

The



Owl.

VOL. I.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, MARCH, 1888.

No. 3.

IMMUTABILITY OF TRUTH.

IN the essay now before you, I will endeavor to prove the immutability of truth, and to establish the truth and immutability of our Catholic doctrine as a natural consequence.

Truth in its logical acceptance, as we are all aware, is the adequation or the conformity of our intellect with the thing known; but in its metaphysical acceptance it consists in this, that the entity of objects, or rather that the objects of our knowledge correspond with the ideas that God has of them.

However before entering into the development proper of the subject, I beg to state in opposition to some modern philosophers, amongst whom Kant ranks prominently, that the truth of objects does not depend on our created intellect, but that this noble faculty of ours serves only to know the truth, by its connection with the objects, and furthermore that our very intellects are measured in their logical truth by the existing beings themselves. Therefore truth does not depend on our limited intellectual faculty, but on the supreme and eternal intellect of the Almighty; and since it reposes on the wisest, most perfect, and most powerful mind, can it be mutable?

Before answering let me recall to mind that truth is objective, and stated as already is not a mere conception resting upon the caprices and inclinations of our created intellect.

The architect before he traces and works out his plan, previously conceives an idea of it in his mind, and afterwards directs all his endeavors to the realization of his architectural conceptions. The same proceedings happen with regard to the truth of objects, for they depend really and essentially on the Divine intellect.

Because, before creating anything God had original and eternal ideas of what he was to create; and his creative acts were in accordance with these ideas.

Nay more, the essences of objects which constitute their truth depend and flow directly from God's intellect, and therefore we cannot doubt of the truth of things, since they are the realization of ideas which previously existed in God, or in truth itself.

But can truth be mutable?

It is mutable if we admit and prove that God himself, or rather that his Divine intellect is mutable; and surely no sane and intelligent man would dare come forward and endeavor to prove that his very Creator, that the Maker of everything that exists, of everything that is logically possible, that the most perfect and most supreme Being, that He who exists from eternity, and will live and be adored for eternity, in fine that truth in its most perfect form can change.

But an adversary may perhaps bring forward the objection that the ideas of the

Divine intellect may be true, as well as their realization, but at the same time that truth after it has been realized in objects, and outside of God's mind, may change.

Surely, if this were so, God would contradict Himself by establishing an opposition between his ideas and their realization.

And again could God, who is goodness and kindness in their greatest perfection; realize what He conceives in His Divine intellect in such a manner, that it would be mutable, and consequently be a cause of danger and deceit to the creatures whom he has animated with a soul to His own image, gifted with the most sublime faculties, and destined for his eternal society? Assuredly not.

And finally, truth is what is most perfect since it depends and proceeds from God's mind, which is the greatest perfection itself, and what is perfect cannot change, therefore truth cannot change.

Hence I think that those who have perused and examined the arguments brought up in support of my thesis, although they are but a few amongst hundreds of perhaps more forcible ones, will be compelled to admit that truth which is objective, and is the realization of the Creator's ideas, is immutable.

As a consequence, therefore, I think I am, without fear of contradiction, justified in proclaiming that our Holy Religion is the only true one, and therefore immutable.

Because God the Father foresaw the fall of that being upon whom he had lavished so many precious qualities, so many graces, He knew that man by his disobedience would become enslaved to Satan, and lost forever to eternal happiness, but his love was too great to allow man to remain dormant under the cruel shades of sin and death.

Then his infinite goodness disclosed itself in the person of Jesus Christ, His son, His equal in all things, when he founded our Catholic Church, and its establishment was the realization of that idea which God possessed from all eternity for the salvation of mankind.

Besides, the ideas the Almighty realized

in truth are immutable, and therefore the Catholic Church is immutable and the is only true one, and these other so-called religions, whose sole object is to distort our divine doctrine, nay more, which are continually changing in their own principles, and about which the learned Bossuet so justly wrote, "that they have almost as many sects as individuals," are false and dangerous, since true principles cannot change.

However, you will perhaps say that sin exists and is a moral falsehood, and consequently how are we to place reliance on metaphysical truth as we have just defined it.

We must remember that sin exists only morally, in as much as God has given a law to man which he must observe and obey, still at the same time he bestowed a free will upon him, in order to test his love and fidelity; and if man disobeys or breaks that law, which is a perfection, God perceives the negative of that perfection, but the cause is not unknown to him, and hence in no way does he contradict Himself, nor does he produce any metaphysical falsehood. Therefore, in conclusion, I may venture to feel confident in declaring that I trust my few arguments have obtained their aim, and that I may safely affirm that truth is eternal, and what *was* and *is* true, *will* be true.

JOHN L. CHABOT, '89.

IN Ireland the first Sunday of Lent is the beginning of the mission season, when many of the best preachers of the large cities as Dublin, Limerick and Cork go down into the country in order to stimulate fervor among those who at other times have not the opportunity of hearing such excellent sermons. Rev. Stephen Nicoll O. M. I. has just finished conducting a mission of this kind at Clonmel. Father Nicoll preached our annual retreat in 1884, and his power of touching the hearts of collegians, proverbially difficult to please, is a guarantee of his success with the more easily moved masses.

A GHASTLY REMINISCENCE.

WE were quietly sitting at our books, one morning, when suddenly we were roused by a thundering report. At the same instant the whole building shook, we were unceremoniously lifted from the floor, while the pictures on the wall rattled violently. Then followed a dead silence. We looked at one another and saw the ghastly expression on each others' faces. An earthquake, we thought! We had never felt one in our lives, but imagined that such a shock was but the forerunner of others more serious. Would the roof come down next and would the walls tumble in and bury us beneath their ruins? A hundred similar rapid thoughts flashed through our minds in the space of that moment of silent terror, as we sat motionless in the study hall that morning.

So sudden, so terrific was the shock that not one of us thought of escape. Should any one have essayed such an attempt, he would have found it impossible, unless he tried his luck by a dash through a third story window. The door was well guarded. There stood the study master, a veteran soldier of the war of secession. With a coolness which, no doubt, he had acquired amidst the roar of cannon and the cavalry charges at Bull-Run, he leaped towards the door, surveyed the trembling students, one hand on the latch and the other uplifted in a commanding attitude that inspired awe. Not a word was spoken. Another moment and the door opened, and amidst a cloud of smoke and dust the Father Director appeared. He tried to be calm; he was so; but the pallor of his face spoke for itself. "Boys keep cool... We had an explosion... no danger... come down," were his words breathlessly uttered in haste. All made a rush for the door. A panic ensued. Smoke, dust and the pungent smell of gas soon filled the room and the excitement increased. The stern soldier at the door had to yield. Never, in his bygone days of victory, had he faced such a charge. In spite of his attempts to regulate the exit into a move-

ment of military order, he was overpowered and the descent became a rush down the smoke-filled corridors and stairs.

