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THE VERY REVEREND JOSEPH FABRE, O.M.I.,

Second Superior General of the Oblate Fathers.



IN the 26th of October the religious family under whose care a kind Providence has called us to pursue our studies and fit ourselves for the battle of life, was grieved by the sad news of the death of its Superior General, the Very Rev. Father Joseph Fabre. As head of his Order, Father Fabre joined uncommon administrative ability to high religious perfection. The founder, the illustrious Mgr. E. de Mazenod, on his death-bed, left charity and zeal as watch-words to his sons. His immediate successor spared no pains to carry out in all its bearings the dying wish of his father in religion and, knowing that a superior's example is more powerful than his word, he endeavored in the government of his large family to be always a father to each and all of its members.

For thirty-one years did Father Fabre fill the office of Superior General, and under his direction the Oblates vastly extended their work in every continent. At the death of Mgr. de Mazenod they had numerous establishments in France, England, Ireland and Scotland; they had already founded houses in Texas, the Island of Ceylon and Canada, and had begun those missions in the North West which furnish some of the brightest pages to the history of the Church in our century; in the field evangelized by them were also counted immense provinces in South Africa. Since Father Fabre's election the missionary work of the Oblates in all these parts of the world has been doubled, and in many instances quadrupled. When the

famous decree of expulsion was enforced against the Oblates in France they found shelter in Holland and Italy. Thanks to the energy and foresight of the Superior General that trial has been changed to a blessing; already a large number of German and Italian young men have entered the congregation and will soon be found carrying on among the people of their nationality the same good work as the French and Irish Oblates in other parts of the world.

Time and space do not permit us to take up in detail the great works achieved and encouraged by Father Fabre in Europe, Asia and Africa. We shall confine ourselves to a brief mention of the advances of the Oblate Fathers in the States and in Eastern Canada.

The late Superior General was untiring in his efforts to insure the success of the College of Ottawa. It was with great satisfaction that he saw that institution grow in efficiency and in the esteem of Catholics, but his hopes for its success were more than realized when, through the powerful influence of His Grace, the present Archbishop of Ottawa, the college, already a civil university, was raised to the enviable dignity of a Catholic university. May he from heaven still watch over the institution for which he did so much, and obtain for its teachers and students the blessings of the Father of Light!

It was also during his wise administration that the Province of Canada built a fine and spacious novitiate-house at Lachine near Montreal, established in connection with the university a juniorate for the training of young aspirants to the

religious state, and erected for the Oblate scholastics a splendid home on the banks of the Rideau. The houses of the Oblates in Montreal, Quebec and Hull, and their residences at Maniwaki, Mattawa and Temiscaming have during the last quarter of a century wonderfully increased their sphere of parochial and missionary labor. Last year on the 8th of December the Oblates celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their arrival in Canada and well indeed was the beautiful parable of the mustard-seed applied to their progress. True it is that the seed was planted by Mgr. de Mazenod, true the Almighty Himself gave it its present vitality, but to Father Fabre too, for the wise direction he gave to the work of his brothers in America, is due the gratitude of all who have been benefitted through the unselfish efforts of the Oblates.

In the year 1883, the number of Oblate Fathers in the United States, and the importance of their works, warranted the detachment of the American houses from the province of Canada, and the formation of a new province whose members enjoy, according to the constitutions of the Order an autonomy of their own. The labors of the Oblates in their parishes in Lowell, the missions and retreats preached by them throughout the Northern States, and their arduous work in Texas have continued to be crowned with greater and greater success. This happy state of affairs is due, in no small degree, to Father Fabre who knew how to encourage and appreciate the worth of each and every one who labored under him.

While thus directing the various works of his religious family in different parts of the world, Father Fabre ever remained the pious unassuming religious he was, when, at the early age of thirty-eight, he was called by the unanimous vote of his brothers in religion to the first place in the Order. His intellectual qualities were far above the average. Those who had him, in his younger days, as professor of philosophy remember with what ease he could soar over the clouds of false systems and bring his students to gaze steadily at the bright sun of truth. His numerous letters both public and private attest a penetrating mind and great prudence in counsels. In company he was most agreeable and even witty; he ever showed him-

self a highly educated gentleman and above all, a faithful disciple of Christ.

All who ever had occasion to meet him know with what charity and earnestness he interested himself in the welfare and success of the humblest member of his large congregation. His love for his religious family was surpassed only by his devotedness to the interests of the Catholic world, and his letters attest the deep affliction caused him by the trials and persecutions which the Church has had to suffer in our days.

It was hoped that he would continue for many years his useful and generous career. Such, however, was not the will of God. A few months ago, his naturally delicate health completely broke down under his long continued labors and anxieties. The venerable Father was obliged to leave the Mother-House, in Paris, and seek near the monumental and historic monastery of Royaumont a repose declared absolutely necessary. Neither the skill of the most celebrated Parisian doctors nor the devoted cares of the sisters of the Holy Family could stop the progress of his illness. Fervent prayers were offered up for him by his brothers in religion throughout the world, but God was not pleased to work the miracle which alone could have saved him.

When made aware that his end was near, he asked to receive the last sacraments and the Apostolic benediction. He lingered a few days longer, edifying all near him by his acts of tender piety and his sentiments of submission to the holy will of God. At last on Wednesday, the 26th of October, he passed away, holding in his hands the cross he had received on becoming a Missionary-Oblate and the book of rules he had faithfully observed during life. We may well hope that he enjoys the reward prepared by the Almighty for his good and faithful servants, and that in heaven he continues to pray for those whom he has left behind. *Pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum eius.*

A solemn Mass of Requiem was sung in the University Chapel on the 3rd inst. by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel for the repose of the soul of the late Superior General. A number of the city clergy and all the students were present. *Requiescat in pace.*

AMERICA'S OLD MONUMENT.



Of all the sights the metropolis of America affords, I know of none of greater interest than that of the stately monument on Greynacke Knoll, Central Park—the obelisk. No student nor general reader who visits New York should fail to go to see America's Old Monument. The interest which he will feel in looking at it, and the incentive he will receive to learn more of the people who have left such splendid relics, will be increased by recalling something of the history of obelisks in general and of this one in particular. A page or two then on this subject may not be unwelcome to any reader of the OWL who hopes to visit New York some day.

The cold sombre head-stones in our cemeteries, commonly known as Egyptian monuments, are diminutive representations of the many ancient obelisks found on the banks of the noble Nile. These shafts are 8 or 10 feet square at the base, and 70 or 100 ft. high; they taper from the bottom and are crowned by a small pyramid, the whole being formed from a single block of granite. They stood for centuries before our era—some of them for thousands of years before; the one the visitor sees in Central Park stood for generations before the time of Moses, and in its shade the great lawgiver may have often sat. The deeply carved inscriptions with which these monoliths are covered and which in our progressive age have been deciphered are among the most ancient if not actually the most ancient records in the world.

These monuments were placed by the Pharaohs in pairs before the great temples of the sun, where they reminded those who entered of the greatness of their king and of his vast dominions. Some claim that the two obelisks before the temples suggested double spires for the churches of more modern times.

The theory has been advanced that the Egyptians cast these great monuments in a mould like bricks. The recent discovery, however, of a large obelisk at Syene, worked on three of its sides and adhering

to the solid rock by the fourth is sufficient to prove not only that they were quarried in one block, but that they were worked at the quarry to avoid transporting any superfluous stone. Close investigation has revealed the fact that the waters of the Nile were utilized to float the obelisks to their destinations, a canal is even found to have been dug from the river to the quarries, and another from the river to the site of every obelisk.

In the year 22, B.C. Augustus had removed to Alexandria two obelisks which had been standing for 16 centuries in front of the temple of the sun at Heliopolis, the On of the Bible. To these monuments were given the name of Cleopatra's Needle. One of them was taken to England a few years ago and set up at London, it is the other which faces the summit of Greynacke Knoll, Central Park, New York. A number of obelisks were, at an early date taken to Rome by the emperors. Paris procured herself an obelisk some years ago; several other large continental cities have done the same.

Khedive Ismael presented the City of New York with its obelisk—one of Cleopatra's Needles—in 1879. The present was accepted but some doubts were entertained as to the possibility of transporting it such a distance, especially when Mr Dixon, who had been awarded the contract for the removal of both Cleopatra's Needles, after having met with heavy pecuniary losses in the transportation of the London monument, refused to undertake to move an obelisk from Egypt to America. The American authorities made no further effort to have the Khedive's present brought to their shores, and it would have remained at Alexandria but for the generosity of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt who paid the \$75,000 for which Commander Henry Goringe of the U. S. navy offered to bring over the obelisk.

The dimensions of this monolith, 67 ft. in height, one pair of opposite faces 8 ft. 3 in. at base and 5 ft. 3 in. at top, the other pair 8 ft. 3 in. at base and 5 ft. 4 in.

at top, and its weight 443,000 lbs. give an idea of the difficulty of moving it. Mr. Goringe abandoned the methods up to his time adopted in transporting great weights by sea; he did not place the obelisk upon a barge or raft to be towed by a steamer, but placed it on a vessel which had her own motive power, and was large enough to take care of herself in all conditions of weather. To move the shaft to and from the vessel Goringe chose Count Carbure's method of moving heavy weights. The body to be moved is borne along by cannon balls rolling in metal grooves. Carbure first employed this method in transporting the pedestal of Peter the Great from Kalia to St. Petersburg. After a favorable voyage of about five weeks the obelisk arrived off Staten Island, on the 20th of July 1880, and some time after, in the presence of 20,000 spectators was placed upon its pedestal on the spot chosen by Mr. Vanderbilt. There it stands just as it stood for 16 centuries at Heliopolis and 19 centuries at Alexandria.

The key to Egyptian inscriptions was

lost and through the ages they remained a mystery, until in 1822 J. F. Champollion a French *savant* hit upon and revealed their secret to the world. The faces of the New York obelisk are worn or mutilated to such an extent in places as to obliterate part of the hieroglyphics. Sentences enough on it, however, to fill two or three pages of the OWL have been made out and translated by Dr. Birch, of the British Museum. Sentences from obelisks appear to be a mere jumble of words, at first sight, but a persevering study of them and comparison with other records has brought out much valuable historical data.

Reader, when you have the good fortune to be in New York go to see the obelisk. If the sight of that tall granite shaft which has been a witness of the rise and fall of the world's greatest empires does not awaken in you reflections on the shortness of life, and the unimportant part you play in the world you are not accustomed to think often nor seriously of an existence beyond the tombs.

THOS. TETREAU '94.



INDIAN SUMMER.

When summer's verdant beauty flies,
And autumn glows with richer dyes,
A softer charm beyond them lies—

It is the Indian summer.

Ere winter's snows and winter's breeze
Bereave of beauty all the trees,
The balmy spring renewal sees
In the sweet Indian summer.

—SAMUEL LOVER.

IN THE FALL DAYS.

VER the stubble and the rill
 The length'ning shadows set apace ;
 And down the furrows and the hill
 They run their race.

And,—save at lonely intervals
 The plaintive voice of kine astray,—
 There are no welcome cries and calls
 This autumn day ;

Or sound of things inanimate ;
 Unless, when silence is complete,
 A dead, brown leaf—the last and late—
 Falls at my feet.

But still, upon the summer's track,
 Some trace of summer things I find ;
 As if their sweetness had blown back
 Upon the wind.

A limpid freshness in the air ;
 A sighing in the leafless trees ;
 A taste of gardens, full and fair,
 Within the breeze.

The earth is still so calm and red,
 The stream may yet so clearly sing,
 They seem to say : —the king is dead,
 Long live the king !

So I can dream, on this calm day,
 Of June's lost heat and summer rains ;
 For though the bird hath flown away,
 The song remains.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

OUT OF OUR SPHERE.



FEARFUL lest our title should convey an erroneous idea of what it humbly introduces, and exceedingly desirous of not having any one of our readers labor under the slightest misapprehension, even for the slightest possible

period of duration, we beg leave to inform the world immediately that the "Wise Bird," whose temporary amanuensis we have the coveted honor of being, deems nothing "out of her sphere." In her wakeful slumbers by day and her sleepless wakefulness by night, she has acquired an omniscience not unequal to that possessed by the goddess, who emanated from the very brain of the ancient Greek Omniscient, and a reputation, at least, for wisdom, eclipsing that enjoyed by the profound intellects of antiquity.

No one, then, we trust, will be surprised upon learning from her lips, or rather from a manuscript delivered to her, many mysterious things which the scientists of our enlightened age, and especially of 1892, have vainly endeavored to elucidate; no one can have reason to wonder at seeing her made the messenger of animated beings who dwell in regions altogether "out of our sphere"; no one should be astonished to find her chosen as the only worthy medium of communication between the fiery War Horse that nightly spans the elliptic courses of space and our own less impetuous "Beast of Burden".

In the following Communication, which purports to be a faithful copy of the original, addressed by the people of the planet Mars to the inquisitive inhabitants of our terrestrial orb, the Mesophanti of the OWL Staff wishes to particularly emphasize his not unfounded conviction that the strict adherence to veracity observed throughout, and the fixed attention paid to the translation of dates, names, numbers, distances, etc, will be found chief among the sterling qualities in which it abounds, and such as can be safely relied upon for the transmission to posterity of his already illustrious name, as that of

the most unimpeachable scribe of modern times.

Royal Observatory,

Monte Altissimo, Mars,

2nd conjunct. on the 4th
day of the 111th Lunar

Revolution, P. C.

14692,—P. S.

1564692.

Peace, progress, courage and better success to the struggling microcosms of Tellus, from the munificent bounty of the Marticoli.

We have eagerly watched your slow, but no less approved and appreciated efforts in the vast field of science, and have witnessed, with exuberant sentiments of joy, your decided advancement in astronomy, ever since you turned your thoughts from contriving impious plans to obviate divine justice—from devising futile schemes to scale the heavens, and directed your attention to a more certain means of reaching what was "out of your sphere." As a kind of recompense for your patient endeavors, our Triple Dynasty, in harmony with the broad principles upon which it is based, has judged it advisable to encourage your unrelaxing exertions by transmitting to you a brief historical-geographical sketch of that world whose distant realms you have so earnestly desired to penetrate.

Our historical records have been inscribed with a faultless exactitude and preserved with a jealous solicitude.

Our geologists tell us—and we have an implicit confidence in their incorruptible integrity, when, in their official capacity, they make chronological statements—that 1,550,000 revolutions had our planet made before its surface was adorned by the Great Progenitor of this free and enlightened race. From the date, given at the head of this message, you will perceive that our people have enjoyed a blissful existence of 14692 years, most of our fathers living to behold the eighth and tenth generation of their progeny grow up around them.

What has been our principal occupation, you would like to enquire. Study and

contemplation—science in general, astronomy in particular—these are our daily pursuits. Nothing broadens the mind and opens the heart so much as the study and contemplation of those extensive domains through which the Triune Uncreated Spirit roams. All our efforts during the ages have been directed towards perfecting ourselves in the science of astronomy—not, indeed, as the sole end to be attained, but as a means only of reaching a nobler, higher state—that of contemplation and, consequently, spiritual union with the Divine.

Our whole philosophy and history may be summed up in the following stanza, which every child is bound to memorize and which is hung over every door :

Matter is matter's slave ;
Spirits but spirit crave ;
Material minds recline—
Those spiritual arise ;
Our fathers sought their food be-
yond the skies—
Do likewise, and with them be
counted wise.

You have not yet enjoyed an existence long enough to be fully acquainted with the mysteries of matter.

Only according as each new sense is developed, can a semi-spiritual being acquire a fuller knowledge of the material world's nature.

