

The Owl.



VOL. II.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, JANUARY, 1889.

No. 5.

A Birthday Party.

Dear Readers:

The pleasure of your company is cordially requested at the celebration of the First Anniversary of the birth of The Owl.



ES we are going to give a party "and we want you all to come." This is the baby's birthday bless the little youth, and why shouldn't he celebrate?

He is a year old—but how can we enumerate his good qualities! That

were difficult even for one "who cannot bear children" so for us his fond parents it is impossible. Suffice it to say that he has already given promise of doing so much good in the world that the 'devil' devotes to him a great deal of his atten-

tion. See how he has grown! We have been compelled to get him new dresses while his old ones were still quite respectable. Soon send him to school? Why bless you, you do not know him at all—Although he belongs to the *genus* baby there is a *specific difference* between him and any other baby you ever saw.—Like each angel he constitutes a species in himself. In other respects also he resembles an angel—distance is nothing to him, he has been to all the colleges on the continent, and is a favorite every where—well, nearly everywhere. Those who hear him are charmed with his literary criti-

cisms, astonished at his knowledge of history, and instructed by his suggestions about things in general. What he *kant* tell you about philosophy is not worth knowing. Considering his age one would be inclined to believe in innate ideas. In matters mathematical, and vegetable, and mineral he is the very pattern of—excuse us that's slightly castaneous. He is not an athlete himself but you must know what he thinks of athletics if you would be *in touch* with the times. Unlike some whom we know, he never forgets his old friends, and before leaving always sings, with variations, his jolly old song *ululatus*.

He is an ordinary mortal baby, however, as far as his food is concerned, very particular as to what he eats, it takes many to cater for him. Many a time has his

father walked the corridors with him soothingly telling him that there was some one coming with a choice morsel and the hungry little tyrant would cry whoo! 'whooh!

Now however his internal wants are amply satisfied. So in the best of good humor he sends his best wishes and Christmas greeting to all. Ah yes, Christmas—with all his precocity, he has never penetrated the mystery of *Santa Claus*. You all know who *he* is however. THE OWL expects a Christmas box. So *Santa* must call around.

"We ring the bells, and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again."

CHRISTMAS MEDITATIONS.



ND was there ever joy on earth? Is there joy? The Spirit carries me backward, far backward, and I see as it were in golden letters graven on every tree and flower—"Paradise"! and again I see—"Paradise Lost." Yes, on one dreary day joy fled from the world. The justice of the Maker asserted itself and divine wrath blotted out Paradise, and His beloved creatures, those with whom it had been his delight to dwell, were driven into exile, and they went, carrying with them that gnawing home sickness which we their children carry with us from the cradle to the grave. Yes, the saints and the poets, whose exile is spiritual only, have all sung the song of exile, the *Super Flumina*, and the echoes of the plaint resound throughout the universe. To the saints and poets however, the world is always Eden, just as it is to the angels grouped about the throne of God; though a film has grown over the sight of man so that he sees no longer, "save through a glass darkly," the absolute beauty that was once to them but the transparent veil that shrouded the grandeur of the Almighty. The angel at the gate of the closed Eden tells me how


he shared in the sorrow of the outcasts but how he also rejoiced when he saw the gleam of Hope in their eyes wet with tears. The Redeemer would come and wipe these tears away, and "their joy no one would take from them." "Mine it is to tell," said the angel, "how in those dreary years of waiting God still talked with man, how he kept alive in his memory the merciful promise." The fatal act that had transformed the life of man would come to be proclaimed the *Felix Culpa* on the day of Triumph when the Messiah of Jew and Gentile shall have risen from the grave, and "death be swallowed up in victory." Yes, joy was given back to the world and Bethlehem is the "Paradise Regained." That wonderful star that shone over that lowly grotto, was the sign of God in the Heavens. "In the fulness of time" it shone, and its lambent beams called on the children of men to "hasten to adore Him"—"the new born King"—for verily He is the Saviour. Throughout the vast Empire, the great Pagan world, the margin of life was bordered by sorrow. Even though in the luxurious forgetfulness of the exile, men deemed themselves happy in the gratification that clay can give—gilded clay—in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, in the

golden age of Rome, there was a hunger and a thirst for something Olympus had not given, Parnassus could not give, but that the Judean Hills have given. The echoes of those mornclad Eastern Hills will reach to the Seven Hills and Rome will, though after long years of fiercest struggle, take up the anthem and from the Seven Hills to every rocky summit hoary with the snows of ages, will the song be lifted, and "Peace and good will on earth," "To God glory in the Highest" shall resound! No longer is there any justification for the sad refrain of old. *Vanitas Vanitatum*. That humble Galilean whose birthday was marked in the

annals of Augustus Cæsar has "changed the face of the earth." The "strange tidings of great joy" have reached the furthestmost islands, and men must needs be glad. The fair-faced and gentle voiced have made this world *Eden* again. The carpenter's son buildeth well, and unto everlasting is the Happy Christmas we must wish ourselves. To spread joy among men, because we know whereof we speak, must be our work here while waiting to take up the hymn of exultation beyond the 'Hills'—the hymn that shall end no more—"Happy Christmas now and forever."

C. A.

MEMORIES OF A WINTER IN OTTAWA.

HE transition from fall to winter is nearly always a season of disagreeable suspense: the weather is neither fair nor fierce: the ground is either hard or uneven from frost, or muddy from the autumnal rain; neither winter nor summer sports can be indulged in, with any degree of satisfaction: However, winter comes at last: the students rise one morning, and, looking out, find the earth hidden from view, in a veil of immaculate whiteness. Many are the remarks passed: "There's Canada for you," exclaims the freshman from the dominions of Uncle Sam, who has come to Ottawa with the idea that the North Pole is somewhere in its immediate vicinity. "Five months of that" cries the doleful student, while the hopeful collegian says: "Never mind, it will be a glorious time when it goes, anyway." And then the professional punster, who has been impatiently awaiting this moment breaks in with his pointless castanaceous *bon-mot*, "There's snow use in complaining," and quickly escapes around the corner.

As the rigors of winter become more marked, one of the "studies" in the college is the "cold" student. This "cold" party has a dread of winter, and, during the greater part of that season, keeps indoors with a

vengeance. The corridors and the recreation hall are his favorite haunts. Long ago when the hall was separate from the main building, all he knew of the outside world was the path leading from the one to the other. He owns an overcoat. And O! doesn't he hang on to that overcoat! This garment has a high collar and capacious pockets; when you meet the "cold" party, his face just peers from the collar, his hands are plunged into the pockets, and he walks along in a fearfully knock-kneed fashion, as though contact with the outer atmosphere should freeze him at any moment. So constantly does he wear that coat, that it becomes, as it were, a part of his individuality, and when he "moults" it in the spring, he looks like a new being scarcely recognizable as the walking overcoat, that excited attention during the winter. It is amusing to watch the contortions of this student whenever anything happens to go amiss in the heating system of the house.

On the other hand there is also what we might call the "warm" student, animated with a contemptuous disregard for all the terrors of frost and snow. He can scarcely be kept from outside, and very often exhibits an imprudent neglect of precautions against the breath of the ice-king.

For both these classes of students there

was ample amusement in the College, in the time of the writer of this article. Certainly one who found winter in Ottawa University a gloomy season was hard to please, to be sure.

Outdoor sports usually opened with indiscriminate snow-balling, which was always, however, successfully discouraged by the authorities. Then followed the "raid" of the Juniors. I do not know whether this custom yet holds out in the College; if it do not, perhaps I do wrong to recall it. A gang of the "small boys," headed by one of the most daring denizens of the "little yard," would invade the senior territory, and suddenly mobbing a "potent, grave and reverend" and perhaps six-foot senior, drag him out into the deep snow, and ignominiously "duck" him. This was sport, for the Juniors at least; and it was generally taken in good part by their elders too.

Nothing could be more pleasant than the exhilarating walk of a congé afternoon in winter; and it was quite common to start from the College, cross the Ottawa at the foot of the locks, parade through Hull, cross back by the Chaudiere, and thence return to the College.

But though a mere walk on a winter's day was enjoyable, it was still more pleasant if it took the form of a snow-shoe tramp. This is a sport that can be appreciated only by those who have taken part in it. What citizen of a warmer clime would ever imagine that we actually find pleasure in the cold and the snow; and that, for this sport, at least, the keener the frost and the deeper the snow, the greater the delight of the *raquetteurs*? Nevertheless the writer's last year at College was the first year, if he remember rightly, of the snow-shoe club. Everything had been prepared once that year for a grand tramp to Aylmer, when a grand thaw came and spoiled the fun.

The skating rink and coasting slide were both great attractions, at least in the beginning of the winter. Erecting the slide, constructing the rink, and flooding both were operations in which the students took great interest. Soon they would be seen careering down the one and around the other in high glee. Many were the collisions on the slide, but necks were never broken; many the falls on the rink, but no one ever seemed the worse of them.

As to inside amusements, there was no end to them. The smoking-room had more attractions than ever; the patrons of the reading-room were never so numerous. Club swinging, trapeze and bar performances, etc., were going on at every recreation, and all day on congés. When tired of these muscle-grinding amusements, one could sit down and take a hand at poker, or euchre, or seven up, or catch-the-ten, which were the favorite card games, or, if so disposed, meet a friendly adversary at checkers, chess or dominoes.

Winter was also the signal for the organization of the O. M. I. Cadets. It did not take long to elect officers, and "mobilize" the troops. Soon the awkward squad fell in on the floor of the recreation hall, to learn the difference between their right hands or feet and their sinister mates. Before long, the "Order Arms" was responded to with a grand harmonious thud, as the rifles came to the floor in concert, and the walls of the hall re-echoed the tramp of the collegian soldiers as they marched round them with military precision. However, in the writer's opinion, the students did not manifest sufficient enthusiasm for their drill. Ottawa College can boast of having the Champion Foot-ball Fifteen of the Dominion; in like manner, she ought to be able to have within her walls, the crack military corps of the country. Certainly if the "boys" gave to their drill the attention that they *can* give, the Cadets would be unequalled even by the regularly organized bodies of militia outside of the College.