At this crisis, one youth, now a promising Ottawa barrister, distinguished himself particularly. While all his companions thought only of saving their persons by flight, he thought of his desk, around which he clasped his arms and tried to escape. He soon discovered to his sorrow that the four additional legs only impeded his progress and he was obliged to leave his precious load behind, so as not to be stifled by the smoke.

Generous youths as we were, our first thought, after we reached the yard, was to save the building. We knew that fire had broken out in some part of the College. But where? In our hurry we forgot to look. Some remembered that there was an old hose lying in the gymnasium. Very short it was indeed; but little we cared; our zeal would make up the deficiency in length. In our eagerness we were pulling it out, when the ringing of a bell and the gallop of horses announced the coming of the brave fire brigade. By rushed the horses and instinctively sought the flames. We followed and soon came to the scene of the fire and in a twinkling a powerful stream was directed against the destructive element. All this had taken less time than is required to tell it. The mystery was soon cleared up. During the previous night, gas had escaped in the boiler room. An explosion had to follow as soon as the gas reached the fire. Why did the blast not occur before, when the students were all at breakfast in the refectory adjoining the boiler room? Why was the engineer, who but a second before the shock, unaware of any danger walked in and out of the room, not blown to atoms? This seemed nothing short of miraculous, for scarcely had he stepped out and shut the door behind him, when he heard the report and felt the door push him violently out under the force of the explosion.

No less miraculous was the escape of

our organist, then a promising musician, now a composer. He had been sick that morning and was sitting alone in the refectory, enjoying the "classic" toast, when he heard the sound and found himself suddenly floored by a violent shock. A sheet of flames darted towards him while the bricks and mortar of the partition wall flew around thick and hot, and would have crushed him but for the table under which he lay. The smoke of the gas instantly produced total darkness and began to choke him. A feeling that the world could not be deprived as yet of such a musician as he stirred him to action. He must escape. He shook off the rubbish and began to crawl along. Whither? He knew not; he saw light nowhere. Was it instinct? Was it chance? Was it his musical star that guided him? He could not tell; but certain it is, that had not the explosion in one of its freaks forced the door off its hinges and opened a passage to the crawling musician, he would have died asphyxiated on a heap of debris. A few instants more of groping in the dark brought him to the yard where his fellow students, engaged in helping the firemen, greeted him with a joyous shout.

A rare exhibition of various characters was witnessed on the occasion of the fright. All persons were of course anxious to see the flames subdued. Some, however, were more sanguine than others, and in their zeal became famous.

One of our most prominent professors who was by nature very impulsive and impressionable, was running and jumping on the verandah near the chapel, below which the fire was, loudly calling for water here and water there, where it was not needed. This was considered a marvellous effect of the shock on the nervous system. Finding his cries unheeded, he finally secured a pail and made a desperate leap in the chapel. Discovering no flames and being highly irritated by the smoke he was compelled to retreat rapidly. However unexpected this conduct of one of wisest teachers may have appeared, more wonderful still was the effect of the explosion upon our amiable professor of

Dogma. He was seen walking along very gravely in the most distant corridor of the house. Some said that he was in great agitation, for they saw him stop, yes stop, once in a while to wipe his spectacles. "How is the fire?" he boldly ventured to ask of some one who was rushing by.

The professors of chemistry and physics were seen near the fire engaged in a most lively discussion as to how the gas was inflamed. One said the fire came to the gas; the other, that the gas went in to the fire. As no settlement seemed probable between them, some one suggested that since experiment was the only means of reaching a solution, another room of the building should be filled with gas, and the two champions should be placed within, to watch the process when a light was introduced. To the surprise of all present this most reasonable proposal was objected to by our theorists.

In the mean time the flames were subdued by the heavy flooding of the active brigade. Bravely the men did their task, but not without sending about two feet of water over the refectory floor. This water had to be removed; the bricks of the fallen partition had to be removed. No time could be lost if we wished to have our dinner. The students went to work like Trojans. Pails, shovels, and brooms were unmercifully handled by an army of eager youths. The room was cleared. Dinner came and never was a repast more relished and more keenly devoured; never before were such stories told of fright and terror mingled with humour and joviality. Never before was the faculty, headed by our most beloved Dr. Tabaret, greeted with such applause as when they entered the refectory to thank us for our noble efforts. Never did Dr. Tabaret grant with a more cheerful smile a "congé" than the one he accorded to our musician who was hoisted upon the shoulders of his comrades; and never had our voices been so well inspired as when we sang a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the wonderful preservation of our institution and its inmates.

"Gus."

A CLASSIC STRUGGLE.

“WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, THEN COMES THE TUG-OF-WAR.”

THE great championship tug-of-war contest, mention of which was made in last month's issue of THE OWL, took place in the College gymnasium on Friday the 24th ult. The members of the respective teams had, for some time previous to the trial, been subjecting themselves to a most rigorous course of training, and, when called upon to give an exhibition of their strength, they found themselves in the very pink of condition. A brief description of the *personnel* of the teams may be here admissible, as it may to some extent account for the unusual interest which was centered in the result of this contest. At one end of the rope were Messrs. Curran, Pound, D. Macdonald and A. Macdonald, four good men and strong, and the victorious heroes of many a similar struggle. At the other end were Messrs. Levêque, Brunette, Glasniacher and L. Hawson, of whose power, when collectively eserted, we had as yet no guarantee, but whose individual efforts were of so extraordinary a nature as to justify the most unbounded confidence in them as a unit. The “draw” was announced to take place at 3 o'clock, but long before that time the Hall was crowded, and the prospects of the competitors were being freely discussed when Engineer Hedekin reluctantly dropping his *Mutilated Mustang of the Rio Grande* to accept the duties of Referee, located the centre with theodolite precision and then gave the signal to “pull. Then followed a period of intense but silent excitement. Never did Roman or Grecian athletes put forth endeavours more gallant, and never was supremacy more nobly fought for. Gradually the mighty efforts of Levêque began to overpower his opponents, and the handkerchief moved across the centre. The silence, until now undisturbed, was broken by Father Forget's encouraging “Good, my boys!” “Now, Curran, now Big Macdonald!” cried Father Guillet, and animated with increased