A spirit, that animates matter, possesses the innate power of engendering in that sluggish shell the organs necessary to perceive all kinds of material objects. But this development, or rather formation, of new senses, goes on very slowly, and depends, in a great measure, on the presence or non-presence of such and such a kind of matter in our midst. For, although the spiritual substance has the power of giving birth to a new organ in the frame it vivifies ; nevertheless, this power can be exercised only in accordance with the material substances in that body's vicinity. Thus light, heat and sound, which are only matter under various circumstances, in time, gave rise, owing to their abundance in our neighborhood, to the different senses by which their presence is now detected.

There are many other subtle forms of matter like these, which the semi-spiritual creature will be enabled to perceive only when especial senses, adapted to their

perception, will have been developed in him.

For the present, you must bear patiently with the tardy pace of nature ; and by and by you will revel in the glories of a thousand strange worlds that, unperceived, whirl out their busy existences before your very faces. We presume, however, you are familiar with the laws of gravitation, since your sphere exercises an attractive influence (on bodies) more than double that which is experienced upon our own. This has, undoubtedly, been a serious obstacle to your being able to soar high up into etherial regions. Be not, however, disheartened ; you will discover a solution to this problem in the royal arcanum of electricity. You are not ignorant, we suppose, of their being positive and negative electricities ; of the fact that our globes generate and are constantly charged with the latter kind, and are, thereby, rendered huge magnets. You are aware, moreover, that like kinds of electricity repel each other ; that two bodies, charged with similar electric currents, endeavor to widen the distance between themselves, and that if no neutralization were effected by contact, the repulsive force would be exerted indefinitely. As a consequence, if negative electricity could be generated continuously in a certain locomotive body on the surface of your large negatively electrified magnet, that body would be constantly repelled ; and so intense would be this repulsive force, that it would entirely counteract the attractive influence exerted by gravitation. This is only a hint as to what manner you should adopt, would you rise from the surface of your globe and sail the atmospheric or even the etherial oceans. As regards the proper means whereby constant negative currents may be generated in a body, it is not permitted us at present to divulge them. We deem it expedient to leave this matter to your own inventive minds to discover ; for, it is our intention to open the way for you to the goal we promise, rather than conduct you blindfold thither. We are allowed, nevertheless, to assure you that aerial navigation is something quite feasible ; the fact of our having a larger number of electric cars running mid-air than you possess of similarly impelled, but less buoyant, vehicles, is one of the most incontestable proofs of the realizability of a

theory which you have already so often, but with little success, attempted to reduce to practice.

You may be at a loss to comprehend our method of computing time as exemplified at the heading of this missive.

Nothing in this important matter is made to depend on mere arbitrary conventionalism. A kind Providence so arranged the mechanism of our orb and its accessories as to leave us nothing to do, in the matter, beyond that of counting the hours.

It is to be hoped that your optical instruments have long ago detected the two satellites that revolve about our sphere. (*Author's note.*—Deimos and Phobos are here spoken of, the former being at a distance of about 14,000, the latter, 5,000 miles from their principal.) Both travel in the line of our equator; and since the inner moon, Phobos, has a much shorter period of revolution than its more distant brother, Deimos, it passes over the latter thrice from one sunrise to another. (*Author's note.*—Not unlike the minute hand of a clock, we are to suppose.) This providential disposition, completed by a peculiar little artifice of our own, together with the daily rotation and annual revolution of our planet, affords us a most adequate means of reckoning time. Speaking of Phobos and the rapidity of its gait, it must seem to you at variance with the general plan of creation that a satellite's period of revolution should be briefer than that of its principal's rotation. Were Phobos the only moon that sails about our sphere, then, an explanation of this phenomenon would overtax the inventive genius of our most subtle theorists. But this is not the case. For Deimos completes his course at a distance of 9,000 miles from the path of Phobos. Now, the latter, of course, is retained in position by two opposite equal forces, centrifugal, which tends to separate it entirely from the planet, and the attraction of gravitation which tends to unite it with the planet. Physicists tell us that opposite equal forces destroy each other. You at once perceive, then, that Phobos is left comparatively free to obey the will of its elder brother. Deimos, however, does not move in a circle precisely, so that he comes into closer proximity with the planet at regular intervals. At these times he attracts Phobos, who, accordingly

makes a run towards him, only, however, to see him move farther away, whereupon the little fellow returns in haste to his less capricious parent. By these repeated escapades, he has acquired a much more sprightly step than his aged mother.

Few beings, we surmise, are favored with as delightful a climate as we. But this is not to be marvelled at; for few planets can boast of a surface whose land and water are so admirably distributed as ours. Only a fifth of the solid crust appears above the liquid wastes. This girds the sphere, belt-like, extending no further than forty-five degrees on either side of the equatorial plane. It consists of a host of islands of various dimension and configuration. Principal among them are Memnonia to the west, Ausonia, Phaetontis, Eridania and Hellas to the north: Acria, Zephyria, Hesperia, Arabia and Chryse extend through the centre, while Ophir and Icaria stretch away to the cradle of Aurora.

There is a curious tradition—the only credible one extant—connected with the formation of this island belt. It is this:

Many planetary revolutions prior to our great Progenitor's creation—long before there existed "a handful of earth" that was not buried in the watery profundities—there dwelt a huge aquatic animal whose furious contortions, when provoked to rage, lashed the ocean into mountains of foam, striking terror into the hearts of the less bulky and less violent animation around him. There also lived in the depths but one single "foeman worthy of his steel;" and this was a strange species of Polyp, whose wonderful prolificness, rather than proportions, rendered it a not altogether unworthy peer of the above mentioned monster.

One day a fierce altercation arose between these two, as to which should sway the sceptre in the yet unconstitutionally governed empire. Great was the consternation that prevailed among the animals of inferior rank, who hurried breathless to the spot where the quarrel waxed wild, keeping, however, at a respectful distance from the important personages therein involved.

At length a small flat electric fish plucked up courage enough to suggest *arbitration*, as the most satisfactory means of settling the difficulty.

"Then, what shall it be?" asked the gruff voiced monster. "Well," answered the little flat electric fish, not in the least discomfited, "suppose that your worthy rival, whose active offspring is as numerous as the stars in yonder firmament, should propose to construct, in one night, a belt of solid matter encircling the globe; and that you, whose strength is beyond question, should engage to destroy the fruit of his labors, so that no trace of it be left visible to the eye of the rising sun. Should he of many children, continued the little flat electric fish, fail to accomplish his undertaking, you shall be formally enthroned. But should he fulfil his contract, and should you be unable to meet the exigencies of yours, then, he will be recognized as our legitimate sovereign. Should you both fail, however,—and here the little flat electric fish bowed his head to conceal the involuntary smile that played about his lips,—then I shall be attired in regal robes and sit upon a golden dais."

"Agreed!" shouted the exultant rivals, whilst a scarcely audible murmur rose from the surrounding multitudes. (*Author's Note*.—Judging from what our own experience in mundane assemblies abundantly confirms, this murmur was occasioned by jealousy.)

The Polyp, forthwith, assembled all his kinsmen, and, after due deliberation, set to work, on the evening appointed for the carrying out of his gigantic enterprise.

But, as a grey-bearded marsite used to say: "Bulk and Brains take different Trains," the haughty monster made some blunder in the date assigned as that on which the contest was to take place. As a consequence, he protracted his heavy slumbers till near sun-rise, only arousing himself to find the stipulated amount of labour nearly accomplished. At first a sudden sickness seized him, but this transitory fit was soon succeeded by a mighty energy born of despair. Away he flew from his icy haunt, dashing down, like a tremendous avalanche, upon the gleaming coral embankment. But his head-work far exceeded his head-way, and consequently, he simply effected many winding passages through the ivory-like belt, separating it into numberless islands.

As morning dawned, of course, the insular traces of the polypian night work

stood out in bold relief above the briney surface. The huge aquatic animal, overcome by despondency, retired in pride-stricken confusion to his northern home; while the Polyp came meekly forward to receive the just recompense of his labors. But now the little flat electric fish rose to his feet and claimed the diadem, basing his claim upon a "breach of contract," for which, he urged in eloquent language, the Polyp had rendered himself liable,—the belt of solid matter was to be continuous and unbroken, otherwise it could not be regarded as a belt, whereas, the very fragmentary appearance which it presently displayed was sufficient evidence of its incompleteness.

The *magnetic* influence, which the little flat electric fish exercised upon his gaping audience, so overpowered their better judgment that they unanimously (Polyp and family excepted) consented to his immediate coronation.

Thus tradition accounts for our archipelagic country.

Begging to apologize for the introduction of this lengthy and seemingly uncalled for digression, we will now return to the theme of our narrative.

These islands are diversified by numerous mountains, plateaus, hills, valleys, lakes, rivers and natural canals. A more agile hand than that of a creature, (let it be said with due respect for tradition) dug those long, circuitous channels through our territory.

Now, just as the atmosphere around a body, through which warm currents of blood freely flow, is pure, healthful and agreeable, so the climate of our land, permeated by genial ocean streams, is mild, solubrious and delightful. No want of ours is left unsupplied. An abundant variety of vegetable produce may be had for the trouble of gathering it. The plateaus teem with hardy grains and luxuriant vines; the valleys, with fragrant flowers and delicious fruits. At each of the eight seasons, our paradise lays aside her rich garb only to don gayer, more costly and and more beautiful garments. (*Author's note*.—A picture of Mexico before the conquest, as drawn by Prescott).

Our Government has retained to the present its pristine simplicity. According to the most authentic records, our First Parent had three sons, among whom he

divided the whole habitable globe. Hence, our Triple Dynasty. But, in order to preserve unity, he drew up, as his last will and testament, a constitution replete with the wisdom of its author. Upon this document which has miraculously withstood the ravages of time, rest all our laws. These, however, are few and explicit, requiring no profound oracles to give them an interpretation a little more confusing than the raw letters themselves.

To nip egotism and greed in the very bud, a rule is laid down whereby no individual or state or kingdom may possess over a limited amount of wealth. The surplus is turned into common coffers for the support and maintenance of the sick and indigent. As an efficient means of preventing pauperism, each of the three dynasties has one island known as Government lands, where anyone, that cannot find employment elsewhere, may labor. But the prices paid the laborers and those demanded for the produce in this territory are regulated by the common prices through out the dominion. This latter rule has been established in order to leave free competition untrammelled by government labor.

Tariff laws are unheard of, since they ultimately tend to enrich one country or state by impoverishing another. The law against greed fully suffices to render them wholly unnecessary.

Before concluding, we must explain a certain late invention connected with our world, which, we have reason to believe, has already been regarded by your astronomers as a strange phenomenon. We allude to our enormous electric lights, one of which has been set up of late in each of the three kingdoms. They are furnished with currents generated in a large dynamo, which is set in motion by a wire belt extending from the circumference of the outer satellite, Deimos.

This parsimonious little orb, as you are undoubtedly aware, grudgingly yielded us the meagre meed of light which one 220th of your moon would afford. To prevent even the inanimate objects about our

sphere from cultivating any sentiment opposed to generosity, one of our most renowned electricians proposed to utilize the rapid rotatory motion of this niggardly satellite as a lighting motor, by stretching a belt around its girth. And since its period of revolution almost coincides with that of our planet's rotation, no obstacle to this part of the process might be anticipated.

This stupendous project, which was fully realized, has already cost us a deal of labor and expense; which, however are amply rewarded in the unrivalled system of illumination we now enjoy.

From these massive lamps, moreover, telegraphic signals can be easily made against the sky, and a perfect line of communication can thus be established between the most distantly separated portions of our realm. We have many other bits of information to impart, among which none, we dare conjecture, will be more gratifying to your curiosity than that relative to our employing the atmospheric envelopes of Deimos and Phobos as telescopic lenses of great magnifying power. But too much knowledge at one time generally has the same effect upon the flexible parts of the cranium as hydrogen gas has on the balloon canvas in which it is enclosed. (*Author's note.*—Not quite in harmony with Pope's opinion.) We therefore deem it prudent to allow you a short space of time during which you may ruminate on whatever "food for thought" you may find in these paragraphs.

Having as much confidence in your "bird of wisdom" as we have in our own feathered sages, we entrust the foregoing to her keeping for safe delivery to your proper agents; and beg, at the same instant, to be regarded, as we have ever held ourselves, your neighborly but unavoidably distant friends,

E. & O.E. THE MARTICOLI.

N.B.—Those desirous of examining the original document may do so by applying to the officer in charge of the Ulula Archives.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

SOME FACTS ABOUT COLORS.



COMPLEMENTARY colors require one another as if unable to go separate; one forms a halo around the other, thus shading it. As proof of this, Chevreul relates the following story: Some merchants ordered black border for dark colored cloth. When the work was finished the merchants refused to accept it, saying that the border was not black, as required, but of a greenish brown shade on a purple ground. Chevreul being called upon to settle the question covered the cloth with white paper, leaving only the border visible, which then appeared black, as it really was. If it appeared different before, it was due to a light complementary halo from the color of the cloth. And when the light is not too bright the same may be observed in the shading, which always is slightly tinted with the complementary colors of the bright part. In 1830, Eugene Delacroix, one of the most celebrated French painters of our age, was requested to paint a piece of canvas yellow and could not succeed in obtaining the brightness he wanted. "What magic," he said in despair, "did Paul Veronese and Rubens use to obtain bright yellow colors?" And at once he sent for a cab in order to go to the Louvre Gallery and study the master-pieces of these great artists. One of the yellow colored carriages then in vogue in Paris was brought to his door. Just as he was going to get into it he stopped wondering at the reflection cast from the purple lining of the coach door upon the yellow side of the carriage. He at once returned to his studio. He had discovered the secret: he had only to give the shadows of the yellow ground a veiling of purple, its complementary color.

From these properties of complementary colors, it follows that placed side by side they must strengthen one another and form a lively contrast, since each of them is surrounded by the complementary halo of the other. Some instinctively find this out: thus we see grocers place oranges on

a sheet of plain blue paper in order to have them appear to greater advantage. The following fact may be accounted for in the same manner. A hunting scene was to be represented in which the scarlet waistcoat of a hunter, through an effect of perspective, was relieved against the waters of a lake. The red figure once finished, the artist takes sea-green wool and endeavors to work the lake, but all is in vain. This shade by the side of the scarlet looks like the verdure of a meadow. He tries a paler green to no effect. In order to paint the water he had to take light colored wool, so great was the contrasting power of the red.

Other interesting effects are due to the property which pigments have of absorbing a part of the light they receive. This property is taken advantage of to soften the too great brightness of a shade, and it suffices for this to mix with a little of the complementary color. Chevreul remarks that certain flowers and leaves when fully developed show colors shaded in black even when in other parts they shine with the most bright colors. Genne'ier and De Candolle believed this black shade to be carbon deposited in the cells and tissues of the parts exposed to the rays of the sun; but the cause of it is entirely different. If we examine the black spots with a microscope we shall find at once that they are mere optical illusions produced by the liquids of bright and clear complementary colors which fill up the cells.

All know that black lace takes on in the course of time a yellowish shade that spoils its beauty and value. Stretch the lace on yellow cloth or paper; it will produce a light purple halo whereby the yellowish shade will be counterbalanced and the black color reappear. Similar is the effect of the Prussian blue used in washing linen. It destroys the yellowish shade that linen takes from the lye. Even a very slight application of purple aniline has sufficed to remove the yellow reflection of certain diamonds, otherwise very limpid.