The number of sports and the ardour for them increased when Christmas came. Large packets, which told of scented Christmas cards, registered letters betraying more substantial tokens of holiday greeting, and "boxes" filled with fowl, jellies, cakes, pies and the manifold other factors of a Christmas dinner, all these were the close harbingers of the happy season. Sometimes a number of students wished to spend Christmas at home, and now and then the permission was granted; but, in general, this practice was discountenanced by the faculty for the general happiness of the students. The boys felt better to be all together; and it was, to say the least, doubtful if they could spend Christmas more pleasantly at home. Congés were

plentiful and class-work light at this time. What more could be desired? It would take the blues away from the most melancholy being in creation, to see the students shaking hands after midnight Mass, and wishing one another the compliments of the season.

A sleigh-ride was the principal out-door feature of the Christmas amusements. There were generally two of them, one to Aylmer at Christmas, and one out the Bank Street road at New Years. Of course it took quite a procession of conveyances to hold all the students, and when the procession started the boys astonished the natives pretty well with their joyous laughter, and merry songs.

Inside, the evening entertainments afforded increased amusement during Christmas week. These were carefully prepared; and the excellent and varied stage talent always found in a crowd of students assured their success. During the writer's first year in the college, the burnt-cork element largely prevailed in these entertainments, and, if his memory serve him well, the majority of those that constituted the black semi-circle of mins-

trels, at that time, are now either priests or very near it. "Mistah Johnsing" is a member of the reverend clergy of Providence diocese; "Tambo is a priest long ago, and "Bones" is in Montreal Seminary a deacon, I believe, to be raised to the priesthood at the coming ordinations. The Reverend Chancellor of one of the dioceses across the line used to look very well in "black" too. A grand orchestra was generally got together for these occasions; the latest and best songs, side-splitting farces, laughable jokes, sharp local hits, all were presented for amusement. If a student had any weak point or eccentricity, it was sure to be brought forward on the stage, and none would laugh more heartily at the joke than the victim.

It was thus that, in sport and laughter and song the Christmas time passed away lightening the minds and hearts of the students before they settled down to work for the first term examinations. May the present students of the College and all the readers of the OWL enjoy a merry Christmas, even merrier, if possible, than College Yule-tide in the "good days of old."

R. '84.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.



LITTLE Phil has counted the days which must elapse before the dawning of Christmas morning. Under the cushion-seat of papa's great arm-chair, in the library, there lies a mysterious folded paper, the existence of which is undreamed of, save by little Phil. At a certain hour each day, when the house is quiet and the library deserted, a small boy steals into papa's sanctum, gently closes the door behind him, cautiously raises up the cushion-seat of the great arm-chair and extracts the mysterious paper already mentioned, from its secure hiding place. Not to every common eye would the contents of this document appear intelligible. The uninitiated would seek in vain for some clue to its import. But little Phil, the nine years old author of the hieroglyphics inscribed upon its surface, knows all about it. He knows what all the straight upright strokes represent, and why

each day he draws a horizontal line over one, then diligently counting the remaining numbers, puts back the precious paper under the cushion-seat and steals quietly back to the nursery or school room.

Little Phil is as yet a firm believer in Santa Claus, and entertains the deepest affection and reverence for that old gentleman. He has intimated, more than once, that a personal interview with his patron would be very desirable, and sincerely regrets the improbability of such a delightful possibility. He has an unalterable conviction that five minute's conversation in the private ear of Santa Claus would satisfactorily settle the question of that noble, prancing, fiery-footed steed, which ready saddled and bridled, in the windows of the great toy-shop down town, arrests the attention, and calls out the most enthusiastic admiration of every small boy who happens to pass that way.

The last upright stroke has been crossed on the mysterious paper under the cushion-seat of papa's library chair. Little Phil,

escaping after mid-day dinner from the vigilance of mother and nurse, runs breathlessly down town as far as the shop window, but lo! A few paltry books, jumping-jacks and other such trumpery, are all that remain of its former glory. The illustrious charger, mane, tail, rockers and all is gone. The shop-keeper, showing a lady customer out, recognizes a certain little lad with a crestfallen face gazing desolate at the show window.

"Where's that horse?" Phil asks boldly, but with a hemi-demi-semi quaver in his voice and a suspicious brightness in his eyes.

"Santa Claus carried him off last night," said he. "Wanted him for a good little boy."

The desolation fades away and the light beams out once more from Phil's blue eyes. He trots straight home again and keeps his own counsel for the rest of that exciting day. He utters no word of remonstrance when nurse puts him to bed an hour earlier than usual, being wanted to give some help in the kitchen.

"Hurrah!" Was there one in the house who did not hear that lusty shout on Christmas morning, when Phil's awakening sense, quickened by a flash of remembrance, caused him to bound out of his little cot, and alight on the soft carpet side by side with the noble, prancing, fiery-footed steed which had filled his sleeping and awakening dreams for a month before.

When mama looks in a few minutes later she sees her boy in the unwarlike accoutrement of a flannel nightshirt, mounted on his gallant charger, shouting, pulling the reins, and pricking his spurs with the ardor and enthusiasm of a Cæsar or a Napoleon.

"Ride on, my boy," the mother thinks, though inwardly amused at the boy's self-deception, "ride on, happy in your illusions of to-day, happier if they last until the morrow, for their span is brief at best, and soon you will kick the despised sham horse into a corner, and with him a score of other pleasant beliefs, upon which your childhood had built its card-house of hope and happiness."

* * * * *

There are some children of a larger growth who count the days for Christmas, though Santa Claus and the once coveted rocking-horse have vanished in the mist of long eventful years. And mayhaps, some

of these children long no less eagerly than little Phil of yore to spring into the saddle of some beautiful hobby and ride away to death or glory, with as ardor and—it may be—as much practical gain as their little nine years old prototype. Let us stop and think for a moment whether we stand between any of these old "children" and his coveted hobby. Let us honestly question ourselves on the subject, and sincerely try to discover how far we may atone for our past unjust and ungenerous interference, by indulgently remodelling our selfish tactics and assuming the rôle of Santa Claus for this blessed Christmas season.

Gold or silver we have none, but shall we withhold the kind word or encouraging smile which a brother claims at the outset of his enterprise. What though our far-seeing wisdom foretells disappointment and failure? Let us not be over-eager to destroy the bliss of ignorance. What though our superior judgment accounts the end unworthy the means? Let us not cast down the worker's hopes by gloomy prophecy or ill-natured sarcasm. Let him enjoy his illusions while he may. So long as they do not hinder a better cause, they cannot harm you or me, and they bring a brief pleasure to one who, be assured, has none too many in his life. And, after all, the serious business of life is work, earnestly and lovingly executed. Whether its result be failure or success is of minor importance.

"Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing." Wherefore let us give old Phil *actat* 30 or 40 or 50, a Christmas present of his hobby and when he mounts it exulting and confident, let us clap our hands and cheer him on, even though we see that for all the noise and excitement the noble beast is glued to wooden rockers and that in spite of his prodigious galloping he will never advance a rod.

"He who contemneth small things" will undoubtedly sneer at our simple exhortation, but nevertheless we stick to our cherished belief that an Infinite Providence makes less distinction between great and small than our finite wisdom is prone to do; and that by various so-called "little helps" we may hasten the establishment of the reign of peace and good will on earth.

PRINCE EMILIUS.

THE DYING YEAR.



AS it a dream? Did I really hear these strangely sweet, though grimly solemn utterances? Let me call it a dream, a distinctly remembered dream, let these words be taken as I took them from the angel, whom

I shall call: "The Chronicler,"—"The Spirit of Time."

"Distinctly, on the ear of my soul, as I sat musing over the years accumulated since history began to be told, did these words fall: What is present? What is past? What is future? What is time to me? Why should I speak of any age as characterized by this or by that? The nineteenth century to me is of no greater moment than the age of Nero. Are the wars, the rebellions, the sufferings, the inventions and discoveries, the manufacturing and utilizing of to-day concerns of deeper moment to me than the building of the Egyptian pyramids, the recollection of which dwells in my memory with the events of yesterday? From the earth I hear groaning and complaining where some fell disease is sweeping away thousands; from the angels in Heaven I hear prayers and sighs when they behold the unhappy countries on which the miasma of infidelity spreads its fatal fever. Can I count the lives that are self-destroyed? The deaths that result from starvation? The dragging years which finally bring disappointed energies and wasted ambitions to the grave, in this age of advancement, of self-preservation and of unutterable wretchedness? Yet have there ever been more lives consecrated to the service of truth than in this nineteenth century, now fast entering on its last decade? Has any other age grouped together such a cluster of geniuses, who in every effort have accepted and are fulfilling the conviction uttered by one of the most interesting leaders of thought this age boasts of? 'We must crucify ourselves to our pen,' I heard him* say. Never have I witnessed such a mingling of good and bad! Never before has error so skilfully disguised itself in the mantle of originality,

*Père Lacordaire.

and never before has false philosophy ruled so rampantly. The religion of progress and the doctrine of humanitarianism alike lure the rudderless souls that fail to perceive how impossible it is for the individual to lose his identity in the race, how repellant to the human soul must ever be the idea of the supremacy of matter!

Can I do aught but smile when I listen to their rhapsodies—I, who have seen the decay of other worlds? I, to whom the earth is but one of the many planets that have come from nothing and returned to nothing? In sincere pity I have listened to the unquiet spirits, who knowing that the soul alone is immortal, would have it alone rule the world. I, who knew that most men were absorbed in themselves and regulated their lives only in accordance with this worship of self. With what sorrow have I listened to those restless souls who at various times have spoken for the multitude. Their unavailable eloquence has saddened me, but I have been consoled by other voices that have cheered me; and Virgil is but the echo of a name, Tennyson shall become the shade of a memory. Even I, the stern-hearted, hoary headed Spirit of Time could only murmur 'Blessed are the pure in heart.' When I heard from a land where faith in everything and faith in nothing seems to be the mark among men, these thoughts resolve themselves into words: "All must be sacrificed to the general good; not only our passions, but our innocent joys; our dreams of personal happiness, if this happiness is naught but selfish and idle. We are determined to take our place wherever we can do the most good.* Vain dreamer that he was, and vain dreamers are all like him who do not know that usefulness is a mirage of the desert, that can only become a beautiful reality when based on a faith in Him who said: 'Without me ye can do nothing.' Yet of what vital interest to me are poetic illusions? For me there is no *Via Dolorosa*, no road of sorrowful recollections; life has not been more active for me than it is for the silent cliffs that separate the water from the land. Let that be, which is to be, is my

*Maurice de Guérin.

summary of endurance. 'The car Juggernaut crushing its victims in its path is not more relentless than fate!' cry the men of to-day and shall cry the, as yet voiceless, men of the future. I, whose eyes are clearer than theirs, say not so, for I see plainly that the unwavering hand of God, wrapped about in the softening clouds of His mercy, traces but obscurely the path in which each man's feet shall run. To the Church, His earthly representative, minute guidance has been left. To her care this human ant-hill has been confided. Her mission shall end only when I gather up the scroll and say: 'The end of time has come,' when the uttermost parts of the earth have heard and accepted the gospel. So I watch the years as they go into the forever of eternity, as is fast hieing this year of 1888.