zeal, by the cheering words, as it were, of their Prefect, they redoubled their exertions, and victory was again within their reach. They struggled long and bravely; every nerve was strained, every muscle was exerted, and like the brave “Seven Before Thebes,” each was prepared to die rather than suffer defeat. For some time the honors were evenly divided, each side enjoying alternately the advantage. Glasniacher was doing yeoman's service to his cause, as was also Pound, the splendid staying powers of the latter and his companions serving them to excellent purpose. An encouraging cheer, however, and a unanimous “heave now” aroused the young heroes to greater efforts, and the big four saw their dearly-won laurels recede from them. The thought of victory made the ruddy glow of triumph illumine the youthful countenances of Levêque and his co-workers; but ah! they are losing ground. Curran and Macdonald bravely strive to regain their laurels. One more determined struggle and they have won. Slowly the handkerchief advances towards the centre, but, alas! the rope, unable to withstand the powerful opposing influences, is torn asunder, and the advantage once lost, was wholly recovered. As the contestants were overcome by fatigue; and were unwilling to again take their places at the rope, the Referee decided the matter a draw, at the same time expressing a hope that the opposing sides would again face each other, when a wire cable would be used in lieu of a rope.

REV. DR. AENEAS MACDONNELL DAWSON'S *Pius the Ninth and his Times* has been reprinted in London, and is meeting with much favorable criticism from those reviews usually so severe on anything coming from this side of the water. In striking contrast to this we have the *Saturday Review's* strictures on Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly's *Jubilee Life of Leo XIII.* which is said to be excessively “padded.”

UNDER CURRENTS OF MODERN LITERATURE.

IN investigating the causes that have affected the general tendencies of modern literature, two great movements chiefly arrest our attention. They both date from the last century and frequently act upon and support each other, although in their origin and nature entirely different. These are the scientific and revolutionary or democratic movements.

The former arose from the progress made in the various departments of science. The adoption of the Copernican theory not only created a new era in the scientific world, but also powerfully affected the literature of the day. A struggle for the mastery between the new and old systems of astronomy may be observed in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the poet being undecided whether to entirely adopt the new theory, supported as it is by reason and common sense, or yield to popular belief. The theory of evolution has also had a very marked effect upon modern literary productions. Though far from being either proved or self-evident it has been taken for granted by some novelists and poets of the present century; and its leading idea to a very considerable extent pervades their writings.

The latter or revolutionary movement owed its origin to disturbances in the established order of social customs of which we have so many examples in the last century. The subversion of governments and the sudden rise of democracies more especially in France opened up new vistas of thought, and gave rise to opinions often erroneous, and generally dangerous to social order. The democratic movement reached its height when these social ebullitions culminated in the French Revolution; and during the stormy period that immediately followed the overthrow of the French monarchy it held within the borders of that kingdom undisputed sway. It did not remain, however, within those bounds, for gradually the revolutionary spirit spread over the whole civilized world.

In England the principles of the Revolution did not meet with much favor from

the masses of the people, nor did they produce results so direful as on the Continent. One reason for this may be found in the greater freedom, springing from the constitutional form of their government, which the English people enjoyed. But although the Revolution left intact the political institutions of the country, it stamped itself indelibly upon the literature of the period. There were not wanting men of distinction and great literary ability who were captivated by its principles, and for whom the words *liberty, equality, and fraternity*, had a peculiar charm. Coleridge and Wordsworth gloried in the Revolution, and devoted their poetical talents to its praises. Shelley invested it with all the fascination of his beautiful imagery and charming verse. In Byron we have the type of a revolutionary writer, bold, defiant, impatient of all restraint, he entered into the spirit of the Revolution with a fervor worthy of a better cause. On the other hand the magnificent diction and stately eloquence of Edmund Burke were employed against it, while many other writers of less note pointed out its fallacies.

A reactionary movement springing up from the very excesses of the revolution then set in; and though narrow and limited at first it gradually grew in extent and importance. In France it was known as the Catholic movement; in England it became the orthodox or Oxford movement. Simultaneously with these there appeared the Romantic or Mediæval movement in art and literature of which Sir Walter Scott and Victor Hugo were leading exponents. Lamennais by the force and brilliancy of his writings did much for the Catholic movement in France; unfortunately the heretical doctrines which he subsequently advanced brought down upon him the censures of the Church.

The transcendental movement spread from England to America, and was represented by some of the cleverest men on both sides of the Atlantic. It first bore the name of the Oxford movement, springing partly from a religious motive, part

from a desire to raise a barrier against the inroads of the scientific movement upon time-honored customs and beliefs. It soon, however, drifted into the vague and cloudy speculations of transcendentalism. The revolutionists and the transcendentalists agreed in throwing off all restraint of mind; moreover the objects of both were somewhat similar, that of the former being the apotheosis of man in the political and social sphere, that of the latter the apotheosis of man in the religious and spiritual world. The systems of Fichte and Hegel belong to the transcendental move-

ment. Their ideas are reflected in the writings of Wordsworth and Carlyle in England, and of Emerson in America.

In our own day a return to sounder and more conservative principles is marked in the writings of Tennyson. He is neither a poet of the Revolution, nor of scientific Radicalism. It was his mission to point out that freedom to be a blessing must not run into license, and that highest liberty consists in obedience to law, that duties go hand in hand with rights, and in fine, that progress is impossible without order.

R. J. McEACHEN, '88.

BOOK NOTICES.

A NATIVE SONGSTER.

A Gate of Flowers and Other Poems, by Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Toronto: Wm. Briggs, 1887.

It would be pleasant and agreeable but somewhat difficult, for us to notice at length the dainty little volume before us. For the pen of the reviewer is more fluent in invective than in compliment, and while the slashing, scathing criticism is easily written, the task of awarding just and discriminate praise is one that demands some pains in its performance. But Mr. O'Hagan has no need of our good words, coming late as they do, for his work has received due recognition at the hands of the press, and of such poets as Whittier and Holmes in the United States, and Wilson and LeMoine in Canada.