Another beautiful and useful property of complementary colors is that of illumin-

ing objects in themselves feebly lighted up. For instance, let us suppose that there is in the corner of a room a yellow ground upon which it is impossible to throw light from any window, scatter over it purple flourishes; from the combination of the yellow and purple colors will come white rays that will make it appear bright. Blanc relates the following instance: As one day he visited the Luxembourg Library in Paris he was struck with the wonderful effect of light that Eugene Delacroix obtained in the dark central cupola. The painter had to contend against the darkness of the vault and overcame it by multiplying contrast colors. There is represented, among other things, a lady seated in the shadows of the trees of Elisee, whose rosy lips and cheeks are, even in the shadow, wonderfully fresh and natural. While Blanc stood considering that painting, an artist, who had been a friend of Delacroix, and had seen him paint this cupola, came by and said to him: "How much more you would wonder if you knew what pigments he used to produce this effect. Delacroix was bold enough to trace over the red lines of deep green color." The red and the complementary green produce at a distance white rays which give brightness to the painting.

It often happens that artists, painters and even uneducated persons speak of the harmony, jarring, discordance of colors and use other such terms taken from music and sound. Most likely these expressions are not mere metaphors but express true analogy existing between light and sound in regard to the senses. But whatever may be the case, associated colors when pleasing are said to harmonize and when displeasing to disagree. Let us see briefly how both effects are produced.

In the first place, there cannot be discordance among the shades of the same color, for instance, among the various grades of blue, unless two extremes be taken; the one very light and the other very deep. In which case, however, the extremes, through intermediate grades, can be brought to agree. All know that many graceful effects are obtained by simply varying intensity as the *clair-obscur* paintings of any color which the French call *cameaux* from their resemblance to cameos.

On the contrary, any two of the six principal colors put side by side, produce contrast and discordance. And the greater is their distance in the chromatic circle, the greater their contrast will be. Hence it will be very great between two complementary colors, as red and green. In fact whosoever has a particle of taste will instinctively perceive that these two colors disagree, and that furniture covered with scarlet and emerald green would be extremely disagreeable to the sight. This however, must be understood of distinct colors only, for if one of them, or still better, if both are softened down, far from offending, they please the eye. Thus certain flower-gardens, made up of pale green and red foliage, please by their harmony. We remember having seen in a garden on the promontory of Monaco and facing the sea, a medley of pine trees and geraniums in full blossom. The pine-trees come down in zigzag rows forming long alleys bordered by arborescent geraniums and alternating with these pelargoniums of the same size, covered with deep green leaves. Now the flowers of the geraniums are of a fiery red, while those of the pelargoniums are lilac, clear and delicate, marked with veins which towards the centre of the corolla assume a deep and velvet purple color. In May and June these different shades present one of the most beautiful sights. Another manner of harmonizing two or more different colors is taught us by nature. Lacouture wisely remarks that while painters avoid as much as possible and dread to use the emerald green color as being the most unsociable of all, nature has profusely lavished it in meadows, fields and forests and harmonized it with flowers of every shape and shade. How is this done? Let us first consider for a moment the form, position and color of the various leaves. Some are bright, others dark; some are rough, others smooth and bright; many are deep green colored on one side and bright greenish or even white or brown on the other. Their spiral position on the branches causes them to receive the rays of light under different angles of incidence and reflect it with numberless degrees of intensity.

EDUCATION BEYOND THE GRAVE.

By the Very Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D., Etc.



EDUCATION beyond the grave. Such is the expression by which the late learned Dr. McLeod signified his belief in an intermediate state of souls which is neither heaven nor the hell of those who are finally condemned. He could not have been expected to use the word Purgatory, which is so abhorrent to the Protestant mind, but he might have said expiation beyond the grave; and this would have been nearer to the Catholic teaching; for there is expiation of sin after it has been forgiven. Thus we have the case of King David who had committed a great sin, but who, on his repenting, was assured that he was forgiven. Nevertheless the Prophet of God informed him that expiation was still due to the Divine Justice and that he would undergo this expiation by the pain of losing the child he dearly loved. As it was with David so it is with other men who grievously sin. When they repent sincerely they are forgiven, but the debt of expiation remains. They may be called from this world before the debt is paid. What then necessarily happens? They cannot carry this debt to heaven where nothing that is defiled even by the slightest sin or by the remains of a greater sin can find place. There is mercifully provided an intermediate state wherein the debt of expiation can be paid. But does this consist with the words of our blessed Lord to the penitent thief upon the cross? This was surely an exceptional case. Besides, may not his severe suffering upon the cross have been accepted as his expiation? or may not the extraordinary circumstance of his suffering along with our Saviour on the cross have merited for him the grace to love God above all things, and so have justified him to the full? There can dwell no sin or debt on account of sin in the soul that enjoys the perfect love of God.

Dr. McLeod speaks wisely when he argues that the passage in the New Testament which informs us that our Saviour,

after His death, went to preach to the spirits that were in prison, proves the existence of an intermediate state of souls. The learned Doctor holds that there is "education" in this state. Preaching implies teaching, and there is no education without teaching. But the preaching of our Lord was intimation to the spirits that were in prison that their redemption was achieved and heaven thrown open to those favoured souls. This was to them a source of unspeakable joy, whilst it may be said that their detention and exclusion for so long a time from the happiness of heaven was indeed expiation.

It is in order now to refer to several proofs of a purgatorial state which can hardly have escaped the notice of so learned a man as Doctor McLeod. In the first place the Old Testament informs us that it was the custom of God's chosen people to pray for the souls of the departed; and this implies a state in which they could derive benefit from the prayers of their brethren. We have it distinctly recorded that Judas Machabeus, the captain of Israel's army, made a collection and sent the amount collected to Jerusalem in order to defray the expense of sacrifices and prayers to be offered for the souls of such of his soldiers as had fallen in battle, the historian adding "it is therefore holy and salutary to pray for the dead in order that they may be loosed from their sins." But they who oppose this belief insist that the book of Machabees is not canonical scripture. Is it not offered to them, however, by the authority, that of the Catholic Church, on which they hold all other portions of holy writ? Granting, for argument's sake, that it is not canonical, it must be admitted that it is a true history bearing all the marks of authenticity. What it records, therefore, clearly shews what were the belief and practice of the Jewish people. If this belief had been groundless and the practice founded thereon vicious, our Lord, who was not slow to correct the errors with which the doctrines of Israel had come to be tainted, would certainly have condemned both he-

lief and practice, which, if not true, He would have studied to extirpate. We have the testimony of Saint Augustine to the effect that the book of Machabees was recognized by the Church as canonical from the earliest ages—"The Church of God has always acknowledged the Machabees as a canonical book." (Civ: Dei cap. 36.)

Testimony showing the existence of an intermediate state, anterior to that of the written testament, is found in the Apostles' creed which says that our Lord descended into hell. This certainly was not the hell of the lost and irrevocably doomed, but "the prison" already alluded to, which Christ, after His death, went to visit, and wherein were detained the righteous souls of all ancient times awaiting the happy hour when our Saviour, by His death, should open to them the Kingdom of Heaven.

In Saint Matthew, cap. 12, we read "Whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him either in this world or in the world to come." Some sins, therefore, are forgiven in the next world, but not in the hell from which there is no redemption, nor in heaven where no forgiveness is needed. This necessarily supposes a third place or state wherein some sins may be forgiven. There are other passages in the New Testament which bear witness to the existence of an intermediate state of souls, and these we would recommend to the serious consideration of such able men as Doctor McLeod. Of these a few may be pointed out: I. Cor., ch. iii.; Philip ii., 10; Apoc. ch. xxi., 27; I. Cor., ch. xv., 29; II. Tim., i., 18; St. John, iii., 13. But, is it not said in Scripture that as the tree falls so doth it lie? This figurative language as regards the soul is undoubtedly true; for every soul on its separation from the body is judged and receives its sentence—everlasting happiness or the contrary, doom. If the former, it may have to pass through an expiatory term, but is not averted from its ultimate and appointed destiny.

The practice and tradition of the early church ought surely to weigh with such able men as Doctor McLeod and other learned Protestants; for they generally

admit that during the first five centuries of her existence the Church taught only pure doctrine. With such doctrine, therefore, must be classed her teaching as regards an intermediate state. The third Council of Carthage in the year 253 decreed prayers for the dead. The Councils of Chalons and Worms, and others decided in like manner. The Church Fathers of those times were equally decided and unanimous as regarded praying for the dead and the consequent belief in an expiatory state. St. Ephrem orders prayers for the repose of his soul after his death. The Emperor Constantine wished to be buried in a church in order that the faithful might remember him in their prayers to God. St. Chrysostom 1 Hom. in Epistle to Cor., says: "The tears of the living are not useless to the dead; prayers and alms relieve them." St. Jerom (epistle to Pam-machiu-) says: "It is customary to strew the graves of the female dead, but you have followed a better usage in strewing the grave of your wife with alms for the solace of her soul." Let us hear the great doctor, St. Augustine, whom Protestants as well as Catholics consult, (9th book of Conf, chap. 13th): "I shed not a tear whilst they offered the holy sacrifice for the peace of my dear mother's soul." The same doctor, commenting on the 37th Psalm, prays thus: "Purify me, O Lord in this life, that I may not require the application of that fire by which souls are tried in the next." "Aerius," he says in another place, "was the first who dared to teach that it was of no use to offer up prayers and sacrifices for the dead."

Let us now hear the testimony of the Roman Catacombs. It is the brightest and most precious of all. It dates back to the time when the cruel Nero struck the first blow against the Christian Church, and continues throughout the long centuries of persecution. So hard and searching was persecution at times, that the Christians were obliged to seek refuge in those subterranean places under the City of Rome, known as the Catacombs. In these places many Christians had their home, their altar and their grave. Numerous monuments erected over their remains are still to be seen and on most of them may be read inscriptions bearing requests that the survivors would pray for the re-

pose of their souls. Heathen Rome never tired in its efforts to extirpate Christianity and exterminate the Christian people. It succeeded only in causing their name, their doctrine and their frequent martyrdom to be written on imperishable stone. Such writing may never be effaced. It is as clear and distinct today as it was some nineteen centuries ago, when it was first committed to the stones that bear it. What a glorious record does it not present! And how favoured are not they who are members of a society that can trace its origin to such a source!

Canadians need not be ignorant of this great fund of instruction. Happily it is within their reach through the generosity of the late Emperor of the French. In the reign of Napoleon III, a commission, consisting of Theologians and other men of science, was sent to Rome by the Court of France, in order to explore the Catacombs and report thereon to their Government. The result of their labours appeared in a very large book of no ordinary dimensions, containing views, inscriptions and descriptions of the most interesting character. A copy of this important work was presented by the Emperor to the Canadian Institute of Ottawa. Whoever chooses to consult this book, cannot fail to be delighted with the information which it conveys.

"Education beyond the grave" was not the only idea by which Dr. McLeod, made some approach towards the Catholic

Church. He entertained several other opinions that were diametrically opposed to the views of his sect, the Scottish Kirk, and more or less in harmony with Catholic doctrine. He abhorred the Kirk's leading views. The Kirk has always persisted in its narrow view of Redemption; McLeod maintained that Christ died for all. The Kirk is fatalist and predestinarian; McLeod preached that men will be judged according to their works. The Kirk repels the idea of an intermediate state and declares it impious to pray for the dead; McLeod believed, as we have seen, that there is "education beyond the grave," founding on that passage of the New Testament, which says that our Lord "went to preach to the spirits in prison"; and he prayed devoutly for departed souls. The Kirk's confession set up the strictest Sabbatarianism; McLeod demolished it. He was as little in harmony with his brethren as they were in sympathy with him. His isolation was complete. Why did he not seek solace where alone it is to be found? The fold would have bid him welcome. He was near the gate. He had only to knock and it would have been opened. His fellow-ministers repelled him. Meanwhile the people, whose abhorrence of true teaching is not so complete as that of their spiritual guides, dearly loved him: "A body (everybody) likes the Doctor," said a workingman; and this was the universal sentiment.



Seldom can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still;
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cup of love to fill.



RECOLLECTIONS.

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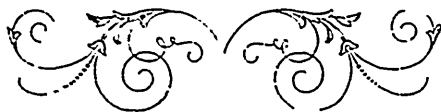
SIMPLE word, a pleading look,
 The turned-down page of a musty book,
 A throb of loneliness, a sigh—
 The forms of the past go trooping by.

Through the gray mist of distant years,
 Silent they come in a veil of tears ;
 Come unsummoned—the holy dead,
 Come and go ere the heartache's fled.

A song, a strain of music sweet,
 A glow where sunlight and shadow meet,
 Our hearts are instruments tuned by fate,
 Love strikes a chord and the strings vibrate.

THEODORE F. McMANUS.

Buffalo, N.Y.



GOLD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



OLD! gold! gold! to the North. The magic words flew from lip to lip of the miners of California, in the Spring of 1858, and set their hearts beating with the same tumultuous excitement that had lured them from the uttermost corners of the globe to that land of the setting sun. The cry spread with lightning rapidity through the streets of San Francisco, swept across vast plains, up lofty hills, through mountain fastnesses and in a twinkling had reached every nook and cranny of the country. Merchants hurriedly disposed of lucrative business stands and stock by forced sales; miners forsook diggings which were fast yielding them fortunes; professional men did not stay to lock up their offices; all hurried northward in one mighty wave. The steamers plying between San Francisco and Victoria were filled to overflowing with hordes of eager gold-seekers. From Victoria these hardy adventurers crossed to the main-land. After having here provided themselves with row-boats and provisions, they would advance along the coast to the mouth of the Fraser river, whose shores it was rumored were lined with gold. Many and great were the dangers and hardships encountered by the fearless fortune-seekers, who undertook this difficult trip. When passing that canyon above Yale, so much spoken of during the construction of the C.P.R. the tourist of to-day, as he looks out of his car window and beholds on one side a straight ledge of rock extending upward, it would seem to the very sky, and on the other, an equally precipitous descent to the boiling, seething waters below, feels a nervous tremor at finding himself thus suspended between earth and heaven. What would have been his feelings, had he been one of the many miners who were obliged to drag a boat heavily laden with provisions, through that roaring abyss with no other footing than the slippery, treacherous boulders.

Mining was carried on principally along bars of the river and though diggings were

found which paid from ten to sixteen dollars a day, yet provisions were so fabulously high, that such pay but little more than cleared a man's expenses.

Another great draw-back which prevented the miners from at once fully exploring the mineral wealth of the country, was the hostility of the Indians. They had been incited to animosity against the new-comers, by the fur-dealers, who were in the country previous to the advent of the miners, and who feared that their profits would be cut down if white-men became too numerous. It must, however, be admitted that the whites themselves were much to blame for the cruel treatment they received at the hands of the Indians. The latter had fire-arms in their possession which had been freely sold to them by the fur-dealers. Open hostilities lasted but for a short time. However, during the first eight or ten years after the gold discovery, many a lone miner was hurriedly ushered into eternity by the vindictive aborigines. Such obstacles did not stop the mighty torrent of immigration. It is estimated that the number of immigrants in 1858, chiefly from California, was not less than 20,000. This influx of population, brought about the formation of a colony, for by an act of Parliament passed in 1858, British Columbia was created a distinct colonial province.