Sing the song of hope! Sing it loud ye children of a loving father; your hope made strong by faith; your faith warmed with the love which, from the beginning, has been yearning for you, and which on that blessed night, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight years ago, was made manifest in the most endearing form, when a sweet Child came to you bearing all your iniquities and only asked you to take Him in. See that there be room for Him in your hearts; abide with Him and He will verily abide with you, and the years will have all their meaning for you, because you, with the shepherds and the lowly ones, have knelt down and adored Him—have carried the tidings to all—have proved that peace and good-will were beautiful realizations, and *Gloria in Excelsis* you shall see."

A. D. REAMER.



IN BETHLEHEM.

This carol is a translation from the French of Dr. Oscale and is said to have been written in the eleventh century.



FROM church to church the bell's glad tidings run
A Virgin hath conceived and borne a Son
And Angel hosts, the midnight of his birth
Sang, Glory be to God, and Peace on Earth
In Bethlehem.

Now, go ye forth and see this wondrous thing
The shepherds said, and seek the new-born King
In Bethlehem.

The stars went leading on from east to west
The wise men followed, till they saw it rest
In Bethlehem.

Their frankincense and myrrh and gold, they bring
To hail their God, a mortal and a king
In Bethlehem.

With three-fold gifts, the three-fold God they praise
Who thus vouchsafed the sons of men to raise
In Bethlehem.

B.

CHRISTMAS TIDE IN MANY LANDS.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad :
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time !"

—Shakespeare,



"GLORY to God on high and on earth peace to men of good will," a song old but ever new and ever bearing to the heart of the Christian, tidings of the same great joy which it bore nineteen hundred years ago to the simple shepherds watching their flocks on the hill sides. The story of Christmas is a simple and a very familiar one. Wars were at an end, the temple of Janus was closed for the first time in many years and Cæsar Augustus had sent forth a decree that a census should be taken. Joseph and Mary, obedient to the voice of their earthly ruler, repaired to Bethlehem, and there, in a stable amid the cold of December, at the hour of midnight, the God-man was born into this world. Years rolled on ; the infant of the stable in Bethlehem grew to manhood and after a public life of three years, died on the cross, ascended into Heaven leaving behind him a soul-saving Church which would perpetuate his word to the end of time. Ere many years had passed, the message of peace was wafted to the furthest ends of the earth, and the memory of that December night was deeply engrafted in the hearts of the converted peoples. Amongst all nations Christmas became the most beautiful of the feasts of the year ; the idea of the infant Saviour seemed to have drawn out all that is noblest and warmest in the human heart. Joy, love, pity were all combined at that season. At what epoch the feast of Christmas was established is a question of dispute, but it is now commonly attributed to Pope Telesphorus, who lived in the second century. From the earliest periods many ways were devised in various nations for the celebration of Christmas, and poets of all grades exercised their art in the composition of songs and hymns commemorating the birth of

Christ. St. Jerome and St. Augustine tell us that in the countries in which they lived, were sung rustic airs breathing the joy of Christmas time. This practice became quite common, but in the course of time the Christmas songs assumed a light and licentious tone and reforms had to be introduced. This was especially true of Europe, into which the custom was brought from the East. In Italy and France the airs became almost entirely the property of the shepherds. Many beautiful hymns on the same topic have been left us.

However, the following lines, written by a German monk in the ninth century, selected from thousands on the same subject, show that all work of that nature was not left to pastoral poets :

Tribus signis
Deo dignis
Dies iste colitur :
Tria signa
Laude digna
Coetus his persequitur
Stella magos
Duxit vagos
Ad praesepe Domini ;
Congaudentes
Omnes gentes
Ejus psallunt nomini.

In England these songs took the name of Christmas Carols, and are sung along the streets even to this day on Christmas Eve, by the waifs who gather beneath the window of some gentleman in the hope of receiving a present.

All do not celebrate Christmas alike, and it will be a pleasant journey if we accompany Scrooge's ghost in his travels through some of the countries of the world, and learn how each is affected by the words of peace which the angels bring to all men at this holy season. For

"The star that shines in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings
Of Glory and of Peace."

Let us begin by Rome, the Eternal Rome, the centre of Catholicity.

Rome to-day is not the Rome of twenty years ago. Christmas is no longer celebrated with all the splendour of the days gone by. The Holy Father who used to officiate at the ceremonies in St. Mary Major's on Christmas eve dares not to leave his prison. Everything in this church was grand and interesting. The Father of the Faithful used to preside at the singing of Matins and Lauds, after which he sang High Mass which was generally concluded about eleven o'clock. After this the Holy Father returned to the Vatican palace through brilliantly illuminated streets, and in St. Peter's on Christmas day, at about nine o'clock he again pontificated. At an earlier part of the previous evening about four o'clock, we might have assisted at another beautiful ceremony, the celebration of High Mass in the Armenian church. Before the consecration at this mass a curtain is drawn before the altar to show that a mystery is to be accomplished which human reason cannot fathom. At the church of Ara Cœli, something touches the heart more deeply than anything which may be seen in a life time. In the *præsepìo* or crib is exposed the *bambino* or babe so celebrated and venerated by the Romans, around which during almost the entire Christmas octave the young Romans of both sexes preach the panegyric of the Infant Saviour. For some months previous to Christmas there is great commotion in the families from which the child preachers are chosen and when the day big with importance to these young lovers of the divine child has come, the parents, grandparents, elder brothers and sisters are assembled in groups to hear the long prepared oration. At the end of the discourse the young preacher kneels and offers a fervent prayer to the *Santo Bambino* and is followed by another in whom the same interest is taken by another group. It is only the good children, that are selected to perform this office. Midnight Mass as understood amongst us is not celebrated in Rome except in the French church of St. Louis. Amongst the people of Italy Christmas is a national festival, and in its celebration there is much in common with the other countries of Europe. The houses are decorated with greens—a custom of ancient days. Under the reign of the emperors, from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth of December, was celebrated

the feast of the Saturnalia during which masters and slaves were on equal terms, and the temples were decorated with green branches. The church has christianized all this and turned a time of rioting into a time of true joy.

Let us now pass over to France. Christmas is there an essentially religious feast. for New Year's is the time of reunions and social gatherings. However each province has peculiar methods of commemorating the birth of the Saviour. In Brittany long before Christmas, but especially during the last week of Advent, Noëls of a great *naïveté* but of a remarkable sincerity of faith, are heard every evening around the fireside, and are sung by all the members of the family. But while this is taking place inside, often floating on the night air are heard the silvery voices of young men who go from house to house singing their joyous hymns. On Christmas Eve all prepare to receive Holy Communion at mid-night mass and it is a glorious spectacle, and one which only God and his angels can view in all its beauty—to see, long before the bells are rung, the representatives of the families wending their steps to the church by narrow paths, along the declivities of the rocky slopes, through the black paths of the moorland and on the white highroads. On all the hill sides bonfires are made—a druidical custom sanctified. The mid-night service opens with the solemn singing of the Genealogy of Christ, and the legends amongst the people tell us that at that hour the cattle kneel in adoration of the mystery of the Incarnation. The Christmas dinner must necessarily include a roast goose stuffed with chestnuts and seasoned with celery. The absent, who are in the army, in the navy, or who are, perhaps, engaged in holier pursuits, are not forgotten; tears are shed for their sakes and with the hope of meeting them again.

In all France children under seven years are thought too tender to be taken to the long mid-night ceremonies at which Matins are sung. On Christmas Eve they are told that they will attend the Matins *des mouches blanches*, that is, they will sleep soundly the whole night, a secret which they discover only when they are old enough to join the other members of the family in their devotions. The next morning they are informed that the promise

has been fulfilled. In the mountainous parts of Lorraine which still preserves the customs of former days, a beautiful ceremony takes place. Many of the inhabitants are shepherds, and on Christmas Eve, instead of the usual presentation of bread at the offertory, a young lamb is brought in the arms of a shepherdess, who is adorned with all kinds of ribbons and preceded by her husband who wears long boots, a glazed cap, and carries his crook in his right hand. The lamb is blessed and sometimes the shepherdess pinches its ears and the lamb immediately bleats and the dog, which of course accompanies the party, begins to bark. This does not occasion any merriment, but rather draws the tears of those good people, whose faith carries them back in spirit, by this simple ceremony, to the December night of long ago. At home, as in all parts of France, a large log is left burning the whole night. This receives, in some places, the name of Yule Log. In the Vosges Mountains great pains are taken to surprise the children, who are unusually well behaved at that time; Santa Claus, in the person of an elder member of the family or a neighbor, comes and brings rewards to the good and passes by, with severe looks, the naughty members of the family. Beautiful Noël's are sung at this time; the following pretty verses are chosen from many of the same nature:—

Entendez vous les anges
Entonnant dans les airs
Cet hymne de louange
Qui ravit l'univers.

Caché dans une crèche
Gloire à ce nouveau roi,
En pratiquant il prêché,
Ce qu'enseigne sa loi.

Pauvre enfant il sommeille,
Que son repos est doux !
Il dort mais son cœur veille
Et soupire pour nous.

Germany, too, must be visited in our hasty travels through the Christian world. In all the northern countries the Christmas tree plays a distinguished part in the celebration of Yule-Tide, or the Feast of the Sun, a name which is a relic of the times when all these nations were pagan. In the centre of the hall is placed a large fir-tree—but why this tree is chosen the legends tell us: When Eve plucked the apple the tree was changed into a fir-tree in horror of the sin of disobedience to

God, and ceased to bear fruit and assumed a sombre hue; but under the Christmas spirit of peace and good will it once more yields fruits in the form of lights and presents. By lighting tapers on the fir-tree and by loading its branches with gifts we recall the victory of Christ over the disobedience which led men astray. Around the Christmas tree the whole family assembles and stories are told of the far off time of the heroes who still live in the memories of the admiring people. The lights on the Christmas tree are symbolic of the love which that season begets and of the star-lit heavens on the night of the Nativity.

