ball been in motion five minutes when it became quite evident that it was going to be a purely defence game on the part of the Ottawas. The College team is the lightest that has been put in the field for years, but every man is a foot-baller. The following is taken from the report of the game as given by the *Free Press*. "Although the score was twenty-five to one, still the Ottawas played with more dash and vim than they ever did in former years. The Collegians as usual played without a fault, notwithstanding that the team was a comparatively green and light one, compared with that of three years ago, when they won the championship of the Dominion. The fifteen is, however, composed of the very best material and every man on the team is quick and possessed of that speed which goes to make a good foot-ball player.

At half-past three o'clock both teams marched on the field and were most enthusiastically applauded, after a few moments the ball was placed and the players lined up as follows:—

<i>Ottawas.</i>			<i>University.</i>	
Whitehouse,	} ½ Backs,		Belanger,	
Panet,			Troy,	
Trudeau,	} ¼ Backs,		Cormier,	
Cambie,			Gaudet,	
Lay,	} Wings,		Guillet,	
McFarlane,			Proderick,	
Ridout,	} Fowards,		Sparrow,	
Waters,			Tetrault,	
Stowe,	} Fowards,		F. McDougal,	
P. Taylor,			Charron,	
H. Taylor,	} Fowards,		McCarthy,	
Warden,			McDonald,	
Bentley,	} Fowards,		Masson,	
Blanchet,			Leveque,	
O'Sullivan,	} Fowards,		Maher,	

Mr. Jno. P. Smith captained the University team and Mr. G. A. Lowe discharged like duties for the Ottawas.

The Ottawas won the toss, and decided to defend the western goal. Guillet gently touches the ball with his toe, picks it up, runs a few paces and is tackled by P. Taylor. Then follows the first scrimmage, from which the ball quickly emerges to Gaudet, who passes to Guillet and it is driven down field towards the Ottawa goal, and Proderick is on hand like a flash and Trudeau fails to return. Another scrimmage ensues, this time Masson gets the ball, dives through the Ottawa's backs and lodges it behind the goal line. First touch down in three minutes. Guillet fails to kick a goal, and the ball is again sent up the field. Gaudet secures it and returned it well down field.

After one or two short scrimmages the ball is worked over the goal line and another point added to the score. Four times in rapid succession the ball is kicked over the Ottawas' goal line, and each time a rouge is obtained, Trudeau by a long drop, drives the ball past centre field. From a line up Taylor and Warden secure the ball, and, by close dribbling, work it past the University backs and over the goal line, thus compelling Cormier to rouge. The score now stood 9 to 1. Again the leather is in motion within fifteen yards of the Ottawas' goal. From a scrimmage, Gaudet secures the ball, passes to Guillet, who dropped a beautiful goal. One more rouge is added, owing to the brilliant play of Troy, who up to the present time scarcely allowed a ball to pass, thus depriving the full-back of the pleasure of a single kick. After a few minutes during which time neither side had much advantage, half-time is called; score 14 to 1.

The second half proved to be more interesting than the first, and although the Ottawas failed to score, still they seemed to improve as the game advanced.

Trudeau again kicked off to within a few yards of the University goal line, but Troy was back in an instant, and by the grandest punt of the day returned past centre. There, a few brief scrimmages, several fouls and much loose play on both sides took place. Panet secured the ball, and with a long punt sent it into Belanger's arms. Although this was the first time the little fellow had the satisfaction of handling the ball during the game, still he did not wait to examine it, but quickly returned. Stowe gets the ball, but being tackled by McDougal, passed to Waters. This was the only attempt on the part of the Ottawas at passing, and this time it failed, for Tetrault was at hand and having secured the rubber, started off at full speed for the goal line. Being tackled he dropped the ball, and Sparrow close in the rear kicked into touch. Then follows a succession of rouges till the score reaches 20 to 1. Owing to some brilliant passing by Cormier and Gaudet another touch-down is secured, which Guillet failed to convert into a goal. Time is shortly called, the score standing Ottawa 1, University 25.

Mr. J. P. Smith, the newly appointed manager of the University team, understands the game thoroughly, and is not slow to point out to his men their mistakes.

Mr. Jno. O'Connor, as referee, gave perfect satisfaction to both teams.

* * *

The first scheduled game of Rugby for the season was played on the College grounds on Saturday, October 4th, between the Iron Sides of the

city and the College Juniors. The teams lined up as follows :

<i>College Juniors.</i>		<i>Iron Sides.</i>
O. Allard,	Backs,	F. Birkett,
A. Beaubien,	} ½ backs,	{ B. Hill,
C. Kavanagh,		{ O. Bradley,
W. Weir,	} ¼ backs,	{ E. Woolsey,
W. P. Murphy,		{ G. Hardie.
H. Cameron,	} Wings,	{ E. Forby,
F. Lamoureux,		{ F. Scott,
A. Constantine,		{ A. Leger,
O. Richard,		{ J. Lalonde.
J. McCabe,	} Rush,	{ D. Neeve,
P. McCabe,		{ W. McDonald,
R. Beaubien,		{ E. Code,
A. Allard,		{ R. Blackburn,
J. Copping,		{ A. Kerr,
H. O'Connor,		{ W. Moore.

The game proved most interesting and exciting during the first half, the score standing 5 to 5. Owing to rain, the second half could not be played, but arrangements were made for a return match on October 15th.

CECILIAN SOCIETY.