The *Gate of Flowers* opens up to our view a pleasing vista, where stately maples rise above a wealth of roses, lilies and other blossoms, while through the midst flow our noble Canadian Rivers, along whose banks the author has walked in poetic meditation. A *Christmas Chaunt* which has been fortunate enough to receive especial commendation from the Quaker Poet, is worthy of Father Ryan, on whom, we fancy, Mr. O'Hagan has formed himself to some extent.

The quality of melody is certainly conspicuous in these verses, although the author justly regards the thought as of infinitely more value than the expression, saying:

"What care we for the ragged verse
If but the heart speaks in each line;
'Tis not the sunbeams on the grape,
But friendship's smile that warms the wine."

We are glad to notice that Mr. O'Hagan cherishes kindly recollections of his *Alma Mater*. Two of the best poems in the volume are *Profecturi Salutamus*, read at the author's graduation in 1882, and *Memor et Fidelis* read at the Alumni Reunion in 1885, at which time Mr. O'Hagan revisited Ottawa to receive his Master's degree. In *Memoriam Dr. Tabaret* touches a tender chord in the hearts of all who knew our lamented President.

The publishers announce that a volume of criticism from Mr. O'Hagan's pen will shortly be issued. Its title is "A Poetic Trinity," and it will deal with Longfellow, Adelaide Procter and Father Ryan. Those who in 1885 had the pleasure of hearing the author read his Master's essay on the genius of the first of these poets, feel confident that he will do equal justice to the others of the "Trinity."

EXCHANGES.

The *Niagara Index* was the first of our college contemporaries to welcome us into the august body of student editors, and the least acknowledgement we can make is to place it at the head of this column. A thoroughly wide-awake journal is the *Index*, its articles pertinent and written in an exceedingly forcible style, and with a manly fearlessness of tone which denotes "the old-timers in college journalistic business." Be assured, friend *Index*, we shall endeavour to be worthy of your society.

Two numbers of the *Acadia Athenaeum* await our notice. Thoughtful well-written editorials on educational questions constitute its chief feature, but February contains an amusing parallel between Socrates and Plutarch.

St. Viateur's College Journal pays us the high complement of calling us its *doppel-ganger*. How have we deserved this? The *Journal* has a review of "Marzio's Crucifix," and an article on

"Pastoral Poetry," and some magazine notices. We are thankful to our western confreres for their sympathetic words.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* opens with some good selected poetry. "The Baconian Theory," as might be expected, utterly scouts the hypothesis of Ignatius Donnelly. "Are we benefitted by a college course?" gives to this question the logical and most satisfactory answer, "yes, decidedly."

The *University Gazette* has a serial, "A country Boy," the hero of which, at first glance seems to be a natural-born snob, whose education has served but to make him ashamed of his poor acquaintances. There is an article on "Useful and Useless Memories," and the rest of the paper is devoted to local matters.

The *Stylus* and *Fordham Monthly* have also come to hand; and the *Catholic Record* has also honored the OWL by placing it on its exchange lists. We must also acknowledge the flattering notice of the *Catholic Weekly Review*.

CUSTOM vs. COMMON SENSE.

THOSE who cannot discriminate between Shakspeare's plays and those of Sardon may be disposed to judge the Faculty of Ottawa College harshly for their action in allowing senior students to witness Keene, in Lent. However, all know that we have to study these very plays, in Lent and out of Lent, and why should we not receive a lesson on them from a teacher like Keene who has *lived* his part so long, and who can reveal to us in a few hours all that his great mind realized after years of study of Shakspeare's great conceptions? As well say our classes in literature should be stopped during Lent, as to refuse permission on that ground. But it is the custom in Canadian Catholic Colleges to refuse any such permission at any time. "It is

a custom more honored in the breach than the observance." It is akin to the prejudice against reading-rooms. The object we admit is a laudable one, namely to have as few as possible distractions from study. Those who act in accordance with these prejudices love not standard plays and good reading less, but they love study more. But are they not mistaken?

Should we learn all the details of the Greek stage and know next to nothing of our own? Is it not like the recluse studying the minutest details of the Olympic games, and allowing his own health to break down for want of exercise? We think it is, and we congratulate the Faculty for rising superior to custom and prejudice on this as on so many other occasions.

The Owl.

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

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

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the
College of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the stu-
dents 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.

JAS. T. FOLEY, '88
D. V. PHALEN, '89.
M. F. FALLON, '89.
C. J. KENNEDY, '90.
D. A. CAMPBELL, '90.
J. J. RYAN, '91.

Business Manager,

W. J. CLEARY, '91.

Students are requested to patronize our adver-
tisers.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1888. No. 3.

THE MARKING SYSTEM.

THE action of Cornell University in
abolishing the marking system has
called for "a few remarks"
from many college journals. Here
the system of marking recitations monthly
and term examinations by exact percent-
ages is perhaps the fairest and most
accurate way of keeping records of a
student's progress; and reference to the
"Big Note Book" will at any time be an
easy means of ascertaining his standing.
We do not for a moment hold that mark-

ing under any system is entirely free from
serious objections, but we know of no
other means to attain the end of marking,
so we cannot agree with some of our ex-
changes, which are agitating for its aboli-
tion. We heartily endorse, however,
every word of the following excerpt from
the *Acadia Athenaeum*:—"We are pre-
pared to say that if there is one student in
Acadia who is 'working for marks,' he
ought to be heartily ashamed of himself.
His business is immensely small." The
man who works for marks knows little
better than the man who does not work at
all what it is to be a student. We remem-
ber reading that Thomas Davis "was not
a dull, plodding, premium man when at
college," and the significance of the remark
has often come home to us. The young
man who, after several years of student
life, finds in a premium enough to repay
him for a year's "plodding," is deserving
of our sincere commiseration. Let us not
be misunderstood. Faithful work we do
not in any way wish to depreciate; nor do
we excuse those who neglect regular work
to read "a little of everything and not
much of anything." But we deprecate
the dogged perseverance in the study of
class-work, almost to the total exclusion of
general reading, and for the unworthy
motive of being the possessor of a
premium.

THE READING ROOM.

