

# The Owl.



VOL. II.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 6.

## GLADSTONE AND INGERSOLL.

**T**HE things which captivate the attention of thoughtful men are many and varied, but few of them are of such profound and weighty interest, as those which are connected in any way with the lives and achievements of the great minds of their own times. There is a force in the social world whose action upon our sympathies is equivalent to that which the law of gravitation exercises in the world of nature, with this difference, however, that the motive of our sympathies, unlike that of falling bodies, is doubly accelerated when they run parallel to the power which influences them.

To one who views the thickly set firmament of fame from the nineteenth century observatory, there are no such lustrous stars, naturally, as those which are nearest his point of observation. With tradition's long telescope, strengthened and improved by history, he may easily trace the outlines of the luminous bodies of antiquity still clearly though faintly visible, through the gloom of intervening years, but he takes a more vivid interest with a partiality which is not hard to understand and forgive, in those other stars, whose brilliancy and splendor, he can contemplate with his naked eye. Towards which of these do the men of our day turn their watchful, eager gaze most often? To one whose mortal course, alas the pity of it! is now nearly run.

For more than half a century, the name of William E. Gladstone has been upon the lips of men and nations; the cares of a mighty empire have weighed upon him, and while thousands of his sovereign's subjects laughed and sang and slept away the weeks, and months, and years, making merry over a loyalty, which it cost them little to sustain, *he* worked, assiduously and unwearingly, that the time of his administration might be peaceful and prosperous and beneficial to the world at large, which in many ways he ruled, at least indirectly. Let us try to imagine for one moment, we, who by contrast to such men are the very residue of intellectual and useful humanity, what it is to lie down at night with the great map of England's vast dominion in our minds, and the countless human souls which they represent looking steadily at us; to dream of her army and her navy, her government, her commerce and industries, her fiscal and social and foreign policies, her dangers at home and abroad, her present and prospective conditions, her literature, her science and her morals, and then to awake and find that we are each and all of these for the time being, and that we must get up and put on these innumerable responsibilities and personalities as though they were so many ordinary articles of apparel, with the miserably cruel conviction that so long as all goes well with us we shall be let alone, unthanked, unheeded even by the millions of motley souls whose interests we have sworn to serve! When we have

thought of all this, let us ask ourselves whether or not the man who is born to such an estate, and who tries to do it justice is entitled to something more than a passive recognition of his merits from those whose firesides he has protected, whose coffers he has filled, whose rights he has defended, and whose wrongs he has redressed? Can any one recognise in this rough sketch, the silver-haired premier of England, with whom, O tell it it not in Gath, a certain Mr. Ingersoll of local notoriety is destined to enjoy a fortuitous connection during the coming months! *The North American Review*, a periodical of the most questionable orthodoxy, has announced an impending treat to its readers, in the shape of a controversy upon that muchly-controverted subject, religion. If I remember rightly, it is expected to last twelve months. The assailant is Mr. Robert Ingersoll, and if the precept that practice makes perfect be worth anything, he shall attack his subject with no "prentice han." The defendant is Wm. Ewart Gladstone!

Like his archetype, that disreputable twelfth part of a shilling, Mr. Ingersoll has 'turned up' again. It was his ill-luck to have 'turned up' on a former occasion between the fingers of a knowing man, who gave him some merciless knocks upon the flinty counters of common sense, and set a whole world of spectacles laughing at his spuriousness, Father L. A. Lambert of Waterloo, Diocese of Rochester, N. Y. If he does not meet with a worse fate now, he may thank his various gods, for unless they arm him with necessary weapons of defence, he shall pay dearly for his rashness. It seems odd to us that men like Father Lambert and Mr. Gladstone should wage war against a moral pigmy, such as Mr. Ingersoll has proven himself to be. Of course it is not for us, who are so far below the level of both, to criticise deeds which their profound knowledge and restless zeal inspire them to undertake. We know before hand that such things, to a far-seeing wisdom, are means which justify a most worthy end, but as Mr. Gladstone may be enough like the rest of us not to see himself as others see him, we may be permitted upon this supposition to express some regret that he should have stooped to "wrestle in tough argument" with, or "flash logic" at the

now almost forgotten, or at best unheeded mouthpiece of infidelity in America.

Mr. Ingersoll, as every observing reader knows, is one of those slightly demented people who are constantly inviting argument upon a subject for the ostensible purpose of having their objections legitimately disposed of, and who are determined before hand that no amount of rhyme or reason shall convince them of anything they do not already allow. Now, surely the man is no match for the immortal Gladstone, who, were it not for the just horror which every fair minded and well bred antagonist has, of saying anything in matters of controversy that might be construed into personal abuse, should have long since been condemned as insane upon the one theme which has been the burden of his ill-measured and fescennine song, for years!

Mr. Gladstone must of course be sure of doing some good by entering the field of polemics with this man, and is therefore justified in challenging him, but it has always seemed to me that a victory is more or less compunctious when one has slain a weak and ill-armed adversary.

Mr. Ingersoll is basking in the sweetly foolish conviction that his discoveries in the Bible and elsewhere are too good to be summarily wiped out by anybody else's, so he bathes them after each conflict tenderly and fondly in the classic marsh of Lerna and deceives himself with the belief that they come forth full-formed Hydras, more formidable and less vulnerable every time. What he cannot realize is that among those whose principles he challenges with a perseverance truly worthy of a more promising cause, there are two thousand strong unconquered and unconquerable Hercules for every head upon his ill proportioned monster. Mr. Ingersoll should know this, for it has been pointed out to him in various unpleasant ways, since he first began this poor fruitless crusade against a power whose shield is of "ten-fold adamant." But suppose Mr. Ingersoll, or his tenets, which are the same thing, to be a real raving Hydra, and suppose the Hydra to have double the number of stomachs that he has heads, and suppose these stomachs to be filled up with an ideal digestive apparatus, he could rot, even at this distant date have turned into chyme, the dose of cold heavy

logic which the relentless Lambert so dexterously administered to him, when, urged more I think by his humanity, than any apprehension he could have had of the effect of the infidel's words, which could not unsinew the creed of a child, he sought to cure his fellow creature of a vile distemper, which has held possession of him for a distressingly long time. But the unthankful patient hates both the remedy and the physician, as every one shall see when Mr. Gladstone attempts to repeat the dose. There is one feature however of the projected contest which must be a source of no small satisfaction to Mr. Ingersoll, and which shall establish a stimulating sort of precedent for those who are inclined to follow in his footsteps; it is, that he should have succeeded in attracting the serious attention of one of the greatest potentates of the day by dint of invincible perseverance in his pronouncedly wicked course. This is Mr. Ingersoll's laurel-crown, and poisoned though the leaves may be, he should cherish them fondly and proudly. This sort of triumph is the only heaven which he has not shut against himself, let him enjoy it therefore while it lasts, and make the most of it. When he comes out of the scathful conflict, it shall be in a strong mood to sympathize most cordially with that more or less eminent historical personage whose vaunted privilege it was, to have received a gratuitous, and more impetuous than affectionate impression of one of the pedal extremities of His Majesty King George upon a sensitive corner of his corporeal substance. The process involved some discomfort, as processes of too suddenly surprising a nature are wont to do, and a momentary humiliation before the vulgar rabble who cannot be trained to recognize a nice distinction, but it was gratifying when the ordeal was over, it must have been, for the unworthy recipient of the royal favor to feel that if he and his Sovereign had not rubbed shoulders in the strictly literal sense of the term, they had rubbed other joints of equal importance, and with a force which quite compensated for whatever the shoulders would have supplied.

There is one weapon however, which Mr. Gladstone may not wield in his defense of Christianity, for it hangs upon the richly-trophied walls of an ancient armory, from which, by his own choice, he stands

excluded. He may see its glitter through the sombre low-lying clouds which hang between him and this sacred depository, better known as The Church of Christ, and considering the stuff his adversary is made of, he may fight and win without it. But if those who stand within arm's-reach of it, (and many of them are children of his own Alma Mater), could hand it to him across the narrow prejudices which separate him from it, the world should stand appalled at the results. If only the warrior himself had not drunk so long and deeply from the infected breasts of that Alma Mater, he should like many of his Oxford contemporaries have outlived his morbid intolerance of the Church which disputes and disallows the claims of the Communion whose interests she has long tried to serve, to the undivisible title of Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and should have secured to himself the right of fighting side by side with Newman, Brownson and Faber, and all those world-famed immortals, who have rallied round the standard of Catholicism, in the last fifty years. But we are bound by the scrupulous rectitude with which Mr. Gladstone has ever discharged the duties of his public life, to believe that he has done no criminal violence to his convictions by remaining in the ranks which have been deserted by some of his nearest and dearest friends. He can be intolerant of what seems to him assumptions on the part of the Catholic Church in a defensive sort of way, which is quite a different thing from the offensive attitude of less earnest and intelligent heretics. His pamphlet entitled *The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civilization* (1874) though not perhaps what he would write now, that he has had reason to change some of his old opinions and form some new ones, has been judged by more than one extremist as a mere outburst of prejudice against the Roman Church, but though this prejudice exists and not causelessly, to those who bear in mind the peculiar circumstances of the author's early life and the various exacting events which marked that portion of it when men make their choice of the principles which shall govern their future, it is nothing more than a negative affirmation of his own faith, with just as much causticity in it as the leaven of a truth-coated heresy would be likely to produce. But as this is not equally clear

