

The



Owl.

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WHERE DICKENS FAILED.



WHEN by means of some extraordinary mental or moral endowments, a man has been raised above the common level of his kind ; when he has in some sort, become a friend, a teacher or a prophet to thous-

ands of his fellow-creatures, it surely behoves him, in fidelity to his high functions, and in correspondence with the trust he has won from his weaker brethren, to observe the most scrupulous exactness to truth and justice in all his utterances. The privilege which is enjoyed by men of mediocre intelligence of expressing their opinions and revealing their sentiments in an impulsive unguarded manner, cannot be assumed by the leaders of human thought and action, without detracting to an immense extent from that wonderful power which it is theirs to hold and wield over mankind for better, for worse,

There are few of us who have not had the painful experience of outliving the ascendancy which another's soul had gained over ours by its nobleness, and then, in an evil hour lost, by some unlooked for exhibition of paltry feeling or motive, utterly ungodlike, and therefore inconsistent with the character of the hero we once so reverently worshipped. There are likewise few of us who will not admit that such an experience is of a sorrowful nature, that it quenches one of the bright lights of our existence and engenders in our disappointed breasts an uneasy doubt of all

that we had hitherto most enthusiastically loved and trusted.

There is a time in the lives of all readers of English fiction, when the name of Charles Dickens evokes the most spontaneous and unqualified admiration. His patient and faithful delineation of human character in its never-failing variety ; his marvellous insight into the secret workings of the heart ; his quickness in seizing the ludicrous aspect of things ; his exhaustless flow of happy humor ; his tender compassion for the weak and unfortunate ; all these noble and lovable attributes, can not fail to win for a mind so rarely endowed the voluntary allegiance of the less gifted majority. Unfortunately, however, the enthusiasm of his Catholic readers is destined to suffer a severe shock when they turn from his delightful works of fiction to encounter in the "Pictures from Italy," and "Child's History of England," words that sting and insult them, false, cruel, and malicious interpretations of Catholic doctrines ; heartless and gross innuendoes against their revered expounders, and a low burlesquing of their solemn ceremonies of which the intense spiritual significance is completely ignored.

The profound knowledge of the human heart with which Dickens has always been credited surely fails him here. Even granting that, from his benighted point of view, the Church of Rome seems to encourage error and superstition, he was not yet justified in having recourse to the low expedient of insult, to expose what he ignorantly considered false or foolish in

her doctrine or discipline. Ridicule may be a powerful weapon when directed against social or political blunders, but he who professes to know the human heart, should likewise know, that in the work of appraising its intimate motions and convictions, there is a point where criticism ends and sacrilege begins. The quick intuition of a gentleman "to the manner born" guesses this truth instinctively and puts it in practice almost unconsciously. But it escaped the man of the people, with a result of clear loss to himself, whatever the damage may or may not have been to the Catholic cause. For even if his character as a man can be cleared from the charge of the puerile spite which seems to prompt his malignant pen, and that we, in an excess of magnanimity, allow that his object was one of pure philanthropy, in exposing our alleged errors; there still remains the awkward fact that he bungled his task like the veriest tyro, and that his work, as a work of art is a melancholy failure.

We are less affected by the discovery of the same weakness in other great writers, probably because we loved them less. We are scarcely surprised when Tom Carlyle indulges his grim humor at our expense, because a couple of monks, guilty of the unpardonable crime of corpulence, happen to cross his path. We can afford to smile at his ridiculous estimate of Cardinal Newman's abilities, remembering how loth he was to acknowledge the power of any man's intellect excepting his own. Nor do Thackeray's sarcasms disturb us much. In fact we resent an injury only in a measure proportioned to the love we bear him who inflicts it. We scarcely feel it at all when we despise the perpetrator.

We need not look in vain for instances of a dignified and—from anti-Catholic point of view—justifiable attack upon the Church. Oliver Wendell Holmes does not love Rome any more than Charles Dickens, but he aims his shafts at us in a most good-tempered and gentlemanly

spirit. The refined scholar and amiable man of the world is never so limited in his resources as that he must have recourse to vituperation and petty spite, to express his disapproval of the darkness and heathenism in which we are charitably supposed to be enveloped by the majority of our enlightened, separated brethren. Consequently though we declined to share his opinions or applaud all his sentiments, we are more sensitive to his "faint praise," than to all the would-be crushing calumnies of our coarser-fibred opponents which, strange to say, in spite of the overwhelmingness of their number and import, have not yet succeeded in completely annihilating us.

It would no doubt be a melancholy and unprofitable task to enumerate the disenchantments a student is likely to experience upon close acquaintance with those whom he reverently calls great masters. We could almost hope that some trusting souls might go on forever believing and honoring, where enlightened ones are denied that hopeful consolation. There are frail natures made to lean on the strength of others, of whom we might truly say, "it were folly to be wise"; but those who must try the work of every man with the touchstone of truth and justice, and realize how few will stand the test, must school themselves to bear a harder part, for they shall be called on to suffer trials of faith and hope and love, unappreciable by the many who take yea and nay from all, but never ask why or wherefore. They must prepare their hearts for the sad but irresistible conviction, that in a world where perfection is unattainable, disappointment of one kind or another is inevitable.

Humanly speaking, the outlook presented by these reflections is discouraging; but to those whose vision reaches beyond this earthly horizon into the outer Infinite, they point unmistakably to the existence of a Perfection which we shall not know until "our mortality shall have put on immortality."

PRINCE EMILIUS.

THE ANGELS' EVENING HYMN.

S rings with cadence sweet the Vesper bell,
 And slowly, sadly, fades the summer light,
 What softer, sweeter strains in chorus swell,
 And breathe a holy peace upon the night ?

The voices are not mortal, and their song
 Enraptures us with more than human joy ;
 No fleshy forms are 'mid that glorious throng,
 Their melody no earthly sounds alloy.

It is the Angels singing as of old,
 "Hail, Mary, full of grace !" the message still,
 As when Saint Gabriel the story told,
 And Mary bowed before th'Almighty will.

Each evening when the Angelus is rung,
 And Christians humbly bend in holy prayer,
 The anthem of the angels still is rung :
 "Hail, Mary! thou the son of God shall bear."

Oh ! joyful words ! which heav'n and earth combine.
 To sing in homage to the lowly Maid ;
 The humble is exalted, grace divine
 Hath filled the bosom where the Lord is laid.

"Hail, Mary !" sing the Angels ; we of earth
 May with them glorify God's wondrous plan,
 And sing her praise, proclaimed by matchless worth
 A fitting temple for the God made man.

"Hail, Mary !" then let Angel voices cry
 In solemn anthem from the realms above,
 "Hail, Mary !" let the sons of men reply,
 Hail, glorious Queen of mercy and of love.

And, as the chorus swells, let once again,
 To celebrate the peace to man restored,
 All men with angels join in closing strain
 Of "Gloria in excelsis ! Praise the Lord !"

T. J. R.

ORTHOËPY.



THE other day I heard a gentleman say that in the Roman Universities where Latin is the official language, the continental students cannot control their risible faculties when they hear a mispronunciation. Indeed a change of accent does sometimes turn the sublime into the ridiculous. For instance "Fidelium omnium Conditor et Redemptor" should be sufficient excuse for momentarily yielding to an inclination to smile. But I am told that even where the meaning remains unchanged the unfortunate who makes a slip in quantity, is made to feel a little uncomfortable. However, it is not my object to praise those students for their accurate knowledge of Latin prosody, nor to reprimand them for what seems to be a breach of politeness. I was reminded that a mispronunciation in England, if it does not tend to excite laughter, at least grates unpleasantly on the ear. Indeed I am pretty sure that an English-speaking student at Rome would be disposed to forgive the seeming rudeness of the punctilious Italians if he heard them called *Eyetalions*. Nor is it the punctilious or fastidious only, who dislike to hear a word mispronounced. Rogers said that "*côntemplate* is bad enough but *bâlcony* makes me sick." The fact that *bâlcony* has now superseded *balcôny* does not affect the question. You will invariably find that men accustomed to speaking correctly are pained by mistakes in orthoëpy. I thought therefore that I "might make a few remarks" which may be productive of a little good to those who are not irrefragable in this respect. My highest object is to call their attention to the matter in the hope that they may be induced to consult some of the easily accessible books which treat of this subject. Without any attempt to reverse the famous principle "from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous," I give merely a rehash of some admonitions which, though often repeated, are often neglected.

At the risk of producing nausea, I shall say a word about the "u" sound. No one pronounces *few*, *foo*, yet many pronounce *new*, *noo*. *Institoot* and *institootion* are

occasionally heard among the *stoo dents*. Those who are endeavoring to give the long u its proper sound should remember that it is composed of e (or i) and oo'. Thus *pursue* is neither *pursoo* nor *purshoo*. The two simple sounds are slightly separated after s, t and d: *pur-se-oo*, the e sound being barely perceptible, and of course not forming a separate syllable; *duty* is neither *dooty* nor *jooty*, *literature* neither *literatoor* nor *literachoor*. The preceding consonant preserves its proper sound. A gentleman being asked by his neighbor for his *noose-paper* promptly handed him his marriage certificate.

The consonant which has the misfortune to be at the end of a word is often grossly neglected, especially if the next word begins with the same letter. Gray's bard loses all his dignity when we hear it said of him :

"His beer descending swept his aged breast."