In 1861 a party followed up the Quesnelle river to its source, which is at the foot of Bald Mountain. This is a single bare hill out of which flow, in a perfect network, almost all the creeks of upper British Columbia in which rich dirt was found. An old miner commonly known as Dutch Bill crossed over Bald Mountain and took up the first claim on the famous Williams Creek, which received its name from him. Like Columbus, he did not reap the benefit of his discovery, for he took up the only worthless claim on the creek. On this stream it was that immense fortunes were made in a surprisingly short period of time. Here "Cariboo Cameron" gathered the gold that made him famous throughout Eastern

Ontario. Certain it is that never were richer diggings discovered in any part of the world than those found on Williams Creek and the other streams of Cariboo in the early sixties. In a semi-official publication which appeared in the year 1864, it is stated that in 1860 one of these creeks, Antler, yielded at one time, at the lowest estimate, gold to the value of \$10,000 per day. On one claim \$1,000 worth was taken out of the sluice-boxes as the result of a single day's work. In 1862 the unsystematic process of mere surface digging and washing was superseded by sinking shafts and carrying on a regulated system of mining under the direction of experienced engineers. Companies were formed, large capital was invested and the beneficial results of the new system were soon felt far and wide. According to the official report of 1870 the yield of gold that year in British Columbia was \$1,333,745 in addition to the large quantities of precious metal carried out of the province by private parties. From 1862 to 1871 gold to the value of \$16,660,036 was shipped from British Columbia by the banks, and so registered and put on record, while the estimated value of that which was carried out of the country by miners themselves during the same period is probably not over-estimated at \$6,000,000. It is probably no

exaggeration to estimate the worth of the gold carried out of the province from 1858 to 1875 as not less than \$36,000,000. According to the tables of the trade and navigation of the Dominion of Canada, printed at Ottawa in 1875, the export of gold in dust and bars from the Province of British Columbia during the previous year is valued at \$1,072,422. The annual gold yield since that time has been on the wane, and at present it does not, perhaps, amount to over \$500,000. The store of the precious metal is not by any means exhausted but the surface diggings have already been fairly well worked out, and to penetrate farther requires more capital than is to be found in the country just at present. Extensive tracts of gold-bearing quartz-rocks are now being slowly opened up and worked. In these attempts, however, the want of capital is sorely felt. As explorations and surveys are carried farther into the interior, the auriferous regions prove to be widely extended, and rich in their promised yield.

The glory of the old mining camp has long been on the wane but the remembrance of its palmy days is yet cherished by the grey-haired men who still roam over its creeks, and who one and all look forward to the near return of the "days of old and the days of gold."

DENIS MURPHY, '92.



Well blest is he who hath a dear one dead ;
A friend he has whose face will never change—
A dear communion that will not grow strange ;
The anchor of a love is death.

Thank God for one dead friend
With face still radiant with the light of youth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of truth
Through twenty years of death.

—J. B. O'REILLY.

MUSIC IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.



IN speaking of music in schools and colleges, I do not intend to treat the question from an artistic point of view, but merely as a question of education. We all find in music a charm which can hardly be expressed by words and which commends it to our esteem ; so it would be useless to dwell on its praise here. As a means of education the teaching of music is worthy of our most serious attention ; for far from causing loss of time, as many think, it is a powerful auxiliary. Music elevates the mind, forms the taste and soothes the heart, ends which cannot be reached either by grammar or mathematics. In a word, music in the school and in the lower classes of a college course, plays the part of literature in the university. Scholars will willingly pass from their ordinary studies to the study of music. They will thus acquire a taste for the beautiful, and we all know that he who can be impressed by what is beautiful is also an admirer of what is good, which result cannot be thought little of. In a complete course of education, the want of the knowledge of music is a deficiency which is often noticed too late, but which never fails to be noticed. This is so true that in several countries of Europe the government has officially introduced music, not simply as a distraction or amusement, but as part of a thorough education. This is nothing but the acknowledgement that a course of studies is not complete if music is wanting. It is a known fact that the ancients used to place music on an equal footing with mathematics.

It is evident that in the school no other music can be taught than that which may be called classical music, that is, music taught as a branch of study. As such it must be simple and cannot go beyond vocal music. Some will perhaps be astonished to meet here the expression "classical music." Let them remember that besides that high and complicated system, which very few persons dare to face, there is a classical music that can

be rendered and appreciated by children ; this I would call elementary classical music. The teaching of music in schools has proved to be most useful to pupils, not only while at school, but in after life. The concerts known by the name of Popular Concerts, which are productive of so much good by keeping many people away from immoral theatres, were first opened and succeed best in cities where the teaching of music has been made obligatory in schools. The numerous and successful choral societies of France and Germany have no other origin than the school. When children are afforded the opportunity of hearing good music when they are young, their ear is exercised, their taste is formed and they are the better prepared to profit by a serious course of vocal music.

Among the different manifestations of musical art, the voice occupies undoubtedly the first place. But nowadays that musical instruments, thanks to the progress of physics and mechanics, have attained such a high degree of perfection in all respects, the parts have been changed. The culture of the human voice is neglected for the machines which have been made to its image and likeness: the voice for modern composers is but an instrument added to the orchestra. Owing to the prodigious development of symphony, things have been brought to such a pass, that in an opera or in an oratorio, the place given to the vocal parts has no more importance than that which is assigned to the flute, the clarinet, or the bassoon. This is one of the principal causes of the decline of singing. The only aim of the few who give themselves to the study of vocal music is to render, more or less correctly some very difficult pieces of a fashionable opera ; they strain their voice to excess without being able to give the required notes, and thus they substitute for music a kind of yelling, which they are not ashamed to call by the name of classical singing. One of the chief laws of esthetics which should never be forgotten is that simplicity constitutes a necessary quality of the beautiful. When musicians look after compli-

cations to obtain success, they are always disappointed. It is a fact worthy of notice that the beautiful but simple melodies of the old operas are always favorably appreciated by the public. Simplicity is one of the characters which strikes us most in ancient musical compositions. When we read of the success won by singers, of the impression created by music and of the importance attached to it, we ask ourselves how it was that compositions so little varied, without harmony and accompanied by very imperfect instruments, could produce such effects. The ancients must have had in this respect an education which is now wanting, and if the old melodies were executed to-day as the musicians of that time must have rendered them, perhaps they would awaken among us the same enthusiasm.

Much can be done, I think, in our schools and colleges to remedy the general neglect of singing. We would be astonished at what children can do, if we had teachers that would inspire them with the real expression with which to render the selected compositions. People often say that such or such a person was born a musician. Of course talents vary as regards music, as well as any other branch of learning. Some have special natural dispositions which others lack; but it has to be admitted also that the circumstances in which a child is placed have a great deal to do with his becoming a musician. No one is born a musician: if Mozart, Haydn or Beethoven had not heard music and good music from their infancy, they would never have become famous by their compositions. All depends on the impression received when young. If the child hears music, but *good* music, at the age where the ear retains everything, and if, when old enough, the principles of music are taught him, he will surely become a musician. There lies the whole secret by which children will all become musicians.

There are indeed difficulties to be overcome on the part both of teachers and of pupils. In a class some are to be found, who have already had some practice in vocal music, while others have never tried to sing. It will be difficult to bring the latter to sing in unison with the former. Persons who have never exercised their ear, in that respect, when they were

young, experience great difficulty in taking the required tone; they generally give up, accepting as irremediable the fact that they have no ear. This is false: it is very seldom the ear that is wanting, but practice. For children the training is never long; although it requires more time for adults, a successful result is, however, usually arrived at. When a teacher has succeeded in bringing his class to sing in unison, half of the work is done.

Another difficulty, far more serious than the first, is to teach the pupils to sing properly, with intelligence, in a word, to form their taste. This gift a teacher must have in order to communicate it to others. It is easy enough to teach pupils the letter of music; but it is not quite so easy to accustom them to render a piece with the required expression. If we intended to enter upon the domain of music proper; the intonation, the rhythm, the distinction of intervals would constitute so many difficult points; but these are not necessary in elementary classical music as understood here.

If this elementary teaching was given children, at the age of ten or eleven they would be prepared to follow a real course of music. Unfortunately, this is often completely neglected in our schools. When a boy enters college, if called upon to sing he generally answers that he is unable to do so; and to prove his assertion, he takes good care never to open his mouth in the chapel, where it is often given us to witness the sad spectacle of several hundred students assisting at Mass with closed lips, instead of joining in the hymns that are sung by the few.

The practice of singing, begun at school must be continued and be made obligatory in our colleges, and students who wish to do so, should be afforded the opportunity of learning instrumental music. But if we teach music, let us teach it seriously; and I would say to students, if you undertake to learn instrumental music, make a real study of it, or else, never attempt to touch an instrument, of whatever description it may be. It would be interesting to know the number of *pianists* there are in some of our educational institutions, and to compare it with the number of *musicians*. I fear the percentage of musicians would be very low.

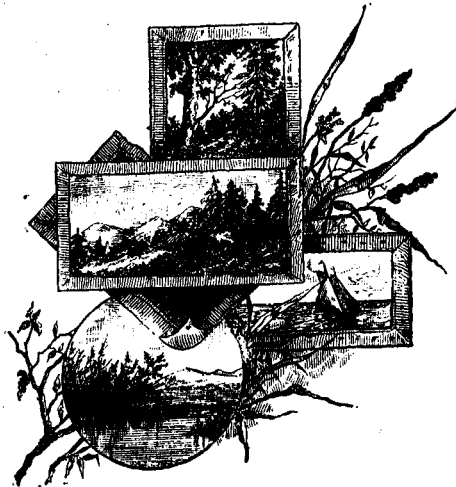
There are boarding institutions where

two or three hours a day, and sometimes, more, are devoted to piano practice ; after four or five years most of the pupils are unable to play, in a manner at all acceptable, I would not say a sonata, many of them do not even know what the word means, but a simple waltz or a polka, which they will have practised for perhaps over a year. What I say of the piano, may well be said of other instruments. How often, for instance, do we meet boys, who after having practised on a brass instrument for two or three years, cannot even play an accompaniment, unless it is hammered into their heads by dint of repeating.

Who is to be blamed for this? Sometimes the teachers, very often the parents, but generally speaking, the pupils themselves. Incompetent teachers are sometimes chosen; either they lack the required technical skill or the qualifications of a teacher. Parents are to be blamed for very often forcing their children to under-

take to play an instrument, most of the time the eternal piano, when they have no disposition whatever for it; this is especially true of parents who send their daughters to boarding schools, where grammar and what they call music are put on an equal footing. But most of the time the fault lies with the pupils, even with those who have real dispositions. Very seldom do we meet a student who really intends to study music, and yet the study of music requires as serious an application as that of any other science if one wishes to succeed. The words theory and principles of music horrify them; and we meet boys who, after several years of practice, are totally ignorant of the elementary principles of music. It would be advisable for the parents of those boys to buy one of the mechanical organs that are heard on the streets in the warm season; they would thus save time and money.

L. H. GERVAIS, O.M.I., '85.



THE DYING OF THE YEAR.

THE pine trees in their dark-hued winter dress ;
 The scattered leaves in gorgeous loveliness
 That soon by frosts will be in purple dress'd,
 By wintry sunbeams soon to be caress'd ;
 The cold gray sky above ; beneath, decay
 That seems a mock upon Life's short-lived day ;
 The naked woods ; the meadows brown and sere,
 Herald to us the dying of the year.

With mocking laugh, the biting north wind yields
 His polar throne, to revel in the fields
 Of this our Southern land ; with icy breath
 To spread around him chill despair and death ;
 With fiendish joy to pierce the rotten wall
 Whence poverty and hunger loudly call.
 Though hollow cheeks and tear-dimmed eyes he find,
 Ever increasing suff'ring leaves behind.

And yet the Mighty One who formed the trees,
 The rolling rivers and the vasty seas—
 Hath He not said, in tones divine that fell
 On prophet ears, "All things have I done well" ?
 Then let His creature Man, in ev'ry land
 Bow trembling down and kiss the chast'ning hand ;
 And view with hope—unmixed with blighting fear—
 And faith in Him, the dying of the year.

HENRI B. SULLY.

THE LITTLE WOODEN SHOE.

Translated from the Revue du Monde Catholique.



JACQUES was a fisherman—a lucky one too. He had a little house, all his own, and in it Jeanne, who had been for seven years his wife, and Ange, the jolliest little scamp that ever romped about a fisherman's cottage. But these are not all his treasures. He has, besides, a store of nets and a boat called the *Fine-Anguille*. The sea was never yet too rough for either; for it never stormed until the *Fine-Anguille* had come with her crew, snug and dry, to her mooring. The captain of the frigate was Jacques; the mate—and what a mate he was—was Fanor, a Newfoundland, peer and prince of all dogs. Everybody knew the *Fine-Anguille*. Everybody knew Fanor; and well it was for many of them that they did. They had made his acquaintance under memorable circumstances. For, when Fanor looked from his kennel at night along the dark coast he could see the glow of many a fireside which would have long been dark and cheerless if he had not rescued from the waves the strong arms that earned its fuel. Many a mother felt something queer in her throat and in the corners of her eyes when she saw the great shaggy brute, and thought of a certain little head that might long ago have been pillowed in the sea-weeds.

But when the feast of our Lady of Larmor came, ah! then Fanor was in his glory. Did he walk in the procession? Of course he did! Did he not know what was the proper thing for a respectable dog to do and where his right place was—after the banners? "Ah!" said Jacques, "he's a Christian. He's no dog; he is almost a man." After Jacques, and *Fine-Anguille*, and the sea, Ange was the dearest friend of the dog. Fanor paid the most delicate attentions to the little fellow. He kept back his strength and refrained from those boisterous leaps; he gave Ange a thousand tender caresses with his great cold nose and with his paw; and when he licked his

hands he scarcely moistened them. It was plain that he was in love with the baby. And as for Jeanne, she loved nothing in the world besides Jacques and Ange and the dog.

For you and me, and, the thoughtless or busy world, what a grand sight to watch the sea in September! so deep, so dark, it falls and rises with ever-increasing majesty. There is a menace in its ceaseless roll, its beauty is terribly grand, and from the shore we admire its strength and immensity. But how differently it appears to the poor fisherman's wife. For her there is nothing to admire in the ocean. For her it is only a source of anxiety and dread. How gloomy to her is the evening as it settles over this ever-tossing plain; how her heart starts at the vague threats of the wind! This blue and white crested mass is perhaps a shroud. Is there no moaning save that which the listless water makes? And, as the wind sweeps from the stormy offing, we perhaps think it is beautiful; but to the fisherman's wife it is dreadful. She fears for him who toils in the abyss. What can a little shell like *Fine-Anguille* and a man and a dog do against the ocean?

We may say, "How beautiful;" but she cries "Holy Virgin, the sea is too high! Sweet Jesus, it blows too hard!"

One day Jeanne was with Ange on the beach, and Jacques was preparing the *Fine-Anguille* for fishing by the water's side. Ange had kicked off one of his little wooden shoes, and with his rosy little feet was playing in the water. He laughed, he shouted, he splashed the little waves that ran softly upon the sand. Ah! what fine fun he was having. It was evening. The setting sun bathed the entire coast in purple, and the water, still and peaceful, reflected this scene of splendor.

Ange had tied a string to his shoe and thrown it out on the water.

"Mamma," said he, "look! see my *Fine-Anguille*! In a minute I am going to make a storm." And he splashed away with his bare foot.

The little shoe tossed from one side to the other, and finally it filled with water. Jeanne looked up and said, "Naughty boy; put on your shoe, quick!"

Just then somebody touched her shoulder. It was a stranger, from Paris, perhaps. This seemed probable from the haughty air which people from the city always have, and also from his cold, harsh look and his pale countenance.

Jeanne was frightened.

"I want a boat," said this strange person, "to go out to the offing."

Jacques approached, saying, "If you like, sir, I am ready. Here, Fanor."

"What! take that brute along with us? Horrid cur; he is filthy and smells of old fish. I couldn't bear him for a companion."

"I will not go without my dog," said Jacques.

"Come," said the stranger, "this beast is of no use. I will give you a louis to leave the dog." Jacques looked at his wife hesitatingly. Jeanne was pale. The stranger tossed the louis in his hand.