to everybody, his projected apology for Christianity must needs from one standpoint at least, have some drawbacks. This, however shall not prevent it from possessing a great many merits which it shall be sure to have, for the fruits of his vast intellectual labors, of his strangely checkered experience, of his solitary examinations, and his scholarly researches are not all soured, as he has proven time and again to the living generations of admirers who surround him. Is it precipitation then to foretell a certain defeat for a man like Ingersoll, by a genius so great and so versatile as Gladstone's? Of course we are all prepared for the infidel's attitude. We know beforehand just what he will say; his invincible determination to vilify Christianity furnishes him with a startling copiousness of very startling language—but his *réchauffés* lack one charm, one flavor, without what they can no longer gratify the highly-seasoned palates of the epicurean world of readers of our day, and that is novelty. Then, in addition to numerous other mistakes, he has made that fatal one, of identifying conflict with controversy. He is a master of the one, but a poor hand at the other, as everybody knows who saw with what clumsy manoeuvres he sought to escape the confession into which Father Lambert's lucid exposition of his errors threw him, not so very long ago. Mr. Ingersoll has another lesson to learn which the immortal Faber condensed into a few words for the benefit, possibly, of misdemeanants whose memories are conveniently faulty. Habitual reverence, he says, is the high-breeding of the spiritual life. This is a precept which no one can well deny—which Mr. Ingersoll himself could scarcely have the audacity to disallow since it is, and has ever been propped up, by the concurrent verdicts of the majority or educated men. If Mr. Ingersoll, while he is under training for his encounter with Gladstone would only give himself up to an analysis of and a reflection upon the various lessons which are contained in this forcible little aphorism, he might rise a step or two in his profession and from the "wicked barbarian" evolve into an "educated sinner." He might also, by applying himself with the assiduity of a third-form school-boy, outgrow that anile fashion he has of bespattering his unconquerable *Bête-noir*, with all manner of foul and ill-founded aspersions, instead

of confronting it manfully, and showing his virile courage, if he has any! Even the devil-haunted deliriums of the self-intoxicated Shelley are preferable to the tissues of deliberate falsehood and ill-chosen aggressions in which Mr. Ingersoll has formulated his charges against Christianity. But then, we must remember the words of the eminent divine, who has so truly said that "God's attributes are *our* ways of looking at Him, of speaking of Him, and of worshipping Him," for they give us the key-note to the conduct of such men, clearly explaining, why, those whose lives are, to use their own expression, a "vain and feverish dream of sensualism," should find it next to impossible to believe in the existence of essential sanctity. To them, God is that restless, irritating, uncontrollable, self-criminating force which harrows with unsparring severity the hearts of guilty men, and to whose pitiless, cryptic workings may be attributed nine-tenths of the suicides, which are daily committed the world over. Is it any wonder then, that they hate Him? Their hatred is a blind precipitation undoubted, and only adds fuel to the consuming fire, which their evil passions have enkindled, but it is a recognition as well, of the power and supremacy of the Holy, and the Strong God, 'whom to outrage in words is easy, but 'neath whose uplifted hand their timid souls cower, in spite of their much-vaunted fearlessness.' History supports this truth, in the person of the apostate emperor Julian, whose childish efforts to defy the ordinances of the Most High by attempting the reconstruction of the temple of Jerusalem proved not only abortive in their defeat, by the miraculous intervention which in the shape of a whirlwind of flame drove him and his abettors from their daring task, but brought a swift and fearful retribution upon the head of the unlucky traitor, whose irate words, half-smothered in their utterance as they were, by the icy hand of death which clutched him, even as he spoke, shall go down forever to the last generations of men as an unparalleled warning to those who blaspheme their Maker in their hearts, or with their lips. The "Galilean" who "conquered" Julian, has lost none of His power, which is infinite, equal and even worse insults are offered to Him with apparent impunity by traitors of modern times, who throw hand-

fuls of slime instead of blood into His face, His justice is precisely what it was in the fourth century of the Christian era, and in the centuries which preceded that, and in the incomputable eternity which is the parent of all centuries! There is such a thing as a delay in the visitation of Divine wrath, as we who have been taught the truth can testify, but these delays mean punishments and purgations in that tenebrous world where justice rules untempered by the pleadings of a tender mercy, and where those *independent* souls for there *are* some men who proclaim themselves independent of that mercy whose joy it is to stand unwearingly between us and the chastisements which our wickedness deserves, shall reap the full harvest of their temporal misdeeds in "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!"

To one of these illusionists, Mr Gladstone's attention has been directed, and it surely shall not take an overwhelming quantity of the venerable scholar's logic to upset a doctrine whose founders and propagators "understand not the thing they say, nor whereof they affirm." But allowing Mr. Gladstone's projected victory to be an easy one, it must be conceded that it is no less marvellous than praiseworthy to see this busy statesman stealing from the very limited leisure which his countless responsibilities leave him, time to devote himself to the current topics of the day, with a view to defending the truth, and further benefitting the nation whose chiefest ornament he is. He is surely an economist in every sense of the word who lives twice as fast as his most active contemporaries, and yet has minutes and hours remaining to utilize for the emula-

tion of those, who addition to his many other distinctions like to think of him as one of the leading *litterateur* of his century.


Mr. Gladstone, who owes something to the spirited theological discussion which took place some years ago, between him and a world famed convert to the Roman Communion, for the opportunity it gave him of cultivating the intimate acquaintance of the early Fathers and doctors of the Church, and who has realized indeed, that if temporal consolation is to be found anywhere for a man with intellectual and spiritual needs, who has survived the inevitable vicissitudes of a parliamentary career, and the long train of saddening experiences which follow in its wake, will not lay down the arms he has taken up in defence of Christianity until he has given Mr. Ingersoll and his family of sympathizers some wholesome food for reflection. If Mr. Ingersoll has found the principle "throw dirt enough and some shall stick" serve him when reason and learning and the kindred resources of educated men were wanting, Mr. Gladstone ought surely to succeed in throwing as much clear, sunny logic at him as shall reveal some if not all of the countless rents in his ragged system of philosophy, no part of which hangs naturally or securely to any other!

I confess I think it a pity nevertheless that the Grand Old Man shall hereafter be spoken of in the same breath as Ingersoll who may however have the one redeeming trait of proving himself a useful *bob* to a clever angler like Mr. Gladstone, more useful let us hope in that capacity than he is, or can ever be as an animal or an Atheist.

F. E. B.



## ON LAKE AND PRAIRIE.

*(Continued from page 80.)*


O follow in spirit those apostles in their voluntary exile, experience their humble lot or to accompany them in their visits to the Indian camps, to record some of their heroic deeds, to listen to the narrative of their travels, their labors, their fatigues and consolations, to feel the very pulsations of their generous hearts, will be a pleasure to the many who admire these brave missionaries, while it will be interesting even to those who do not share the same enthusiasm.

Now that industry and progress are working such wonders in the great North Western territories, the condition of the missionaries has undergone a change in many localities, but for the greater number toils and fatigues have increased rather than diminished. While the various missions lying along the mighty commercial artery called the Canadian Pacific Railway have suddenly been transformed, as if by magic into villages or thriving towns and are easily reached, the stations northward remain still as lonely and deserted and as difficult of access as they were thirty years ago when the rivers and lakes were the only means of communication, the bark canoe the only conveyance, the paddle and sturdy sinews of the voyageurs the only locomotive.

A half a century is not yet elapsed since the first Oblate missionaries launched their frail canoe near Montreal. Having crossed the St. Lawrence they proceeded up the Ottawa river, passed Bytown now the Capital of the Dominion, and reached Mattawa. From thence through a chain of lakes and rivers, after a journey of over two months they finally reached the Red River in Manitoba and landed at St. Boniface. Father Auber and Father Taché, now Archbishop Taché, were the two Oblate Fathers who first performed this long and tedious journey. In a sketch which Archbishop Taché published some years ago, entitled "Twenty years in the missions" he describes this voyage, and records the feelings of his youthful heart after he had left civilization behind him and reached the shores of the distant

Assiniboine and Saskatchewan. Only the purest zeal and the most generous devotion to the work of conversion of the poor Indians could counterbalance the spirit of loneliness that weighed him down. Although he did not regret the sacrifice he had made to God, he found consolation in confiding a few tears to the waters of the river at his feet, which he knew would, after repeated minglings with other streams, reach the St. Lawrence that washed the shores of his native home where dwell his loving mother.

A poetic nature may find beauties in the landscapes of the vast prairies, it may enjoy travelling through the thick wild forests, or sailing o'er the glassy surface of the extensive lakes and rapid flowing rivers; but the poetic feeling forsakes even the most enthusiastic of men when they are confronted by fatigue, hunger, cold, thirst and every bodily ill. Then the pure desire of saving souls alone survives to stimulate the energy required in the apostle, and it alone will sustain him. Like a burning fire within his breast it will quicken his blood when, in the cold of winter, he travels over the endless prairie, to bring the good tidings of the faith to some far away tribe or administer the consolations of religion to the dying children of the forest. It must be said that the zeal of the new apostles was wonderfully blessed by God. While thirty years ago there were scarcely two or three huts as chapels for an area of over one million square miles, there are now three vicariates, with one hundred and fifty chapels and as many missionaries amongst whom are four bishops. The harvest of souls has also been abundant considering the difficulties that had to be overcome. Several thousand Indians are now converted to the true faith; they received regular visits from the Fathers and their respective bishops, the children are instructed not only in religion, but also in the rudiments of profane knowledge. Training schools where the young even may learn how to till the soil, the maidens, how to perform domestic work, have been founded by the Fathers, are supported partially by the Federal Government and have proved very successful.

## GENIUS VERSUS TALENT.



ANY biographers of the present day make the grave mistake of recording only the triumphs, an scrupulously omitting the failures of the men whose lives they write. Their biographies very much resemble novels, in which the heroes are always successful. The reader finds life different, but supposing the writer to be correct, he concludes that great and noble deeds are accomplished only by men of extraordinary gifts, by geniuses, whereas those possessed of ordinary qualities are bound to disgraceful inaction or otherwise dismal failure.

If the reading of biographies gives us such ideas, it can be but hurtful. These ideas are apt to create fatalistic notions in our minds, and surely do not encourage if they do not actually destroy that noble ambition which should be enkindled in every heart by reading the biographies of great men, such as Washington, Webster, Napoleon and many others. But if we examine even their lives, we shall see that they were by no means devoid of failures, and that failures carefully studied to prevent their recurrence, were by them made stepping-stones to attain success.