The Germans adorn their homes with holly which there receives the name of Christ's thorn from its use in church decorations; and from the fact of its putting forth its berries at Christmas time. These berries, we are told, were once white, but as the crown of thorns which was placed on our Divine Saviour's head was made of holly, the berries have changed their color and are now of a red-ish hue. In Germany as well as in Scandinavia presents are not exchanged between elders till New Year's and Santa Claus makes his visit to the children on St. Nicholas day, the sixth of December. Norse mythology explains to us why Santa Claus enters the homes through the chimney. In former times the houses were ornamented with evergreens in honor of the Goddess Hertha. At one extremity of the great hall which was the living room of the family stones were placed in the shape of an altar, called Hertha's stones, hence our word "hearthstone." On these stones were placed fir boughs and a light applied. As the boughs were consumed Hertha was supposed to descend and guide the smoke that the wise men and women might foretell the destinies of each person present from the movement of the smoke wreaths. So like the Goddess Hertha St. Nicholas comes down the chimney.

The Swiss legends narrate how on Christmas night Pilate's spirit which haunts Mount Pilatus has a brief rest. This spirit wanders about trying in vain to wash its hands. The quivering aspen tree too for that night ceases its motions for its wood was as well used to make the cradle of the Infant Jesus as the cross of the crucified Saviour.

In Russia, where the Gregorian calendar is not accepted, the feast of the Nativity is not kept till twelve days later than in the other Christian countries. Young children march about in crowds singing songs of the birth of the Saviour of the world. The Greeks have preserved many customs of the time when they formed but one with the Latins.

How could we forget to visit Ireland and see how Christmas is spent in this country which is attracting so much the attention of the civilized world at the present day? There is of course the midnight mass except in some places where the first mass is celebrated at four o'clock in the morning. As many as possible receive Holy Communion and pay their homage to the new born Redeemer. At home all is joy; no matter how poor an Irishman is, on Christmas Day his poverty is forgotten and that would be a bitter Christmas if he were unable to place on his table a roast goose whether it be fat or lean. Outside and inside evergreens are hung, principally the laurel and the holly. Around the hearth the whole family gathers and fairy stories are told and all are for the time unmindful of the cares of life. The Christmas candle is burnt in remembrance of the beloved dead with whom the living are united by the bonds of charity which the light betokens. The children receive their presents on Christmas morning from the mysterious visitor who has entered in spite of closed doors and performed his work of love.

On the day after Christmas, St. Stephen's Day the children amuse themselves hunting the wren which is considered a traitorous bird for during the wars of Cromwell by its tapping on the drums of the Irish soldiers, who were making an attack by night on the English camp, it

awakened the English and defeated the righteous attempt of the Hibernians to defend their country.

In England carols are sung at home and along the streets. In the Anglican churches special psalms are sung. But in that country, as in Germany there seems to be a falling off in the celebrations of this festival. There are parts of Germany where no longer do they understand what is meant by the Yule-log, and in England there is a disposition to give up the good old customs. During the reign of Elizabeth and of her immediate successors Christmas time was devoted to mummeries in which all joined from the Sovereign to the lowest beggar. Many of the songs of that period were irreverent and loose; but many too are full of a deeply religious and home-like sentiment.

On this side of the Atlantic there is no very distinct way of keeping Christmas. Each nationality preserves its own customs. The Irish still have the Christmas candle, roast goose or turkey, the French Canadians still consider it a strictly religious festival, the Germans still gather around the Christmas tree but all have the same motives. Many of the beautiful traditions are dying out amongst us and there is a danger, that Christmas may yet become too wordly a feast. But if we are true to the spirit of our religion our hearts will be ever open to the significant and sublime beauties of Christmas. If the Mexicans hang out lamps at Christmas time to guide the Magi who are coming to adore the Infant Saviour, we too should cast off from our hearts all darkness that the Angel of peace may find us a fit abode for the God who comes to us on Christmas morning.

JOHN P. DONOVAN '89.



THE ENGINEER'S DREAM.



AT HALF past eleven p. m., Christmas Eve, when the engineer in charge of the College engine house turned on the steam and started up the dynamo, he did it with the intention of making the great College building glow with a light befitting the grand old feast about to be ushered in. As the subtle fluid coursed through the miles of copper arteries and veins of the College, the massive structure became clothed in a brilliancy that was a cause of pride to the engineer who considered himself quite a magician in bringing about such a tremendous change by simply opening a valve. The machinery appearing to work smoothly, the engineer seated himself, and, as he was fatigued by his long day in the engine house, soon dozed dreamily in his chair. Glancing out at the College, he saw the windows of the upper story of the wing nearest him, illuminated with a pale spectral light, and gazing in the windows beheld a sight that caused him to quake with terror, and his soot begrimed visage to become as pallid as marble. Away up in the museum two large wires conducting electricity from the dynamo to the laboratory, had from some unaccountable reason received a swinging motion, and as they vibrated from side to side they momentarily came in contact with each other, emitting a torrent of sparks and flashes that soon filled the large room with electricity and impregnated it with ozone. About the centre of the museum, entwined around the branch of a tree, there had reposed for years a large anaconda, dormant and harmless. He was a model of the taxidermist's art, and was often stared at with wide-opened eyes and gaping mouths by many of our juniors who wondered what he had eaten last: and made vague guesses as to the number of youngsters it would require to give him a square meal. His head was poised high in the air, close to the swinging wires; and the sparks and flashes were fast approaching him. They came closer and closer till at last they encircled his head. The electric current revived him, and seeing the lightning playing about

him, he drew back his head in alarm, rapidly uncoiled himself from the tree, and glided to the floor. In his energetic movements he knocked over a large glass jar that, filled with alcohol, contained some rare reptile. The jar crashed through a glass case, deluging with the seductive spirit the osseous remains of two specimens of the *genus homo* that were just re-habilitating themselves in the mortal coil "shuffled off" some centuries before. As their frames began to be clothed with flesh, a darkened skin and strange lineaments betokened that they were visitors from some foreign clime. The fumes of the alcohol reached their nostrils and they eagerly lapped up what they could of it. One, however, finding a piece of ancient Peruvian pottery that had received about a quart of the fiery liquid, immediately drained it. The beverage at once caused him to become belligerent, and he turned his attention to his companion, whom he vainly attempted to grasp, yet who always, without any apparent effort, eluded his hands. The struggle lasted for some minutes, the combatants throwing themselves upon each other in reckless daring, yet being instantly repelled as if they were billiard balls. A cessation of hostilities was soon brought about in a strange manner.

A huge crocodile, the greater portion of whose life had been spent on the banks of the Nile, broke through the glass sides of his case, sniffed the air suspiciously, and darted towards one of the combatants, with as much vim as if he had within his reach a savory Fellah on the sedgy banks of his native Nile. But strange to relate, instead of sinking his teeth into the flesh of his intended victim, the latter shot forward from between the closing jaws of the crocodile as if he had been a piece of steel. This discomfited the huge saurian and he immediately sought other prey, while the unfortunate Abyssinian,—for such he was,—immediately prostrated himself in thanksgiving for his preservation before a hideous bronze idol, that shone with a phosphorescence that revealed, in all their ugliness, his frightful features. The attention of the crocodile

was next attracted by a large seal which, with two of its young ones, was sporting on the cold museum floor, with as much pleasure as if it were on an ice floe in the Polar Sea. The crocodile, with tears of rage rolling from his eyes, rushed at the seal, and was about to sink his teeth deep into her flesh when he was repelled by the same mysterious force that had projected the Abyssinian from his mouth, and to his dismay he saw the seal glide on before him. Nothing daunted he resumed the attack again and again, but could not touch the seal. What was still more strange, the young seals, who had been without food for many years, and who attempted to draw their customary nourishment from the breast of their mother met with a similar phenomenon,—the same mysterious force repelled them, and their almost human cries of distress were quite heartrending. By this time pandemonium reigned supreme in the museum and it resounded with the cries of animals, the hissing of serpents, the singing and screeching of birds and fowls; and the breaking of glass as the reanimated specimens dashed through the cases. Here was seen the “fretful procupine,” the divergence of whose quills betokened an intense rage; there a fox vainly endeavoring to sink his fangs into a Canada goose: here two bears tossing between them an armadillo, which, enclosed in its hard spherical shell, was bounding from one to the other. A large rattlesnake was gazing at his tail with a perplexed look, wondering why it was incessantly rattling. On the other side, in the section occupied by tropical birds, a most confused chattering was going on, which attracted a troop of monkeys, who, hearing the sounds of their native forests, were endeavoring to renew old friendships. Some cases of birds eggs monopolized the attention of a few of the

monkeys, who immediately proceeded to suck them, but finding them empty they vainly endeavored to wreak their vengeance upon a silver fox, which was unsuccessfully trying to smooth its ruffled coat; and whom the quadrumana supposed had “been there” before them. One hand some bird of Paradise was gazing with feminine pride at a “price \$40.00” tag that had been inadvertently left fastened to it. An Owl, perched upon a painted rock and with his talons sunk deep into the vitals of a rabbit endeavored to complete his long-suspended meal, but finally desisted when his mistress, Minerva, kindly whispered into his ear an explanation, viz, *like electricities repel each other* and sat winking to himself and chuckling inwardly at the disastrous attempt of the denizens of the museum to prey upon each other. As the time wore on the excursive instincts of some of the animals began to assert themselves and a large gorilla followed by a troop of monkeys climbed up to the main electric wires and breaking through the window swung hand under hand down the wires towards the engine house. The engineer, horror stricken, watched the approach of the ghastly monster—he tried to move, to run away, but he was as if glued to his chair—nearer and nearer they came; he could see the gleaming eyes, the gnashing teeth of the leader, and his heart almost ceased to beat. The giant gorilla at last reached him, its fetid breath sickened him, he felt its fangs sinking into his shoulders. Everything was fast becoming a blank when the words “Stop the engine, they’re all in bed” awakened him and he found that a messenger from the college had been engaged a whole minute in endeavoring to arouse him.

G., '90.





BETHLEHEM.