Just then Ange cried, "My shoe has gone to the bottom!" And Jeanne said, "Don't go without the dog."

Soon the *Fine-Anguille* left the shore and, breaking through the smooth water, disappeared in the distance like a faint cloud.

Jeanne turned toward the house, carrying her child.

When she reached the heights she turned to scan the horizon. She saw a thick grey band stretched along it. Seized with anxious forboding, she paused.

"Will it be fair?" she asked of Lucas, the cow-herd. "What kind of a night will they have over by the Thunder Rocks and the White Mare, and the offing?"

Lucas, in turn, scanned the horizon. "Fine-Anguille is a good sea-boat," said he, and passed on with his cows.

"It is the wind," thought Jeanne, as Ange, by an unconscious movement, covered his foot with her apron. "It is the wind. God be merciful to us." Then she entered the house.

At ten o'clock gusts began to blow. The waves moaned piteously. Jeanne could not sleep. But neither the moaning of wind nor wave could disturb Ange,

as he lay wrapped snugly in his cradle. His mother struck a light. One is not so much frightened when one can see clearly. Then it seems as if one could do anything; but what can one do against the wind?

"The wind! O my God! the wind," cried Jeanne. "But at any rate, Fanor is with him!"

Then, as everything creaked and moaned around her, she fell into a light slumber. She saw the great sea with its frightful gulfs, its white yawning mouth and threatening rocks, and its deceitful shoals. She saw her child on the beach, splashing the water with his naked foot. She saw the little wooden shoe which had been shipwrecked. Then she heard the voice of Ange murmuring, "I'll make a storm!" Jeanne trembled.

Then, as the roof of the cottage moved and creaked, she remembered how the waves had entered the little shoe. All at once she rose up and took Ange, fast asleep, in her arms. She threw her cape over her shoulders. It was raining hard and the wind blew strongly. She lit a lantern; a sudden gust put it out, and she was left in the black darkness. But the surf made so much noise that it served as a guide. She reached the beach in safety.

"Ange! O Ange! if *Fine-Anguille* has perished!"

The belfrey of Larmor stood black in the sombre night, and the sea dashed its white foam at the very steps of the church.

Jeanne seated herself on the damp sill, and, wrapping Ange in her cloak, waited with longing eyes, counting every wave.

Slowly the day broke, and the storm abated as the sun rose. It shone first on the fortress of Port Louis, then along the rest of the coast; and Jeanne saw the little wooden shoe broken among the pebbles—"Broken! and yet so light! It ought to have floated!"

Then Jeanne saw the *Fine-Anguille*. Her sail was rent and tattered. Her broken mast hung half in the water. All that could be hoped was that she might come in with the tide, and that Jacques would be able to avoid the rocks. Perhaps they still preserved their oars! As she listened, she thought she heard them striking on the row-locks; but no, it was the wind. The broken mast might still

serve to hold them off the rocks. Already she could hear Fanor's voice. But on the heaving plain her glance could barely follow the little craft. Finally, as a sudden gust blew afresh, it disappeared altogether.

Jeanne closed her eyes. And, when they re-opened, Jacques and Fanor were beside her. Jacques was pale; Fanor with red, distended nostrils, and panting, shook the water from his shaggy coat.

"Wife," said Jacques, "we have been very unlucky! We beat all night against the wind. I wished to come in last evening after we had doubled the citadel; I knew it would blow. But that fool of a Parisian would see the offing! He is dead now. God have mercy on him!

I have never worked so hard in all my life! To lighten the boat he wanted to drown Fanor. And when he saw the breakers, he would jump overboard to swim. Fanor went after him and brought him to the gunwale; and while I was lending him a hand, puff! we were all in the water together. Holy Mother! how I did lay about me. I caught a plank. 'Hold on, Fanor!' said I. But Fanor had left the stranger and seized me by the collar. And so I made the shore. O the brave beast! he's no dog; he is almost a man!

"And Fine-Anguille?" said Jeanne.

"She will come in with the tide. She is as light as a wooden shoe."



Shun delays, they breed remorse,
Use thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails make little course,
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee,
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past;
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
After-wit is dearly bought—
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

—SOUTHWELL.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.



MCGEE, like many men, may be said to have been rash in his youth, but cautious in his old age. The rashness of youth taught him a stern lesson, and be it said to his credit, he benefited by this lesson. When the great Liberator, O'Connell, was busy in his struggle for the "Island of Destiny" a new organization sprang into existence. This, the Young Ireland Party, had for its principal object when first organized, to help the Liberator in his grand struggle. But O'Connell was a great man, and his field of view extended far beyond anything any of his countrymen could ever hope to see. His eye penetrated the veil that hid the secrets of the future, and saw what lay beyond. His knowledge of the history of the past showed him clearly the uncertainty of an appeal to the sword, however bright might be the present prospects. In his own day he saw the most gifted warrior that ever Europe produced overcome at Waterloo. History likewise told him how Rome fell under the influence of vanquished Greece. He looked back across the past ages and saw the connecting links between them all. He saw the secret of success in all great human actions. His object was now to apply this to the case of his own country and thereby enable his long persecuted countrymen to win back the freedom they enjoyed in the palmy days of yore. The Young Irelanders first flocked around this valiant leader and worked with him. He was fearless in his denunciation of indifference, and this won for him the highest esteem of every truly patriotic Irishman. But when these young men saw the apparent irresistible power they had to defend their cause, especially when they beheld the grand spectacle of Ireland's thousands assembled on the Hill of Tara, their proud Celtic hearts burned for an opportunity to raise the sword once more. They would listen no longer to their great leader, but would rush headlong on in their mad career. Too slow they

thought their old leader had become. This great good man used all his powers to avert the terrible calamity that he saw would necessarily flow from such a course as his young former adherents now wished to follow; but all in vain. The history of '48 tells the tale too well to need repetition here. Among the many noble-hearted young patriots who took part in this rising was the gallant Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

In 1842 McGee had left his native land. To America he went in hopes that fortune might smile upon him there. His brilliant genius was soon recognized. He found a position on the *Boston Pilot* and won fame for himself as a journalist. He was often called upon, too, to display his oratorical powers. The applause with which he was received echoed through the land. Even the great O'Connell referred to his works as "the inspired writings of a young Irish boy in America." At last a call from across the Atlantic came to him. His countrymen would have him home among them again. Fortune smiled upon him in America indeed, but fortune's smile was not to be compared with the hope of being of any service to the loved land of his fathers. He returned to Ireland in 1845 and set to work earnestly for the grand old cause. He became editor of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. This journal, however, was the organ of O'Connell and his party, and was too conservative for such an enthusiastic young patriot as McGee. *The Nation*, the organ of the Young Irelanders, was more in accord with his way of thinking. He was offered a position on the staff of this paper and accepted it without hesitation. This was, indeed, a sincere part for McGee to play, but it certainly cannot be said to have been a wise one. All his energies were exerted in this work. He was a power indeed, and, though we sincerely believe the part he played at that time, in the great struggle, was an embarrassment rather than an aid to the true promoters of Ireland's welfare, we must admit that, like King Midas, whatever he touched shone with the brilliancy of gold.

These were McGee's lessons at the school of experience. He rushed headlong into all the extreme measures of the Young Ireland party. His pen set forth his sentiments in letters of fire, and his tongue called the people into action. But this was the test of the Young Ireland party's policy. O'Connell had told them that it would be madness to attempt a rising; but they would not hear him. They rose, but it was not long till they began to see the wisdom of their old leader's words. Their chief men were captured and sent into exile, the rising was crushed, and the tyrant's hand weighed more heavily than ever upon their beloved country. Worse than all, the grand old Liberator, on seeing this torrent of calamities strike the nation, died of a broken heart. McGee, however, although he was arrested, managed to make good his escape and found his way to America once more. He was welcomed back by many friends on this side of the Atlantic. He soon found a position at his old employment, and his native fire once more displayed itself in the columns of the *New York Nation*. But on this occasion he overdid himself. He attempted to explain the cause of the failure of the Young Ireland party's rising by throwing all the blame on the priesthood and hierarchy of Ireland. This charge was met and easily disposed of by Archbishop Hughes. McGee attempted to maintain the stand he took, but soon found that the respect of the Irish people for their unselfish clergy had too solid a foundation to be effected even by *his* attacks. This incident of his life, probably more than anything else, accounts for the great change that came over him. Owing to this controversy he was led to consider these questions in a different light from what he had hitherto done, and finally he became entirely reconciled to the views of this great prelate.

He saw clearly then how ruinous was the work he had taken such an active part in; and from that day forward he never ceased to endeavor to set aright those whom he had led astray. The prime object of his life then was, the moral elevation of his countrymen, wherever his influence could be felt. As he was sincere in opposing O'Connell in '48, so now many of his

countrymen were sincere in opposing him. Many of them, indeed, could not account for his change, and regarded him with suspicion. In 1850 he left New York, and commenced in Boston the publication of the *American Celt*. In Boston he became a sincere friend of Bishop Fitzpatrick, through whose influence he slowly but surely abandoned all his former revolutionary ideas. In August 1852, his famous "Letter to a Friend", appeared in the *Celt*. In this he gave explanations, satisfactory to any reasonable man, for his new views of political affairs, and in noble words proclaimed his unwavering adherence to Catholic principles. He labored on unceasingly for his people's welfare; taking an active part in every grand project that could in any way benefit them. The masterly style in which he treated of the "Know Nothing" movement had a most telling effect. He became one of the leading men in a colonization scheme. The principal object of this scheme was to enable his countrymen to become the proprietors of fertile prairie lands in the West, instead of wasting their splendid energies in the great cities of the East. For the purpose of promoting this worthy scheme, a meeting of the most notable Irish-Americans of that time was called at Buffalo. At the "Buffalo Convention," as this meeting was termed, Mr. McGee made the acquaintance of and entered into a warm friendship with some of the Canadian delegates. The outcome of this was that an invitation was extended to the talented young orator, to pay a visit to some of the Canadian cities for the purpose of lecturing. To this proposal he consented, and during his visit he was still more favorably impressed by his countrymen in the land of the North. His lectures were everywhere listened to by large audiences, and his friends ever increased in numbers as he moved through the land. In Montreal his countrymen became so attached to him that they urged him to make his home in their city. Seeing that the Irish in Canada were in need of an able advocate, he agreed to comply with their request. He soon became a prominent figure in Canadian political life. In the *New Era*, a journal in which he ventilated his political views, he advocated the union of the Provinces. Before the end of his first year in Canada,

he was called upon to accept a seat in parliament. Had he consulted his personal interests he would never have consented to enter into public life, but whenever his countrymen called upon him, he was ready to sacrifice his own personal comforts for their sake, and considered it his duty to do so. He entered parliament and worked faithfully in those troublesome times to better the condition of his people. He fearlessly denounced the invasion of Canada by the Fenians, and pointed out the great injustice that would be done to Irishmen in Canada by such a movement. The rash ones, whom he had formerly displeased by his change in political views, were up again in all their anger. After the Confederation of the Provinces was sanctioned by the Imperial Parliament, a new election was called for, and McGee found himself opposed by a candidate brought out by the dissatisfied portion of his constituents. The contest was fought to the bitter end, and the old favorite was again elected. But no stone had been left unturned in order to bring about his defeat. His unscrupulous political opponents made all manner of false charges against him, and it is held by many that his assassination was due to this. His enemies it is said, there and then entered into a conspiracy to murder him. He came to Ottawa, and took a prominent part in the new parliament.

On a bright April night in the year 1868, just after concluding one of his most eloquent appeals in behalf of the newly formed union of the Provinces, he met his doom. He parts with a companion and walks on, little thinking that the eye of an assassin was on him. He reaches his door, but ere he gains the threshold the fatal work is done; the assassin's cruel hand has laid him low. The pale moon hides her face behind a fleecy cloud to close out from view this horrid scene. The echo of the fatal shot rings out on the still night air as if it wished to rouse up from slumbers some one to avenge this dark deed. The murderous one turns and takes flight. Morning comes and the sad news spreads in all directions, and bright Sol, the lord of day, rises above the eastern horizon, he finds this

new-born nation all in tears, mourning the untimely end of her great statesman; and ere his golden chariot wheels have gained the meridian, the sad tidings have flashed across the blue Atlantic to the dead statesman's nativity. Thus closed the career of this great man.

In this brief detailed account of the principal events of his public life, do we not find enough to show the extraordinary degree of his magnanimity? His unfaltering love for his native land was stamped on every great action of his life. His pen was ever busy setting forth in glowing terms the best instructions, his imaginations soared off to the fields of his nation's honored dead and pictured out the joys they feel, and lastly his gifted tongue proclaimed with grace and might the rights that his people claimed. While his enemies were crying out to the world that he was a traitor his pen was busy in the battle for Irish freedom. He always had the courage of his convictions, in fact his death was the only means his enemies could find to silence him.

Helived at a time when the troubles of his fatherland seemed almost overwhelming. The galling chains then weighed heavily, and life seemed fast ebbing away. But now at last old Erin's sons throw off these chains that they have for centuries worn, and rising up proclaim to the world "We are slaves no more." They grasp the Sunburst firmly in their hands and spread out its folds to the morning breeze of liberty. They stand along the ramparts high and are watching now for the first ray of freedom's light. Stride on oh Father Time and rouse up the sun-god of freedom's day! Oh may his steeds soon dash across the horizon of the orient, and may the golden rays of his bright light fall thick and fast on the emerald breast of Erin's Isle. And when this glorious day shall come may her harp's strings never cease to swell the notes of praise of those who were her guiding stars in the awful night just past! May the echoes from her sainted shores ring round the world, and then shall the memory of her exiled patriot McGee be as green as it was on the day of his death.

WALTER E. CAVANAGH, '93.

AN EDUCATOR HONORED.

Rev. Father Garin celebrates his Fiftieth Anniversary as an Oblate of Mary Immaculate.



THE other day the people of Lowell, Mass., turned out in thousands to do honor to an illustrious citizen and priest, whose life and labors during the last twenty-five years, are identified with the rapid growth and prosperity of this great manufacturing centre.

We heartily congratulate our New England friends and readily unite with them in their efforts to "give honor where honor is due."

In paying their respects to the Rev. Pastor of St. Joseph's—patriarch of the Oblates in America—on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, they have added one more proof to the number already afforded of the existence of that broad-mindedness of which our republican neighbors justly boast. Nor could such a spirit be displayed with more propriety on any other occasion. The venerable subject of their elaborate demonstration was a native of France, had rejected the honors and pecuniary advantages of the world at an early age, later on, bade farewell to home, friends and country to adopt in turn the customs, manners and languages of the various American peoples, among whom he has left towering monuments of his burning zeal as an apostle, of his profound learning as a teacher, and of his rare abilities as an administrator.

It is not surprising, then, that Rev. Father Garin should, in his declining years, elicit from a thriving population, whose success is due in no small degree to his vigilant care and exertions, a display of untainted liberality fully in touch with the key-note of their federal constitution.

Born of honest Catholic parents in the East of France in 1822. Andrew M. Garin passed from the village school to college and thence to the university at Grenoble, where he pursued his studies in philosophy. It was at this period that he felt inspired to devote his life and energies as

a missionary, and, following the holy impulse, he sought admission to the Oblate Order—not long previously founded by the saintly Bishop of Marseilles, Eugene de Mazenod.

After a year's noviceship at Notre Dame de l'Osier, the youthful levite was received into the community on the feast of All Saints in the year 1842. He now applied himself to theology with renewed ardor, and in the following year was raised to sub-deaconship by the Bishop of Marseilles, whither he had been sent to complete his course. Here, in the Grand Seminary, he had for an associate a young ecclesiastic named Joseph Fabre who, influenced by the sub-deacon's glowing picture of a life of absolute self-sacrifice, decided to join the Order. He lived to become its Superior-General, a position he held for 31 years, when death removed him from its responsibilities. He died in Paris the other day and a letter says that shortly before the end he turned to one of his attendants and said: "After God it is the good Father Garin I must thank for leading me to join our holy Order."