One of the most instructive lessons of this happy faculty of men of genius, of being able to bend failures so as to yield up success, is furnished by the illustrious career of that greatest of all ancient orators, Demosthenes. His first effort before a popular assembly of his countrymen, as history tells us, resulted in a complete failure, which was the more discouraging, as his oration had been composed with great care. But nothing daunted by this discomfiture, he first endeavored to find out the causes of his insuccess, and after they had been pointed out to him by friends, he strenuously applied himself to their removal. But when, after a long interval of careful and unsparing self-training, he again presented himself before his countrymen, the power of his genius, enhanced by an irresistible charm of delivery, the result of his conscientious application, so captivated their hearts, that he rose at once to the foremost place amongst the masters of oratory.

The example of Demosthenes leads us to the consideration of another point of no less importance, namely whether genius alone, without arduous application and painstaking preparation, would be of much light to its possessor. There is no doubt that in some of the arts, where technical knowledge is of minor importance and easily acquired, grand achievements are recorded by men of eminent gifts, who were not possessed of much preparatory training. Thus Homer, among the ancients, without example to follow or rule to guide him, soared to the very pinnacle of poetic fame. Whereas Shakespeare, with a scanty education, his classical lore consisting of "a little Latin and less Greek," stands pre-eminent among the dramatic writers of all ages. But examples like these are exceptional. The lives of great men teach us that generally even genius is compelled to apply itself with ardor and perseverance to the mastery of technical details before great works can be accomplished. This is so true, that a modern artist has defined genius as infinite patience, or rather as the power of taking pains. This definition at first sight seems somewhat paradoxical, nor is it intended to be taken in a literal sense. But its author intends rather to emphasize the fact, that genius without strenuous and painstaking application, will generally make use its high powers upon vain and fruitless efforts. Of the studious habits of men of energetic pursuits history furnishes us innumerable examples. Thus Napoleon, the greatest of modern warriors, in the midst of his marvellous campaigns, would seldom allow himself more than two hours of sleep, and General Grant, his distinguished rival in the new world, exhibited such an unremitting zeal, and such tenacity of purpose in the intricate performance of his duties, that some envious critics have attributed the success of his wonderful achievements, rather to his indomitable power of will, than to any high intellectual gifts. But the better judgment of a grateful nation, based on the unanimous testimony of the other great leaders of that memorable war, has placed the immortal laurels on its hero's brow, and raised him on an equality with the world's greatest leaders in war, a verdict which posterity

will certainly confirm. All these examples which might be multiplied indefinitely, prove beyond doubt that even the highest mental gifts may be of little avail, unless they are seconded by industry and perseverance.

An interesting question now presents itself, concerning the importance of genius in the general onward movement of the world. A distinguished writer has declared that "the world is not moved by men of genius." This proposition can hardly be admitted without certain qualifications. Genius consists in an extraordinary gift of nature, especially adapting the mind for the performance of great and noble deeds in the different spheres of human activity. But, on account of the difference of judgment in different people, as to what ordinary and extraordinary gifts are, and also through carelessness in the use of the word, it is often applied incorrectly. The word genius is often used where the word talent would be in place. These words are quite distinct in their meaning. They are both applied to human ability in its various degrees of excellence. Genius marks the highest intellectual gifts, whereas talent indicates a lower grade of mental power, but still raises its possessor above the ordinary multitude. Genius is that creative faculty which opens up new vistas to the mind, new avenues of thought and endeavours, along which talent travels at a slower pace, gathering up the facts and principles which genius has discovered, and utilizing and perfecting these for the practical needs of men.

Thus, it was the genius of Watt that invented the steam engine, which the talent of able engineers transported into the locomotive, while hundred-armed labor builds the track, along which our modern life pulsates. It was the genius of Napoleon that well nigh grasped the empire of a world, outrivalling the deeds of Cæsar and Alexander, and supported only by a few talented generals and the strong arms of the valiant youths of France. Thus, in its conduct of human affairs, genius resembles the head; talent, the skillful hands; and the multitude of mankind, the human body. As the head needs the co-operation of the body, so the body needs the guidance of the head for the accomplishment of its task. So, also, the progress of the human family, without the leadership of genius, would come to a

standstill, whereas genius without the able assistance of talent, and without the strong arm of toil, would remain barren and fruitless. Therefore, the above-quoted propositions stand corrected, thus: that although the world is not moved by men of genius *only*, it is they that take the lead along the different avenues of human advancement, whereas talent slowly urges on the multitude along the road pointed out by genius.

Thus, each of us has his mission in this world and his allotted task, joint with the obligation to accomplish that task to the best of his ability. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that our natural powers are susceptible of almost infinite development, and although education cannot create genius it can enhance talent to assume almost the semblance of genius. Talent and genius are both applied to human ability in their various degrees of excellence. By talent, we generally indicate that high order of ability which enables its possessor to utilize to the greatest advantage the experience of the past, the knowledge of facts and principles which the world already possesses. But should not the fact that men have so cultivated their talents that they have been mistaken for geniuses, encourage us to the use of those talents which we have? Supposing a scholar has a genius for the study of languages, while another has to depend upon a modicum of talent, the former will excel in his recitations, although he does not study so long nor so intently. But which derives the most benefit from his study? The benefits of language study and especially those derived from the dead languages, do not so much consist in the mere ability of reading the languages, as in the mental training which this study imparts. And so it is plain, that the scholar who has to dig hardest at his Greek, derives the most benefit from it. Genius will save the student from hard work at college, and will place him easily at the head of his class; but in practical life, when there comes a time when perseverance, accuracy and intense and continued application are required, genius alone will not answer, but the well-trained mind performs the task.

Let then, such examples spur us to an awakening of our latent powers. We know not what we can accomplish. Habits of perseverance, industry and thoroughness



make up our intellectual character, and we know how many have so cultivated these habits that their intellectual character has been entirely changed. Why may we not do the same? The best aid to the successful cultivation of good habits is a strong will, which may be acquired by cultivation. The greatest enemy is discouragement, which results from a want of

appreciation of the value of our mistakes. We should always study our mistakes and be on the lookout for weak spots in our mental constitution, and when we have found them, we should not be discouraged, but should study them to avoid failures in the future.

RICHARD W. IVERS, '91.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELOCUTION.

This article is based upon a paper bearing the same title from the pen of Edward Brooks Ph. D. late President of the National School of Oratory, Philadelphia.



ALL arts have their basis in and grow out of scientific principles. These principles when formulated and systematized constitute the theory and philosophy of the art. Elocution may be considered both an accomplishment and an art.

As an accomplishment it lends grace to the converser, the reader and the public speaker. As an art it enables the reader or speaker to express sentiment in the very best form and gives him the power not only of expressing the idea indicated but also of impressing that idea upon the mind and heart.

In ancient times the art of oratory was studied with great diligence and success. Cicero and Quintilian have left on record methods whereby a speaker may become effective and eloquent. It is quite true that now and then a great genius arises who thrills an audience and yet knows nothing of the secret of his power. Such instances are, however, rare, and form only exceptions to the rule. The great orators, of antiquity were generally the product of training and culture as well as of natural gifts. Great occasions oft beget orators, as in the case of Patrick Henry who was born of the wrongs which brought the American revolution. Oppression stirs the soul to its very depths. The disabilities under which Hungary labored gave the world a Kossuth, while the wrongs of Ireland have inspired more orators with burning eloquence than has any other woe of the human race.

Let us now glance for a moment at the fundamental divisions of elocution. The mind being the source of all thought is also the basis of all elocution. When a

speaker stands before an audience he employs a logical means of producing an effect upon his hearers. First, there is something in his mind to be expressed. This thought or sentiment being a product of the mind may be denominated the *Mental Element*. Before thought can pass from the mind of the speaker to that of his audience it is necessary to clothe it in the concrete form of words. These words borne on waves of air convey to the listener the thought of the speaker. Thus mind reaches mind, heart throbs to heart and will moves will. The instrument which has effected this is the human voice. We may therefore call the second element of elocution the *Vocal Element*. But while the mind incarnates itself in voice it manifests itself at the same time through the physical system. Thought, being a product of the mind, calls for a subordination of the entire physical being to its commerce. The attitude of the body, the motion of the hands, the play of the muscles of the face—all express the workings of the soul. Quintilian remarks "that the hand is the common speech of all man." It is therefore clear that there is a third element in elocution, that of the physical nature which we may call the *Physical Element*.

We have now analyzed the elements of elocution in logical order from the standpoint of the speaker. From the standpoint of the hearer we reach the same three elements, but in an inverse order.

We may then outline the Philosophy of Elocution as consisting in: I. the Mental Element; II. the Vocal Element; and III. the Physical Element.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, '82.

Toronto.

A HALF-HOUR WITH THE "SORRY PHENOMENA" IN  
INNER TEMPLE LANE.



PERHAPS nothing, in even Froude's somewhat startling revelations, has done so much to convince us of the prejudice of Carlyle's character, as the epithet flung at two gentle spirits, leading their quiet unselfish lives in the "Temple"—Charles and Mary Lamb.

If, as some one has said: "The altar of sacrifice is the touch-stone of character," it is a matter of small surprise, that a man of Carlyle's calibre should have missed the key-note of Charles Lamb's life. We have reason to believe that neither ever would have succeeded in understanding the other. Armed with a thousand points of difference, unlike, even in humor, the one, full of quaint conceits, naive, at times almost fantastic; the other, uttering his prophetic incoherencies from a figurative *Pisgah*, grim, vindictive and *Hogarthian*—it is no wonder that both remained hopelessly enigmatical to the last. Then, Carlyle had the misfortune to belong to a nation, which Lamb confesses he "had been all his life trying to like," and his whimsical way of looking at men and things made Lamb impatient of the moral ram-rod element in the Scotch seer. He (Lamb) loved to dally with his subject—and dalliance is by no means characteristic of the Scotch, he loved to look at it on this side and on that, to suggest rather than to dogmatize. As we enter, in fancy, the dingy chambers in the "Inner Temple," so long the home of Charles and Mary Lamb, we are conscious of an absurd yearning to leave our shoes at the threshold. To our secular eyes, the charmed region beyond, seems a "place set apart" a kind of "Holy of Holies" sacred to the high priests of literature.