AR in the east our hearts this morn,
 'Neath roseate skies of faith and love,
 Kneel 'round the manger of our Lord
 Where reigns the King of Heaven above,
" Venite Adoremus."

And shepherds watching thro' the night
 Hear greetings from angelic choir,
" Gloria in Excelsis Deo !"
 Ring the notes of heavenly lyre,
" Venite Adoremus."

We bring the frankincense of prayer,
 The faith of souls set free from sin,
 The spices of sweet charity—
 A perfumed gift from heaven to men,
" Venite Adoremus."

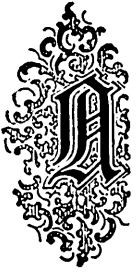
At Bethlehem's shrine of Christian hope,
 An altar bright with love and light,
 We kneel and bathe our souls in prayer,
 While shines the cross on Calvary's Height,
" Venite Adoremus."

Toronto, Dec, 18, 1888.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.



A WINTER IN THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.



WINTER in Canada! Not many years ago there was prevalent on this side of the line a vague idea that the life of a student at the average Canadian college, during winter, bore a striking analogy to that led by those animals that prepare to hibernate at the first fall of snow. But so well and so favorably has the Dominion now become known for its facilities for amusements, at a season when everything is dull and dreary, that it is to be hoped the illusion no longer exists. In showing that far from being a life of semi-torpor, the life of the students of the College of Ottawa, at all events, is one of great activity, it will be a source of pleasure to me to re-call these features that contributed most to enliven those long months that would otherwise have hung so heavily on our hands.

In this age, when it is aimed at in every well regulated educational establishment to develop the body simultaneously with the mind, it is gratifying to see the College of Ottawa foremost in the movement for the encouragement of many sports which our time has seen so successfully inaugurated. There all the games are encouraged: the unpretensions as well as those which are calculated to catch the public and cover the participants in them with glory. We are at present concerned only with those of the former category which have full sway during the long winter months and hence deserve all possible encouragement.

The most conspicuous among out-door amusements, within the reach of students, were skating, tobogganning and snow-shoeing; and no pains were spared to co-operate with nature, which is the main contributor to winter sports, in order to realize the maximum of pleasure from these pastimes. For skating one of the play grounds was converted into an immense rink which afforded a means for exercise and enjoyment that was both interesting and exhilarating. Few things around the College were better patronized than the rink, as there is in skating an attraction that is wholly irresistible. Quite a number became very

clever on the skates, and learned to cut figures with a movement, which for ease and grace, would make Hogarth go into ecstasies.

Thanks to the generosity of the Rev. procurator, tobogganning also was well provided for. This amusement has, of late years, become quite popular. No city along the northern border of this country that does not erect a slide is considered as having done its duty towards contributing to the entertainment of its people; and those whose geographical position does not permit the people to indulge in a genuine snow-and-ice toboggan slide, feel compelled to have recourse to a base imitation, and make the affair run on wheels! When people of the world feel so attracted towards tobogganning, it is not surprising that college boys are so overjoyed, when

“Ringing, swinging, dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow.”

It is precisely that wild, exciting kind of sport that suits their daring, impetuous temperament.

The other important out door amusement already hinted at, is snow-shoeing. I cannot think of “Le Club des Raquettes” without re-calling the most pleasant reminiscences of college days. I remember when it was a rather insignificant affair, suffering from apathy and indifference—the most blighting influences of any undertaking that calls for anything beyond ordinary endeavor and exertion, and I had the great pleasure of seeing it grow from its very unpromising infancy to a most robust manhood. Its final success was assured when the Athletic Association, under whose management all the sports have flourished, took the club under its fostering care, gave it its own colors, and thus stamped it with a uniformity and character which it did not heretofore enjoy. Snow-shoeing then became the fashion, and was recognized as the most agreeable and attractive manner of spending the free days that were generally devoted to that purpose. I am not prepared to say, however, that the novice enjoys the “racket” the very first day or derives all the pleasure which snow-shoeing is capable of affording. He must

serve an apprenticeship by tumbling several times, and get so entangled that without some assistance it would be almost impossible for him to extricate himself. His shoe strings must unloose twenty-nine times in as many minutes, and hence he is left behind the others several hundred yards; and he must slide down precipices utterly regardless of which end is uppermost when he reaches the level; and encounter a great many other little incidentals of this nature before being thoroughly initiated in the art of snow-shoeing; and the worst thing about the whole matter is that one's failure, like seasickness, does not engender one particle of compassion for the unfortunate victim; quite the contrary, it seems as if it were perfectly in order that someone should, to the intense delight of the others, be ready, on each day's march, to give exhibitions of that kind to which I have just alluded. It is great satisfaction to know, however, that the first difficulties are easily surmounted; and I have known, in more than one case, that he who, on setting out, performed feats of tumbling worthy of an acrobat, was, before the end of the journey, capable of competing with those who boasted of several years' experience. The fatigue incident to snow-shoeing is not so great as some are disposed to imagine; as not infrequently we covered over ten miles in an afternoon without experiencing any serious inconvenience. When the tramp was longer than usual a stop was made at some quiet country resort, where a few hours were most agreeably spent with music, singing, billiards and refreshments. It was on occasions of this kind especially that we realized the importance of the Snow-Shoe Club, and experienced the benefit of an afternoon away from the College and the study with which recreation on the grounds is always, more or less, connected. We had the good fortune of having a president for the Club, one whose powers of entertaining were rarely equaled among students. He presided at the table with the greatest ease, and when the little banquet was over, he showed

that he possessed the rare faculty of making post-prandial speeches which makes such men as Chauncey Depew and Justin McCarthy so much sought for at social gatherings.

But we must give a passing mention to in-door amusements also, which, though not precisely peculiar to any one season, are an extremely convenient resource on which to fall back when the weather is unusually cold and severe. Among them may be specially mentioned all sorts of games calculated to interest and amuse, a well equipped gymnasium which is well patronized, especially by those aspiring to be athletes, a thorough course of military drill, occasional exhibitions of the "manly art," whose poetry and ethics a well-known writer has recently enlarged upon, and a reading room which, when properly managed, is a college institution that is as entertaining as it is decidedly useful.

In what has been said may be found the principal distractions which filled up the ordinary routine programme. But complete as this programme may appear, there were certain times when it did not satisfy our wants, and hence something new was always in order, to satisfy that thirst for novelty for which with true boyish instinct we were constantly clamouring. Around the Christmas holidays, when it taxed every effort to chase away the most natural of feelings at that season—homesickness, a variety of ways of passing the time suggested themselves, such as sleigh riding for the entire community, which was always a feature of the year, musical and dramatic entertainments, and, of course, the annual ball which was always looked forward to which the pleasantest anticipations. From all this it can be seen what an active life the students of the College of Ottawa had

"When winter winds are piercing chill,"

and what an amount of truth there is in that trite saying: "My college days were the pleasantest of my life!"

TETH, '88.

CHICAGO, Ill.



THE SEASON OF THE SNOW.

HE Winter time has come again, the snow is falling 'round,
 Spreading a robe of purity and brightness on the ground,
 Like to the early thoughts that flush the young and sinless heart,
 Wherein aught that might shade its truth as yet hath found no part.

Light, white and beautiful it eddies antic in the air,
 Whirling and dancing up and down in playful wavers there.
 Fast on the cold and leafless trees its fleecy wreaths come down,
 To gird their winter nakedness with garments not their own.

On fairy pinions bright and fair it drops into the lake,
 Whose dream of glad tranquillity its touch can scarcely wake,
 A moment on its breast, then forever disappearing—
 Alas ! how like the fondest hopes human hearts are rearing.

Swooping upon the staring streets the little specks descend,
 And boldly through the barn-yard broad the buoyant atoms wend ;
 They crown the crooked fence-posts with caps a Druid might wear,
 And on the sward persistent fall 'till not a spot is bare.

Across the fleecy hill-side the trim icy trail is laid,
 The sled on shoes of iron skims along the frozen grade,
 Its jolly freight of boys and girls laugh light as merry lute
 'Till, in distance dying, the melodious thrills grow mute.

Like monarchs in their robes of state the distant mountains glow
 In the moonlight still and pale, when their peaks are wrapt in snow.
 How beautiful unto the eye ! How cold unto the touch !
 Often life's best realities are found or proven such !

When, in the gloom, the cataract intones its Gothic rune,
 And keens the arctic evening breeze, its sad, unmellow tune ;
 Out from the way-side windows bright the ruby lamp lights flow,
 To set a hectic blush upon the cold cheek of the snow.

Dry, aromatic tam' rack logs are piled upon each hearth,
 Alternate song and story cheers the laughing reign of Mirth ;
 When darkness brings respite from toil Canadians best know
 How fleetly flee the evenings in the Season of the Snow.



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. JANUARY, 1889. No. 5.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"—
 "BONNE ANNEE!"

The Christmas season is upon us with its various joys and friendly greetings. In all the year there is no other time in which the milk of human kindness so overflows, in which all the petty differences or grave disputes are so hidden by the general Christmas cheer. Our surroundings, reflections on the meaning of this holy season, memories of the past, all tend to make each one sink his individuality and busy himself about the general joy. Nowhere is this so true as in College. In the

world various passions rule the human breast on this as on every other occasion. For some it is a season of exclusive animal pleasure, visions of roast turkey and plum pudding arise before their famished eyes. The body is feasted; the better part forgotten. Others, too, do not forget their less favored neighbors, though they oftener *bestow* than *give*. Another class fulfills the golden precept by a simple "Merry Christmas to you"; nothing more. Perhaps the greater part, and of the number College students from no unimportant share, come nearer to the true Christian ideal. "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will"—this is the Christian's Christmas text addressed to all the world "Glory to God," the first, most fitting, and most necessary act; the act of the higher, nobler part of man to his Creator. Then "peace to men of good will"—the satisfaction arising from charitable actions. from bringing others joy begets the purest joy for us. And last of all in truth, though we can scarce convince ourselves of it, the animal wants are satisfied more generously, more lavishly than usual. In this truly Christian spirit may the students of the College, the readers of the OWL, spend this holy festive season. To each and all of them the bird more gently than is its custom, whispers—"Merry Christmas"—"Bonne Année."

IS IT INDIFFERENCE?