And is by the very careless called *Ann*. *Ann* is not unfrequently placed in some very embarrassing situations. And what wonderfully versatile powers she possesses. She is "He," "She" and "It." I have heard of "Ann the wife," "Ann the priest," "Ann the devil," and *Ann* in a hundred other capacities. At times it is the initial letter of the next word that is sacrificed to haste and carelessness. Your friends are not chaffing you when they ask you if you arrived by the *last rain*. "*Chaste Stars!*" has a meaning entirely different from *Chase tars*. The context generally enables one to know that he is not exhorted to *study deceit* when the speaker or reader should have said *studied deceit*.

Words ending in *ts* are seldom pronounced correctly. An old teacher of mine said that he once heard a preacher fervently exclaim "Would that all difference of sex were at an end!" At another time he quoted from "the Axe of the Apostles!" I heard that word *apostles* repeated very often in a sermon, and to give the *t* (which should be silent) greater prominence he said *apostols*. The *apostols* figured very frequently in the sermon, and about the only thing that remains of the discourse, in my memory, is *apostols*.

The vowel in unaccented syllables seldom receives its proper sound. A teacher of elocution once asked me to pronounce "evinces," remarking that its correct pronunciation would indicate a propriety seldom met with. I was chagrined to hear him say "No" to my confident effort. I was very much surprised to see him pass from one member of the class to another, always rejecting their pronunciation though the word underwent some cruel treatment in the efforts to satisfy the apparently fastidious teacher. *Evinces* was my mistake; no one gave the short sound of e in the last syllable. *Kindness*, is generally turned into *kindness*; *sacrilege* into *knowledge*. Even in the accented syllable the vowel does not always receive its proper sound; we hear *sacriligious* for *sacrilegious* (e long). *Interesting* either has the accent misplaced or becomes *interisting* or *intresting*. This elision of a syllable is not as rare as it ought to be; not long ago I heard some one speak of the Professor of *Litrature*. When the accented syllable is followed by several others, many elide a syllable if they preserve the accentuation—*gener-ly, usu-ly, ordinar-ly*. Ayres says of *ancestral* that "ease of utterance has transferred the accent from the first to the second syllable." A Frenchman says comfortable. It certainly is somewhat difficult to articulate several unaccented syllables. So Ayres protests against the difficult accentuation of *con'versant, ex'emplary, ob'igatory* and *per'emptory*. Now although none of these is more difficult than *ordinarily*, which will always retain the accent on the first syllable, yet I think he is right in contending for a change which vulgar usage at least sanctions and which ease of utterance demands. Another reason might be given for the change, a reason which I have never seen adduced for determining the accent of a word, but which nevertheless appears to me to have some weight. You will observe that every one of these four words has the accent on the prefix; now the second syllable belongs to the root and is consequently more important. A like consideration should influence us in favor of accenting *contem-plate, demonstrate, &c.*, on the second syllable.

The disagreement among orthoëpists which offers us a choice of pronunciations is at times embarrassing. However, in

many cases the great weight of authority is on one side, a circumstance which minimizes the difficulty. He who, without a sufficient reason, feels impelled to take the weaker side, should restrain his generosity for the sake of uniformity. Prof. Bell gives a common sense rule which should be followed at least where the authorities are about evenly divided. "Choose that pronunciation which more nearly coincides with the spelling," and, we might add, gives the greater ease of utterance. Thus we should say *âte* and not *ét*, and in words like *humor, humble, hospital*, we should aspirate the h. There are only four words in the language, *hour, honor, heir* and *honest* (and their compounds of course) in which the initial h must be silent. In *herb* h is marked mute by all the authorities except Smart; but in its compounds the h is aspirated. We should be justified in placing ourselves in opposition to the majority for the sake of uniformity and consistency. We can reconcile ourselves with *humor* (h aspirate) for the same reason, and we should be glad to get rid of a disagreeable suggestion of Uriah Heep by aspirating the h in *humble*.

Swift and a friend overheard someone say *curocity*. "How that fellow murders the English language," remarked the friend. "Oh not quite so bad as that" rejoined Swift, "he only knocked out an *eye*." Some who are on good terms with curiosity have a weakness for knocking the *i's* out of *series* and *variegated*.

It was a habit, years ago, with some of us students to correct each other's mistakes in pronunciation. I once performed the kind office for a friend whom I caught tripping, and he returned the compliment by questioning my pronunciation of *pronunciation*. On consulting the dictionary I found this note: "Wheaton, in his travels in England says: 'I was not a little mortified at having my Yankee origin detected by my omitting to give the full sound of *sh* in *pronunciation*.'" One is soon accustomed to giving the full sound of *sh* to all such words, and after some time "the members of this asso-se-ation or asso-sation" often tempt one to play the schoolmaster. *Amateur* is not yet thoroughly Anglicised, so it gives considerable trouble to orthoëpists. However, usage and authority indicate that it will follow the example of *grandeur*.

Mr. Blake was one of the few members of the House of Commons who pronounced with any great degree of accuracy. He always said that a question would take precedence of all others; yet even he would speak of the fertile or sterile lands of the "Great North West." Speaking of the House reminds me that *government* is always called *government* in the Chamber, while among some of the

attachés it becomes *govahment*. These young gentlemen must love to converse with the young ladies who talk so delightfully about their *vawzes*.

But I see THE OWL is getting drowsy—one word more. My name is not only mispronounced but frequently misspelled, so I write it very distinctly and mark the accent.

PÂTHESON (a long).



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

HY not? His titles to distinction may not be in the eyes of mushroom-society, those which merit celebrity. In fact I fear my hero would cut but a poor figure in a drawing-room to say nothing of a dining-room, nor would he redeem himself on the 'diamond' still less on the field yonder, where the nimble footed fifteen have covered themselves with glory.

We certainly have no records to prove that he is even a very far off scion of royalty. There is nothing in his aspect to permit the assertion that blue blood runs in his veins—has he any veins at all, this much gazed at but little known man? Has he even a vein of humor that will warrant the pursuing this subject from any other point of view than the telescopic? The owl, since the earliest ages, has been considered a votary of the moon; now can THE OWL not throw some light on our queries concerning this lunar character? Perhaps the 'Bird of Wisdom' may wax confidential some day, and then—what? why we'll know a thing or two. In the meantime, not feeling equal to an epic on the subject, no, nor even to a sonnet, this random 'small talk' can harm no one, set no one a thinking, and may serve as a bond of sympathy between the small talker and some other sages who are tired of being always wise—in a word a bit of lunacy is an actual relief to a hard student. I'm of a Republican turn of mind in a few things any way, and a man's ruling principles are what raise or lower him in the scale of my estimation, *ergo* I per-

sist in saying the 'Man in the Moon' is a man of distinction. His first title to said distinction is conferred upon him by his age—and consequent experience. He is two days older than Adam. For we must credit the story of *Genesis*, must we not? and take it for granted *this* man was called into being at the same time as the moon? In all my acquaintance with him, and that is going on well-nigh eighteen years, I have ever found him to be a most trustworthy old fellow, the very soul of discretion. He doesn't tell all he sees; he evidently bases his actions on the eleventh commandment, viz, "Mind your own business." Candor compels me however to confess, I have sometimes, in fact oft times, wished he would tell some things; but this hazy old chap resists all pleadings with a placid but firm silence.—His dignified manner should be commented on were this a full biography, but in this brief notice I can no more than hint at his various claims to regard. Though it is true he can not boast much in the line of personal charms, yet no one can say that his *mien* is other than lofty, nor has he ever been approached by his earthly admirers with anything bordering on the 'Hale fellow well met,' familiarity unless by some college somnambulists mistaking him for a fellow somnambulist, when they are trying to see who can step the highest and the lightest. The old man *looks* on but doesn't *let* on, bless him! He has his various moods and tenses so to speak, but we must conclude he is a very moderate man, no myths about his delays; he can give an account of them without hunting up a new theory every time—what about some of his satellites on that point? He

doesn't seem to *smoke* and surely does not get *full* oftener than once a month and that is his lawful privilege. Perhaps this temperate life may have something to do with his youthful appearance, for we must admit there are few *mellow* old fellows who have no wrinkles on their brow, even after the strictest life and a *short* college career. Were I an artist and to the manner born, I might get somewhere near the exact order of his features—are they classic or romantic? Some closer observer must tell. If curves are an element of Grecian beauty, I would incline to set him down among the very finest, for does not the curvilinear prevail in his phiz? As for his nose—well that must be taken by the instantaneous process of photography. Perhaps a few of us might get a leave of absence on the first full moon night that's

coming and with one to show us how to adjust the camera, we might catch the exact truth anent this important feature, for it does make a difference whether a man's nose be Roman, Grecian or Gothic. As to the symmetry of his members—well the instrument remains yet to be found by which we can form any opinion as to the possibility of his taking any interest in football or the german; but a head supposes arms and legs, therefore the 'Man in the Moon' must have some theory of dress. I incline to think he must favor ample garments. Is he a Conservative or a Grit? a Republican or a Democrat? Ah, who shall tell!—A latent sense of something tells me to keep out of politics and to get out of reach of the weary readers of all this lunacy—therefore, good bye.

LOON.



A PRAYER.