Our Jeffersonian independence however, (as indispensable to the average Yankee traveller as his button-book) is not to be routed on British soil. It triumphs and we enter, for a quiet half-hour's communion, with two gentle souls, who, in the uncertain half lights of the imagination seem to linger still among their "household gods."

In all literature, perhaps there are no two writers whose personality is more interesting to the world of readers than that of Charles Lamb and his sister Mary. As they were in life, so they are in our thought inseparable. Bound together by a thousand ties of love and sympathy; each knowing no joy unshared by the other; they seem to us, unique figures, as necessary to each other as the sunshine to the English daisy sprinkling the meadows of their beloved Hertfordshire. One feels that he cannot know them too intimately—that their lives will bear inspection and that no detail of dress, manner or thought, in so far as it is characteristic of our author, dwindles to the trite or uninteresting. Would we could delude ourselves with the thought, that this is true of the majority of those, whose pens have given us the best that is in them! But alas! Genius, exiled from Olympus, with collapsed wings and with the fires of inspiration smothered on the ashes of the common-place, should be inspected through the wrong end of our intellectual spy-glass.

There is a pathos in Lamb's life, full as it is of self-immolation and devotion to his sister, which draws us to him as nothing else could. Mary, in one of her letters, gives us a charming picture of their quiet home life in the Temple; we see them sitting together, in eloquent silence it may be, yet ever and anon pausing in their writing to flash a glance of kindly inquiry across the table; Mary, in her subdued gown, with a hint of the Quakeress in every fold, and Charles eminently respectable in unimpeachable black, his massive head bent over his work, and a general look of inadequateness about the rest of the man. Let us turn to the letter in question. "You would like to see us, as we often sit writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting) like *Hermia* and *Helena*, in the 'Mid-summer Night's Dream,' or rather like an old literary 'Darby and Joan' I taking snuff and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing out of it, which he always says till he has finished and finds out he has made something of it." In contrast to

this we remember the social Wednesday evenings, when Mary was less demure, and Charles, the brightest of a coterie of congenial spirits, gave free rein to his wit, and pun and *jeu d'esprit* were the order of the night. There was a certain, or rather uncertain element of Bohemianism in Lamb, which showed itself most in his choice of friends. The people whom he delighted to gather about him, were chiefly *character* authors, who were sanguine of an audience in the next generation and vaguely denunciatory of the present; actors who indulged in nocturnal rantings to appreciative foot-lights and stage carpenters, and artists who had given up art and taken to cultivating a Byronic air instead, finding it on the whole, about as remunerative and satisfactory. Ah yes! but Coleridge and Wordsworth, Manning, Leigh Hunt, where were they? Often in the Temple enjoying Lamb's inimitable talk over a cup of tea of Mary's brewing, or lingering in the East Indian House. Coleridge, whom he called an "arch-angel a little damaged," always occupied a warm place in Lamb's affections. The friendship of the old days at Christ Hospital continued almost without interruption through life. Lamb, devoted, as he was, to old out-of-the-way authors, did small justice to the moderns, whom he characterized as a class of "*Innutrition phantoms*." Burton, Sir Thomas Browne, Marlowe, in fact most of the Elizabethan writers were his favorites.

The "Essays," the most charming of Lamb's works, are filled with naïve confessions of his literary preferences and although there is an agreeable flavor of originality in all he has written, letters

poems and reviews, the "Essays" streaked with small conceits and filled with autobiographical confidences, as they are, will always be the corner-stone of "*Elia's*" fame. It pleases our vanity to be taken among the quaint people of whom he loves to gossip. We are thoroughly alive to the honor conferred upon us, in being introduced to those old "Benchers of the Inner Temple," which nevertheless does not prevent us from joining *Elia* in a sly laugh at the expense of the supernaturally solemn "Samuel Salt"; we find many affectionate tributes to his unfailing goodness scattered over the essays. In the essay "Mackery End," he says: "We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits, yet so, as with a difference; we are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings as it should be among near relations." In "Witches and Night Fears" we feel all the superstitious fears of the infant Lamb as we glance over his shoulder at the awful picture of the 'Witch' raising up Samuel, adorning an edition of Stackhouses "History of the Bible." This unique work, Lamb confesses almost made him a "skeptic in long coats. The habit of expecting objection to every passage, set me upon starting more objections for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them."

After all, it is not the matter but the manner of *Elia*, that we love. The old-fashioned charm of his style, the very affectations and marked individuality of his character are sufficient to protect *Elia* from the dust of forgetfulness and to keep him ever a warm place in our affections.

M. L. T.



## OUR LITTLE ENEMIES.



PROF. Glasmacher's recent lecture on "Microbes" was certainly a very interesting and valuable contribution to the programme of the Scientific Society. The students of the advanced English course knew Mr. Glasmacher as a thoroughly informed man and excellent Professor in classical and modern literature but after listening to his remarks on a special branch of a special science they were able to form a slight idea of the breadth of his knowledge. The Professor treated his subject clearly and exhaustively, explaining the structure, nature, development, and classification of microbes, and exposing the latest scientific theories for the explanation and treatment of diseases depending on Pasteur's law that every disease has its own special microbe. By the aid of numerous plates the structure and habits of microbes were graphically represented.

Mr. Glasmacher directed his remarks chiefly to the effects of microbes on the human organism, and while dwelling upon the appalling frequency and influence of those microscopic creatures gave some wholesome advice whereby the danger might be partly averted. In concluding the lecturer dealt a severe blow to the modern scientific movement and its pretended independence of a Creator. By patient investigations and experiments Pasteur exploded the theory of spontaneous generation and showed the absolute necessity of a Creator to bring life into existence. Though the lecture was quite lengthy the greatest interest was manifested throughout, and the thanks of the large audience present were cordially extended to Professor Glasmacher for his scientific treat. Would it be asking too much to request another such lecture on an allied subject before the close of the year?



## BY THE OTTAWA.



WATCHED the sun roll up Night's robe of mist  
 And spread his beams o'er little gems of dew,  
 Ther, musing as I roamed, while day was new,  
 Viewed th' Ottawa by fair Aurora kissed.  
 The fitful ripple seemed to whisper, "Hist!  
 To thee the sky is only bright and blue,  
 But there are bands of angels floating through  
 The ortive light, with choral songs, O list!"

I listened—and the wavelets, on the shore  
 Breaking in joy, made gentle melody.  
 Methought glad tidings to my feet they bore  
 Of Irish vales, away beyond the sea.  
 But soon, I knew, they sung to me, that o'er  
 Time's river lies a bright futurity.

# The Owl

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

TERMS: one dollar a year (12 issues) in advance. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application.

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the College 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.

Address all letters to "THE OWL," College of Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.

## BOARD OF EDITORS.

M. F. FALLON, '89.  
 D. V. PHALEN, '89.  
 C. J. KENNEDY, '90.  
 D. A. CAMPBELL, '90.  
 R. W. IVERS '91.  
 F. M. DEVINE, '91.  
 D. J. CAHALAN, '92.  
 J. H. BREHENEY, '92.  
 J. P. SMITH, '92.

Business Manager,

J. E. H. PARADIS, '90.

Students are requested to patronize our advertisers.

VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1889. No. 6.

## A SIGNIFICANT VICTORY.

If anyone imagines that anti-Catholic bigotry and highly-developed know-nothingism are silent in death he has but to read the comments of many leading journals on the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case McGuire vs. Trustees of New York Catholic Cemetery, and he will rapidly change his opinion. The father of the plaintiff had died while virtually excommunicated from the church for active co-operation with Dr. McGlynn. Necessarily, under the circumstances, his body was refused burial in the Catholic

cemetery. The decision was severe, but perfectly in keeping with the enormity of the offence and the punishment which ecclesiastical law imposes. The son of the dead man appealed to the Supreme Court on the ground that, as his father owned a lot in the cemetery, he was legally entitled to all the privileges of his property. The decision of the court was awaited with considerable interest and proved a stunner for those who expected to see the Church crushed. The appeal was dismissed, it being held that the purchaser of a lot in a cemetery must abide by the rules governing interments therein. As these rules had been violated, McGuire's body could legally be refused interment. Then came the weeping and gnashing of teeth, and many was the whispered "priestly influence," "Jesuits!" "Jesuits!" But let our friends, the enemy, whisper, and shout if they wish—we can afford to smile at their rage and discomfiture.