The spring of '44 was destined to bring about the realization of our young Oblate's fondest wishes. In the company of Father Guigues, who afterwards became the first incumbent of the Episcopal See of Ottawa, he sailed for Canada, where he arrived on the 10th of August. He spent the winter in the pursuit of his studies at Longueuil, where he had as a fellow-student M. Tache, present Archbishop of St. Boniface, and was ordained a priest by Mgr. Bourget on the 28th of April, 1845.

Space will not permit us to dwell upon his admirable achievements among the savage tribes of the Hudson Bay district. And even should our brief sketch allow us to do so, we could not yet give our readers any adequate idea of the numerous trials and sufferings undergone by the heroic young missionary in the vast regions of frost and snows, nor of his many acts of Christian abnegation and charity which are recorded only where even

the "cup of cold water given to the thirsty for His sake is not forgotten or left unrewarded."

The most remarkable feature of his missionary life was his constant solicitude for the promotion of education among the Indians. Fully alive to the temporal, as well as the spiritual, advancement of his widely scattered charge, he spared no labor in translating books into the Indian languages or dialects, making use of the syllabic characters invented by a Methodist missionary for this purpose. Nor was he satisfied with translating books or compiling dictionaries; he, moreover, undertook the arduous task of teaching the the Indians to read, thereby leaving them a ready means of self-enlightenment in his absence.

In 1863 he was sent to Plattsburg, N. Y., where he fulfilled the duties of pastor for five years, during which time, besides making many improvements in the church, he further emphasized his inclination to disseminate knowledge in the erection of the fine convent schools attached to the parishes. From here he passed to Lowell, which has ever since been the scene of his labors. In this city and in the surrounding towns have the results of the good Father's exertions been made apparent from year to year. The cities of Lawrence and Haverhill are largely indebted to him for a number of their public structures; but Lowell itself is the field where principally abound the monuments to his indefatigable exertions. One of the leading journals of that city, the *Daily Citizen*, after an extended resumé of the venerable old pastor's works, concludes:

"What else is there to tell of this man who came from the wilderness and the company of Indians to provide for the spiritual, mental and moral necessities of a people? The twenty-five years of his life which have been lived in Lowell have been years of energy, of zeal and of faithful duty. They have been fruitful years; the seed he planted has yielded a generous harvest. A stranger, poor and unprovided, he came to Lowell to provide for a flock without shepherd or fold. The 12,000 French-Canadians have become the 18,000 they now are. The old church on Lee street has been twice enlarged. The basement of another church, St. Jean Baptiste, has been completed on Merri-

mack street; a house of the Order has been established near by; the great school on Moody street and the primary school have been built to accommodate 1200 children; and the college of St. Joseph has just been completed. All this magnificent property for religious and educational purposes has been secured through the administration of Father Garin, and represents in round numbers something like \$280,000."

It cannot be said, however, that Father Garin confined his labors and administrative abilities to the French-Canadian population alone. His sentiments are too intensely American for that. He early perceived the necessity of a church for the English speaking Catholics, and accordingly purchased the ample property where now stands the handsome church of the Immaculate Conception, the construction of which was undertaken and completed under his direction. So much for the works of the aged priest during the last half century.

Apart from the grace of God, the secret of his success both as a missionary among the Indians of the North and as pastor of the Catholics of Lowell, lies perhaps in the fact of his possessing not only a fearless and persevering spirit, but likewise that wonderful gift, so rare and yet so necessary, of self-adaptation to the exigencies of the various circumstances into which a public man is inevitably thrown. Few ever possessed this gift in a higher degree than does the Bon Père Garin.

In the midst of his simple-hearted children of the wilds he was ever the simple and beloved "Black Robe,"—ever ready and willing to endure any hardships in order to alleviate their sufferings; as a Religious, he has always been the docile child of Mary Immaculate, making the will of his superiors his only wish, making his brothers happy by his genial character, his courteous manners and ready wit; as a pastor of souls he ever was, and still is, a devoted friend, a tender father and a true and trusty guide; and as a citizen, upright, honest, straightforward and fair-dealing, he is respected and esteemed by all denominations alike, who have found in his noble character every trait that may combine to form the perfect Christian gentleman.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

..... Sundry jottings
 Stray leaves, fragments, blurs and blottings.
 —ROBERT BROWNING.

To estimate at their proper value the benefits bestowed upon art, as practiced among the English speaking people, by the splendid criticism of John Ruskin would be an utterly impossible task. Wherever British people may happen to be placed the abundant writings of this great author are never without their interest and value. So much may be allowed quite heartily by all, without in the slightest degree essaying to endorse or in any way to countenance many teachings promulgated by Mr. Ruskin. To sanction all he has said would be to commit a glaring error. Not to perceive that he is sometimes erratic and often contradictory would be displaying blind partiality. If I am not mistaken it was Mr. Ruskin himself first gave expression to the thought that "he who never changes his mind exposes himself to the charge that he has no mind to change." Certain it is that Mr. Ruskin lays himself open to no such accusation. On the contrary, the writings of the author of "Modern Painters" really bristle with poorly concealed contradiction and frequent changes of opinion. Yet, in spite of those manifest defects, his doctrines, considered as a part of a whole system of philosophy, are of unbounded value to the serious students who desire to take a broad, sane and steady view of painting, plastic art and architecture.

Personally I could wish that Ruskin was a mite less poetic in the naming of his books. I do confess that I once became the owner of a work of his which turned out to be a discussion of a subject several thousand miles removed from that suggested to my prosaic and matter-of-fact mind by its misty title. Misfortune is said to court company. I know I kept my eyes open for other mishaps such as mine and not without success. Indeed, the vagueness of Ruskin in his book nomenclature gives rise to no end of vexing disappointments or amusing surprises. There is, for example, a story told of a gentleman farmer, not unaccustomed to the outside of books, that he took down to his farm with

immense gusto Ruskin "On the Construction of Sheepfolds." It was foreanent the lambing season, the story goes, that our Bucolic wished to provide. His rage will be imagined by those who love to hug a book to read after dinner, and to debate with an architectural author the proper form of some building. Ruskin's "Sheepfolds," as most readers of those columns are already aware, is a pamphlet on the discipline of the Church! There are a thousand other ridiculous stories told. A person bought "Table Traits" to read as a cookery-book; the "Gentle Life" was caught up as a disquisition on fishing, and a hunting Englishmen carried away the "Recreations of a Country Parson" as a work which should be full of delightful chapters on pastoral sports—shooting, fishing and fox-hunting. Those who have yet to learn the forlorn condition of the poor deceived one are advised to examine the volume in question.

But when we get beyond the mere writing over the threshold in one of Ruskin's works what a vision of mental delight opens before the eye of our soul. His literary style is beautiful with the rare charm of absolute sincerity. Earnest, honest, full of love for his fellow-men, all that this man does has some end in view, and this end is to make men better and wiser. He is undoubtedly to be counted one of the trinity of great modern thinkers of which Newman and Carlyle are generally recognized as the remaining two. We may well believe him when he writes in the frankest of English, "Every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some spiritual and vital fact." It may be that the principle is false from its conception, still we very seldom feel called upon not to allow that its annunciator never questioned its entire veracity.

Those considerations bring me direct to the oft-discussed but still interesting subject; the ethics of Ruskin. Many readers of this journal must remember that he saw through different glasses from theirs.

Allowance being made for difference of creed and method of thought, every Christian will see much to admire in the writings of John Ruskin—much to admire, I say, as well as something unhesitatingly to condemn. The ethics of this great teacher, who preached Christ to the Athenians, who knew him not, that is to say, who talked to the English people concerning Art, must be sought after in the morals of the art which he taught his countrymen.

In reviewing his works, in every portion of which is so exquisitely blended the qualities that charm by their grace of form, and instruct by their spirit of high emprise, one is made aware in the most delightful manner, that he among English people is the great and inimitable exponent of the beautiful. Now, beauty in the abstract is the reflection of God. In so far, therefore, as Ruskin makes us perceive more of the essence of true beauty, his work is both useful and beneficial.

Furthermore, I conceive that no other man had a loftier conception of womanhood and woman's mission on earth. In his own words, he has "honored all women with a solemn worship," and his testimony to their mission and example is unimpeachable. I do not hesitate to pronounce this feature of Ruskin's life-work, one of the most beneficial and ennobling influences in the whole of our literature.

Ruskin is much more than a learned critic of art. He is rather a great social and political writer, who has been turned for a moment, and by a generous impulse, to write upon art. His politics may be summed up in a single word—justice! He believes and teaches that in public affairs, as well as in individual dealings, equality must be established by an unstinted application of the Golden Rule. This doctrine, I feel bound to state, is wholesome and stimulating. Nor is his

political economy a whit less praiseworthy. It is not too much to say that Mr. Ruskin's political economy, aims at demonstrating that true economy, the science of worldly life, must be founded not on selfishness, but on religion; not on mere political *dicta*, or the garbled, ill-conceived maxims of the trader; not on the interested notions of either the consumer or the producer, but on certain canons, which, generously conceived and wisely interpreted, in giving good to one, will give it also to all.

As I have before hinted there are passages in the writings of Ruskin, which sound repellent to the adherents of the most ancient of churches, and which it is difficult to reconcile with the dogma of Christianity. Such defects and limitation in a man otherwise so intellectually vigorous and broad, present undoubted reason for sympathetic lamentation. It is impossible for me here and now to deal with those blemishes in detail. Time forbids an expansion of the theme. I have drawn only the very scantiest of outlines of the man and his methods. Endless essays might be written on Ruskin's art and Ruskin's teachings, and endless illustrations presented, fraught with all beauty of purpose and power of persuasive eloquence. Honor to the gentle head so lately brought low by the terrors of a horrible disease. Let the detractor of Ruskin pause ere he censure, lest his own work be weighed by exacting hands, and found wanting. No mere words can pale the lustre of his fame, no detraction can destroy the beauty of his pictures—they stand like the mountain pines he is so fond of describing, incomparable, and haloed with outer light, breasting the tempest's rage, the noon of the night, the chill of winter, the starless dawn, and yet like the cloud scape that swells and stretches above, full of ethereal shapes and tintings.



GENUINE GEMS.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant ;
And many a word at random spoken,
Maysoothe or wound a heart that's broken.
—*Scott.*

All who joy would win,
Must share it, happiness was born a twin.
—*Byron.*

He is the freeman whom the truth makes
free
And all are slaves beside.—*Cowper.*

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affection, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity and render deformity itself agreeable.—*Addison*

No pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage-ground of truth.
—*Bacon.*

One may live as a conqueror, a king or a magistrate ; but he must die as a man.
—*Webster.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the light.
—*Longfellow.*

Fine natures are like fine poems ; a glance at the first two lines suffices for a guess into the beauty that waits you if you read on.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Night sable goddess, from her ebon throne
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leader sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
—*World.*

In character, in manners in style, in all things the supreme excellence is simplicity.
—*Longfellow.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by the outward touch as the sun-beam.
—*Milton.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollow of thy grove the autumn leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust to the rabbits tread
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the joy
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.—
—*Bryant.*

The over curious are not over wise.—
—*Messenger.*

Hate no one—hate their vices not themselves.—*Bianiad.*

What is to be wise ?
'Tis but to know how little can be known
To see all others faults and feel our own.
—*Pope*

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.
—*Young.*

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.
—*Moore.*

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.—*Johnson.*


Biography is the only true history.
—*Carlyle.*

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of reasoning.—*Lowell.*

To thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—*Shakespeare.*

In this world, the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distressed.—*Crabbe.*

Be still prepared for death, and death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter.—*Shakespeare.*



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*ENCOURAGING THE MOTHER
 TONGUE.*

In the *True Witness* of October 26th, an editorial entitled, "For College Students," has attracted considerable attention among the professors and students of the University. And for two good reasons does it not only deserve their attention but also their serious consideration: First, because it shews that at least one Catholic journalist has found space in his editorial columns to say a word concerning Catholic colleges. Secondly, because

the editor therein offers to reserve a column each week for well written essays from college students. We have often wondered at the silence of our English-speaking Catholic journalists on college matters and have come to the conclusion that unless they consider this beyond their scope, they are to be charged with grave negligence. At any rate, they seem content to devote all their energies to the cause of Catholic education in the lower schools, while the most they can do for our colleges is to notice the commencement exercises in some out of the way corner of their paper. Judging, however, from the kindly offer of the *True Witness*, that paper seems willing to make amends for the past, and proceeds in the same issue to make good its promise by publishing an essay entitled a "System of Education" written by a student of the University. Now, this offer to publish good English essays from college students, cannot be too much commended, for it encourages that practical work in English, which, we are sorry to say, is neglected by too many students in both Catholic and Protestant institutions. We are aware that there are those who will not appreciate the proposal made by the *Witness*, but they are those who do not understand the necessities of the age; they are those who consider not what a student *knows* but what he has *studied*. From these the editor of the *Witness* will not even receive a *thank you* for his liberality. Had he offered a scholarship in every Catholic college in Canada for the best Latin essay on some philosophical subject, his action would have been lauded throughout the length and breadth of the land, and his name would have been placed among those of the foremost benefactors of Catholic education. But we are of the opinion that he has done something far more commendable. He has done something to encourage the practical study of English.

For, too long have our college students devoted themselves to foreign languages at the expense of their mother tongue, and too long have our college graduates boasted of being equally conversant with English, French and Latin, when in reality they were unable to write a good sentence in any one of these languages. This is certainly a very undesirable state of affairs and one which calls for the attention and immediate action of our Catholic educators. It is our intention to return to the subject in the near future, when we shall deal with it at some length. Meanwhile, we can only say that the editor of the *Witness* has made a move in the right direction and has shewn that he not only sees the defect in our higher education, but that he is willing to practically aid in its removal.

OUR SINGING.

Music hath its charms. So sang the poet. It is an undeniable fact that music is one of the most powerful expressions of human sentiment, and if this be true of instrumental music, it is, undoubtedly, more so of vocal music. The Catholic Church has at all times understood this truth, and that is the reason why she fosters and protects with zealous care that essential part of her sublime liturgy called church music. Attempts are being made to restore to its former place of honor the traditional congregational singing. In some churches these efforts have been crowned with success and the pastors and people deserve praise for their intelligent initiative, as well as for the intrepidity with which they have braved the criticism of those who would style them mediæval in their ideas. Learned essays on the question are appearing in some of our magazines, and this month

the OWL has the good fortune to contain one that deserves careful perusal, both for its masterly grasp of the subject as well as for the practical advice that it gives. Congregational singing is of its very nature so very impressive that its hearers are instinctively drawn towards it. 'Surely if there be any place where abundance of material, and favorableness of circumstances, might lead one to expect a creditable rendering of this style of singing, it is in the University were musicians abound; the pianos are being thumped from morning till night; extempore glee clubs now and then enliven the monotony of our evening recreations; and, nevertheless, the singing in the chapel remains in the *statu quo*. The sight of so many young men assisting at the offices with closed mouths (and we may conclude, closed hearts) is far from being edifying. It would seem as if some were under the impression that the Psalms of the Royal Prophet did not deserve so much lung-effort. If it were a question of some operatic selection, or even the latest nasal production that saw the light of day on some street corner to the melodious twang of a banjo, we might then exercise our vocal abilities, but the hymns of the Church, the chants of the Mass, "such trash is not the food for us." It is one of the misfortunes of our age, and one against which Catholic students should fight with might and main. We have shown the evil; let us prescribe the remedy. Regular attendance at the singing classes, a little zeal for the glory of God's house, and for mutual edification and a modicum of good-will; and our singing would be truly congregational, and really worthy of the University.