High favored lily, mother and yet maid,
 Whose advent dignified our lowly earth
 By the ornature of a stainless birth;
 Above the choir, that 'neath God's throne arrayed,
 Chant endless canticles of praise, thou'rt said
 To reign in glory o'er the tuneful mirth.
 But once, we know, upon our orb thou wert
 Among and of us; that thy sandals laid
 Their impress on the sands of Galilee.
 Knowing our weakness and our many woes,
 Our pangs of conscience and our contrite throes,
 Deign, mother mild, to lend thy sympathy
 To all deep buried in murk misery
 Whose plaintive heart-cry up to Heaven flows.

W. '81

ON LAKE AND PRAIRIE.



BETWEEN Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains there stretches a vast region where the traveller beholds, whichever way he turns, endless plains studded with numerous lakes and traversed by mighty streams. Not a mountain, scarcely a hill to change the monotony of the landscape! A thick stout grass alternating with totally barren spots here and there, a few scanty shrubs, a belt of trees on the watery banks of the rivers, and dense forests to the north, constitute the vegetation of this wide expanse, and lend during the brief summer months a pleasing aspect to the country; but no sooner has winter set in with its icy blasts and thickly falling snow, then lakes, rivers, forests and prairies are transformed into an immense dreary plain covered with a peerless white mantle. This is the domain of the red man. They were once his hunting grounds. On the vast prairies the buffalo roamed in large herds and in the large forests northward the caribou had his haunts. Now both the caribou and the buffalo are scarce. There remain but the fish in the lakes and rivers and the wild goose that in flocks of thousands visits annually this region in its migrations to southern climes. The Indian is left with the alternative either of starving or setting his net for fish. This is a poor occupation for him. He cannot till the soil that lies under his feet, and he often sits dreaming of the past. During this vision of bygone days he hears the shouts of the hunters when they set forth on daring expeditions or returned home in triumph with the rich booty of the chase. Now a forced inactivity keeps him in his wigwan till famine drives him forth to search for a less scanty livelihood. He finds it easier however to rely on the support allowed him by a kind government. Poor, poor child of the prairie! His nature impells him to lead a wild life, a life interspersed with the pleasures of an excited chase followed by prolonged feasting. No cold could deter him from tracking the deer in its recesses, no snow would be too deep. Now he has to bid

adieu to these pleasures and he is weighed down by the loneliness that reigns supreme throughout his domains. He feels that he is ill-treated, abandoned. But no, he is not abandoned; he has a friend. Is it his brother from another tribe who can console him by telling him of privations like his own? Is it a poor abandoned native of the woods that comes to remonstrate with him? No, it is not a child of the forest, it is not a native of the chilling North-West. It is a son of a fair land of warm climes. It is the missionary, the Oblate of Mary Immaculate, who left his home, his parents, his sunny Province, his mild Bretagne or his chivalric Lorraine in his native France, or the green isle of Erin, or the shores of the majestic St. Lawrence to come to the side of the poor red man, to console him, to teach him. The wailings of the forlorn Indian were heard across the wide seas. Angels had taken up the call from the American forests and dropped it on the European shores into the ears of generous hearted youths who abandoned the comfort of their homes and the luxuries of their native land to fly to the bleak North-West to cast their lot with the uncivilized, the rude, and the pagan, to tell them that they are brethren, that they are to live together as the closest of friends, that they are to share hunger and cold and that they will be only too happy if they can make them know the true God and his only Son Jesus, the Redeemer. A disinterested love urged these noble men to sever the ties that bound them to kindred and fatherland and to cast their lot in common with the red man, to dwell where he dwelled, to roam where he roamed in order to make his God their God. The Oblate missionaries whose motto is, "God has sent us to preach to the poor," find us better and no wider field opened to their zeal than the great North-West of Canada. No where else indeed, is the poverty of the natives united with so much barrenness in nature, with so many hardships and fatigues for the missionary.

(To be continued.)

AMONGST THE REVIEWS.



UNDER the title of "The Sacrifice of Education to Examination" the *Nineteenth Century* for November contains a contribution which is destined to exercise some influence on the future of education in Great Britain and Ireland.

It is divided into four parts. The first consists of a petition followed by an array of names of personages occupying high social and political places; there are professors, tutors, and fellows of Oxford, Cambridge, London and many other colleges in England and Scotland, members of Parliament, lawyers, doctors, civil servants and men of many grades and positions. Amongst the professors are found the names of Max Müller, Edward Freeman and Frederick Harrison; John Bright, Justin McCarthy, T. P. O'Connor, with others, represent the members of Parliament. The petition is addressed to the Government and the colleges calling their attention to the present state of examinations. Messrs. Freeman, Müller, and Harrison in the three other parts explain their reasons for subscribing to the petition. By competition for scholarships and prizes, they claim education tends to be of the same type while the health and progress of society depend on the continual difference and the novelty of ideas. Examinations are prepared by a methodical cramming; this strengthens the rote faculties to the neglect of the rational faculties, cultivates quick superficiality, and power of cleverly skimming a subject, fixes a belief in artifices and formulated answers. In Oxford and Cambridge young men imagine that all this work has but one object—the examination. No time is allowed to look right or left; all their moments are occupied with preparation for the dread examination. The lazy majority are benefited by the existing state of affairs but the really clever and ambitious boys are systematically deadened. The remedy proposed is to have fewer examinations and to have the teachers examine. Let excellence in studies be attained by love of them rather than

through the inducements held forth by prizes and scholarship.

In the same review Mr. Gladstone treats the question of "Elizabeth and the Church." His closing words are: "Nothing can be further from the ideal than the English Church has been in its practical development. Perhaps even in its ideal it is assailable enough. . . . That this nation is what it is and this Church what it is may without praise or blame but only in acknowledgement of the fact, be owned due to Queen Elizabeth as much as to any human being that has ever in this island enjoyed or suffered the stern and bracing experience of life." This article deserves an extended criticism. In it we see traces that the cold ritual and doctrines of the English Church do not satisfy the heart and intellect of the great English statesman.

"The Fast Set at Harvard" in the *North American Review* betrays a terrible state of affairs at that seat of learning. Extravagance in expenses, gambling, debaucheries, drunkenness seem to be very prevalent. Poker and betting are universal; while neglect of studies is only one of the lesser evils. We trust that the Faculty of Harvard will make some reforms which seem to be much needed.

Gail Hamilton in the same magazine vindicates the right of Catholics in the United States to protest against the teaching of anything contrary to their religious doctrines. Public schools depend on love and lasting loyalty of all the people and then are violated by teachers who insult the feelings and convictions of their Catholic pupils.

Those who would wish to have a correct idea of the present state of the Irish Land Question should read "the Irish Land Question and Statistics" in the *Contemporary Review* by Archbishop Walsh. Mr. Gladstone, so the genial editor of the London *Star* informs us, was much impressed by it and intends to weigh its contents in his future actions in the House of Commons.

Mr. Radcliffe Cook, M.P., gives a very light and interesting account of oratory in the House of Commons. "The duty of

a member," he says, "is to weigh his words, to express not the opinions he holds but those less offensive to his constituents or those which would not compromise him in the future when political questions which loom up but indistinctly at present will become real actualities."

"The Church its own Witness" by Cardinal Manning is reproduced from the *North American Review* in *Donahoe's Magazine* for December. Let those who imagine the Catholic Church is a thing of the past weigh this essay, which abounds with evidences of the historical, philosophical and theological learning of the most prodigious worker in England.

"A Bostonian in New York," "Protestants Views on the School Question," and "The Slave Trade," are excellent of this kind. The Juvenile Department is exceptionally good.

The Catholic *World* for November contains a pleasant chat on the New University. The Catholic Hierarchy of

America are [determined to make this institution a rival of its European sisters.

Katherine Tynan is the authoress of a sympathetic study of the greatest of Irish journalists, and the most loved of all the Nationalists, William O'Brien.

Father Gmeiner points out the duties of Catholics both lay and clerical in regard to scientific questions.

The Water Lily, a poem by Frank Waters, is carefully analyzed by Elward Eu. The critic displays a good knowledge of the art of verse-making and of what constitutes a true poet.

"Children as Suicides" by Agnes Repplier is one of the most forcible and trenchant articles that has appeared in the *Catholic World* for some time. That something must be done to diminish the number of children who yearly commit suicide and that there is something rotten at the bottom of our society is the conclusion which forces itself upon us when reading this article.

A GENTILE AMONG THE MORMONS.

To the Editors of the Owl,

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA :—



WELCOME could be heartier than that which I extended to your spicy little journal on its arrival here.

Pregnant with news of scenes and faces familiar to a memory which still retains a vivid recollection

of the days passed within the precincts of the "corridor" I eagerly conned it over from title page to cover and the only disappointment I experienced was when I had finished its perusal.

The matter, contained therein shows clearly the enthusiasm, the unanimity, the good fellowship that animate both professors and students. It shows that your institution is destined to prosper and ere long take a leading place among the universities of North America.

Here in the home and Mecca of Mormonism you find extremely little to remind you of Ottawa. There is no bustle, no excitement. Everything seems quiet and self-possessed. The pharisaical ex-

terior of the Latter-Day Saints seems to envelop everything. You think it almost a sacrilege to laugh aloud in the streets. The city is entirely free from toughs and hard characters. I have yet to see a drunken man in its streets. Saloons are numerous enough. The Prohibition movement has not had effect here yet so there is no danger from the poison of illicit retailers.

You could not imagine a more beautiful site for a town. A wide valley about 10 miles in circumference, surrounded on all sides by bold precipitous mountains, possesses all the charms of the romantic nooks of Switzerland or the enchanted vales of the Himalayas.