## GODLESSNESS UPHELD.

In reply to the students' address recently presented to him, Principal Grant of Queens alluded to the oft-repeated statement that Queens is denominational. Waiving for a moment the question of fact, let us see how the Principal disproved this statement and what his refutation of it means. He argued thus: prominent Anglicans and Methodists participated in my reception; a Roman Catholic read an address to me; therefore Queens is not denominational. Verily here we have strange logic; the premises and the conclusion are not well-proportioned, and it can scarcely be said that the one follows from or supposes the other. It is not a specimen of fair reasoning to draw such a conclusion from the joy of the people of Kingston over his safe return and their gratitude for the good he and Queens have undoubtedly done. But admitting that

Dr. Grant fully and satisfactorily proved that Queens is not denominational, what does this mean? It is the full approbation of a man high in authority and dignity to what is known as "godless education." The acknowledgement that in as much as an institution provides for the moral and religious development of its students in so much is it unworthy of public support. Rather strange doctrine to emanate from a Presbyterian clergyman. Now as to the matter of fact let us examine Queens' position. There are three properly constituted faculties—arts, medicine and divinity. If we proceed by a process of elimination, the two last are easily disposed of. There will be little contention about the sectarianism of the divinity school, while it would be somewhat difficult to make a medical college denominational—unless materialism may be termed a denomination. So we are left with the Arts department. Does Principal Grant seriously expect anyone to believe that Queens' College is not denominational? With its staff composed in part of active or retired Presbyterian ministers who proceed from a lecture in Divinity Hall to an Arts class-room, bringing with them, through perhaps unconsciously, some of the Calvinistic atmosphere from which they have just emerged. Or who after a rabid anti-Catholic sermon on Sunday evening, enter a class-room on Monday morning, prepared to speak impartially and unprejudiced on their subject matter, whatever may be its relation to the discourse of the previous evening. Oh no—he cannot be serious. We have not alluded to the distinctly Presbyterian past of Queens—to the Protestant—and even worse—tendency of her philosophy, literature, history and science. A slight twist may be easily given and frequently a slight twist alters very materially that which is twisted, and a slight twist, judiciously administered, may often place Catholic doctrine in an unenviable light, and as all

men are frail there is an immense amount of twisting done everywhere. Still we would much rather believe Queens to be denominational than what her Principal indirectly claims—godless. Queens is denominational in as much as Protestant—thoroughly Protestant; she is not sectarian, for all the *sects* find her atmosphere congenial; but she has no room for Catholicity and need make no such pretensions, for facts are the other way.

---

### IN THE SEMINARIES.

The following is a partial list of the former students of Ottawa College who received orders in the various seminaries at the recent ordinations. We are pleased to be able to say that Ottawa College graduates are everywhere noted for their excellent intellectual and moral development.

Priests—Revs. D. J. Dunn, J. James, and J. J. Dacey, O.M.I. Deacons—Revs. J. C. Ivers and F. Brogan. Sub-deacon, Rev. Chas. O'Hare. Minor orders—Messrs. J. J. Farrell, J. P. Quigley and H. T. Grady.

Several others must have received advancement in ecclesiastical orders, but we have been unable to ascertain the particulars.

---

### GOOD TIDINGS.

The last prospectus of the Gregorian University, Rome, conveys what must be specially pleasing information for the students of Ottawa College. Over seven hundred students from various parts of the world follow the course of this famous seat of learning in all the branches of ecclesiastical science, and it is admitted by all that honors won there are all well merited. It is hence very gratifying to us to be able to announce that the students of the Oblate Order took first place in the general com-

petition, though they had to contend against very able opponents from rival institutions. The following is the respective standing of the various colleges:—

Oblates of Mary Immaculate:—30 students, 14 premiums and 4 accessits.

South American College:—80 students, 12 premiums.

Belgian College:—20 students, 10 premiums and 4 accessits.

Ambrosian College:—18 students, 5 premiums.

College Capranica:—30 students, 5 premiums and 3 accessits.

French Seminary:—90 students, 5 premiums and 4 accessits.

The Oblates have good reason to feel proud of the success which their students have achieved, and we are glad to welcome to the staff of the College Rev. Father Antoine, winner of two of the fourteen premiums gained by the Oblate students.

---

### AN UNSEEMLY WRANGLE.

If there are any who should observe the Christian precept in their polemics and to whom we should be able to look for guidance in our controversies, they are certainly writers on religious and educational subjects. Unfortunately here, as in many other cases, there is a visible distinction between what should be and what is. A couple of years ago we were called upon to witness an exceedingly edifying contest between the professors, alumni and friends of two leading provincial Universities—Toronto and Queens. Whatever else may be said of their contentions on that occasion, it cannot be asserted that modesty entered very extensively into the composition of either side. Each knew its own merits, and with true humility proceeded to make them known to others. Well, this process of mutual dissection, dilating upon excellencies of self and defects of neighbor, went on for months—in fact,

exists yet in the shape of a very decided and powerful undercurrent. But the smoke had scarcely risen from the field of active battle when two other exponents of higher education rushed in to engage in wordy fight. Or rather there were not *two* others; there was one other—Victoria—and one the same—Toronto. And was there not some peculiar language used—a promiscuous hurling of expressive epithets? Even yet there are warnings given from time to time that there is only a truce, not a complete cessation of hostilities. What a figure our educationalists do cut before the eyes of the world! Their lofty pretensions and faultless theories in direct contradiction with their open aims and actions. Education is by no means the question at issue—it is personal vanity, ambition and shekels. Who will get the largest drain from the public purse?—not who will best further the cause of true education? seems to be the motto. Out of it all, it will be little less than miraculous if education—moral and mental—escape unscathed.

---

### BOOK NOTICES.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA OF KNOWLEDGE AND LANGUAGE.—John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St, New York.

Some idea of the extent and thoroughness of the work Mr. Alden has undertaken, may be gleaned from the fact that the first volume, over 600 pages of the "Ideal" edition, reaches in the letter A only as far as America. This, like all the Alden publications, is a book of rare merit combining the best features of dictionary and cyclopedia. The publisher claims that editorial talent second to none in America in experience and skill is engaged in the conduct of the work, and indeed if the succeeding volumes reach the standard of general excellence of the first the claim must be readily allowed. The *Manifold Cyclopedia* we have seen. It is both a dictionary and a cyclopedia; is published in a convenient size, with excellent type, serviceable binding and numerous illustra-

tions. While possessing those merits it is sold at a price that place it within the reach of all. We would strongly advise any student desirous of purchasing a cyclopaedia to see the *Manifold* before procuring any other.

EDUCATE THE WHOLE CHILD. Rev. L. P. Paquin, Box 687, Ludington, Mich.

We welcome here a contribution on the school question by Rev. L. P. Paquin, formerly Professor of Mathematics in Ottawa College, and author of several valuable works on educational subjects. Father Paquin takes up and answers completely and finally the objections that may be raised to the Parochial Schools both from a Catholic and Protestant point of view. He makes a strong plea for a genuine Christian education—moral as well as physical and intellectual, and shows clearly that the public school system of the United States accomplishes only the partial education of the child. Father Paquin is selling all his works now for the benefit of Parochial schools of Ludington, Mich; his effort should meet with a generous approval from the Catholic public.

THE LIFE OF FATHER LOUIS DELLA VAGNA, CAPUCHIN FRIAR, by H. F. McIntosh: Toronto, "Catholic Weekly Review."

Before tearing down the old church of St. Mary, Toronto, last year, it was necessary to remove the remains of its former pastor Father Louis Della Vagna, which had been deposited there thirty years previously. This circumstance naturally revived the memory of the holy friar who appears to have been a veritable saint. So remarkable were the accounts then heard of him that Mr. McIntosh who had been asked to prepare a paper for the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, determined to give what could be gleaned of Father Della Vagna's history. This history is indeed most interesting, disclosing the life of a rigid ascetic who "d devoted to poverty, chastity and obedience," and who left his native city of Genoa to labor where the harvest was greater and the laborers fewer than in sunny Italy. Though among the people of Toronto only for the short space of a year, so profound was the veneration in which he was held that during the time his remains were exposed in the Cathedral, "the church was crowded by persons of both sexes and of all ages who pressed forward with the greatest eagerness

that they might touch if only the hem of the holy friar's garment on the bier on which he lay."

This little pamphlet should not fail to perpetuate the saintly priest's memory, which "has remained amongst his people like a sweet fragrance 'like a good odor of Christ unto God.'"

THE AVE MARIA, December 1888.

The present monthly part of *The Ave Maria*, concludes the volume. The last is certainly not the least: on the contrary, this is one of the strongest numbers of the year. It includes five weekly issues, and is embellished with a representation of the Immaculate Conception, very artistic in design and elegantly printed on enamelled paper. The contents are pleasantly varied, and there is a bountiful supply of seasonable articles in prose and verse. The sketches and short stories this month are especially bright. In the Youth's Department we find some very creditable poetry, along with an unusual number of stories and sketches, all eminently readable and stimulating.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, February, 1889: Boston, T. B. Noonan, & Co.

This issue of *Donahoe's Magazine* is particularly interesting. The veteran publisher is very faithful in his devotion to the interests of the Irish at home and abroad. *A Great Act of Faith* expounds a principle characteristic of the Church in all ages, that Catholicity is not confined to one nationality or people of one color but that it is cosmopolitan. In it the writer makes an appeal for missionaries to work amongst the negroes. An article on the *Suppression of the Jesuits by Clement XIV* is quite opportune for "the Jesuits are always a burning question." These who use this fact as an argument against Mr. Merciers restoration policy would do well to study the circumstances under which the suppression was brought about. *Katherine Tynan* one of the *Living Irish Celebrities* is reproduced from the *Nation*. "Miss Tynan has written, not, like so many of our latter-day triflers because she has read, but because she has felt." Our Holy Father's last masterpiece, the Encyclical on Human Liberty is also given in full. This deserves the attention of all who would be familiar with the true nature of Modern Liberalism and the remedies for its evil effects.



## EXCHANGES.

The Christmas numbers of our contemporaries present a glittering array as they lie upon our table. One or two have donned gorgeous new covers for the festive season, some are printed with brown ink, some with red, some with blue. Nor does the inviting exterior belie the contents within, which are of more than ordinary attractiveness.

The *Fordham Monthly* easily takes first place. Its illustrations, and its literary matter both in prose and verse are of the highest order. The "Ballade of the Lord's Birth," "Ballade of the Boar's Head," and "Coeli Enarrant Gloriam Dei" are some of the poems, while in prose are given interesting and well written accounts of Christmas customs in Germany, Ireland and England. There are also two original stories better than generally found in College papers.

The *Trifonian* seems to be next in merit. The leading editorial proves its writer to be imbued with the proper Christmas spirit, and the original story, "The Spirit of Christmas Joy," though not at all original in conception is very well told. A tale of this sort inevitably compels comparison, much to its own disadvantage, with the similar one of Dickens. On this account another subject would be better chosen.