The question has often been asked and with considerable reason: "Why is it that in France and Italy, countries so intensely Catholic, governments hostile to the Church are allowed to remain in power." With regard to France there is little doubt but that the cause is the natural, though none the less culpable, indifference of the French peasant, and his aversion to anything that would dis-

tract him from the care of his vineyard. The returns show that in many of the elections in France not one-tenth of the electors voted and those who did vote were wheedled into line by the professional politicians of the Republic. Only in the large cities was anything like a full vote polled and here the composition of the vote was such as not to promise very satisfactory results. The consequence is that the government cannot be said to represent the people, though for this the people alone are to blame. With Italy, however, the case is different. When Victor Emmanuel despoiled Pope Pius IX, His Holiness forbade the Italian Catholics to take any active part in their national politics, lest by so doing it might be inferred that they countenanced the spoliation of the Pontiff by the Sardinian King. Just a few days ago, however, His Holiness Leo XIII removed this restriction and it is to be hoped that ere long Crispi's libel on the term 'popular government' will be swept from the face of Italy. The French people, undoubtedly still Catholic to the core, show signs of an awakening and may soon prove that they have a voice in closing monasteries and expelling religious orders. They seem to be beginning to realize that indifference, whatever it may have been once, is no longer a virtue.

A CATHOLIC MEDICAL SCHOOL

The time is near when a Catholic Medical School will be a necessity for Western Canada. Many people think, and so express themselves, that medical colleges should be undenominational, that in a medical training there is neither time nor place for religious instruction. In one sense this is very true. A man who must acquire an intimate knowledge of all the matters leading to the degree of doctor in medicine has his hands full, and will find a four year's course hardly sufficient to

prepare him for his final examination. And we would be greatly averse to heaping fresh burdens on his already overloaded shoulders by suggesting additional work. Moreover, religious instruction, strictly speaking, is foreign to a medical curriculum. But what we have a right to expect from every institution or body of men, undertaking the education of youth in any branch whatever, is that none but sound principles be taught those under its care. Are our expectations justified by the reality? We make bold to say that the principles underlying the education imparted by the medical schools of Ontario, are highly immoral and utterly subversive of social order. That they are materialistic a casual conversation with any of the many Ontario students and physicians will show; that they are immoral the daily prescriptions of resident doctors amply demonstrate. Is this a satisfactory condition of affairs? Evidently not, and the only remedy is to supplant this materialistic teaching, based, in a great measure, on ignorance of its real bearing by something more wholesome. For Catholics there is the open path of duty. Many of our young men yearly embrace the medical profession, and the number will be continually increasing. It is but one of their plain rights to be safely and surely guided in their chosen study. Catholics, who are ever so eager to act where the welfare of their children is at stake, cannot and, we feel sure, will not long hesitate. Let our leading men move; the people will approve and follow.

FOR "AULD LANG SYNE."

To make the columns of THE OWL more interesting to our alumni we intend publishing a series of class histories from the earliest available dates. To aid us in doing this we have sent to several of our old boys printed lists of classes with the

request that they send us any information they may possess of the individual members. Now we hope that this will not be a vain effort; we expect that it will be met by a willingness, on the part of those addressed, to contribute their mite generously and speedily. Many of the old students will be pleased to know the whereabouts and doings of those with whom they passed some years of college life. And certainly the memories of the past should be sufficiently strong and pleasant to make the answer to our circular an agreeable task.

Just a few weeks ago a member of the class of '78 visited the college for the first time since his graduation. He was struck with the extensive changes everywhere and declared that scarce a trace of the old times remained. But when he entered the reading room and saw the familiar faces of old friends smiling from the class pictures and groups upon the walls, he was obliged to acknowledge that the most impressive memento remained. "And yet," he said, "how many are missing! how pleasant it would be to have the photographs of all the old students here in the midst of the present workers!" And as a practical illustration of what he meant he left his own photo to be placed in what he was pleased to call the "Auld Lang Syne Group."

We shall be pleased to have this remembrance from any of our alumni so that this group may be really representative and a model for future years.

OBITUARY.

Of the students who attended College during the year 1885-86 there was none more deservedly popular than W. Louis Carrier of Lévis, Que. His intelligent industry and gentlemanly conduct won the regard of professors while his fellowstudents

loved him for his friendly disposition and whole hearted willingness to do anything for the general good. Some of the present students remember the day during the winter of 1885-6 when Louis, then a strong active boy, won the 100 yards snowshoe race at the winter sports, and was decorated with a medal in presence of his father, then visiting Ottawa with the Levis snowshoe club. In June 1886, Louis Carrier was graduated from the Commercial Course of Ottawa College and though not yet twenty years of age was obliged almost immediately to step from mimic into real business life. His father died and Louis became the head of the firm of Carrier, Lainé & Co, proprietors of one of the largest foundries in the Dominion. Notwithstanding his youth he showed himself possessed of great business ability and the vast establishment suffered nothing from his management. Soon his close attention to duty began to tell upon his health and the symptoms of consumption began to appear. Yielding at last to the advice of physicians he set out last October, for Colorado, whose milder climate it was thought might arrest the progress of the fell disease. But God had willed it otherwise and but a month later Louis Carrier succumbed to an attack of congestion of the lungs, and died far from his home, his brother Henri the only relative by his side. His remains were brought to Lévis and there interred on December 6th. Hundreds of workmen followed the hearse mourning for their kind young master while the business men of the city vied with one another in honoring the memory of the dead youth. The various societies of Lévis met to pass resolutions of condolence, and with them THE OWL unites in offering to the bereaved family particularly to his brothers Henri and Omer its hearty sympathy. *Requiescat in pace.*

CHRISTMAS EVE WITH OUR
EXCHANGES.

Christmas Eve! The exchange editor lolling in his chair is not quite certain whether he is awake or asleep. In any case he is dreaming. He has just been reading the *Christmas Carol* for the half-dozen-th time, and the picture of old Scrooge wandering about the city and country under the guidance of the spirits of Christmas Past, Present and Future is fixed in his mind. If he could only take a similar trip to-night, wouldn't it be jolly! Why he could visit all the other X-men and give them an X-mas greeting! Hollo, who's this at my elbow? A Christmas ghost? Not much—ghosts are shadowy, indistinct sort of personages if there be any truth in history and my strange visitor is quite a substantial reality. "*Bon soir, Monsieur,*" he says with a smile which reveals a pleasant mouth usually hidden in a thick black beard, and his eyes are laughing at my amazement. "You—you—have the advantage of me, sir," I stammer. "Ah, yes," he answers still smiling, "that is true, but permit that I present me—M. Jules Verne," placing one hand on his heart while he bows low, "who is at your dispositions." The name is familiar enough to my ears but how or why its possessor comes to be in my room I am yet at a loss to understand. I mutter something, what, I scarcely know, perhaps it is, "You have done me a great honor, M. Verne, won't you sit down;" offering him my solitary chair and proceeding to seat myself on a trunk. "I thank you much," he replies, "but there is not the time. Do we not go to visit your brothers—what they call themselves—ex-men?" He moves towards the window and I follow. Now for the first time I perceive that the bright moonlight which had been pouring in on the floor can no longer be seen, for some dark object is hanging before the window. My strange visitor opens the sash and steps out, but instead of landing on the ground forty feet below seems to find a firm footing somewhere on a level with the window. Emboldened by curiosity I also step forth to find myself on what seems to be the deck of a ship. A perfect forest of masts rises upwards each masthead being terminated in a very large fan. Suddenly everything is brilliantly lit up as with electric light, a sound

of machinery is heard, all the fans begin to move and the marvellous ship (for such it is) which had been stationary before my window begins to glide smoothly and rapidly through the air. M. Verne's voice says beside me, "Is it that you now commence to understand, my friend?" And at last I can answer yes. For I remember having read of a wonderful craft constructed by M. Verne for some American scientists, in which they journeyed all over the world and viewed the unknown portion of the earth. And the great Frenchman with an intuition of my admiration for himself and his works has given me the use of his latest invention in order that I may be able to make the Christmas visits I desire.

The night is clear and starlit. We are but a few hundred feet from the earth and the city is distinctly visible. As we sail over the Parliament buildings M. Verne admits that he has done them an injustice once before which he is now willing to repair. We cross the Ottawa river, and are moving in an air line towards Montreal at an extraordinary rate of speed. Soon we are descending in the neighborhood of McGill College and I proceed to hunt up the exchange editor of the *University Gazette*. "That was rather a hard rap you gave us last month, old man, but 'peace and good-will' is the motto of the season. Shake!" In less time than it takes to tell it we are off again and bound for Fredericton. As we glide over northern Maine I am thinking regretfully that this territory should belong to Canada, but doesn't. The *University Monthly* is at home and glad to see us, but we can delay only long enough to wish him the compliments of the season. Now we draw near that naughty place we have sometimes in profane moments requested others to go to—Halifax. The atmosphere has become moist and briny by the time we reach the office of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, but the editors generously provide us with an antidote to chills. A moment later we are floating over Windsor, a town which is laved by the Avon, stream of poetic memories. The *Record* man wants to have us stay over, but we convince him it is impossible, and with a "Merry Xmas" we are off again. To cross the Avon from Windsor to Wolfville doesn't take a half minute; the *Athenaeum* people must have had some idea that we were coming, for

they are all up. Greetings and adieus are exchanged in the same breath and we pass into the territory of Uncle Samuel. The Kennebec lies peacefully sleeping in the moonlight as we slow up at Waterville, and with a blast from a fish-horn which had been purchased on the day of the Montreal-Ottawa College football match, awake the *Colby Echo*. Away we fly due west till Burlington lights are seen reflected from the waters of Champlain. The ex-man whom we find here proves himself utterly unworthy of the name of *Cynic*. In fact he is a jolly good fellow. Now then, all aboard for Troy, Syracuse and Rochester! and the *Polytechnic*, *University News* and *Campus* are each requested to spend the season merrily. Niagara Falls! calls our brakeman, or more properly, our look-out. What sort of reception shall we receive from the terrible *Index*? A stream of light is issuing from the sanctum as we enter, and the terrible editor rises from the "Table" his face beaming with good nature, and both hands outstretched in welcome. We return his friendly clasp with vigor and wish him a very Merry Christmas. On again ascending to the ship our course begins to assume a zig-zag direction (it's no use to insinuate that Christmas cheer has already begun to affect us, for what has that to do with the ship.) Viewed from our present height we can see all the spokes as they come out of the "Hub" and extend to the extremities of the universe. Alighting amid the classic shadows of "fair Harvard" we are soon in presence of "Lampy" and "the Ibis." "Have a cigarette?" "Thanks, Merry Xmas, good-bye." We stop for a moment beside the huge reservoir from which the *Tuftonian* drinks its wisdom and then just as the myriad lights of Gotham begin to appear in the distance we descend upon the home of the *Fordham Monthly*. Another zig-zag across Pennsylvania and we have offered our best wishes to the *Haverfordian* and *Penn Charter Magazine*. Georgetown comes next along our way and we greet the *College Journal*. Due south we sail to Richmond, the battle-worn city, which has given birth to the *Messenger* and *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. (We have here made a slight sacrifice of truth in order to round a period, for the *R. M. Monthly* although printed in Richmond hails from Ashland.) Thence we pass into North Carolina, stop-