The building of the town detracted nothing from its beauty of locality. Fine rows of houses, fronting on broad and well-paved streets—sidewalks lined on both sides with stately trees give an appearance to the city which is as pleasing as it is indescribable.

The whole arrangement reflects great credit on the genius and foresight of its

founder, Brigham Young. He was undoubtedly a man of more than ordinary capacity. Passing over his predilection for the weaker sex we cannot but admire his ability, his power over men, the energy of character which he in every action of his life displayed.

To organize a church of most untenable doctrines out of such heterogeneous materials must have been a work of stupendous difficulty. Of his insincerity there is not the slightest doubt. His idea was to make himself a power by working upon the fanaticism of those who came under his influence; and well did he succeed. The members of the Church he has organized in this city alone number 30,000 out of a total population of 36,000.

Their leading point of belief is that the more you are married the greater are your chances of eternal salvation.

Imbued with this idea they marry early and often and never seem to tire of so doing '*expletus sed non lassatus.*'

Young is looked upon only in the light of an apostle. Their prophet and expounder of the law was Joseph Smith. He is the only saint, as yet but as many are following in his footsteps there is a strong probability of the calendar being increased before the end of another decade.

The laws passed lately by the United States Congress have given the brethren a good deal of trouble.

These make polygamy punishable by fine and imprisonment. No less than 300 have within the past year been committed to the penitentiary for offences of this nature.

Yet persecution does not seem to daunt these zealots who, at any cost, persist in living according to their convictions, and may I add according to their beastly tastes.

Their places of religious worship deserve more than a passing remark. The principal of these is the Tabernacle—elliptical in shape and capable of accommodating 25,000 persons. The acoustic properties are unequalled. A whisper from the pulpit can be heard in the most remote part of the building. Near by is

the Endowment House where the marriage ceremony is performed. No dog of a Gentile is allowed to profane its sacred interior, hence I have not had an opportunity to penetrate the secret depths of its mysteries.

So far as we can learn, persons desiring to enter this happy state are put through a good many performances. They have, it is said, to be washed and anointed and blessed again and again, something after the nature of a Turkish bath I suppose, but it is extremely doubtful if the same beneficial effects follow.

A magnificent Temple is now in course of construction. Its estimated cost is \$8,000,000. On the day on which it will be thrown open for public worship the Lord is booked for an appearance.

If he does appear there is not the slightest doubt but that it will be in his wrath, something after the manner described in that passage from Elias of which poor Father Bennet was so fond of talking. The saintly old man has gone to the rest for which he so ardently longed!

We have somewhat over 200 students attending the commercial classes. The number dabbling in the Classics and Mathematics scarcely amounts to 50.

Greek is at a discount here. The fair Electra would receive rough treatment at the hands of the sunburnt sons of toil who come here to mould their intellects.

Well I am of the opinion that the "sage bird" considers he has had enough for this time. I will at some future time give you an idea of the social condition of the Mormons throughout this territory.

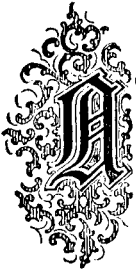
"What's the matter with Ottawa College Football Club?" I hear some one answering—"They're all right!" May your honors be multiplied and long may you hold the position you now occupy.

To one and all Christmas Greeting and many happy returns of the holy season we are just entering.

JOSEPH ROACH.

Salt Lake City, Nov. 18th, 1888

A POPULAR MAGAZINE.



QUARTER of a century ago the name of Patrick Donahoe was a familiar one to the ears of the Catholics of the United States. As editor and proprietor of the Boston *Pilot*, head of a reliable banking house, and leading Catholic publisher of the country, he was a prominent figure and did as much as any other layman to better the intellectual and moral condition of his exiled fellow countrymen. Three times was his business destroyed by fire, and notwithstanding heroic efforts to recover his losses he found himself at length a poor man. The *Pilot* had to be relinquished into other hands, the bank and book store no longer existed, and yet Mr. Donahoe was not crushed. He established a magazine which is now exceedingly popular, and to the editing of which he still gives personal supervision though in his seventy-third year. *Donahoe's Magazine* is an eclectic periodical like *Littell's Living Age* and the *Eclectic Magazine*, but unlike these it contains many valuable and interesting original articles. Among the special contributions in the two last numbers we

find a vigorous essay on "A Nation's Individuality," by Thomas Hamilton Murray. "The Waldenses," a valuable chapter in ecclesiastical history by Dr. Reuben Parsons, "Swedes and the Pure Teachings of Luther," by Peter McCorry, and "A Bostonian in New York," by W. J. Donovan. Among the selections are Cardinal Manning's important paper on "The Church Its Own Witness," from the *North American Review*, "The Empire Route to the East," by E. M. Clerke from the *Dublin Review*, and "Shakespeare on Purgatory," by F. C. Burnand from the *Month*. The names of these articles and their writers show how judiciously the venerable editor performs his work. The prospectus for the coming year announces original articles from Anna T. Sadlier, Rev. Jas. H. Gavin, L. W. Reilly, William Collins and many others. The juvenile department of the magazine is one which must appeal to all the youngsters. Such stories as "Yankee Bob and Irish Tom," will surely delight all little boys—American little boys at least. *Donahoe's Magazine* is to be highly recommended for reading in all Catholic families.

AGAIN.

With this issue the OWL completes its twelfth number: The year through which it has passed has, like every year, produced its joys and sorrows. Now we wish to begin the second year with the best possible prospects and to place this journal upon the highest plane of university literature. To do this, good-will on our part is not of itself sufficient; we must have the co-operation of our friends. Hence we request those whose subscriptions expire with this number to lose no time in balancing their accounts and notifying us to mail the OWL to them for another year. This is also an excellent opportunity for those who have not yet subscribed to send in their names. We hope that the words of this appeal may fall on fertile soil, and give a plentiful return.

"UNITED CANADA."

The above is the name of a new journal published in this city in the interests of the Irish Catholics of Canada. The first number which appeared on Nov. 24th, tells us that the paper is to be edited by Rev. John F. Coffey, M.A., LL.D., one of the most distinguished graduates of the College of Ottawa. The rev. gentleman's literary abilities are such as to ensure the success of his journalistic venture. He will have the assistance, moreover, of Rev. Prof. Fillatre, J. A. McCabe, Esq., Rev. M. J. Whelan, of St. Patrick's; Rev. F. J. McGovern, of the Basilica; H. J. Cloran, Esq., of Montreal, and many others as editorial contributors. We bid the "United Canada" welcome, and hope for it a long life of usefulness in the cause of Catholicity. John D. Grace is business manager.


 The Owl.
 

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THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

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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.

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Students are requested to patronize our advertisers.

VOL. II. DECEMBER, 1888. No. 4.

CHILDREN AS SUICIDES.

The shocking frequency of youthful suicides has formed the subject for an extensive article in the November issue of the *Catholic World*, under the heading, "Children as Suicides." The picture presented is certainly frightful in every outline and scarcely credible did not the author support every statement by undeniable facts. We can with difficulty imagine that out of the sixty thousand Europeans who caused their own death in 1880, two thousand were under fifteen years of age. Yet such is the case. And since 1880 suicide

has increased in a far greater proportion among children than among adults. What can be the cause of this? Why should so many voluntarily quench the lamp of life ere it has really begun to burn or send forth rays of light? Such a course is entirely opposed to nature. Our first instincts are for self-preservation and to everyone death in any form is an object of terror. They must be mighty influences which can so override the laws of nature and invest the 'grim monster' with such a charm that death becomes preferable to life. Mighty indeed they must be to so turn the young mind that it cannot live down the slight inconveniences of early life. What are these influences? They are chiefly the following: indiscriminate newspaper reading, unguarded public libraries, and sensational literature. The press is often quoted as the 'great educator' though in reality the tendency of the modern newspaper is anything but truly educational. Murders, suicides, and other revolting crimes are set forth in the most alluring style and these columns of description are eagerly devoured by numberless young readers. The facts which make history are passed unnoticed by. Another evil influence is that questionable benefit—the public library, from whose shelves mental poison is freely handed out. But greatest evil of all is those tons of sensational literature annually issued from our leading publishing houses and scattered broadcast over the land, bringing moral and mental ruin to thousands. As the writer in the *Catholic World* says: "One-third of the juvenile crimes committed every year may be easily traced to the influence of coarse and vicious literature. The youthful thief and rowdy finds a congenial example in the flashy, dæmon devil hero of a cheap novel; the silly school-girl has her head hopelessly turned by the romantic adventures of the low-born maidens who figure in the weekly story-papers." There is a terrible respon-

sibility resting upon the authors and publishers of this trash and sooner or later human law will be obliged, in the defense of the stability of society, to declare such men common criminals, and amenable to the law for the effects of their work.

HONORS.

During the past week the lines have deepened on the countenances of several students of philosophy. The honor work has been announced and the honor classes in Philosophy and Political economy have been begun. But this fact alone would not be sufficient to explain the air of settled seriousness so evident in the bearing of our seniors. The true cause is that the work set is very extensive and quite difficult. Those who aim at honors in Philosophy and Political Science will be required in addition to the regular year's work, to pass an examination on the following: Plato, Republic; Aristotle, Nicomachean Ethics; Cicero, De Legibus, Book I; St. Thomas, De Regimine Principum; De Maistre, Bacon's Philosophy; Herbet Spencer, On Education; Bastiat, Essays on Political Economy; Smith, Wealth of Nations. Hence those long-drawn smiles. However there are several consolations. The first is that both the Rev. Professors of Philosophy have decided to devote several hours a week to the honor students and to aid them in any specially knotty passages, besides supplementing the work by regular explanatory lectures. Second, those who succeed will know that they well deserve their honors; if any fail, at least they cannot but acquire much invaluable knowledge. Then the course is complete, embracing ancient, mediæval, and modern philosophy, and representative works from each of the great schools of political economy. So that, though the work is extensive and success doubtful, only good can ultimately result to those who follow the course.