IT has been our boast for a couple of
years past that we have one of the
finest reading rooms in the country.
This is the more remarkable when we
consider the views of the faculties of most
Canadian Catholic colleges in such mat-
ters. Here no objection is made to our
having the leading newspapers or maga-
zines of Canada, the States or Europe,

and the exclusive control of the reading room is vested in a committee chosen by the students. Now, under these circumstances one would naturally suppose that this committee would take all the necessary means to keep the rooms in the best of order. But as a matter of fact such is not the case this year. Numerous complaints have been made, and we have been requested by many who take a lively interest in the matter to remind the committee of its duty. It is not too much to expect that the dailies be left on fyle for at least a week, the important weeklies for a month, and to find the morning papers on fyle at the noon recreation. As an instance of wanton carelessness somewhere, *United Ireland* has often disappeared within a week of its arrival. We need not multiply instances of this kind.

Verbum sat sapienti.

FEBRUARY 28th.

THE twenty-eighth of February is a day that will long remain in the minds of Ottawa College students associated with the saddest memories. On that day, two years ago, our beloved Father Tabaret, in his own paternal way, invited his children to "go to Joseph." The same tender devotion to the great patron of the Universal Church which led him to place the College under his protection prompted him likewise to observe with especial honor the month of Joseph. An hour later Father Tabaret was taken suddenly ill; and a little later he was dead! Those who have not lived in a college like ours cannot realize the feelings of the community. A family closely united in the bonds of affection suddenly losing its loved father is the nearest parallel we can give. Two years have

softened the grief felt at his loss. Still Father Tabaret lives in the hearts of fathers and students and many a fervent prayer is breathed for the repose of his great soul. The number who received Holy Communion with the same intention at the anniversary mass speaks more loudly than words of the reverence and love for Father Tabaret which still animate his spiritual children. Year after year as this day comes round students past and present will join with the fathers in uttering a heartfelt "*Requiescat in pace.*"

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.

TO a Catholic nothing in all the practices of the grand old faith is so touching as the Forty Hours' Devotion. The real presence of the Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is so sublimely consoling that though we feel that the unceasing adoration for forty hours falls infinitely short of what is due, yet it is some expression of the gratitude which we should feel.

May the devotion which has just ended bring down on the College every blessing.

ONTARIO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

NO greater anomaly can be imagined than the use of public school text-books in Catholic schools. After all the efforts of priests and laymen to bring our schools to perfection what has been accomplished? The Separate School books and the Public School books are identical. The teachers receive no special Catholic training. So all the benefit outside of a quarter of an hour's catechism daily is purely negative. The teacher being Catholic will not, of course, intensify the Protestant coloring of the text-books. He may, to a certain extent

counteract this in his oral explanations. That this is far short of what it should be requires no demonstration. Some little talk, we have heard, of preparing a set of Catholic readers. Are they in preparation? There are, it is true, Catholic Readers, but why is there no investigation made in order to find out whether or not they up to the standard of the Public School series? If they be found wanting surely a committee of Catholic educationists could be chosen who could compile a series which should be distinctively Catholic in tone, and equal in every respect that used in the Public Schools.

Readers, however, are the least important. The Readers now in use in the Separate and Public Schools are non-sectarian. Not so, the Histories and Geographies. We know of convents and separate schools where Collier's is the history used!

Anyone deriving his knowledge of geography exclusively from the ordinary Separate School text-book on that subject would be naturally led to believe that enlightenment and Catholicity are incompatible.

We are as strongly in favor of separate schools as those who hold up their hands in holy horror when they hear a word of criticism passed on them. But we say that Catholic schools without Catholic text-books must necessarily fail, in a great measure, to accomplish their object.

PLEASE.

FOR many years the alumni used to ask why we had no college paper.

Well, we have "supplied that long felt want." Twice seven hundred copies of THE OWL have been sent out, and we are sorry to say that we have not yet heard from very many of the alumni.

Perhaps some have changed their places of residence since they were "put on the list." If so, we shall thank any of our readers who may know of such changes to send us the present addresses of the vagrants. Gentlemen of the Alumni Association, we have not more than a million dollars to meet the expenses of publication. Even among the present students there are some so utterly devoid of *esprit de corps* (and of other kind of *esprit* as well) as actually to refuse to subscribe.

We should like to know the efficient cause of the thus-ativeness of this.

It would be interesting to know which of the two great sermons attributed to him was delivered by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church in Rome. Without any comment a sprightly American weekly in two issues gave its readers the two discourses, the text of one taken from Isaias, of the other from St. Luke, and over each was the heading "Discourse of Archbishop Ryan at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church in Rome."

"BLESSED is the man who has a hobby." Whoever said it, we cannot in our present humor give the statement an unqualified approval. No doubt, taken in the sense intended, it is quite true. But sometimes a teacher, who is practically beyond control in his class-room, may ride his little hobby to the detriment of his students. Nor is this the less true when this teacher may happen to be called "professor." When the professor in question is, in other respects, an excellent teacher, our duty becomes exceedingly delicate and even painful. However, when every student, without exception, complains of the abuse, it becomes our plain duty to accede to their wishes and call attention to the fact. There is no need of being more specific, as no one can mistake our meaning.

THE OLD BIRCHEN.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-
hood,

When sad recollection presents them to view,
The orchards I robbed and the deep tangled wild-
wood,

Where first the sour sweets of the truant I knew.
The ice covered pond oh ! how oft I shot o'er it
When four o'clock came and the school was
dismissed ;

The thong of my father how often I bore it,
Though 'twas naught to the birch in the school-
master's fist.

The nicely trimmed birchen,
The sharp cutting birchen ;

That torturing birch in the schoolmaster's fist.

That torturing birchen I hailed with no pleasure;
For often, at noon, when returned we too late
The master would deal out his terrible measure
On those who shared with me my ill-deserved
fate ;

How ardent I feared it—my cheeks all a-glowing
As quick on my digits the heavy strokes fell ;
Then soon with salt tears my eyelids o'erflowing,
I'd vent out my anguish in one supreme yell.

That nicely trimmed birchen,
That sharp cutting birchen,

That torturing birch which was wielded so well.

How oft I've gone up from my seat to receive it,
And mounted the back of some comrade of
nerve ;

No entreaties would tempt the old pedant to
leave it,

Or prevail on his heart from his duty to swerve.
And now far removed from the scenes of disaster.

The scars on my back will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to the one-eyed schoolmaster,
And curses the birchen he wielded so well.