"Christmas-Tide in Song" is the most seasonable article in the *Swarthmore Phoenix*. It is only too short. "The Tell-Tale Slipper" is the perfection of light, airy versification. It must be very difficult to write such verses as these, they read so smoothly.

An artistic cover and frontispiece are all that tell us it is holiday time with the *Polytechnic*. Articles on "Edinburg," "Honesty the Best Policy," and "A Day in Ceylon," together with a story entitled "Driftwood" make up the literary contents. In the second of these is aired the rather strange notion that culture, that is the culture which is written with a capital C and generally pronounced "culshaw," does more to promote truthfulness than religion.

The *Varsity* Christmas number is all in blue. It contains poems by Louis Frechette, Sir Daniel Wilson, W. W.

Campbell, A. Ethelwyn Wetherald and Prof. Roberts. Are we to understand that these were written for the *Varsity*? If so, we can only offer congratulations to the editors, and tell them they are the most fortunate fellows in the College world. We cannot withhold a word of special praise for Mr. Campbell's "Manitou," which is a most vivid piece of word painting.

The design which appears on the cover of *Argosy* is most harmonious with the season. The articles are all appropriate. "The Time of Christmas," "Christmas and its Memories," "Milton and Christmas," and several others.

The *Syracuse University News* gives a special illustrated number with its usual weekly edition of December 24th. It contains an original five-scened drama, "The New Year."

The *Rochester Campus*, contains nothing to justify the title of "Christmas Number," which appears on the cover.

*St. John's University Record* opens with three "Christmas Carols." "The other principal articles are "Shakespeare, a Study," "The Contemplative Idea in Education" and "The Study of Greek and Latin."

The Holiday Number of *St. Viator's College Journal* has a pleasing description of "Midnight Mass in Canada," some humorous reflections in "What Christmas is to the Student," and a pathetic little story "Tim's New Year."

The *Dickinsonian* thinks that "pure literary work, as such, by students has no place in a college journal, which should serve as a general bulletin for the information of students, alumni and friends of the college." With this opinion we must beg leave entirely to disagree and we believe we are supported by the example of the best college journals.

The December number of the *Penn Charter Magazine* is full of astronomy and foot-ball. The idea of offering prizes for translations from Latin and French is a good one.

Enter with a great flourish of trumpets the new editorial staff of *Queen's College Journal*. The paper is certainly written with more brilliancy than of old, but there is a slippancy in dealing with serious sub-

jects which ill becomes those who are "potent, grave and reverend seniors" or even something higher.

The *College Rambler* is sufficiently versed in sectarian principles to attack Catholicity with a great deal of virulence, but it is in an exceedingly delicate manner that it touches one of the ablest works ever written in the interests of anti-Christ, "Robert Elsmere."

An excellent article in the Richmond *College Messenger* is "The Advantages of Association." The mere rubbing shoulders with clever college men makes a few terms in college a benefit even to those who do not study.

The *Raven* is a handsome well written magazine coming from Downside College, Bath, England. From one of the editorials we learn that football is compulsory at Downside, yet a correspondent has to complain that it has become a "top-coat and muffler" game. We are inclined to think that games are entered into more heartily when they are not compulsory.

*Acta Victoriana* has not visited our sanctum this year. For a time we thought it was deceased but some of our contemporaries tell us that it is still enjoying a vigorous existence. We hope to see its face once more.

The following new exchanges have been received which our space forbids us to notice this month. *Manitoba College Journal, University Mirror, Cadet, Delphic, Concordiensis, Napa Classic, Alfred University, Western Maryland College Monthly, Notre Dame Scholastic, Stray Shot, University Voice.*

### THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISIT.

His Grace Archbishop Taché, of St. Boniface, honored us with a pleasant call last week. The distinguished prelate is just recovering from his recent severe illness, and general satisfaction was manifested in the College, on seeing him with us once more.

At eleven o'clock, the students assembled in the dramatic hall, where they soon after received His Grace, accompanied by Rev. Father Augier, Provincial, and the Faculty. Mr. M. F. Fallon, coming forward, addressed the venerable Archbishop

a few words of welcome, and, in the name of the students, congratulated him on the recovery of his strength and vigor, concluding by expressing an earnest hope that he might long be spared to continue the good work he so ably originated in the boundless North-West. His Lordship replied in that pleasing manner so peculiar to him, thanking the students for the kind wishes they entertained in his behalf, and concluded by bestowing upon them his episcopal benediction.

### SOCIETY NOTES.

#### SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

The regular meetings of the Debating Society have been held during the past two months. At its first meeting D. V. Phalen and C. J. Kennedy contended that Imperial Federation would be beneficial to Canadian Interests. They were opposed by J. P. Donovan and J. C. Moriarty. The discussion was decided in favor of the negative.—"Should the Senate be elective?" was discussed, with D. A. Campbell and P. O'Brien for the affirmative, and M. F. Fallon and S. McNally for the negative. The Society decided that the present system should be retained.—On the 9th ult., D. R. McDonald and W. F. Kehoe, opposed by M. F. Fitzpatrick and F. M. Devine, discussed the respective merits of the reigns of Queen Victoria and Queen Elizabeth. The latter two gentlemen succeeded in persuading the Society into the belief that the reign of Queen Elizabeth formed a more brilliant epoch than that of Queen Victoria.—On the 15th ult., the subject before the Society was "Resolved that Ontario affords greater facilities to Canadians than Quebec." E. J. Leonard and T. P. Curran advocated the cause of Quebec, and F. Brunette and D. McDonald spoke on behalf of Ontario. "Would a war with England in the present juncture be detrimental to the United States" came up at the next meeting. W. T. McCauley and W. J. McNally thought it would, but J. A. McCabe and Albert Troy thought it would not and they succeeded in making the Society adopt a similar opinion.

The French-speaking students of the the classical course have organized a

Debating Society, and meet regularly every Thursday evening.

Rev. Father Duhaut, who has been appointed Director, together with the following gentlemen, forms the Committee for the selection of subjects:—

*President*—Eugene Groulx, '89.

*Vice-President*—J. Landry, '91.

*Secretary*—F. X. Brunette, '90.

*Committee*—E. J. Leonard, A. Raymond, A. Charron.

At its last meeting, the Society discussed the question, "Should the Senate be elective," Jobson Paradis and John Choquette wanted to abolish our Upper House, whilst Joseph Landry and A. Garneau were in favor of retaining it.

#### THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

At the second regular meeting the President, D. V. Phalen, read an exhaustive paper on "Balloons and Ballooning," which was ably criticised by T. M. Donovan. At the last meeting Prof. Glas-macher delivered a highly interesting lecture on "Microbes," mention of which has been made in another column. On the 7th ult., M. F. Fallon presented an interesting paper on "The physical constitution of the sun." The work gave evidence of much study and research on the part of the writer, and met with well-deserved appreciation. At the next meeting J. C. Moriarty introduced a paper on Palaeontology, wherein he forcibly illustrated the importance of this study for the young scientist. He was ably criticised by Duncan McDonald. On the 21st ult., F. M. Devine, read a paper on Precipitation which was criticised by F. L. French. Light was also thrown on the question by the remarks of the Rev. director, John P. Donovan, D. R. McDonald and others. On the 11th inst., J. P. Collins described an analysis of a mineral, which, he contended, should be called apatite. T. A. Troy claimed that sufficient proof had not been given to justify the classification of the specimen, and moved that the decision be withheld until further proof is brought forth.

#### ST. THOMAS' ACADEMY.

At a meeting of the Academy on the 18th ult., D. R. McDonald, read a criticism of "Macaulay's Essay on Bacon." W. F. Kehoe, who acted as critic

took objection to some of the statements of the essayist. Rev. Father Fillatre, M. F. Fallon and others spoke relative to the question. At the next meeting C. J. Kennedy analyzed a portion of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" from a logical and literary point of view.

On the 15th inst., Rodolphe Paradis entertained the meeting with an interesting paper on "The Syllogism." It was criticised by T. M. Donovan, and enlarged upon, in a few remarks, by the Rev. Father Nilles.

#### SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Sunday, the 6th inst., was the day set apart this year for the reception of new members into the Sodality. At five o'clock, Rev. Father Fayard addressed the students, enumerating the various inducements to young Catholics to enter the service of Mary, concluding by urging the members of the Sodality, both old and new, to remain faithful to their obligations, and to elevate by word and example, the condition of the Sodality.

Mr. T. Curran then came forward, and in the name of all, read the profession, after which the postulants, twenty-five in number, received their badges at the hands of the Rev. Father Fayard.

#### SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS

At the conclusion of the last-mentioned imposing ceremony, Mr. Lawrence Nevins having advanced to the altar, read, in the name of about thirty of the Juniors, their profession to the Sodality, after which they came forward and received their membership badges.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Christmas and New Year's brought to our Juniors much of the accustomed good cheer. However, on account of the unfavorable weather many of the usual outdoor enjoyments had to be dispensed with. The most important of these was the annual Christmas sleigh-ride, which formed the topic of discussion for months before, and many happy incidents were recalled to mind in connection with their former drives. They dreamt of the merry sound of the sleigh bells, of the scores of heads safe under buffalo robes, of the frost-creaking sleigh-runners, of the passing of bridges and tollgates and country

churches, of the gazing groups from the farm-houses, of the snow-heaped fences and of a hundred and one things in connection with such an event. A sleigh-ride in which a hundred and fifty merry laughing boys are comfortably ensconced in half a dozen vans, hallo answering halloo, cheer answering cheer, and song answering song, is something more than ordinary. It was no small disappointment then that when the time arrived, this long looked for pleasure should be out of the question.