THE RETREAT.

No exercise of the scholastic year is of more importance than the annual retreat. In every sense this is true. A good retreat bears with it innumerable advantages, moral and intellectual; an indifferent or a bad retreat is the cause of just as many disadvantages. There was every visible token that the retreat in the college was all that could be desired. The students seemed to enter upon it seriously and persevered throughout in the observation of the rules of conduct for the various exercises. There was no supervision, either actual or necessary, and the general appearance was one of genuine earnestness. Hence great things were naturally expected and the result has amply fulfilled those great expectations. The gratitude of the students is due, and we are sure is heartily accorded, to Rev. Fathers Riordan and Langevin who preached in English and French respectively. On a special occasion such as a retreat special efforts must be to obtain good preachers. Students are proverbially hard to please, and even during the time of retreat cannot put aside entirely their critical habits. When points that may be criticized appear the ordinary student cannot resist the temptation and inwardly falls. The best compliment, therefore, that can be paid to a preacher is that he pleased a student audience. That Rev. Fathers Riordan and Langevin did this the remarks of all the students prove, while the retreat was an evidence of the powerful effect of their sermons. We feel confident that good results will continue to flow from the uniformly excellent retreat of this year.

He may well be styled a public benefactor who places within the reach of all wholesome intellectual food. In this respect we know of no one more worthy of praise than that enterprising publisher, Mr. John B. Alden, New York. In an

age almost completely devoted to sensational literature he has chosen to oppose the popular taste and cater to the wants of the few. His catalogue contains none but the choicest works of the best English authors and the most approved translations of foreign writers. And these are offered at such a ridiculously low price that their is no longer any excuse for those who claim that they do not read high-class literature because of its cost. A very excellent collection of standard books may be had for a very small amount, and one of the best points in Mr. Alden's publications is that they are invariably found to be just as advertised.

There are two ways of working for the success of a college paper. The first is to subscribe promptly and pay your subscription regularly. The second and by no means inferior to the first, is to aid in providing interesting and instructive literary matter. Now in the latter respect we have two requests to make. The first is to request our alumni to send us notes or articles of general interest pertaining to college life during their residence here. We hope ere long to be able to present to our readers sketches of the classes of past years in Ottawa College. But this will be impossible without the active co-operation and assistance of the alumni, and we confidently rely upon them in the matter. Now, secondly, we have many readers in distant parts of the globe—the OWL visits every continent—will not some of our friends in Australia, or South Africa, in Ceylon, or even the British Isles favor us with articles descriptive of the life and customs of the people amongst whom they live and work? The columns of the OWL shall be ever open to the contribution of friends or alumni.

Our esteemed contemporary the *'Varsity*, of Toronto University advocates the formation of an intercollegiate press

association. Now *'Varsity*, from its position as representative of a leading Canadian institution, is entitled to speak with considerable weight on matters relating to University thought and doings. Still on debatable questions *'Varsity*, in common with all other College journals, is obliged to make out a case and support it with solid arguments. The advantage which *'Varsity* urges would accrue from this Association seem to us to be more than counterbalanced by the almost insuperable obstacles in the way, while a judicious and improved management of the present system would tend to obtain the same results with much less labor. Then there is always the great danger of those associations being used to further aims entirely outside the spheres of college life or at least to foster the pet schemes of the most influential. Until *'Varsity* supplements the list of advantages to be gained we cannot say that we strongly favor an intercollegiate press association.

REV. DANIEL H. BARBER, O.M.I.

The 13th of November saw the shadows of death close in around a zealous and saintly worker in the missionary field of God's Church. On that day Rev. Daniel H. Barber, O.M.I., surrounded by his sorrowing brothers in religion, exchanged the trials of earth for the joys of Heaven.

Rev. Father Barber was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1847. His father was a prosperous merchant, and an ardent disciple of Father Matthew, whose principles he strongly advocated in lectures in the neighborhood of Dublin. The young Daniel generally accompanied his father on these tours and became enthusiastic in the cause of temperance. On the occasion of a lecture at Inchicore by his father, he met some priests of the Oblate order there and seems to have thereupon decided to join that congregation. Having finished his collegiate course at Marion Square College, Dublin, he made his profession as an Oblate at Autun, France, in

1865, and five years later, in 1870, was ordained a priest at the same place.

He had always expressed a desire for foreign missionary work, so shortly after his ordination he was attached to the order in the United States, with Lowell, Mass., as his station. With this city as a centre he began his missionary life and his labors increased daily. He had been but a few months in Lowell when the small-pox epidemic broke out there. Much against his will he was forbidden to visit the sufferers in the city, this work being allotted to older and more experienced priests. Father Barber, however, was himself attacked by the disease and removed to the hospital. Once here, the restriction placed upon him was removed, and instead of submitting to treatment, he was continually going around among the patients, ministering to their spiritual and bodily wants, cheering them by words of kindness and advice, and contributing not a little to the ultimate recovery of many. His conduct on this occasion won for him the undying gratitude of the Catholic people of Lowell.

In the following year, 1871, his missionary life really began, and between this and 1874 he gave missions in almost every city and town of the New England States. In 1874 he came to Lachine to labor among the canal diggers there. These men numbered one thousand, and were not of the most tractable disposition. Nevertheless Father Barber succeeded admirably amongst them, and soon had built a church and established a flourishing temperance society. The only St. Patrick's Day parade ever seen at Lachine was that of 1875, organized by Father Barber and his congregation of canal men. He was beloved by both employers and employees and possessed a wonderful influence over the men engaged in constructing the canal.

In 1876 he was sent to St. Paul, Minnesota, but the climate not agreeing with him he was changed to Buffalo, N.Y., where he spent a year. He left Buffalo to come to Ottawa College, and while here was continually engaged in missionary work. At the request of His Lordship Bishop Cleary, Father Barber gave missions throughout Kingston diocese and with grand results.

While he was stationed at Lowell he met with a serious accident by which one of his eyes was severely injured. It continued to bother him for many years, but about

four years ago the other eye became affected. With the hope that a milder climate would benefit him, he left for Ireland in the year 1884. But the hope was vain. His eyes gradually grew worse, and, at length the affection reaching his brain, caused his death at the early age of 41 years.

Several characteristic incidents are related of Father Barber by his brother priests here. It was customary when giving missions, to have a conference on the liquor question. On one occasion Father Barber was given the post of "devil's advocate" in favor of the liquor traffic. He was opposed by one of the leading Oblates of the United States. Father Barber began very solemnly to speak in favor of the liquor sellers. But as he advanced his early principles and the remembrance of his father's lectures overcame him, and he swung to the other side. He depicted graphically the evils of the traffic and ended by relating the fable of the spider and the fly. "You," he said to the audience, "are the flies; the liquor sellers who are weaving their webs about you, are the spiders." His opponent was left without a word, and to this day the liquor sellers in Lowell are known as "spiders." On another occasion in company with Rev. Father Mangin, O.M.I., he gave a mission at Cadyville, near Ogdensburg, N. Y. Father Barber desired to have some sacred music and singing, but there was not an instrument to be had. Nothing daunted, Father Barber procured in Plattsburg an old-style harmonium, which Father Mangin declared he could play. The difficulty now lay in procuring singers. At length a young lady volunteered, and the first rendition of sacred music ever heard in Cadyville was given, with Father Mangin playing the harmonium, Father Barber holding the music and working the bellows, and both the reverend gentlemen assisting the young lady at critical points in the singing. Father Barber often alluded to the concert at Cadyville.

Though young in years, Father Barber's life was crowded with good actions, and his death found him worn out by the ceaseless activity of his priestly career. All those who knew him in America, or who owe anything to his labors here, and they are many, will join in a fervent heartfelt *requiescat in pace*.

ST. CECILIA.

And she was noblest of the race, though one
As Empress, well the Tarquin's halls had graced.
Rome gave her hoarded splendor, Heaven ap-
proved

And sent from midst the choirs a glorious band
To bless the nuptials of her chosen one,
Cecilia of the Cecillii of Rome !
Of that great, that Pagan-Christian Rome :
The mighty, mystic city *then*, as *now*.

The brilliant palace of the Cecillii
Flashed light on plebian thousands thronging near,
And golden chariots 'long the Appian Way
Raised 'bove the masses Rome's Patrician pride.
The proud Valerian as a leader moved
With bearing such as Heaven would seem to wish
Peculiar to the noble being—man—
All grandly conscious,—he the worthy-deemed
Of Rome's fairest daughter. And Cecilia came
Robed in the tunic of the Tarquin's wife,
That in its purity of graceful folds
Seemed a religious habit, Heaven-blessed,
A bridal-veil of gauzy silken flame
Mantled the best beloved of Heaven and Rome.
The marriage service o'er—with pagan rite
Cecilia's earnest to Valerian she gave—
"Where thou art Caius, Caia I shall be :"
That touched not on her promise to her Lord :
"Where Thou art *Christ*, there *Christian* shall
I be "

On to the banquet blest Valerian led.
While rang his lordly halls with loud acclaim
Out burst mid pagan pomp Cecilia's song :
"My heart and senses keep thou pure, O God !
My heart and soul forever undefiled !"
The angel guests in joy took up the strain
Through all the choirs of Heaven 'tis sounding
still ;

That song that sweetly wedded Heaven to Earth.
Valerian heard : and with perplexed soul
Kneft humbly e'er it joined the "White robed
train."