The nicely trimmed birchen,
The sharp cutting birchen,

The torturing birchen he wielded so well.

Aylmer, Feb. 9, '88.

T. P. FOKAN, '67.

ATHLETIC NEWS.

THE *Boston Globe*, ever to the fore in journal-
istic enterprise, printed lately the replies of the
presidents of the leading American universities to
a circular asking whether the attendance at their
institutions was affected by the prevalence or
absence of athletic sports. The majority answer-
ed in the negative. Most assuredly. Athletics
are not supposed to take the place of a course of
studies, but, *ceteris paribus*, the university that
bestows proper attention upon physical develop-
ment will meet with much greater success than the
one that neglects it. And herein lies the secret
of the almost phenomenal progress of Ottawa Uni-
versity during the last few years. To an excellent
literary course, a strong training in mathematics,
a course of philosophy that has been praised by
the highest authorities, and a natural and physical
science course that offers advantages to be obtain-
ed nowhere else in the Dominion, Ottawa Univer-
sity adds that without which all these things
would be but bitter fruits, namely, physical train-
ing. Let Harvard, Yale and Princeton give up

their football, and Oxford, Cambridge and Lon-
don their boating, and we venture to say but a
few years would show a very marked retrogression
in every respect.

* * *

The fine weather of the past week has made
handball an enjoyable game. The winter has
shown conclusively that there was a mistake made
in the erection of the handball alley. It should
have been entirely covered, as now it is practically
useless during the long winter months and upon
other rainy or stormy days that occasionally occur.
However in a few weeks the handball season will
have begun, and, as it is a game that all can and
wish to play, we hope that the proceedings of last
fall will not be continued. The alley is not the
exclusive property of any student or body of stu-
dents ; any member of the A.A. has a perfect
right to play in his turn, and it is folly for any
gentlemen to attempt to reason themselves into
thinking that they have a "corner" on handball.
A list has been prepared and will be posted in a
conspicuous place, and it is the duty of those who
arranged that list to see that it is respected. Let
them do so.

NOTES.

Rumor has it that "Bernard" Troy is a prominent candidate for athletic honors.

Shall we have a gala-day this winter? This question is frequently asked by those who remember the magnificent success of last 17th of Feb'y.

Our Rugby champions were photographed last week. This year, owing to the absence of some of the members of the fifteen, a new departnre was entered upon, and the group will be made up of a cabinet of the manager and each member of the team taken separately. This will be novel and no doubt pleasing to all.

Already we hear mentioned the names of several who intend competing next university day for the all-round championship of the College. The trophy emblematic of this championship, and which was spontaneously offered by the Alumni Association, has failed to materialize, and the time of its appearance remains gloriously indefinite. The A. A. should do something towards providing a suitable testimonial for the victor.

A short time ago there appeared in a leading American daily a paragraph which proved conclusively the religious tendencies of the best players in the various university football teams. In fact most of them were set down as candidates for the ministry. And now, following the first, comes another conveying the intelligence that the Harvard captain has ordered the members of the baseball nine to attend morning prayers in the university. And why? To invoke success upon their efforts? No; but to insure their keeping regular hours, and thereby the sooner to get them into condition. Verily here is a most commendable act performed with rather a questionable motive.

The National Amateur Lacrosse Association holds its annual meeting in Cornwall in the second week in April. Shall our organization be represented there.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. J. Dunn has been engaged to give instruction in boxing and calisthenic exercises, twice a week. The new gloves will not want exercise, and the classes will have arrived at a high state of perfection before the Athletic Association's entertainment on Easter Monday evening.

It is rumored that a Yale football team is going over to England next season to play an international match with Oxford. Concerning which *Sport* pointedly asks: By what rules shall they play? A most appropriate question, a solution of which is necessary before Yale and Oxford can meet. Rugby football the world over should be governed by the same rules. If such were the case there would be no more popular game.

DRAMATIC.

The first public appearance of the Dramatic Association this year took place before a large audience in Academic Hall, on February 13th, last, and was very successful. This, we must confess, was contrary to our expectations, as we had had several misgivings in regard to it; occasioned principally by the fact that the drama *The White Horse of the Peppers*, was scarcely two weeks in preparation, and moreover was one that required a mounting more extensive and elaborate than our limited accommodations and equipment would allow. Since the destruction, a few years since, of the old hall, which was exceptionally well equipped with scenery and theatrical properties, the Dramatic Association has experienced up-hill work. Thanks, however, to the indefatigable zeal and energy of the Rev. Director, Father Balland, this state of things is improving every day, and each public representation saw our scenery augmented by several new pieces. On the present occasion a most realistic village scene, and a very practical ruined house, met the gaze of the public for the first time.

The evening's entertainment opened with the overture "*Une chasse dans les Ardennes*" by the College band; which by the way, is making rapid progress and in fact approaching the position occupied by its predecessor of a dozen years ago, when our college band enjoyed not only a local but a national fame.

The curtain was then rung up, and the farce, "Look after Brown" was presented, concerning which we will venture some remarks later on.

Another selection was given by the band, and the feature of the evening, Samuel Lover's comic drama, *The White Horse of the Peppers*, next claimed the attention of the audience. In this, the ability and training of the students showed to great advantage; Mr. Foley, especially, as Major Mansfeldt deserving great praise. The wonderful transformation which this gentleman's person underwent, joined to his inimitable dialect, made of him a typical Dutchman. We are unable to enumerate the different scenes in which this portly gentleman figured. It suffices to say that from his entrance upon the stage to the dropping of the curtain on the closing scene, there was no diminution of interest shown in Major Hans Mansfeldt.

Mr. Fallon's rendition of Gerald Pepper was certainly of a character seldom met with in amateurs. The affectionate son, loyal patriot, and kind hearted landlord were all admirably personified, while his assumed character of an Irish guide was especially well executed.

The remaining characters in the piece acquitted themselves most creditably. Especial mention must be made of the musical portion of the entertainment which was well rendered by Messrs. Ryan, Kirkpatrick and A. A. Delaney as soloists, and a well trained chorus.