On the morning of the 25th ultimo, the small boys formed no small part of the swaying crowd assembled around the beautiful and heavily-laden Christmas tree erected in the recreation hall. It was quite natural, while waiting for the distribution, that they should show a certain amount of impatience, but ample provision being made, everyone received something to his taste and consequently a general feeling of satisfaction prevailed.

At the entertainment given by the students on the evening of December the 26th, considerable surprise and pleasure were manifested by the audience at the athletic exhibition given by J. Macnamara and E. Gleeson, the former with the bar, and the latter with the Indian clubs. They have been called on to take part in the public entertainment to be given under the auspices of the Senior Athletic Association on the 29th inst. There are besides about twenty other Juniors practising dumb bell and club swinging movements preparatory to the coming exhibition.

The rink is at present in a fair state, though on account of the many frequent changes of weather it is with the greatest difficulty kept in good condition. The Juniors deserve much credit for the interest they take in clearing it of snow or assisting in floating.

The Junior Snow-Shoe club has been organized for sometime, but for want of sufficient snow there have not been any tramps. Snow-shoes, moccasins, tuques, etc., are all in readiness. The officers of the club are :

*Diréctor* - - Rev. B. David, O. M. I.,  
*President* - - - - D. St. Pierre,  
*Vice-President* - - - - J. Macnamara,  
*Secretary* - - - - A. Rochon.

The season so far has been particularly favorable for hand-ball and the consequence is that the alleys are always engaged. An interesting match took

place on the 14th inst., for the championship of the 3rd B. Commercial and 2nd Commercial. The 3rd B. Commercial won two straight games, the score in the first being 17 to 21, and in the second 3 to 21. O. Labrecque, a representative of the 2nd Commercial was much disappointed as he was certain of victory. P. Brunelle, a representative of the 3rd B. Commercial claims the championship for one year, and any other games played between these classes will be merely for exhibition.

Our Lowell Juniors have formed a skating club to be known as the "Lowell Shooting Stars." The officers are the Most Worthy Chief Skater, F. Lamoureux; High Worthy Knight of the Skate Straps, P. Brunelle; Worthy Guardian of the Rink, O. Allard; Comptroller of the Hose, A. Vallerand; Chief Conductor of the Snow Plow, J. Lavery; Master of the Hydrant, H. Beauchémin.

The rank of the students leading the Commercial classes for the month of December is :—

1st grade—M. Mellon, P. Ryan, P. Mellon.  
 2nd grade—J. Macnamara, W. L. Murphy, A. Christin.  
 3rd grade (2nd div.)—A. Pelissier, J. O'Reilly, J. Rigney.  
 3rd grade (1st div.)—E. Gleeson, R. Letellier, B. Murphy.

### ATHLETICS.

The classes in calisthenics are doing splendidly and every practice shows a marked improvement over the previous one. In the use of the clubs, dumb-bells, and bar-bells great cleverness is already shown and it is not too much to predict that the Athletic Association entertainment to be held on the 30th inst. will be quite in keeping with the success and reputation of that body.

Our football boys took it badly that Ottawa College did not accept their challenge.—*Queen's College Journal*.

Well, really, this is refreshing. We never thought that our refusal would be taken so badly. If we remember aright Ottawa College has met Queens on two occasions and registered two victories over her foot-ballers,—once with a score of 22 to 7, and again 17 to 0. And yet

the Queens boys are lamenting that they were not given another opportunity of being beaten. But why did they go to Montreal to play exhibition games, when greater honors *might* have been gained nearer home? Was it their success against the Montrealers that raised the hope in their bosoms that they *might* defeat the champions? Or did they expect that we would keep in readiness to play at any date? It is not our way to make other teams feel disappointed by refusing their challenges; we have another and more decisive plan, but we draw the line at the 17th of November. And now, dear disappointed brothers, let this thought cheer you. You will have a chance to meet Ottawa College next season—and you shall be beaten. So take comfort; let the pleasant anticipations of the future act as an antidote on the sad reminiscences of the past.

..

The present is the foot-baller's opportunity. Never in the history of the game has there been so favorable an occasion for making football a popular Canadian sport. Baseball can scarcely be considered a rival, for during the greater part of the football season baseball cannot be played with any degree of pleasure for either players or spectators. It cannot be denied that public interest in lacrosse is diminishing while cricket is becoming annually lazier. So that everything seems to point to the necessity of some other game to replace the old-time favorites. Why should not this game be football? What is there to prevent football from taking as prominent a place among Canadian sports as it does among those of the United States or England? At present the rules of the game prevent such an occurrence. But as the Ontario Football Union holds its annual meeting in a few days this obstacle could be easily removed. If the rules were amended so as to eliminate as far as possible the elements of slowness and brute strength now found in the game and to encourage fast and scientific play the public would soon realize that football can be made an interesting and enjoyable game. We hope to see radical changes in the rules as a result of the next meeting of the O.R.F.U.

..

During the course of the next two months the sporting organizations of the country will hold their regular annual meetings and discuss the "burning" questions in the field of athletics. One old and familiar string will undoubtedly be harped upon—professionalism, and dire vengeance will be vowed on him who dares violate the written rules of amateurism. We do not pretend to prognosticate what the decisions will be, but we venture to predict that the ultimate result will be quite as farcical as in past years. As a general rule our ideas on the subject of professionalism are decidedly unnatural. How much at variance are the pictures we draw of the amateur and the professional! See our amateur; what a gentleman he is in appearance; how high he carries his head; how the most distinguished men slap him on the back and say *Bas Jovv!* while all the prettiest girls smile at him most bewitchingly. But on the other hand what a hideous monster we make the professional! A sneaky hang-dog individual without a single good quality; one from whom nothing honorable need be expected and who must be treated accordingly. And why? Because he does openly what nine-tenths of our so-called amateurs do cover.

The amateur plays (and heaven knows how poorly) for pure love of the game (and the grand stand). The professional plays because he can give a satisfactory and pleasing exhibition of his game and like every other man expects a reward for his services.

This is the aspect of things now in our Canadian world of sport. The amateur may be as bad as he wishes in every respect provided he has money whereby he may indulge in athletics for "pure love of the sport." The professional may be every way praiseworthy, but he must be ostracized because his finances will not permit him to contribute to the public pleasure without drawing from the public purse. Than our Canadian amateur, no more sickening sham ever made a pretence to reality. How long will this thing last! Let us hope that those who lead the way in athletics will have courage to face the question boldly and settle it once and forever one way or the other.

## OUR HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS.

The students were especially happy in the number and variety of their entertainments during the holiday season; and the success achieved gave evidence that the students of '88-'89 are as richly endowed with histrionic talent as were their predecessors. Want of space prevents us from giving more than a brief notice of each.

The first of these was given on Dec. 26th, and opened with a selection by the College Band, entitled *Jacques Coeur*, at the close of which the Junior Glee Club appeared and rendered a medley, arranged for the occasion by the Rev. J. Emard, O. M. I. Master J. Clarke followed and sang, "The Faster You Pluck Them, the Thicker They'll Grow," with much success. The Calisthenic Exercises which followed, by Masters Macnamara and Gleeson, are worthy of mention, as is also the sweet singing of Master O. Paradis, whose rendering of "Les Vingt Sous" was very affecting. The "German Band," which had been on the boards fifteen years before, was resuscitated, and was the hit of the evening. This closed the first half of the entertainment.

The second part consisted of songs, Messrs. R. Ivers and J. Clarke, singing respectively, "Lay me on the Hillside," and "The Ship that never Returned;" a piccolo solo by Mr. Jobson Paradis, accompanied on the piano by Mr. R. Paradis, intervening. The "Sea of Troubles," with the following cast, closed the entertainment.

SEA OF TROUBLES.—*Characters* :—

*Godolphus Gout*—an invalid . . . D. R. Macdonald.  
*Hiram Orcutt*—a Yankee . . . . . A. J. Reddy.  
*What's his name*—Thingamy . . . M. Fitzpatrick.  
*Byron Bobolink*—a budding poet . . N. D. Pound.  
*Mike McShane*—an Irishman . . . W. Proderick.  
*Stammering Steve*—a prof. of elocution  
 . . . . . W. F. Kehoe.  
*Robert*—Gout's nephew . . . . . F. M. Devine.  
*Sam*—Gout's servant . . . . . S. Hallissey.

On the following evening, the Academic Hall was well filled by a large and appreciative audience, who listened to the musical and literary entertainment tendered to the Rev. J. M. Fayard, O. M. I., Superior of the College, the occasion being the celebration of his feast. The following programme was presented :—

## PART I.

OVERTURE—LA LEGION D'HONNEUR, College Band.

IN THE STARLIGHT, Glee Club.

INTRODUCTION, Mr. W. Kehoe.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ART, Mr. D. V. Phalen.

L'ESTAFETTE (Polka), College Band.

HOMER, Mr. M. F. Fallon.

## PART II.

COLONEL POLKA, College Band.

LA LEGENDE DE L'ORPHEONISTE, Glee Club.

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE, Mr. D. Campbell.

DIAMANTS DU COEUR (Waltz), College Band.

LE ROMAN MODERNE, Mr. E. Leonard.

FINALE, College Band.

The music on the occasion partook of the high character for which the musical organizations of the College have always been noted; while the standard of the literary work was such as has been

hitherto unequalled in the annals of the College. The New Year's entertainment consisted of the following programme :—

## PART I.

OVERTURE . . . . . College Band.

AS-TU TUE LE MANDARIN ?

COMEDIE EN UNE ACTE.

*Distribution de la piece.*

*Procope* . . . . . F. Brunet.  
*Maxime*—son ami . . . . . J. Landry.  
*Landremol*—garçon d'hôtel . . . . . E. Perusse.  
*Van Doullen*—Doullen . . . . . E. Groulx.  
*Grigou* . . . . . R. Paradis.  
 SELECTION . . . . . College Band.