Proud and unflinchingly she stood at last—
Cecilia—by her *Christian* husband's side,
And when the streets were red with Christian
blood,
Valerian flaunted in the face of Rome
The chastity that won the martyr's crown.

When by the Appian-Way Cecilia saw
Her earthly spouse deposited in peace,

A lonely requiem sang this virgin-bride,
"His heart and senses, martyr pure, O God !
Plead for the kingdom of the undefiled !"

Then brave Cecilia lovingly enriched
With Christianity her pagan Rome,
And thirsting for her blood, Almachius
Dared e'en the house Cecillii bring low.
To heap on its bright scion indignity,
Asked for the *name* that marked her among men.
She answered : (and the coward tyrant frowned)
"Among the daughters of imperial Rome,
And in the palaces of the Cecillii
The name *Cecilia* honored me, but far
Above this cruel Rome—in Heavenly halls
I'm known as '*Christian*'—name more beautiful!"
Enraged with hate Almachius decreed
The dauntless spirit would humbled be,
Aye, quenched in death.

As fast her life-blood flowed she prayed to see
Once more, on earth, the Viceroy of her Lord.
He came—the holy Urban—to his child,
That aged Pontiff bowed with grief and care,
He knew all the worth of that young life
So swiftly leaving earth—and of his reign
The glory and the pride, unto this day.
Her last, her loving testament she gave :—
"O Holy Father take my love—my poor—!
Cecilia's precious legacy to thee !"
Christ's holy Vicar raised his hand to bless
The passing soul. She bent her reverent head,
And her earth-freed soul fled to her Master
Whom so sweetly she had served,
And Heaven resounded with her "Welcome
Home
"Cecilia of the heart and senses pure !
Take rank 'mong Heaven's 'Followers of the
Lamb.'"
And every deed of silent worth on earth
Was a sweet chord to swell the heavenly song.

The Master blessing this wondrous harmony
Bequeathed it with Cecilia's love to earth.
It emanates from her beloved Rome
And to the pure in heart—the beautiful
In art, in nature, wears no cloud to hide
From soul and eye and heart the joys of truth,
The source of harmony—Cecilia's God !
And this is why we call her "*Christian Muse*."

C. A.

22nd November.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

ABOUT ATHLETICS IN COLLEGES — A NUMBER OF VIEWS OF THE SAME OBJECT FROM NEGATIVES OF DIFFERENT CAMERAS.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

"Athletics, with their consequent excitement and holidays, are absolutely ruinous to study."

"It is on the playingfield that are developed those qualities which give a man such control over himself in after life, and which may be justly said to form the foundation of his future success."—*Lord Stanley's Reply to Address.*

Outdoor sports, such as football, cricket, etc., have been legislated against by the new commandant of the Royal Military College, Major General Cameron.—*Local Press.*

The majority of American college presidents has issued an address decidedly adverse to athletics in colleges. These authorities base their report upon statistics showing that athletics are injurious to intellectual work, and that the most distinguished graduates are those who shun sports.—*Exchange.*

The Harvard College Faculty Committee on athletics has made an exhaustive report on athletics at Harvard and their effect on students. The committee has reported as follows: "The average strength of students and the perfection of their physical development have greatly increased during ten years. At present there are about one hundred men in college stronger than the strongest man in 1880. The regularity and moderation of life necessary for men in training have a very favorable effect on health." As to the effect on scholarship, the report says that participation in athletics does not seriously interfere with college attendance, and lowers neither the standing of those who take part in them (except freshmen) nor the general standing of the college. On the contrary, the standard of scholarship has risen with the increase of athletics. While athletes have won college honors, the fourteen men who take no exercise are reported below the average of scholarship.—*University Gazette.*

The following is taken from the columns of *La Minerve* in an article entitled Intellectual Overwork: "The French Academy of Medicine, at a meeting held September 18th, considered the question of intellectual overwork. Mr. Gustave Lagneau stated that the commission appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction, to inquire into the question of physical inactivity and intellectual overwork in primary schools, asked for an increase in the time given to gymnastic exercises, and the abolition of the *pensum* system. This commission also reported that the 'cramming' system was assuming alarming proportions in the higher schools and colleges of France. Mr. Lagneau thought that to reach a satisfactory result the prevailing system must be radically changed, and physical exercises given their fair share of atten-

tion. Among the exercises he mentioned gymnastics, fencing and equestrianism. The youth of the country would then be induced to develop their bodies at the same time as their minds."

The Amherst College authorities have adopted rules requiring general attendance in a class of physical culture four times a week.

—*The Polytechnic.*

President Barnard, of Columbia College, speaks thus of athletics: "In recent years increasing attention has been continually directed to the importance of physical culture among young men in colleges. There is reason to believe that if the importance of this subject has not been exaggerated at least the methods employed for encouraging it have been more or less mistaken. It is too often the case that at the beginning of a session young men are animated for a week or too by a very lively zeal to participate in athletic sports, which in a brief period wears itself out, after which the gymnasium is for the most part deserted. What is more likely to happen is the selection of a limited number of athletes who are supposed to possess more than usual skill, and who are charged with representing the college in their match games with other institutions. Those not thus selected will relapse into the sluggishness of previous years, and thus the mass of the students will derive very little benefit from the efforts thus made for their physical improvement.

Another evil attends the practice, now become so common, of inter-collegiate matches. As these contests approach, there is more or less distraction of the minds of the students from their proper pursuits, and for the time being a more or less serious neglect of study. This is an evil inevitable while the present system is maintained, and is of sufficient magnitude to justify, in the opinion of the undersigned, an absolute prohibition of inter-collegiate games altogether.—*Tuftoman.*

Again, how does the wind blow?

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Of all the teams that played football in the city on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 15; not one so completely vanquished its rival as did the "Wide Awakes" of our Juniors. For some days before our young friends were no less anxious than their seniors to have an opportunity of showing their skill in punting the leather. The spirits of our youthful aspirants were not at all dampened by the light showers of rain which were falling on Thanksgiving Day morning, and consequently they were sharp on time in meeting their opponents, the "Ironsides," of the City, at the appointed hour, 9.30 a.m. The game was played on Cartier Square and refereed by E. Capbert of the College. The two teams lined up in the following order:

WIDE AWAKES.

- E. Gleeson *Back.*
- P. Ryan *Half Back.*
- P. Clancy *do.*
- L. Nevins *Quarter Back.*
- G. Robillard *do.*
- W. Wier *Wing.*
- E. Baskerville *Forward*
- J. Lavery
- A. Bourgeois
- P. Brunelle
- J. McKenna
- W. Murphy
- J. Copping
- M. Shea

IRONSIDES.

- A. Bradley
- E. Woolsey, Cpt.
- C. Kavanagh
- A. Cope
- J. Spence
- L. Forbes
- A. Kerr
- G. Harch
- R. Brock
- R. Blackburn
- F. Scott
- D. Neive
- J. Burpee
- J. McRae

It is now nearing the season for that most enjoyable of winter games, hockey. It is pleasing to recall to mind the very great interest manifested in many of the games of last year. Would it not be well this year to organize clubs and title them as in baseball, football, etc.? There is now a good stock of hockey sticks on hand, so that everybody can have one of his own.

On Saturday, November 17th, a very interesting and exciting game of foot-ball was played between the Boarders and the Externs, the teams lined up were as follows:—

BOARDERS.

- W. Murphy, *Full Back*
- J. Lavery, *Half-Backs*
- A. Vallerand, *"*
- A. Brunet, *Quarter-Backs*
- F. Lamoureux, *"*
- H. Christin, *Forwards*
- P. Brunelle, *"*
- A. McDonald, *"*
- H. Cameron, *"*
- H. Beauchemin, *"*
- E. Pajeau, *"*
- H. Moreau, *"*
- N. Gratton, *"*
- R. Robidoux, *"*
- Dumais, *"*

EXTERNIS.

- P. Ryan.
- C. McGee.
- O. Malo.
- R. Beaulieu.
- H. Dube.
- A. Malo.
- A. Charron.
- A. Lafleur.
- R. Leger.
- J. L'Etoile.
- H. Leveque.
- G. Dorion.
- A. Gravel.
- J. McGee.
- E. Leveque.

The teams were well matched as to size and weight, but no sooner was the ball kicked off than it was plainly evident to the numerous spectators that the Ironsides were not at all worthy rivals of the young collegians. After the two half hours the score stood 22 for the Wide Awakes to 0 for the Ironsides. This was the first game for the Wide Awakes against a City team, and of course the result was entirely satisfactory. Every member of the team played well, but particular mention should be made of J. Copping, P. Ryan, L. Nevins, P. Brunelle, E. Gleeson and M. Shea, on account of their fine kicking, sure passing and many brilliant dashes.