Thanks to the energy and patient devotedness of Rev. Father Gervais, O.M.I., the University Band is, at length, fully re-organized, and in all appearance, bids fair to be of no little moment among the factors of the Institution. In order to insure success, the Rev. Father Director has established a body of students to be known hereafter as the Cecilian Society, whose members are all musicians of no mean merit. But, "that practice makes perfect" cannot be too strongly impressed upon their minds. Every student has often been made aware of this, especially in athletics, where little, or no confidence was ever reposed in the boy that did not practise, and where constant and repeated application was always deemed an essential ingredient of success. If, then, in athletic or manly sports such has been the case, how much more so is practice required in the prosecution of the Fine Arts, music, especially.

LIST OF MEMBERS.—Rev. Fr. J. H. Eward, O.M.I., Rev. Fr. J. Jacob, O.M.I. Mr. P. Brunelle, Mr. T. Tetreau, Mr. A. Archambeault, Mr. O. Lavallee, Mr. J. Landry, Mr. A. Sabourin, Mr. P. Paradis, Mr. R. St. Pierre, Mr. T. Lighton, Mr. M. Duhamel, Mr. J. King, Mr. P. Clancy, Mr. A. Larue, Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. F. Lamouraux, Mr. H. Gibbons.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

A. J. McDougall, of last year's Engineering class, is engaged on the Canada Atlantic Railway survey.

Jobson H. Paradis, formerly of '90, passed successfully the B. A. examination at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and is now at that institution taking the post graduate course in arts, and also following the class of painting and drawing.

THE OWL extends its congratulations to F. R. Latchford, '82, upon his recent marriage, and wishes our esteemed alumnus and his bride lifelong happiness and prosperity.

Walter McGreevy, who was in college last year, is attending the Laval Law School.

Ernest Lambert, a former member of '91, has entered upon the study of law.

W. J. McNally, also formerly of '91, is a member of the Freshman class of the McGill School of Medicine.

We are pleased to learn that T. J. Rigney, who last year was obliged to leave on account of sickness, is now much improved in health.

F. M. Doyle, who passed with success the autumn matriculation examinations, intends entering the School of Science, Toronto.

E. Adolphe Letellier, the medallist of last year's commercial class, has gone into business at Peterboro', Ont.

James Hanley, commercial graduate '87, is now one of the merchants of Belleville, Ont.

J. H. Grant, an alumnus of '90, has gone to the Seminary of Louvain, where he will pursue the course of Theology.

Thomas Curran, who for the past two years was an esteemed member of "the corridor," is now on the briny deep, on his way to the Eternal City, where he will enter upon the study of Theology. We wish our former fellow-member of the staff a most pleasant journey and success in his studies.

C. H. Evans, B.A., '83, has resigned his position on the staff of the *Pittsburg Dispatch* to accept a more important one on a journal in the same city.

ULULATUS.

Oc-to-ber !

B r r r r r !

Scared leaves !

Naked boughs !

Overcoats !

Fervet opus !

Friget tempus !

What's the price of turnips, John ?

To our printer's devil : Go, tell your master to take good care that *i* be not mistaken for *u*, for that would be most *innatural* and *unjurious*.

In the sanctum, one evening, the editor stood
As twilight closed over the scene,
And said to himself, in an angry mood,
"This surely is awfully mean."
For close by his side, stood out in relief,
Three lamps of various styles.
But the contents of one, by the hands of a thief
Served the readers of different files ;
The other had oil, but oh ! what a trick !
Some midnight marauder had stolen the wick ;
The third one had wick and oil in galore,
But its chimney in pieces is found on the floor.
"Alas !" cried the editor in grief and despair,
"Scenes such as this would make any man swear."
But pondering awhile on the strength of his project,
"Surely some friendly being will throw light on the subject."

Delinquent subscribers are hereby notified that our "minister without portfolio" has become "Fighting Editor."

A venerable member of the Senior Philosophy Class, while *coming* o'er the rules of lacrosse, on seeing a diminutive canine attempting to masticate the rubber, during a recent lacrosse match, gravely inquired whether, in case the aforesaid rubber were swallowed by the aforesaid dog, the latter would have to be substituted for the former. "Yes," replied another brilliant disciple of Aristotle, "if he *fits* on the stick as well as the ball."

"Nicodemus, the slave, who was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth" should be hung up in the Refectory over the plate of the new manager.

Who could question the existence of latent talent, when the following poetic effusion has been handed to us by a member of the class of '99? :—

A PARAPHRASE ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
Our Hero lowered at the dead of night,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the one that we will see no more,
The sods with our bayonets we turned by the light
of the
Moon and the lanterns dimly burning.
The funeral is over now.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end and way.
We carved not a line and we raised not a stone,
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot prints on the sands of time.
And we left him alone in his glory.

In astronomy class, Prof. :—"Can you read off the Vernier, Mr. Twinkle !"

Twinkle, (bewildered) :—"I've heard of the book, sir, but never read it."

THE DUDE.

How he prances,
And glances,
And dances,
And trips up and down thro' the street,
Oh ! his pants are so tight,
And his head is so light,
That t'would fly like a kite,
Were it not for the weight of his feet.

He's so slim,
And so trim,
And so prim,
With a light growth of down for a "tache ;"
Which he waxes with care,
Lest he'd pull out a hair,
And thus leave his lip bare—
What misfortune t'would be for a "mash" !

He flutters,
And mutters,
And stutters,
And forces the world to conclude
That Darwin would wink,
To his friends and would drink
To the long "missing link,"
Which, at last, has turned up in the "Dude."