OPPORTUNITY.

It is related of a famous sculptor that, one day whilst showing a visitor through

his studio which contained many masterpieces of art, the latter was especially attracted by one whose face was covered with hair and whose feet were adorned with wings.

"What is his name?" asked the stranger.

"Opportunity," was the reply.

"Why has he his face covered and those wings attached to his feet?"

"Because men seldom know him when he comes to them and because he comes and goes so quickly that he is seldom overtaken."

Such is opportunity. Life, for the most part, is made up of the common place, and usually nothing is seen ahead but the dead level of hard work. But at intervals the winged god suddenly appears and those who are quick enough make use of him, and reap success as the fruit of their sagacity and promptness.

This element in every human life is of deep interest as it shows the development of genuine life into usefulness and power. That man is called the successful man who knows how to take advantage of every opportunity presented. This power in fact is the sum total of the science of life. They who make use of the winged god are those who plod along patiently at their daily avocations, often feeling, as all men do at times, that nothing really remains but the living out of life, when suddenly a new impulse breaks the monotony, a new occasion calls forth latent power, they take advantage of it and life assumes a better coloring. To those who are faithful and who fulfil the counsel "watch and pray" life continually renews itself, and constantly brings forward new opportunities. Never sit down and wait, Micawber-like, for opportunity, however. Be up and doing. God gave man an inventive power in order to overcome the obstacles which may be met with. The very ob-

stacles themselves are oft times the occasions of golden opportunities.

OUR COURSE NOW.

Sooner or later defeat must come to every man. In different forms this idea has been oft expressed and oft experienced. Just now it makes a most appropriate saying for some wise-acre in musing o'er our present situation in the football world. For years we stood peerless; then we were strongly rivalled and now we are here and the others are far ahead. We have met defeat decisive and crushing; but now that defeat has come to us, we must prove we can withstand the blow. Our weaknesses have shown themselves and, knowing them, our duty now is not to continue deploring them but to set to work with a will and a vim to prevent in future seasons the repetition of that which we deplore in the present. The defeat on Rosedale was due beyond a doubt to our lack of system. During one fourth of the game there were playing together five backs who were playing together for the second time only; during three-fourths of the game there were playing together five backs who were playing together then and there for they very first time in their lives. In the forward division almost the same was the case. Under circumstances such as these how could there be anything like team play? This was by no means due to any fault in the management of the team but rather to unfortunate circumstances. But the moral to be drawn is that hereafter it will be much better to play inferior men who have been drilled together for weeks than to play men who are individually superior but are new in their relations to one another. The Boston *Herald* speaking of the systems of practice as followed by the Yale and

Havard teams has this to say :

"It is evident that Yale is acting on a principle which Havard has surely not yet grasped, namely, that of two candidates for any position on a foot ball team whose playing is nearly equal, if the poorer be chosen through the exigency of early determining the final make-up of the team, and if this poorer candidate plays his position regularly, not only will his constant practice make him a far better player than either would have been had they been constantly changed to decide accurately regarding their respective merits, but the immeasurably greater consideration of early and constant development of team play which is considered may bridge over the difference between defeat and victory."

If this be true in the case of one man how much more so when the number is greater, Hereafter the men must be allotted their relative positions earlier in the season and be so drilled into them that each one man will be not as this or that individual footballer, but rather as this or that one-fifteenth part of a football machine. The weak players that have practised steadily together must be the ones that will play the matches; the good players that have not practised steadily together must be the ones that will look on at the matches. This is, we think, the experience of the last few weeks. As to giving up all hopes of retrieving our fallen fortunes, such must never be the case. "Try again" is the advice given to those who have never met success, and if they who have never met success should try again how much more so we whose meeting it became proverbial. True pluck and perseverance are shown not when successive victories allure continuance, but rather when the efforts are made in the face of failure and defeat. If then our efforts are less strenuous in the future than they have been in the past it will merely go to show that Ottawa College men are the most faint hearted

weaklings that ever chased the pigskin. The disgrace will be one that nothing can excuse and it will fall on all Ottawa College men but principally and deservedly so on those of next and future seasons. In the past the system was at fault in relying more on old players without practice together, or even without any practice at all, in preference to young players who who might have played together for weeks. Now, for a change, a radical change, drill the young players, drill them long, drill steadily, drill them together, and therein will be found, we think, a system more pregnant of success than that pursued in the past. Let everyone put his shoulder to the wheel, let everyone show that he has in him the courage to fight an up-hill fight, for such alone is true courage, let everyone show determination and a spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of the club, and as surely as two and two make four just so surely will the wearers of the garnet and grey wake up some fine morning and again find themselves famous, and then there will be such a V-A-R-S-I-T-Y from the four corners of the globe that even the very howling and yelling of the Brockville pasture night would be but a mere whisper in comparison thereto.

HIS GRACE'S ANNIVERSARY.

Oct. 28th was the 17th anniversary of the consecration of Archbishop Duhamel to the Episcopacy. The students went to the cathedral to attend Pontifical High Mass which was celebrated by His Grace, assisted by Canons Foley and Michael. Previous to the Mass the grand new organ was blessed by Mgr. Lorrain, of Pembroke. Rev. Father Gaffre preached an eloquent and instructive sermon.

We heartily wish His Grace many more happy anniversaries of the eventful day when he became first pastor of the diocese of Ottawa.

A GIFT TO THE LIBRARY.

The Minister of Public Instruction and Beaux-Arts of France has kindly sent to the library of the university a collection of over 250 volumes on history, literature, archeology, natural history and education. This valuable gift will be duly appreciated by the faculty and students, and will prove a precious addition to the library.



GENERAL NOTES AND NEWS.

The students of Knox College have expressed themselves in favor of gowns being worn by those taking part in public meetings. Knox men seem to be of the opinion that gowns would add to their dignity, yet if Presbyterian ministers should give it as their opinion that their dignity as soldiers of the cross required themselves to wear gowns, a mighty howl against intruding "Romanism" would go up from the throats of the Knoxonians.

At the opening of the new Separate School at Niagra Falls, Dean Harris of St. Catherines in his address said: "The Public Schools of Canada are as first-class institutions of learning as could be found in any country, but they are lacking in religious training." Dean Harris has sound ideas on this question. The Public Schools are good as far as they go, but according to the Catholic idea of education, they do not go far enough. The curriculum of the Separate Schools, no doubt, does go far enough, but we must remember that unless they are supplied with trained teachers they will not do their work.

Mr. Gerald A. Griffin, B.A., '92 has been elected vice-president of the St. Alphonsus Literary Club, Toronto.

Two new papers, *The Evening Star*, and *The Toronto Times* have made their appearance in Toronto within the last two weeks. The *Star* employs on its staff none but union men, and is independent in politics. The *Times* is a weekly with 16 six column pages of reading matter.

The *Empire* speaking of the House of Providence, Toronto, among other things says: Hundreds have passed through the gates of the House of Providence to linger for months, and sometimes years, on a bed of sickness surrounded by many comforts they would not have otherwise received at the hands of the good sisters. Many an old soldier who has carried the British flag to victory and has fought for his life and the glory of England on the great battle fields of this century, has spent his last days in this institution and died there. The House of Providence from a financial standpoint is a peculiar institution. There are no wages paid; there the work of the sisters who act as nurses is a labor of love.

One on the Citizen. A few weeks ago the Ottawa Daily Citizen published an article on the doings of a former Ottawa graduate, C. A. Evans '83. Down in the State of California there have been some train robberies and among the desperadoes was one Evans. Through some misunderstanding our alumnus of '83 got all the credit of his namesake's deeds. "Little did any one think ten years ago when he graduated from Ottawa College that Christie Evans would to-day be an out-law, and a fugitive from justice." This, or something very similar was the strain of the Citizen's remarks. Then it went on to tell of Christie's "holding up trains," his taking human lives in the coolest and most unconcerned manner &c &c all recounted in a style that would gladden the heart of the readers of "Beadle's Nickle Library." Now it turns out that Christie is nothing more or less than a plain, common every-day citizen of Pittsburg, occupying the position of City editor of the *Pittsburg Times*, has never stopped a train in his life except, perhaps, a train of thought, and the most formidable weapon he has ever been known to make use of, either defensively or aggressively, is his editorial pen. Mr. Evans must have been more amused than annoyed on reading the accounts of his deeds of outlawry. We are glad, however, that the affair has been instrumental in bringing us late and favorable news of a brilliant graduate, and the Owl's wish is that "Christie" will continue to enjoy his well earned prosperity in the land of William. Penn.

There has not been a greater religious festival in Toronto for some time than that which occurred on Saturday afternoon. Fifteen Toronto Protestants wiped the earth with a like number of Ottawa Catholics, but on the other hand, young High Churchmen from Trinity School lambasted the Ridley College evangelists.—*Toronto Telegram*. And all it lacked to cap the climax was "Jumbo" Campbell as referee.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE SACRED HEART REVIEW, Boston.

The Sacred Heart Review joined in the general joy on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of America's discovery by issuing a special Columbian number. Besides a very tastily designed cover, presenting a view of the monument erected to the memory of the great admiral, the number is interspersed with numerous cuts, forming an interesting sketch of the life, labors and end of the discoverer of America. *The Sacred Heart Review* belongs to a class of publications, of which the number is far too small. Granted that there is from time to time much in it that for the general reader, offers no strong attraction, it is, nevertheless, an instrument of incalculable good within its own sphere—that is in its own locality. There, what it has of local bearing, is all the more valuable therefor, and it has always a large number of articles instructive as well as ably written, on living Catholic issues. Catholic interests would be in thoroughly safe keeping were a *Sacred Heart Review* issued in every district in which other interests are more liable to be promoted.

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC, New York ; Benziger Bros.

In their last issue of the *Catholic Home Almanac*, the tenth that they have brought out, Benziger Bros. have achieved a decided success. There are not many portions of our continent where the *Catholic Home Almanac* is not read around at least a few firesides, and the merry longing with which its appearance

is watched by thousands of pure little hearts is a commendation well worth meriting. The almanac for 1893 is sure to bring joy to many a home circle, for it is interesting throughout. Accompanying the almanac is a beautiful plate representing the crucifixion and the portion designed for the young readers has been arranged with eminently good judgment. Every one of the regular "Story-tellers," whom the children have grown to love, has contributed something. John Talbot Smith has strengthened his claim on the gratitude of the young by giving them "Little Rose of Sorel," and many a young lad who has learned to emulate "Tom Playfair" will read with delight about "Our Western Waits." Maurice Francis Egan contributes "A Question of Settlement" and Lora Trainer Smith "One Night in June," both admirable Christmas tales. "Master Henry" by Anna T. Sadlier, and "The Fisher Boy" from the pen of Catherine Jenkins are fresh and varied in incident and, like those already mentioned, filled with a spirit truly ennobling. For biography three worthy characters have been selected: Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, N.S.W., and the first cardinal of Australia; the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys, revered by every Canadian as foundress in Canada of the Congregation of Notre Dame, and the Very Rev. Francis Frühwirth, Master General of the Dominicans. Then follows shorter biographical notices of each of the recently consecrated American Bishops. Finally the value of the almanac is greatly enhanced by explanatory notes on the different festivals of the calendar. We bespeak for it a warm hearted greeting in every Catholic home.

DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY.

The leading article in the October number of the *Dartmouth Monthly* is "The Short Story in American Literature." The author passes in review some of the most prominent of those who have undertaken to "furnish fiction in small quantities," and for some of his favorites he has nothing but praise, although he subsequently admits that "there is not one of these writers whose works display a mighty genius, or whose names will be remembered through coming centuries as the

equals of Hugo and Dickens." It is altogether beyond question that in recent years the short story has been wonderfully developed, with the result that it presently occupies a distinctive place in our literature; but where such wide divergence exists as to the form and object of the two productions it is not easy to institute a comparison between the story and the novel. The field for the first, however, is limitless, and a long-enduring recognition should be the reward of excellence in it. The balance of the prose is "Scottish poets in America" and "Slug Ten," followed by a copious fund of local and Society notes.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE: A special publication, identified with the general interests of all higher seats of learning, issued monthly by the University Magazine Co., New York. For general excellence of finish, the University Magazine surpasses our best Exchanges. The illustrations are numerous, and splendidly executed, whilst the literary department is made up from the productions of representative college men throughout the union. The October issue is interesting in "Political Education" by E. C. Cranston, Hillsdale College, Michigan; "The Medical Profession and the College Graduate" by Bayard Holmes, M.D., of Chicago; and "A Grecian Mosaic" by Hon. Geo. G. Munger, Yale; Biographies, accompanied with portraits, of a long list of noted university men, make up the remainder of what is, in every respect, a thoroughly readable number.

ATHLETICS.

TORONTO 34, OTTAWA VARSITY 5.

The 22nd of October has come and gone and with it have gone all our chances of being in the race for the Ontario championship. Before that day we imagined that our team was very nearly up to championship form but an hour and a half's contest with a team of more experience sufficed to reveal our weakness. In the September issue we drew attention to the fact that

our team would be handicapped in being without the experience of championship matches and being pitted against a team that would have had the experience of two such matches on the two Saturdays preceding our game. Toronto's advantage in this respect was considerable. Added to this, they had the advantage of a team whose members were accustomed to playing together and had consequently made some progress in team play, whereas with us, the opposite was the case. Owing to accidents and unforeseen events the fifteen that played in Toronto had no opportunities of playing together before that match and the consequence was there was less unity and system in their play than was ever before. The case before leaving for Toronto we were aware of our weakness in this respect but we never for a moment thought that the team would make such a poor showing as it did. We thought that the condition of the players, and the experience of the older ones would guarantee a closer score than of 34 to 5. The disadvantages that the team labored under are hardly sufficient, we think, to account for such difference. If there be such a thing as a "day off" Oct. 22nd was certainly a "day off" for our team, for from the side of the field the game appeared to be the most ragged one that an Ottawa University team ever played.

With regard to the play of the Toronto's it must be said that they were far ahead of our team in almost every respect. In the throwing in from touch they invariably had the advantage. Their heeling out, it is true was not a quick, clean, heel-out but they got the ball to their quarter back and that is all that was required. The play of their back division was such that ours would stand no comparison with it. The passing from Bayley the quarter to the three halves was generally pretty sure and the work of the halves was very effective, they kicked well and ran splendidly. They might not however have done so much sprinting if the Varsity men had done anything like respectable tackling. Hardly one of them tried a low tackle but jumped high at the runner's neck and the usual result was that the tackler went down and the runner went on. The match was played on the new Rosedale grounds. Owing to a junior

match taking place on the same afternoon it was 3.10 before the teams lined up as follows :

| | | |
|--------------|-------------|--------------------|
| Toronto. | | Ottawa Varsity. |
| Garrett. | } Back. | Belanger. |
| Wood. | | Halves. } Cormier. |
| Parkyn. | } Quarters. | Trudeau. |
| Boyd. | | Kehoe. |
| Brophy, cap. | | Clark. |
| Kingsmill. | } Wings. | F. McDougal |
| Hutchins. | | Vincent. |
| Warbrick. | | Sparrow. |
| Williams. | | } Forwards. |
| Headley. | Guillet. | |
| Whitehead. | Newman. | |
| McKay. | Codd. | |
| Stewart. | Clancy. | |
| Wright. | Meagher. | |
| Paine. | Cullen. | |

In the first half Toronto scored 11 points made up of 2 touches without goals 2 rouges and 1 touch-in-goal. Varsity scores not a point. In the second half it was hoped that Varsity would rush matters from the start and pull the match out of the fire but as soon as play started Toronto did the rushing and made a touch after three minutes play, 15 to 0. The next point scored is by Ottawa. Their forwards rush the ball over Toronto line and Clancy drops on it and makes a touch. The try at goal fails. Toronto 16 Varsity 4. Next Toronto rouges. Score 16 to 5. About thirty minutes left for play. There was a possibility of turning the tables. One grand break might have changed the defeat into a victory, but the grand break was never made, at least not by Varsity. For the rest of the match Toronto has more of a monopoly than ever. Boyd makes a grand 40 yard run and secures a try which Parkyn converts into a goal. Toronto 22 Varsity 5. Then Wood takes his turn at running and comes within 10 yards of the goal line. From a throw Williams carries the ball over the line and makes a touch-down. Parkyn kicks another goal. 28 to 5. Then comes Whitehead's almost 50 yard run resulting in a try which also Parkyn converts. 34 to 5. This ends the scoring. Three minutes latter the referee calls time and Ottawa Varsity leaves the field a badly beaten team, with the satisfaction however that they were beaten through

superior play. The officials were. Referee. D. Armour, Toronto University, Umpire. W. H. Bunting, Toronto University. Touch Judges—W. Moran, Osgoode Hall Dr. Gordon. Goal Umpires—R. Moss, W. Gilmour.