The Maple Leafs, Nationals and May Flowers have put away their balls, bats, masks, catching gloves, etc., till the spring, and now they pass their recreations very pleasantly at handball, football, or in the gymnasium. It appears that many of our juniors are quite in love with football, according to the Canadian Association rules, as Rugby is being completely put aside by them.

Handball continues to be the rage, and for want of alley room every fence or wall is made to serve the purpose.

Already there is much talk about a skating rink. Scarcely a winter has passed without having one, and it is expected that this year there will be one which will far surpass that of any former year. All that is required is a little good will and energy, in the beginning, and once it is formed there will be no trouble to keep it in good order. It should be brought up as a matter of discussion at the next monthly meeting of the Junior Association. Boys, you may get out your skates from the bottom of your trunks, as you shall soon need them.

H. Beauchemin acted as captain for the Boarders, and H. Leveque for the Externs. The latter won the toss and decided to defend the eastern goal. During the early part of the game the Externs seemed to have things their own way, and were not long in securing three points, a rouge and a safety touch. This seemed to stir up their opponents, who, during the remainder of the game, played dashing, and when time was called, the score stood Boarders 10, Externs 3. Among the Boarders, W. Murphy, P. Brunelle, H. Cameron and R. Robidoux, distinguished themselves for neat play. Beauchemin's charges were irresistible. Among the Externs, C. McGee, Ryan, A. Malo and H. Dube, were noticeable for fast running and dodging. It was evident that Maloney, the centre scrimmage was not in condition, which accounts for the score made by the Externs during first half. In the second half he was ruled off for continuous fouling and abuse of the referee.

Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick, as referee, gave the greatest dissatisfaction, especially to the captains of both teams.

Maloney protested the game on the ground that Brunelle was a professional base-ball player.

The following is the rank of the leading students of the Commercial Classes for the month of November:—

1st Grade.—A. Gosselin, P. Mellon, P. Ryan.

2nd Grade.—W. L. Murphy, J. Macnamara, A. Larocque.

3rd Grade (2nd div.).—A. Pelissier, J. O'Reilly, A. McDonald.

3rd Grade (1st div.).—R. Letellier; 2, Michael Brennan; 3, Bernard Murphy and Ed. O'Neil.

EXCHANGES.

The *University Magazine* aims at being something higher than a mere record of university news, and therefore sustains a literary department of more than usual usual excellence. In the number before us there is a well written essay on the "Philosophy of Horace," which traces the progress of the poet's mind from Epicureanism to Stoicism, and the final retrogression to a system midway between those two extremes. A couple of the odes turned into metrical English precede this essay, and a thoughtful analysis of the character of Macbeth follows it. The editors of the *Magazine* have decided that they "shall make no effort to pander to the average sophomore or freshman tastes," and if there be any truth in the insinuation those tastes are badly in need of correction.

The *University Monthly* complains of the low standard of matriculation in law and medical colleges, and thinks that the cause of higher education is suffering on this account. The abolition of residency has been found to diminish the attendance at the University of New Brunswick.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* contains a number of lively essays. The "Mission of Suffering" gives a wrong account of the circumstances in which Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata was composed. One of the editresses reads the other girls a severe lecture on their gastronomic excesses. No doubt she will be voted "a horrid mean thing."

The *Censor*, from St. Mary's Collegiate Institute, is, as far as we are aware, the only high school paper in Canada. It has

just reached its fifth number, but has all the gravity of middle age. The article on "Methods of Study" is a very practical one, setting forth what all know but seldom reflect upon. "It is far better to study closely for fifteen minutes and remember what you have gone over, than to follow the printed line of a book for an hour and know nothing of what you have read at the end of that time." This is exceedingly common sense, but is it always remembered?

King's College Record for October contains a poem, "A Light Withdrawn," which is worth all the contents of most college journals. It is a fortunate paper whose pages are enriched by the contributions of Prof. Roberts and his talented—are we right in saying sister? This is not to say however, that the *Record* has no undergraduate contributions, and clever ones too.

The *Tuftonian* is one of the handsomest college journals we are acquainted with, and its articles possess considerable literary merit. One of these articles in the number before us deals with a very difficult subject, "The Foreign Element in American Politics." The writer makes use of innuendo rather than direct statement, but if we catch the drift of his meaning, it is to be feared that he is imbued with somewhat of the old Know-Nothing spirit. Of course the Anarchists of Chicago and the Chinese of New York and San Francisco are foreigners and foreigners of a very undesirable class. But when "the unfortunate conflict between Protestantism and Romanism" is said to be "if not occasioned, at least kept in activity" by foreigners, it is quite plain that the student of Tufts has reference to the Irish-American element of the population. Now the idea that American citizens of Irish birth or descent are a danger to the United States, is really so very ancient and so very weak from repeated knock-downs that it by this time walks with crutches. Has this class of citizens ever taken part in any conflict, save the one which saved the Union? Was it citizens of Irish descent that roamed in howling mobs through the streets of New York and Louisville, burning churches and convents? Was "the famous, or rather infamous, Boss Tweed" of Irish descent? Do the Americans of Irish descent force their Protestant fellow citizens to pay for schools in which the

articles of Protestant belief are wilfully misrepresented? Do the Americans of Irish descent refuse the Protestant inmates of state protectories the privilege of being attended by the ministers of their own religion? In the conflict, if conflict there be, which is the aggressor, Protestantism, or what Tufts' student has the bad taste to call "Romanism"? It is important that this question should be decided, for upon the aggressor must surely fall the charge of "occasioning" or "keeping in activity the unfortunate conflict."

The *Stylus*, published by the students of Sioux Falls University, is a very neat monthly. The September number contains good articles on "The Moral Quality of Blunders," and "Dickens as a Moralist."

In a recent number of the *Varsity* there is a clever skit (at least so we take it) on some of the phases of co-educational life. It is entitled "The Higher Education Again." There is not sufficient development for a story, but the keen satire and smooth, easy style show the author to be capable of something better yet.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Troy Polytechnic, Dakota Collegian*, *College Transcript*, *University Gazette*, *L'Etudiant*, *Our Dumb Animals*, *Catholic Record*, *Wichita Diocesan News*, *Trinity University Review*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *University News*, *Bellevue Star*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Earlhamite*, *Athenaeum*, *Randolph - Macon Monthly*, *Sunbeam*, *Penn Charter Magazine*, *Pacific Pharos*.

THE GLEE CLUB.

Under the direction of Rev. Father Emard, the College Glee Club has been resuscitated. This is a move in the right direction and it is to be hoped that our vocal musical talent will have many opportunities of displaying itself. The following gentlemen have been elected officers:—

President—R. Paradis.

V. President—P. C. O'Brien.

Pianist—A. Tetriault.

Stage Mgr. S. S. McNally.

The Junior Glee Club has also re-organized with the following officers:—

President—A. Saborin; Vice-President

—D. St. Pierre; Stage Manager—O. Carrier; Pianist—J. Kearns.

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

D. J. Kearns, '79, is a successful M. D. in Alpena, Mich.

Rev. John Kenny, '83, is curate in St. Joseph's Church, Leicester, Mass.

Rev. Jas. H. Cruse, '83, is assistant pastor in St. John's Church, Worcester, Mass.

Rev. D. J. Leonard, '81, is assistant pastor of St. Nicholas's Church, Atlantic City, N. J.

Rev. Jas. Emerson '86 is assistant priest in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Nashua, N. J.

Otto Zoller, who was at one time a member of the class of '89, is now in Canton, Baltimore.

J. J. Ryan, one of last year's matriculants, is a member of the Sophomore class of Syracuse University.

L. J. Weldon, who was in the College last year, is at present in St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish.

E. J. McKenna, a former member of the class of '91 has passed his preliminary examination for the study of law.

Rev. E. E. Buckle, formerly a professor in the College, is now pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, in Wilton, N. H.

George L. Smith at one time a member of the class of '89 is pursuing, with much success, a course of medicine in Laval University, Montreal.

COLLEGE CURRENCY.

Yale's faculty numbers 140. Harvard has 189 different courses of study.

Rudol Albrechts, the largest university in Europe has 285 professors and 5000 students.

Columbia College library gives light meals to students who are too busy to leave their work.

The richest university in the world is said to be that of Leyden, in Holland; it has real estate to the value of \$6,000,000.

Oxford University is the largest in the world; it embraces twenty-one colleges and five halls. It has an annual income of \$6,000,000.

John Hopkins publishes seven magazines: one devoted to mathematics one to chemistry, one to philology, one to biology, one to historical and political sciences, and three of local interest.

The Stanford University, of California, has ordered from Clark & Sons, of Cambridge, Mass., a lens for their new telescope, which is to be forty inches in diameter. This will be six inches wider than the famous Lick telescope, making it the largest lens in the world.