At a late hour the audience dispersed well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Look after Brown, was the title of the farce presented. Were we able to do so we would be glad to give a favorable criticism, but the neglect of the actors in preparing the piece for presentation precludes our doing so. We have seen these same actors in previous pieces, and to their credit be it said that they made fun for the audience, even when the farce itself did not possess this element. In *Look after Brown* they showed a lack of preparation, enthusiasms was at a low ebb, and consequently many a pleasing effect was lost upon the audience. Only one among them is deserving of notice. Mr. T. F. Black, as Mango evinced sufficient talent to warrant his promotion to a higher sphere of action. In conclusion we would advise our young friends to carefully prepare themselves in the future, as another such exhibition will call forth a severe but well deserved criticism.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—Our American students presented us with a most enjoyable and instructive programme on the evening of February 22nd, when in response to their invitation the faculty and students assembled in Academic Hall to join with them in honoring the immortal Washington.

The entertainment began with a most pleasing selection of favorite melodies by the College band, rendered in a very acceptable manner. Mr. P. J. O'Malley then addressed the audience in well chosen terms, giving the reasons why the American students unite in an annual celebration of Washington's birthday, and sketching briefly the claims of Washington upon the gratitude of all true Americans. A select musical programme was presented by the Glee club, and then Mr. C. C. Delaney gave a very interesting lecture on "The career of Washington" illustrated by stereopticon views of the memorable events in the life of Washington.

This was a happy innovation, and one that we hope will be kept up; for by such an entertainment, the audience is not only delighted but instructed.

There was a time when these celebrations were totally of a humorous and farcical character: but a decided change has taken place. Last year the entertainment consisted of an allegorical representation of the Presidents of the United States, in some prominent event of their administrations. We are happy to notice this improvement, as it is in keeping with the dignity of the event celebrated and the character of our students.

"LORGNETTE."

Of the 27 who joined the Anti-tobacco Society at the beginning of Lent, but 17 still hold out. One day was enough for Harvey, Owens, and J. K. McDonald; three days satisfied A. McCauley, Smith and Ford; and the patriotic feelings of O'Brien, Kirkpatrick, Pound and Devine, caused them to desert the society on Washington's birthday.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES.

The sweet warblings of the members of the Junior Glee Club are not heard so frequently of late as in past years. Why is this? Their director is surely not wanting in enthusiasm, and there is certainly no lack of material as many of those who so distinguished themselves in the Junior Glee Club concert of last year, as G. Massue, O. Paradis, O. Carrier and H. Fauteux, are still in the College.

The "Emeralds" of the small yard expect to have a stronger team than ever on the field this spring. There are many worthy aspirants for the prominent positions. At present there is much discussion as to who will fill the position of pitcher and catcher, but those who know the players best say that in all probability E. Baskerville and J. Charlebois will form the "battery." The other positions will, in all likelihood, be filled as follows: 1st. base, Brunet; 2nd. base, O'Hara; 3rd. base, Robidoux; short (?) stop, Globensky; left field, Toohil; centre field, Maloney; and right field, Labrecque. It is expected that F. Rainboth, who is at present under the able training of P. McGuire, will shortly take a position on the first team.

We are anxiously looking forward to our next entertainment, which takes place on Easter Monday evening. It is said that some of our juniors will take part in the calisthenic exercises. Their performances last year were very good and we expect that those of this year will be in no way inferior.

The frequenters of the recreation hall and reading room enjoy very much the musical treats given by H. Saucier, our Josef Hoffman. The renditions of F. Rainboth and O. Paradis are also very acceptable.

Nowhere, perhaps, does the small boy show to better advantage than in the refectory. There the watchful disciplinarian has not to say "Attention boys!" After grace is said they give very good attention, and the waiters are kept busy enough until after the meal is finished. Where all acquit themselves so well it would be unfair to mention particular names.

A game of hockey had been arranged for the afternoon of Washington's birthday, but owing to the mild change in the weather, it had to be postponed, as the rink was not in a fit state. However we hope to soon have the pleasure of witnessing P. Clancy, D. O'Connor, H. Saucier and others of our juniors displaying their skill in a match at hockey.

In the preparatory classes for the month of February, the following boys take the lead in the order of their names: 1st Grade, A. Larocque; A. Seguin; A. Brunet. 2nd Grade, D. McGee; J. Copping and O. Chevrier. 3rd Grade, (1st division), A. Plunket; L. Nevins; A. McDonald. 2nd, 3rd Grade (2nd division), H. Doyle; O'Neil; L. Burpee.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—On Sunday evening, February 19th., occurred the most solemn event of the year in connection with this sodality, the reception of the new members thirty in number. The ceremony was rendered the more imposing by the presence of his Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, who, animated by his interest in all that concerns the welfare of the College, had willingly consented to preside on this occasion. After assuming cope, mitre and crozier his Grace addressed the postulants a short but touching instruction, in which he exhorted them to take as their model the Blessed Virgin, pointed out the obligations which they now incurred and begged them to fulfil them, concluding by a reference to the fact that he himself had been an officer of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin of Ottawa College, and that he had considered it an honour and happiness to hold that position. Then the postulants having advanced to the altar-rail, M. F. Fitzpatrick in the name of all read their profession, after which they received their badges and diplomas at the hands of the Archbishop. The ceremony was brought to a close by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The names of the officers and members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, have been enclosed in a frame of rich and elegant design which suspended from the chapel wall by the side of Our Lady's altar, is the admiration of all who enter the chapel, to the ornaments of which it is a valued addition.

ST. THOMAS' ACADEMY.—On February 7th, P. J. O'Malley read a paper on the relation between metaphysics and the other sciences, his object being to prove the superiority of the former. Objections to the manner in which the essayist had treated the subject were offered by Messrs. McDonald and Kehoe, and at the end of the hour it was decided to resume the discussion at the next meeting which took place on February 20th. On this occasion Mr. Fallon and Mr. McEachen defended respectively the claims of natural and metaphysical science to the supremacy. The arguments of both were clever, and clearly and forcibly expressed; and as the question *revolved on its axis* it brought alternate light and darkness to the minds of those present, closing however with a general illumination.

On February 28th, J. L. Chabot read an essay on "The beautiful and its relations to literature and art." Some of the essayist's views were made the subject of an interesting discussion.