PART II.—THE SMOKED MISER,

*Faree in one Act. Characters* :—

*Scrow*—the miser . . . . . R. W. Ivers.  
*Nail*—his friend . . . . . S. Hallissey.  
*Captain Daring* . . . . . A. J. Reddy.  
*Goliath Spiderlimb* . . . . . W. Proderick.  
*Giles Southistle*—a farmer . . . . . E. Perusse.  
*Theodore Buttons*—a page . . . . . G. O'Keefe.

Both pieces were given with much snap and vim, and the characters throughout were well sustained.

## THE ANNUAL BALL.

But the evening that eclipsed all others in its measure of success and the amount of pleasure derived therefrom, was that of Jan. 2nd, when the Annual Ball occurred. The large hall was fittingly decorated for the occasion, the most conspicuous motto being "A Happy New Year to All." The arrangements were in charge of the following gentlemen :—Floor director, D. A. Campbell; First assistant, P. C. O'Brien; Second assistant, M. F. Fitzpatrick; Committee, M. F. Fallon, D. R. Macdonald, E. J. Leonard, T. P. Donovan, S. J. McNally, R. W. Ivers, R. Paradis, F. L. French, S. Hallissey, A. J. Reddy. Precisely at 8 o'clock the students assembled, and those who did not desire to "trip the light fantastic," together with the many visitors who were present filled the galleries to their utmost, while no inconsiderable number of wall-flowers lined the hall below. An orchestra, which rendered appropriate music during the entire course of the evening, had been procured from the city for the occasion. Each dancer having taken his respective place, the Grand March, led by Messrs. Campbell and O'Brien, was organized and its movements were greeted with rounds of applause from the spectators. Then followed quite a number of quadrilles, contras, etc., until 9:30 p. m., when supper was announced. All the students thereupon repaired to the refectory, where a very presumptuous and well-laid banquet had been prepared. After having rendered full justice to the many good things which had been laid before them, the students returned to the ball-room, and dancing was at once renewed and continued till a late hour. Then having given three rousing Varsity cheers for the Prefect of Discipline, who had spared neither time nor pains in making the affair a success, the students ascended to their various dormitories. On the whole, the ball was a grand success, and will long be remembered as one of the pleasantest events of the scholastic year '88-'89.

## PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

Gerald Brophy, who attended College in '77, has been elected a member of the Catholic Provincial School Board in Manitoba.

Rev. Geo. Corbett, '67, is now pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Stormont Co., Ont.

J. Wm. Lynch, a commercial graduate of '85, is a member of the firm of Lynch & Son, furniture manufacturers, L'Epiphanie, Que.

John S. Concannon, '81, fills the position of Assistant Superintendent of the Mystic Water Works, Boston, Mass.

Rev. Alexander McDonell, '60, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Kingston, is pastor of St. Finnan's Church, Alexandria, Ont.

E. W. White, who was in the College in '77, is now Travelling Freight Agent for the Queen and Crescent Railway, with headquarters at Vicksburg, Mass.

Rev. H. S. Marion, '74, is parish priest of Douglas, Ont., where he has lately erected a magnificent new church.

D. J. Dunn, '85, was elevated to the priesthood at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, on the 22nd December last.

Rev. C. J. Smith, '75, is pastor of the recently consecrated church of St. Mary, San Antonio, Texas.

Rev. A. Chainé, who was in the College in '62, is parish priest in Arnprior, Ont.

John O'Cain, '82, is agent for the Royal Canadian Life Insurance Co. in St. John's, Que.

Rev. P. F. Sexton, who was a professor in the College in '85-'86, is now assistant pastor of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass.

We learn from the Pittston, Pa. *Evening Gazette* that Dr. P. J. Gibbons, '84, is about to begin the construction of a large private hospital on one of the most beautiful and healthful sites in the Wyoming valley.

## COLLEGE HUMOR

The jockey's horse has feet of speed,  
Maude S. has feet of fame;  
The student's horse has no feet at all,  
But he gets there just the same.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Freshie on being told that the photographs would cost \$6 a dozen and \$3 for duplicates, asked for a dozen duplicates.

A senior having just purchased @  
Fifteen dollars a new stove pipe h@,  
Smiling out with it tripped,  
But unluckily slipped,  
And quite comfortably down on it s@

—*Yale Record.*

A Vassar girl who lost a button from her shoe, remarked, "There has been an inadvertent elimination of a perforated ferruginous protuberance, necessary in fastening the integument of my pedal extremity."—*Alleghany Campus.*

IN LATIN—Professor—"Now as to *quodam*, what is the significance of the termination *dam*?"  
Freshman,— "Makes it more emphatic, sir."

When Anthony Comstock recently lectured at Princeton, the students, with a considerate regard for his feelings, draped the statue of "The Gladiator" with a bifurcated garment of red flannel.—*Ex.*

A Yale graduate, who was a student about thirty years ago, said, in speaking of changes that had taken place since his time: "I never knew whether to attach any significance to it or not, but when I was there the law school adjoined the jail, the medical school was next to the cemetery, and the divinity school was on the road to the poor-house."—*Hartford Post.*

Energetic canvasser (to grad.)—You are an alumni, are you not?

Grad.—No: I am an alumnus.

E. C. collapses.—*Q. C. Journal.*

A sophomore stuffing for examination, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation of the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if a man is justified in trying to help the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would the ass be justified in trying to get out himself.—*Ex.*

TWO EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS.—Tramp (some years hence).—"I see you belong to a college society. So do I. can't you lend me a dime?"

Man of Wealth—"Yes I am a graduate of Yale and make \$10,000 a year as a base-ball pitcher. Here take this \$5 bill and get a square meal. What college did you belong to?"

Tramp—"I am a graduate of Harvard. They don't teach base-ball at Harvard. Thanks."—*Christian Register.*

A professor in a California college was stricken with lock-jaw during a Latin recitation some few weeks ago and has not been able to speak since. He was teaching the continental pronunciation and had just told the class that Yoolius Kaiser said "Wany, weedy, weedy," when the shock came and it is quite generally believed that the outraged spirit of the libelled old Roman landed his traducer a sollaker on the jaw with his mailed hand.—*K. U. Tablet.*

## PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

Gerald Brophy, who attended College in '77, has been elected a member of the Catholic Provincial School Board in Manitoba.

Rev. Geo. Corbett, '67, is now pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Stormont Co., Ont.

J. Wm. Lynch, a commercial graduate of '85, is a member of the firm of Lynch & Son, furniture manufacturers, L'Epiphanie, Que.

John S. Concannon, '81, fills the position of Assistant Superintendent of the Mystic Water Works, Boston, Mass.

Rev. Alexander McDonell, '60, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Kingston, is pastor of St. Finnan's Church, Alexandria, Ont.

E. W. White, who was in the College in '77, is now Travelling Freight Agent for the Queen and Crescent Railway, with headquarters at Vicksburg, Mass.

Rev. H. S. Marion, '74, is parish priest of Douglas, Ont., where he has lately erected a magnificent new church.

D. J. Dunn, '85, was elevated to the priesthood at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, on the 22nd December last.

Rev. C. J. Smith, '75, is pastor of the recently consecrated church of St. Mary, San Antonio, Texas.

Rev. A. Chainé, who was in the College in '62, is parish priest in Arnprior, Ont.

John O'Cain, '82, is agent for the Royal Canadian Life Insurance Co. in St. John's, Que.

Rev. P. F. Sexton, who was a professor in the College in '85-'86, is now assistant pastor of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass.

We learn from the Pittston, Pa. *Evening Gazette* that Dr. P. J. Gibbons, '84, is about to begin the construction of a large private hospital on one of the most beautiful and healthful sites in the Wyoming valley.

## COLLEGE HUMOR

The jockey's horse has feet of speed,  
Maude S. has feet of fame;  
The student's horse has no feet at all,  
But he gets there just the same.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Freshie on being told that the photographs would cost \$6 a dozen and \$3 for duplicates, asked for a dozen duplicates.

A senior having just purchased @  
Fifteen dollars a new stove pipe h@,  
Smiling out with it tripped,  
But unluckily slipped,  
And quite comfortably down on it s@

—*Yale Record.*

A Vassar girl who lost a button from her shoe, remarked, "There has been an inadvertent elimination of a perforated ferruginous protuberance, necessary in fastening the integument of my pedal extremity."—*Alleghany Campus.*

IN LATIN—Professor—"Now as to *quodam*, what is the significance of the termination *dam*?"  
Freshman,— "Makes it more emphatic, sir."

When Anthony Comstock recently lectured at Princeton, the students, with a considerate regard for his feelings, draped the statue of "The Gladiator" with a bifurcated garment of red flannel.—*Ex.*

A Yale graduate, who was a student about thirty years ago, said, in speaking of changes that had taken place since his time: "I never knew whether to attach any significance to it or not, but when I was there the law school adjoined the jail, the medical school was next to the cemetery, and the divinity school was on the road to the poor-house."—*Hartford Post.*

Energetic canvasser (to grad.)—You are an alumni, are you not?

Grad.—No: I am an alumnus.  
E. C. collapses.—*Q. C. Journal.*

A sophomore stuffing for examination, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation of the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if a man is justified in trying to help the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would the ass be justified in trying to get out himself.—*Ex.*

TWO EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS.—Tramp (some years hence).—"I see you belong to a college society. So do I. can't you lend me a dime?"

Man of Wealth—"Yes I am a graduate of Yale and make \$10,000 a year as a base-ball pitcher. Here take this \$5 bill and get a square meal. What college did you belong to?"

Tramp—"I am a graduate of Harvard. They don't teach base-ball at Harvard. Thanks."—*Christian Register.*

A professor in a California college was stricken with lockjaw during a Latin recitation some few weeks ago and has not been able to speak since. He was teaching the continental pronunciation and had just told the class that Yoolius Kaiser said "Wany, weedy, weedy," when the shock came and it is quite generally believed that the outraged spirit of the libelled old Roman landed his traducer a sollaker on the jaw with his mailed hand.—*K. U. Tablet.*