College journalism originated at Dartmouth in 1800, with Daniel Webster as one of the editors. After a space of nine years the "Literary Cabinet" was established at Yale, followed shortly afterwards by the "Florid" at Union, and "Harvard Lyceum" at Harvard.—*Ex.*

It seems hardly necessary to repeat the arguments which last year induced a majority of the students to adopt the cap and gown. Those who have adopted the gown have found in it everything to make it a desirable college custom. To students who spend their afternoons in athletic exercises, it is a most convenient garment in which to appear at the college lectures and the meetings of the literary societies. It is certainly the most graceful garment in which one can appear upon the platform of the Alumni Hall, and its economy cannot be disputed. It distinguishes the students from the visitors, a distinction necessary in the Alumni Hall; and it is altogether a useful and beautiful garment.—*The Haverfordian.*

One of the most interesting features of college life at Amherst is the development of the college senate. This is a body of college students composed of four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman, elected by their respective classes, whose president is the president of the college, and who decides upon all matters that pertain to order or college decorum. Their decision is not valid without the approval of the president; but with his approval it is binding upon the entire college. Gradually the president and faculty have found increasing advantages to give power to this institution. The members chosen by the classes have thus far been remarkably well selected, and their decisions are accepted by the college with singular acquiescence. Any expression of opinion on the part of the senate is sure to carry with it the opinion of the college, and this attempt at self-government has been manifestly attended by an increasing self-respect and manly self-restraint on the part of the students. The good order which prevails at Amherst, the freedom from disturbances of classes and contests of student and faculty are largely due to the college senate.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

SOCIETIES.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society has been re-organized and gives promise of retaining its place among the foremost associations of the College. The following gentlemen have been chosen as the committee to select subjects:—

Mr. D. R. McDonald, '89.
D. A. Campbell, '90.
M. F. Fitzpatrick, '91.
J. P. Collins, '92.

Rev. Father Nolin is director of the Society.

ST. THOMAS' ACADEMY.

On Tuesday, the 20th inst., John P. Donovan presented to the Academy a summarized criticism of a Review article by Ingersoll. Although brief in his references, the essayist took up, one by one, the errors contained in the article and very effectually refuted them. At the next meeting a logical and literary analysis of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" will be read by C. J. Kennedy.

FOOTBALL.

Again the 'Varsity Club closes the football season with an unbroken record, holders of the Ontario Challenge Cup and Champions of Canada. The Ontario teams this year were, on the whole, much stronger than those of last year. Ottawa City never before put as strong a team on the field as the one that played Ottawa College on Nov. 3rd, and the Hamilton men acknowledged that they had high hopes of wresting the much-coveted championship emblem from the boys in garnet and gray. That they were disappointed we are all pleased to admit; but also that they gave Ottawa College a very hard tussle those who saw the game cannot deny. The following were the teams as they lined out:

Hamilton—Back, Harvey; $\frac{1}{2}$ backs, Martin and G. Watson; $\frac{1}{4}$ backs, R. Watson and Ferrie.

Forwards—Logie, Mackay, Martin, Stewart, Briggs, Hendrie, Dewar, McGiverin, Gordon, Gillies.

Ottawa College—Back, Devine; $\frac{1}{2}$ backs, Cormier and Murphy; $\frac{1}{4}$ backs, Kehoe and Guillet. Forwards—McCauley, Labrecque, Fitzpatrick, O'Brien, A. McDonald, D. McDonald, Curran, Chatelaine, Macdonald, Hillman.

Mr. P. D. Ross acted as referee. Inside of five minutes Hamilton was forced to rouge and a mighty cheer went up from 'Varsity's friends, as all thought then that the game would be a purely defence one for Hamilton, and that the champions would roll up a high score. The western men, however, seemed to brace up after this momentary check, and for the remainder of the first half gave almost as much as they received. The boys were evidently sleeping, as they had not yet demonstrated to Hamilton the utter absurdity of thinking that the championship could leave Ottawa College. But the awaking soon came, and it was a rude shock. Scarcely had the ball been kicked off when Hamilton forced it within the College 25 yds. line. A smart kick sent it across the line and the third and last point scored against Ottawa College this year resulted. Then blazed forth some of the old-time fire, and with a rush the forwards carried the leather right up to the Hamilton goal line where it remained during the rest of the match, save when it was driven across and the College score thereby increased. Four tries were made and claimed in the next twenty minutes, but owing to doubts existing as to their legality only rouges were allowed. Time was called with the blackboard registering Ottawa College 10, Opponents 1, and the cup remains another winter with old 'Varsity.

Thursday, Nov. 15th, Thanksgiving Day, gave

lovers of football a full programme. The two College fifteens played Montrealers and McGill Medicals respectively, while the two Ottawa fifteens played Britannias and Second Montrealers. The two Ottawa teams were defeated, and the College Second met a reverse at the hands of the Medicos. When we reflect that the McGill boys had ten of their first team, among whom was Hughes of last year's champions, the score of 16 to 1 is by no means discreditable. Hughes made 10 points by a touchdown and a goal from the field, and he aided very materially towards getting the other six.

The great event, however, was the game between Montreal and Ottawa College for the Canadian Championship. Montreal was represented by—back J. D. Campbell, $\frac{1}{2}$ backs Abbott and Hodgson, $\frac{1}{4}$ backs Cleghorn and Brown; forwards—Louson, R. Campbell, Mathewson, Drummond, A. D. Fry, G. Fry, Black, Barton, Taylor, and Baird. The College team was the same as played Hamilton on the previous Saturday.

Mr. W. H. Rankin acted as referee, and his his decisions gave general satisfaction. However the game in itself was not one to raise enthusiasm. The first dash of the College forwards, who stopped Montreal's kick off, and had the ball within their twenty-five in less than a minute, decided the visitots that a close scrimmage game would best suit them, and a succession of close, heavy, tedious scrimmages filled up the greater part of the hour and a half. Only three or four times throughout the game did the ball get loose, and then the covering was so sure and close that no ground could be gained. The College team proved themselves much superior to their opponents, and for the last twenty minutes the ball was within ten yards of Montreal goal-line. A little judicious coaching might have resulted in a score, but it is very doubtful, as both teams exhibited a decided tendency to keep the ball in the scrimmage. On the whole the play was unscientific, and, to parties not intimately concerned in the result, uninteresting. However Ottawa College scored the victory and retained the championship of Canada, though the score was 0 to 0. There is one thing that the game should prove to promoters of Rugby in Canada, and that is, that there must be something done to render such scrimmaging impossible. What this something may be would form matter for discussion, but football will never become a popular game until the rules are radically amended. Over two thousand persons witnessed the game on Thanksgiving Day; at least nineteen hundred and fifty were dissatisfied with the exhibition. Only the united action of the leading football clubs of Canada can bring about the desired result—the elevation of football to its proper place in public appreciation.

ULULATUS.

"Montrea-a-a-I !

"Colle-e-e-e-ege ! !

"Catch him by the whiskers !"

"Watch your man well McCauley !"

A mystery—Who threw Tony out of bed ?

"Mon-Col-a-e-MonColajupovqirxghsndr ! ! !

Down the stairs ran Bob and Billy,
Down ran Bob, and down ran Billy,
At the sound of footsteps nearing,
At the sight of some one peering
In the darkness ; perhaps hearing
All they said to one another.

'Neath the stairs hid Bob and Billy,
There hid Bob, and there hid Billy,
Yet the footsteps neared them quickly,
And a feeling queer and prickly
Held them. How their looks were sickly,
When they saw it was a brother !

"Say, do you fellows understand all that ?"
"Why, of course we do." "Then I guess I'll
go home." He went.

IN THE DORMITORY.

'Twas witching hour of midnight,
The Sophs were snug in bed,
When up spoke little Damon,
And this is what he said :—
" 'Tis truly mine, I've Pedro,
I've played the low, you bet,
Big Duncan now is in the hole,
But we're not out just yet.
Six in hearts ! I'll take three more"
He cried in joyous strain ;
His angel whispered other thoughts
And he slept in peace again.

Two of our philosophers, fearing the effects of
our severe Canadian winters on vegetation of a
tender growth, immediately removed the capillary
shoots from their upper lips and placed them in a
hot-house in the city. They expect a more luxur-
iant growth in the spring.

My blankets I've missed from my bed,
My blankets marked W. T.,
My blankets with blue stripes and red,
Oh ! bring back my blankets to me.

What's the matter with McGill? They're all
right !

"Hottawa College is too 'oggish ye know, they
want the hearth !"

"This hanging folks by electricity that they do
in New York is quite an idea."

For the latest rules in "hockey" or a receipt
for making lemonade go to Kaiser William.

There's no danger of the roof of *our* skating
rink tumbling in, is there, boys ?

The rush line of the newly organized Glee Club
is remarkably strong ; they're always on the bawl.

IN A TOTAL ECLIPSE.

Life is short and time is fleeting,
O give us but one only greeting
Thou amicable orb of day ;
Then for our studies ever ready
In brainy books our thoughts we'll steady,
E'en though you grant us but one ray.

We reprint the following fable from the *Detroit
Free Press*, for the benefit of the sporting editor of
a certain Montreal daily :—

THE JACKDAW AND THE OWL.

"The Jackdaw, having heard much about the
Wisdom of the Owl, and being moved by Jealousy
thereto, determined to hold him up to Ridicule.
He gathered his Friends together and waited upon
the Owl and said :

"You are Reputed to be the Wisest of all
Birds. We have come to learn Wisdom from
your words. Give us a Short Speech."

"The Owl Winked and Blinked, but kept
Silent.

"Come, go ahead," urged the Jackdaw.

"The Owl was still Silent.

"There ! What did I tell you !" screamed
the Jackdaw to a Fox, who had halted to see the
disturbance. "I have always contended that the
Owl was a Fool instead of a Philosopher, and
here is the Proof. He can't open his Mouth to
say a Word !"

"My Fellow-Traveller on the Rocky road to
Halifax," replied the Fox, "in keeping his Mouth
shut in the presence of his Critics the Owl displays
more Wisdom and Philosophy than ever before in
his life."

"Moral: Talk is the weak spot in every man's
armor."