ping at Chapel Hill where abides the *University Magazine*. Flying to the north-west we came to Morgantown W. Va., where we are received with open arms by the *Athenaeum*. Thence across into Kentucky to halt at Lexington and call upon the *University Tablet*. We are about to cross the street, but the *Tablet* informs us that the Hamilton girls will be enjoying their "beauty sleep" by this time. This reminds us that the hour is growing late and we have a considerable distance yet to go. The waters of the Ohio being passed we arrive at Jacksonville, Ill. The *College Rambler* exchange editor is found sitting in that identical "Easy Chair," with his feet in that identical position. He has fallen asleep while reading the last OWL, and we do not disturb his slumbers. Another zig-zag, this time to the north-east, towards Kankakee. "Hollo, St. Viateur's! How are you? A word for your private ear. The meaning of *doppel-ganger* is—" The explanation is perfectly satisfactory, and we part with a hearty hand-shake. The prow of our ship is turned to the south-west and we are passing over the state of Ohio. Our brethren of the collegiate quill in Wooster, Delaware, Oberlin and Berea are seen and greeted. Now we start for Indiana, and interview the *Earlhamite* who promises us to try to induce Gen. Harrison not to annex Canada. Mississippi's muddy tide and Missouri's rolling waters are behind us and we are in Nebraska. A light brighter than our own electric lamps, shines meteor-like in the sky. It is the *Bellevue Star*. This friendly orb directs us to go south if we wish to meet the *Ottawa Campus*. In a twinkling we have arrived at the spot and have exchanged greetings with our western friend who is surprised to find us so far from home at the late hour of the evening. Now we shift our course for the west, no more stoppages till we reach the Pacific. In the heart of Colorado the giant form of Pike's Peak uprises before us, to pass it we must ascend 12,000 feet and the change of temperature is severe. Quickly speeds our air-ship across Utah and Nevada, and we are in "the glorious climate of California." A pillar of fire shines before us as we near the ocean and we discover it to be the *Pacific Pharos*. Here we rest a few moments taking breath for our homeward flight, and explaining the circumstances of our coming to the astonished editors of

the *Pharos*. "Merry Xmas, *Pharos*!" Now we are on the homestretch and our speed is even greater than before. The huge frame of our air-craft trembles as we fly over the great Salt Lake, across Wyoming, through the Rockies and into Dakota. We bring up at Brookings and two of the *Collegian* editors, at least, are overjoyed to clasp hands with one who has journeyed from Ontario to see them. From Brookings we are whirled northward to the capital of Manitoba, the home of *St. John's College Magazine*. The warmth of our reception here serves to reanimate our almost frozen limbs, and we again move towards the south. Crossing the boundary we are in Minnesota whose most important town, in our eyes, is Collegeville. Fain would our friends of the *University Record* induce us to remain with them, but since that may not be they bid us Godspeed. We pass over Wisconsin at lightning speed, Lake Michigan likewise, delay for one moment at Kalamazoo where dwells the *College Index*, and for another at the home of the *Speculum*. Huron's waters lie, now before us, now behind us, and we are in the capital of our own Ontario, Toronto the Good. A *Varsity* editor is found engaged in smoking his last pipe and arranging his "night-cap," he generously divides the "night-cap" with us and we bid him farewell and wish him a Merry Christmas. Trinity is visited and the *Review* called upon. The buildings of Queen's College loom up in the light of the now waning moon as we approach the Limestone City, and our last fraternal visit is that which we pay to the editors of the *Journal*. Finally at 11:45 p.m., just three hours and thirty-five minutes, M. Verne says, since I stepped from my window to the deck of the ship, I step from the deck of the ship to my window. I express my deep gratitude to M. Verne for the service he has done me, and hope that all the joys of this joyous season may be his. The air ship sails gracefully away, while its captain bows and waves his head—and I wake up to find that my lamp is almost burnt out, and that it is time I should get ready for Midnight Mass.

Brethren of the college press, receive ye all Christmas greeting from The Owl.

SANTA CLAUS AND OUR JUNIORS.

"Yes," said Santa Claus, as he seated himself on the steps that led into the junior dormitory, "these youngsters are getting too precocious by far; they are fast relegating me to the domain of myths, and if this sort of thing continues my occupation will certainly be gone. Why, there're not half the number of stockings to fill that there used to be; and I can't for the life of me tell what's the reason; it seems as if the happy days of childhood were being omitted from the life of the present generation, the babies become young ladies and gentlemen at a very tender age." Santa Claus mopped his perspiring brow with his handkerchief; and glanced down at the three long rows of beds before him. He was tired, was the jolly old saint; the climbing up of four long flights of stairs is no joke to a man of ordinary energy, and to good old saint Nick, encumbered with his age and the innumerable parcels he bore, the ascent was a task that only his love for the youthful hearts gathered together from every corner of the continent into the large room on the fourth floor caused him to undergo. While he rested himself, he gazed down at the sleepers, all lost in dreams of the morrow and its celebration. The bright moonlight streamed in through the dormitory windows and sprinkled the beds and their recumbent inmates with its silvery rays, marking prominently the nose of one, bringing out in bold relief the ear of another, and again deluging with light the brilliant head of still another. Occasionally some little dreamer would break forth into speech, gesticulate wildly and again relapse into slumber.

At last Santa Claus arose, saying to himself "Well, I must set to work, if I want to get through before morning, and if my eyes do not deceive me very few of the children have hung up their stockings; I expected this, and have come here expressly because I want to teach them a lesson; when they'll wake up in the morning, they'll find out that Santa Claus is no myth. Well, so here goes." With this the good old soul stepped into the dormitory and hunted for the stockings of the occupant of the first bed. He found them at last, and reflecting on the nature of the gift that he should give him,

remarked: "Why he's quit. large boy! I'm afraid that his mind is a little too matured to see Santa Claus in this, so I'll aid him by giving him a pair of spectacles," saying which Santa Claus dropped a pair of spectacles into the stocking. He also placed therein a toy dog sitting in a candy *kennel*. As he approached the next bed a smile of recognition overspread his features: "Why, if this isn't little Jokurns," he exclaimed; "not an inch taller than he was last year, but"—feeling the head of the sleeper—"his musical bump has developed considerably since last year. Joe believes in Santa Claus at any rate, for his stockings are hanging up;" saying which Santa rolled up a copy of Mendelssohn's "Symphony in C Minor," and placed it in one of his stockings, while beneath the pillow he slipped a copy of the "Life of Mozart." The next in order was also an acquaintance of Santa Claus. "Why if this isn't Pack E. B.," he exclaimed. "When I went through his home, I found his bed vacant, and I wondered what became of him, never expecting to find him here. Well, I'm glad he's in no worse place." He fumbled in his pack and brought forth a pair of long pants, which in lieu of placing in Pack E's stockings he hung on the electric lamp before his bed. "Another old friend, I've a mind to wake him up and shake hands with him—but he's such a sound sleeper. Why, hasn't he grown, this young *Russian*! And look at the needle and thread, placed so near at hand; he's at his old work again, continually sewing up his clothes, he outgrows a new suit every week; but I've luckily thought of this peculiarity," and the jolly saint fished out a rubber suit and placed it at the foot of the bed—"There, that'll last him till he becomes a man; he can't outgrow that for it will stretch to a diameter of three feet without giving." The next bed contained another whom Santa did not at first recognize.

"Who can this be? He was't here last year; yet the face seems familiar; I think it must be a youth whom I visited in Quebec, yes, and if I mistake not I promised his mother to *pay Joe* a visit in Ottawa. If he is the same youngster that he was last year some candy and a cake of scented soap would be most acceptable, but I'll hide them under his pillow, for he is so slow in getting up in the morning that some one would appropriate them

before he became thoroughly awake." Another stranger, and what a stout little chap he is; what name is marked on the stocking? "C. A. Meron," read Santa and he immediately placed in the stocking a bottle of anti-fat. Hunting for the stockings of the next recipient he found on the floor a piece of white paper on which he read "Two dollars spent for candy in one week," and then Santa, in a tone that threatened to arouse the sleepers, said: "This youth must think that he can *plant* more teeth in his mouth when his present outfit is destroyed; I'll renew them for him at any rate." And the saint dropped a set of false teeth into one of the stockings. The next bed contained a youth of classical features and stentorian snore, and Santa Claus, after fumbling in his pack for a few moments, presented him with a statue of Caius with one arm in a sling. The next two beds were vacant, and the occupant of the third one was presented with a tin model of a Canadian Pacific Railway train, headed for Lowell, "So that he can *leave very* early in the mornin'," said Santa Claus, with a touch of the brogue. After this the heart of a prominent junior base ballist was gladdened with a present of a catcher's outfit, a position in the Lowell Base Ball Club and a set of scoring cards, in which the name Brune L. figured conspicuously. "Ah! Here is my little friend, Robby Dew, with his jaws moving like clock work," chuckled Santa Claus to himself: "What will I give him? Le'me see, I've got a pile of chewing gum with me which I haven't yet begun to dispose off, so I'll unload a little on him." The saint also fastened at the foot of the bed a chromo card with the couplet:—

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

on it. Santa Claus was astonished when he reached the next bed; he found a pair of stockings hanging at each corner of it; "There's no doubt but that I am a favorite with this individual, and if I am not mistaken he's played the same trick on me before. However he'll not get much this time," saying which the saint broke up a candy *rainbow* and threw a piece into each stocking. He also gave him a set of directions for winning a wheel-barrow race, and a half-dozen vests and a button hook. Santa Claus had now reached the end of the dormitory, having filled all

the stockings on one side, and being fatigued, rested a few minutes, sitting on a vacant bed. While he was musing there he heard a sweet voice, as if from *Paradise*, singing :—

“ Dear angel ever at my side
Donnez-moi vingt sous.”