St. Thomas's Day, March 7th, was celebrated in the usual manner by the Society throwing open its doors to all the students. On this occasion, R. J. McEachen read a paper on "Brute Souls," which was criticized by M. F. Fallon and D. V. Phalen, P. J. O'Malley replying to their objections. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel and the members of the Faculty graced the meeting with their presence.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—On February 12th, the long-deferred question of "Commercial Union," came up for discussion. The debate was opened by R. J. McEachen, who advocated "Commercial Union" as preferable to the present state of affairs, in which position he was well supported by C. J. Kennedy. The speakers for the negative were D. V. Phalen and D. D. McMillan, and after the debate had been thrown open Messrs Foley, French and Moriarty entered the lists. The vote of the society resulted in a slight majority for the negative.

"Was the Spanish Conquest of Mexico justifiable?" was debated at the next meeting. Ronald A. McDonald and John P. Smith said loudly "yea," but this statement was hotly disputed by Simo J. McNally and John J. Ryan. Some pertinent arguments were also offered by J. P. Donovan and T. P. Murphy.

On February 26th., the subject before the society was, "Resolved, that strikes in general are not beneficial to workmen. The affirmative was upheld by D. R. McDonald and Duncan McDonald, and the negative by the veteran J. Cameron Moriarty and F. M. Devine.

On March 4th, the Debating Society entertained the Faculty and students with a mock trial in the Dramatic Hall. Though amusing it was somewhat lengthy, and the tedious cross-examinations were a little too realistic. Our next number will contain a more detailed account of the legal proceedings.

MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY.—At the regular weekly meeting on February 8th, the society listened to a very interesting essay from D. A. Campbell on the subject of "Volcanic Rocks." C. Gaujot followed with a paper on "Perchloric Acid," accompanied by experiments illustrative of the facts therein stated.

A larger gathering than usual filled Science Hall on the evening of February 15th to hear Mr. F. Fallon's second paper on "Evolution." The interest taken in this question, and the information acquired regarding the exact degree in which the development theory conflicts with Catholic faith are certainly good results.

Professor Macoun, the eminent botanist of the Dominion Geological Survey, lectured in the Dramatic Hall on February 20th, under the auspices of the Mineralogical Society. His subject was "The flora of ancient days," and it was treated in such a manner as to give a renewed proof of the learned Professor's ability to popularize his favorite science.

Occasionally the proceedings of the society are carried on in French for the benefit of those members who are not very fluent in English. This was the case on February 23rd, when the programme was: Analysis of an iron mineral, by J. Charlebois. Criticism of the analysis, A. Lajeunesse. Essay and experiments on the analysis of mustard, by L. Tremblay.

FLORES ALIENI TEMPORIS.

ULULATUS.

Rev. Mark E. Purcell, '74, is pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Greenfield, Mass.

C. A. Evans, '83, is assistant editor of the Pittsburgh Post-Despatch.

Frank Nelson, '80, resides in Hamilton, where he is the *Toronto Globe's* special correspondent.

Rev. T. J. McLaughlin, '80, is attached to St. Joseph's Church, Pittsfield, Mass.

John J. McDonald, of '86's commercial class, is employed in the audit office of the Colorado and Maitland Railway Co., Puebla, Col.

Rev. T. E. Purcell, '79, is assistant priest at St. John's Church Webster, Mass.

Fred. Gaudet C. E., has been appointed Lieutenant attached to Battery C., Victoria B.C.

Rev. W. D. McKinnon, '84, has been raised by Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco to the position of secretary to his Grace.

Rev. A. M. Leyden, '80, since becoming pastor of Toronto, Ohio, has built a beautiful church and dedicated it to St. Francis of Assisi.

Thomas O'Hagan B. A. '82, M. A. '85, whose volume of poems is noticed in another column, holds the position of Classical and Modern Language Master in the High School, Mitchell, Ont.

Leo. Herckenrath, commercial graduate, '82, represents in Chicago the Herzog Telephone Co of New York. Leo had always considerable electricity about him.

D. J. Sheehan who left the class of '89 to enter the seminary writes a cheery letter from Baltimore. Beneath the religious habit "Dan" still wears the habit of punning.

T. V. Tobin and P. J. Griffin former members of the class of '88, gained highest marks in the January examinations at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

James Kehoe, '67, a flourishing barrister of Sault Ste. Marie recently visited the sanctum. He informed us that for the past twenty three years the College has not been without a Kehoe, and apparently will not lack one for twenty three years to come. He promises us so reminiscences of "shameskehoesaytepeats" times.

Edmond Moras of the class of '86 writes us from Harvard Medical School, at which he was entered one year before the graduation of his class. His fine football playing, genial manners and keen logic will long be remembered.

Mumps!

"The spirit of uncouthness is now rife among us"

At the last meeting of St. Thomas' Academy, the members were well *posted* in metaphysics.

Invitations are out for the Owens-McDonald "At Home," which is to take place in room 29, senior dormitory.

The students have already begun arrangements for the St. Patrick's day banquet. The management of the affair is in the hands of a committee of ten, and great results are anticipated.

Quite an interesting lacrosse match was played on skates a few days ago. Wheeler failed to distinguish himself; the skates were dull, and then "that coat, ye know."

Under the tutorship of Mr. Jobson Paradis, the younger students are practising some graceful movements for the athletic entertainment on Easter Monday.

"Mathematics I understand,

Of Greek verbs I've the upper hand;

But never can I get into my head,

How it is that a *Black* mustache is red."

When a man has a felon on his finger he makes an ungainly barber. So thought Gingras when the oil was accidentally applied to his head and shoulders by McDonald, the other day.

We see from one of our Western exchanges, behind time on account of the snow, that a brilliant mathematician of our fourth form, during a recent visit to his natal place, dropped into the district school of his boyish days. He addressed the pupils a few well chosen remarks on the trisection of the angle. The pupils reciprocated by singing "Are you there, Moriar-i-ty."

"Out of the garden of Eden,

Adam and Eve were cast;

Cain and Abel last conge,

In one of our class-rooms passed.

This story to some may seem curious,

Perhaps everyone's views 'twill not suit,

That the family should dearly be punished,

For eating the *forbidden fruit*."

Will not the two gentlemen who amused the members of the Philosophers' dormitory in the capacity of the bear and its keeper reproduce it some evening before all the students? We think their sphere of action too small for such remarkable talent.

What have the students of a certain table in the refectory done, that they should endure such punishment? Every day they are treated to a conversation in French between "Tuck" and "Mark" ending with a characteristic rendering of "Maid of Athens, ere we part."