Santa Claus turning towards the singer threw him twenty cents together with a life preserver to be used when skating on thin ice. He readily recognized the sleeper in the next bed. “Why! if this aint little Aleck the Glengarry Tory and womans’ rights advocate: he is getting to be quite a man. This is just what he wants” he said glancing furtively towards the cell occupied by the dormitory master, and dropping a package of cigarettes into the stocking. At the next bed the good old saint tripped and nearly fell, for a large splinter of the flooring caught his shoe. Glancing down he saw the floor pretty badly dented; however, when he saw the shoes on the floor near the bed he was not the least surprised. He immediately took from his bundles a strip of heavy carpeting, and laid it alongside the bed saying “What a terrible noise this youngster must make when he is getting ready for bed, but now we’ll have no *more* of it.” To the next bed he tied a twenty-five dollar horse, saying “This is for the Duke,” and was passing by another when he was arrested by the sight of a dark little head popping out of a red gown. “Ho! how’s this!” he exclaimed and he immediately examined his pack, drawing forth a Jack-in-the-box, a reduced counterpart of the being in the bed before him. “I thought my Jack-in-the-box was stolen and placed here; I’d have known better had I but listened to the snore; I guess this one of mine will prove interesting to the youngster so I’ll leave it to him. “Why they’re as like as twins; said Santa Claus, laying the Jack-in-the-box on the pillow;” won’t he have great fun in trying to “*bush him in*” as the Dutchman says. The Saint’s next visit was to a very thin youth into whose stocking he could force nothing but a lead pencil, yet he laid a whole turkey, nicely cooked, alongside the bed, and in order that there would be no mistake as to whom it was intended for, he marked it L. A. Moreux. The neighbor of this youth was given a toy called a “peggy,” Santa remarking that he would have given a piggy, but that it was *all lard*.

At the next bed Santa Claus was amused at the contortions and sparring of one of the smallest of the juniors who was evidently dreaming of a pugilistic encounter. The stocking of this juvenile were not to be found, but his overcoat was at the foot of the bed, and the Santa endeavoured to put something into the pocket when he found it already occupied by a large piece of cake. “Ho! ho! I have something that he’ll like,” said the saint, putting into another pocket a statue of John L. Sullivan; “this youth would never do for a looking-glass maker.”

It was now getting near morning, and Santa Claus saw that he must hurry if he wished to fill the stockings of the other sleepers before they awakened. He passed at the next bed long enough to measure the boy sleeping therein, and finding that he did not grow an inch since last year, left him a stretching machine and a bottle of medicine for promoting growth, and remarking “if *Brun* eat only a little more he would likely grow,” passed quickly the next two beds, throwing to one of the youths who was just escaping from the arms of *morpheus* a couple of jumping-jacks saying give one to your neighbor and *you may* keep the other for yourself. The younger of the two brothers who occupied the succeeding two beds, breathed so loudly with nasal accompaniment that the dormitory was as well filled with the reverberations as ever was the home of the Tyrol peasant when

“The echoes from his home
Through his native *Valley van*.”

Santa Claus was hurriedly filling the stockings of the chanter when a snappish “get ‘way from me” startled him, so fearful of discovery he proceeded to fill the stockings of the elder brother whose good natured face unconsciously wreathed itself in a thankful smile as the old saint passed by. Four more pair of stockings remained to be filled, in the first was placed a volume of the Senate Debates and a list of pointers on an “Elective Senate” to replace those given to a Calumet parliamentarian by the *great* youth whose stocking was being filled; the second pair strangely enough were expanded by a pair of boxing gloves. Santa saying in the Ethiopian dialect that he “don’t *gib bon* bons to children like him.” The third pair were those of a *Christian* and were soon filled with a collection of scrap

pictures for his picture gallery. This emptied the sack and Santa Claus was in perplexity, for there still remained one pair of stockings to fill; but a bright idea struck him, and he left his sack with the following message pinned to it.

Dear Dan Durand :

*If you get this sack filled with feathers
it will make you a much needed soft seat.
Wishing you and all your school-mates a
Merry Christmas, I remain :*

Your Old Friend,

SANTA CLAUS.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE ISLE OF PALMS, by C. M. Newell.
Boston: DeWolfe, Fiske & Co.

The writing of boys' stories has occupied many clever pens in this century, and the demand for such books is always equal to the supply. At this season of the year especially are works of the nature of the "Isle of Palms" certain of a large sale. This is a well-written tale of adventure, full of exciting incidents. Dr. Newell evidently knows the sea and the life of those who sail upon it; but lest the mere recital of ordinary events should be too tame he has given us an encounter with a mad whale, a blood-curdling description of the appearance and wicked doings of a devil-fish, and the marvellous capture of a real live mermaid. No doubt the book will attain as great popularity as did its predecessor "The Voyage of the Fleet-wing."

MOTHER GOOSE FOR OUR PHIL-
SOPHERS.

Says a simple man to collector Cam,
"I find your OWL both wise and funny,
I'd like to get it every month,"
Says Cam "pray show me first your money."

One day the king of Calumet
His council called together,
And said "My friends, I'm going to let
You know of my successor,
I've got a youth in my mind's eye
Who lacks a little knowledge,
So you must send my young friend Si—
Non down to Ottawa College.

No *donjon* fortifies our walls,
Gair s' foes with intent evil,
But better still we've *Jon Don's* prayers
To scare away the devil.

Little Don McD.
Had a pain in his knee
So bad that he couldn't go to study,
But he minded not at all,
For he practised at football,
Though the field was a trifle wet and muddy.

Ding Dong Doots,
Where are my rubber boots?
The rain is coming down
And the people of the town
Are crowding to the match,
So I the bus must catch,
Ding Dong Doots.

Ding Dong Dee,
They've made me referee,
And so I must take care
My rubber boots to wear,
For my understanding must
Be equipped and fit to trust,
Ding Dong Dee.

The rubber boots he found
And he hastened to the ground
Where his friends and admirers were collected,
And now before I close,
I should tell you I suppose,
When such duties *Fall on* him they're not neglected.

He's exceedingly strong in Geology,
And knows far too much *Etymology*,
He writes essays so long,
That I think I'm not wrong.
When I say Don excels in *Tautology*.

That sage old fowl, the College Owl,
Heard this from students three-o
"How oft we'd take a midnight prowl
If we only had a *key-o*."

Hickory, dickory, den-o
There was a young man named Er-Len-o
And he wanted to send to a feminine friend
A classical ode from his pen-o
So he scribbled and scratched all the night-o,
For his muse likes incandescent light-o.
And by morning he thought that he wonders had
wrought,
But the truth is the ode was a fright-o,
"My sweet" it began, "if a rat in
My sensitive heart dwelt this matin
I could not feel worse (tho' I fear I should curse
In pure Ciceronian Latin)
Than I felt when I saw you last week-o
With a fellow who never read Greek-o
And of Virgil and Homer, this is no misnomer,
I'm sure not a word could he speak-o."

A man of phine *phelin'*
Sat near the ceilin'
Reading exchanges one day,
When in comes young Ken
Saying "throw down your pen,
And come out in the field to play."

Mick Aw Lee
He! He! He!
What's that you were doing,
When the light
You held tight—
Ly, 'fore the fountain flowing?

Hey diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon,
But her bellowing loud,
Wouldn't scatter a crowd,
Like Rodolphe's big bassoon.

Job worked right hard for heaven, you see,
And won it at great price,
So 'tis small wonder there should be
Job's son in Paradise.

You Jene Grew
Where are you
Going with those books?
On your arm
Safe from harm,
Ah! How wise he looks!

I've no time
To your rhyme
To listen on the corners,
So ta, ta,
Tra, la, la,
I'm studying for honors.

"Alouette" gaily sang Brunette,
"Alouette, je te plumerai"
But an Owl came flying by
And pecked out the right eye
Of Brunette, pauvre jeune Brunette.

ULULATUS.

A

Merry

Christmas!

Double Pedro.

Shinny your side!

Boys, get ready for a tramp.

Boys if you want fun, make it.

The knight of the two edged sword.

"Half a million a year annually."

"For Man or Beast." Which got it?

"Is dere a Skinny Atlas paper here?"

What was that deaf man doing on the jury?

The Glee Club have been very *hysterous* of late.

The witness that lost his memory gave evidence
—of what?

One of our Sophs is back with a—well, yes it
is a moustache.

Damon has removed his office to No. 37,
Dormitory No. 2.

When that fourth form man finds what he has
lost let him *keep* it.

Who knows anything about the geographical
position of the M. P.'s?

Say! why not have the *sparrow* and the
martin in the Glee Club!

Did that third form man build the *sidewalk* in
the *middle* of the road yet.

Though it was not quite *Paradise* lost, it was
nearly so, wasn't it, Oscar?

On a certain table in the refectory no statement
is accepted without *divine* proof.

O. C. A. A., do not lend your flags to the
engineers if you want to use them again.

"Barber, spare the three" is what Frank D.,
said when about to be shaved last week; and the
barber succeeded with the aid of a microscope.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,
E'en when out o' the study we float
Wi' a bit o' red flannel o' the tail of our coat.

"Yes," said the member from the Island strok-
ing his side whiskers, "The fish are so thick
along the banks of the St. Lawrence that the
waves crush them to death. I am not joking
gentlemen, it is a fact."

Caius as a skater,
Is no small pertater,
See him skim along,
Now in circles narrow
Now in a wheelbarrow
He twists with merry song.

A petition is being circulated amongst the stu-
dents asking that the ancient pipe which our
Trojan smokes, and which neither time nor tobac-
co can destroy, be given a place amongst the
antiquities in the museum.

Out of the cupboard the rodent peeped,
In search of a crust of bread,
Up on the benches the students leaped,
In terror deep and dread,
Yet one their was,
Both brave and true,
'Twas duty's call,
Full well he knew.
He seized a knife
And cut in two,
The quadruped,
Bone and sinew.

Garland the brow of our hero hold,
'Tis Kailton's noble son,
Long may our brave one his honors hold
For they were nobly won.

Vincent has given up all hopes of getting his
A. B. this year.

O give me three minutes more Johnny,
Only three minutes more,
That I may make a repartee,
And your arguments floor.