* *

OTTAWA 12. VARSITY 3.

On Saturday Oct. 29th Ottawa defeated Varsity for the first time. Last year Ottawa defeated Varsity in a practice game but never until this year did they do it in a regular match. The Ottawa's have a stronger team than ever and Varsity is weak. In the first half the score was 2 to 0 in favor of Varsity but in the second Ottawa had the advantage in scoring. They made 12 points consisting of 2 tries one of which was converted into a goal and two rouges. Varsity scored but one rouge although for the last 15 minutes the play was in Ottawa's territory. Mr. C. W. Badgely of the Ottawa F. B. C. was referee. Touch Judges.—F. Owens, Varsity, P. B. Taylor, Ottawa F. B. C. Goal Judges.—E. Tasse and W. M. McKay. The teams were.

Ottawa :—Back Lambert. Halves—Little, Cambie, Russell. Quarter—Young. Wings—McDougal, Taylor Ketchum, Ceittick. Forwards—Crerar, Codd, Bradley, Gabel. Lay.

Varsity :—Back Belanger. Halves—Cormier, Dandurand, Smith. Quarter—Clark. Wings—F. McDougal, Vincent, Sparrow, J. McDougal. Forwards—Guillet, Trudeau, Meagher, Clancy, Newman, McDonald.

* *

OTTAWA 11. 0 VARSITY 11. 1.

Previous to the match between the first fifteens the Ottawa 11. and Varsity 11. had a struggle for supremacy. The Ottawa 11. was a much stronger team than in the previous match, and the game was a much closer one. Varsity 11. however came out victorious though the score was a very low—one to zero. The point was made in the first half when Shea the Ottawa full back fumbled badly and Ottawa was obliged to rouge. Throughout the match the play was oftener in Ottawa's territory but Varsity failed to augment

her score. Mr. Badgely refereed this match also. The players were.

Varsity 11.—Back—White. Halves—English, Rigney, Kehoe. Quarter—Bedard. Wings—Proderick, Lee, Fitzgerald, Fleming, O'Reilly, Levecque. Reynolds, Murray, Belisle, French.

Ottawa 11.—Back.—J. Shea. Halves—Austin, Cameron, Rosenthal. Quarter—Skinner. Wings—McLean, Switzer, O'Brien, Henderson. Forwards—Pinard, Hennessy, Muckleston, Ridout, Clarke, Torrance.

* *

Would it not be well to set to work early and form a junior hockey league among the city clubs. There are enough junior clubs in the city to form say a five club league. Let delegates from each club meet and form the league and appoint their officers. It would be an excellent idea to conduct the league on the same plan as the Senior Lacrosse League. The committee to consist of one delegate from each club of these delegates one to be appointed chairman, one secretary-treasurer, a schedule of games to be so drawn up that each club will play two matches with every other club in the league, the championship to go the clubs having the greater percentage of games won. As the senior championship will probably be played for by the senior system this year, there will be fewer senior championship matches in the city than there were last winter and as a consequence all the more lively will be the interest taken in the city league matches. Let some one but take the initiative and success is assured.

EXCHANGES.

The *Muhlenberg* contains an abstract of the address delivered at the opening of the fall term to the students of Muhlenberg College. We here reproduce a thought voiced by the lecturer, which in our estimation, is worthy of every student's consideration. "Guard against that low sordid spirit of self-seeking, which has

come to be almost as common in personal as in business life; that baneful self-aggrandizement so prevalent in society everywhere, so fatal to all that is noble and humane. The breadth of a life is its sidewise extension, that a man may be of service to those round about him. The height of course is its approach towards: the loftiness of its motives, the sublimity of its conscious destiny."

Since first we made the acquaintance of the *S. W. I. Quill* it has been one of our most regular exchanges. Its columns are doubtless perused with pleasure by the students of the university whence it comes but its contents are too exclusively local to be of much interest to a stranger. The present issue is handsomely set off by a well executed engraving of Mr. Edward E. Hale, jr., a new professor on the staff of the University of Iowa.

The Sunbeam, of Montreal, is now in existence for about a year. The number before us is the first we have seen of this journal. Its general appearance prepossesses one in its favor and its contents prove well worth reading. The object of its author is to supply the youth of the country with suitable reading matter and to counteract as much as possible the evil done by the modern novel. We are glad to hear him say that his past efforts have been crowned with abundant success.

A spirit of enterprise characterises the *Ottawa Campus*. Its editorials are appropriate and neatly written. The issue before us contains the oration which carried off the first prize at the Dobson sypomon contest, held in May last. "The Educated Man" is the title of the discourse. One paragraph therein contained, voices a manly, noble thought. It runs as follows: "And again, though a man may acquire all the knowledge and all the training of mind possible; if all his ambitions and aspirations have not been trained to reach out beyond the narrow confines of his own self-interest, his own desire for glory and greed for gain, he is nothing but an educated fool." Self-sacrifice and devotedness to his fellow creatures are invariably the characteristics of a man truly educated.

The contents of the *Dickinsonian*, are varied and fairly interesting. The literary department of the number before us is a minus quantity. The editorials are time-worn and void of interest. College journalists are out of their proper sphere of action, when they undertake to give their fellow students a series of lectures on what should do and should not do within the university walls. College spirit is highly commendable in a student, but let it ever be sub-ordinate to individuality and manly independence.

The editor of the *Phoenixian* sends forth a neatly gotten-up little journal. Conciseness and simplicity characterise its articles. The author of a short essay, entitled: "Sponging," says, "I think we may make a universal proposition of it, and say that nothing is of real value to any one who does not toil for it, struggle for it, in some way pay for it to the uttermost farthing!"

The *Athenacum*, in an editorial rightly maintains that the college course should not be shortened from four to three years. "It matters not," says the author, "whether we study for the ministry, for medicine, or for law, we cannot get our ground-work too strong." This is no doubt true. But if classical training is so necessary to the professional man, why, we ask, are the professions so poorly protected? Under the present system any clown can cram up sufficient matter in a year or so, to gain admittance into a law or medical school.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

On Saturday, Oct. 29th, the first team of the little yard sustained its first defeat of the season, when it met a team from St. Joseph's parish, captained by Paddy Murphy. Owing to a scarcity of men on the city team the number of players in each club was reduced to eleven. This reduction of the number of men necessitated more fast and open play than is usually the case, which proved very interesting to the large crowd of spectators.

The time occupied by the game was two and a half hours and the result was in favor of the visitors by a score of eleven to four. Mr. E. J. O'Reilly performed the duties of referee. The following players took part in the game:

| | | |
|-----------------|------------------|--------------------|
| <i>College.</i> | | <i>St. Joseph.</i> |
| Beaulien. | Full back. | Kane. |
| Campeau. | } Half backs. | Beaulien. |
| Larue. | | Lasleur. |
| Copping. | } Quarter backs. | Murphy. |
| Ouliet. | | Nolan. |
| Torney. | | Pageant. |
| Joyce. | } Forwards. | Richard. |
| Donigan. | | Johnson. |
| Fahey. | | Jones. |
| McKay. | | Graham. |
| Phaneuf. | | Nolan. |

Notwithstanding the difference in the score made by each team the game was hotly contested throughout and many fine runs and brilliant tackles were made. The first team of the juniors is made up of some excellent material and will, no doubt, in a short time be able to furnish men who will be able to win back the honors that were lost this year by the seniors. The most noticeable players for the College were Beaulien, Copping, Fahey, and Donigan. Of the visitors the honors were divided among Murphy, Lasleur and Nolan. The best of feeling prevailed throughout the contest, as was evinced on one occasion when one of the players having closed up, accidentally of course, both optics of his opponent, gently led him to the water-tap and restored his suspended vision by means of a cold bath.

The junior second foot-ball team under the management of R. Fortin has had a very successful season. On Oct. 22nd they met and defeated a city team by a score of 28 to 0.

In the supplementary class "Fatty" thinks his chances for the medal would be increased if he could succeed in reducing his weight, and consequently he is taking a course in physical culture under instructor Cowan.

The disagreeable weather of the last few days has prevented the juniors from taking part in outside games; and consequently the various sources of amuse-

ment in the gymnasium have been freely patronized. A pool contest between O'Neil and Finnegan, resulted in a victory for Joe Finnegan, by a score of 94 to 100. The representative of the Smoky City intends issuing another challenge after he has a few more practices in the combination shot.

Judging from the argumentative ability, thus far displayed the meetings of the Junior Debating Society will be the most interesting events of the coming winter evenings. A discussion took place a few evenings ago, anent the relative merits of the Lawrence and Haverhill base-ball teams. The arguments were decidedly in favor of the Haverhill team.

A poem entitled "Reflections on Hearing the Result of the Varsity-Toronto Game" and signed, Rufus, was dropped into our contribution box a few days ago. Mindful of our own difficulties when we first embarked on the sea of literature we would like to encourage our poetic friend by inserting his poem in our present number; but through consideration for the feelings of our young readers we withhold its publication until the memory of that sad event has, to some extent, passed away.

It is rumored that a prominent member of the second grade is going to take the road during the Xmas holidays in the interests of the Chelsea Anti-Fat Medicine Company. He has secured "The Berkshire's" counterfeit and will present it to his patrons as a representation of his physique "before taking."

The following persons occupied the places in their classes for the month of October:

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---|------------------|
| <i>First Grade.</i> | } | 1. J. Gleason. |
| | | 2. G. McCabe. |
| | | 3. W. Caron. |
| <i>Second Grade.</i> | } | 1. J. L'Etoile. |
| | | 2. Wm. Ryan. |
| | | 3. F Stringer. |
| <i>Third Grade B.</i> | } | 1. E. Donigan. |
| | | 2. Chas. Hayes. |
| | | 3. O. Choquette. |
| <i>Third Grade A.</i> | } | 1. D. Kearns. |
| | | 2. D. McGale. |
| | | 3. M. Murray. |

SUBRIDENDO.

"I would like you to come over and take dinner with me," remarked the tramp to his companion on the other side of the fence, as he was about to steal the pies the housewife had left on the window-sill to cool.—Yonker's Statesman.

Sweltering passenger (on railroad train)—This window sticks so I can't get it up.

Conductor—Yes. Wood is swollen a little by the rain. It'll be all right in a few days.—New York Weekly.

A Familiar Mug.—"I can't think where I have met you," said the puzzled tourist on the steamship, "but your face is very familiar."

"I am the man, sir," replied the other, with dignity, "who was cured of that tired feeling by using twelve bottles of Dr. Rybold's sarsaparilla, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

A VALUABLE HINT FOR LABORING MEN.

A Walnut street medical man says that the breast of a broiled partridge and a pint of Champagne will remove the unpleasant taste of any disagreeable medicine.—Philadelphia Record.

A dry goods merchant advertises that he is selling cashmere for mere cash.—Fashions.

"HE KNOWS ABOUT IT ALL."

Jarvis—"What is the meaning of that passage of Scripture, which refers to things being hidden from the wise and prudent and being revealed unto babes and sucklings?"

Jennings—"Why have you never met a collegian just graduated?"—New York Herald.

"How do you pronounce 's-t-i-n-g-y'?" asked a teacher of the dunce of the class.

The boy replied, "It depends a good deal on whether the word refers to a person or a bee."

Conductor—Your ticket, please!

Tramp—Me face is me ticket, pardner.

Conductor—All right, then I'll have to punch it!

AN IMPORTANT BRANCH.

Bunker—I thought your son, after graduating from college, was going right into business, but I hear now that he is to take a post graduate course.

Hill—Yes ; we thought it necessary.

Bunker—What is he going to study?

Hill—He's going to learn to spell.—Life.

Editor—See here ! In this story you make one of the characters ask another how the thermometer stands.

Contributor—Yes.

Editor—And then you write, "At ninety-six degrees, she replied in frigid tones."—New York Herald.

A Good Title.—Author (to friend, who has just finished reading his MS.): Can you suggest a title for my story? Something appropriate.

His Friend—Well, judging by the way the characters are killed off in the last chapter, I think "The Undertakers' Paradise" would be as appropriate as any.—Life.

WORKING THE INNOCENT.

Weary Watkins—"Sa-a-y! Where'd you git them clothes?"

Hungry Higgins—"Been taking subscriptions in Chicago for an expedition to find the north pole.

"That sounds to me like a lie. Wat do Chicago care for th' north pole?"

"Oh, I promised to put it on exhibition at the Fair nex' year."—Indianapolis Tribune.

The enclosed facetious advertisement of "Books Wanted," deserves, says a correspondent, to be placed on record in your columns: H. H. Hartley, second-hand book-seller, will give good prices for copies of the following books: "The Art of Turning by Handel," "John Knox on Death's Door," "Malthus's Attack on Infantry," "Macadam's Views in Rhodes," "Pygmalion, by Lord Bacon," "Boyle on Steam," and "Lamb's Recollections of Suet."—Book-Shop.

Waiter.—Will you have salt on your eggs?

Guest.—No, thank you. They're not at all fresh.—Ex.

THE BABE OBJECTED.

"Rock-a-by baby!" began the new nurse in a Boston family.

"Desist!" exclaimed the infant, imperiously. "I am aware that the vibration of the atmosphere will cause a cradle suspended in the tree-top to oscillate."—Dodgerville Herald.

AT THE CAMP FIRE.

The Veteran—"Speaking of bravery; why, durin' the Wilderness campaign, single-handed, I made forty Confederates run."

His Hearers—"How was that?"

The Veteran—"Well, they chased me."—Harper's Weekly.

WHAT CAN A SPELLER DO?

If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray, what is a speller to do?

Then, if also an S and an I and a G
And a H E D spell cide,
There is nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit siouxeeyesighed.—Ex.

A CLOSE CALL.

"I had a narrow escape yesterday," said Riggins.

"Is that so?" rejoined Ruggins, with interest.

"Yes. I was nearly choked to death."

"Highwayman?"

"No. Flannel shirt. I wore it out in the rain."—Washington Star.

"Well, if that ain't mean!" exclaimed the prisoner. "Every one o' the stories in this paper they've gimme to read is to be continued. An' me to be hung next week!"

HE HAD A NICE TIME.

City Mamma.—"Did you have a nice time in the park?" City Boy.—"Yes'm." "What did you do?" "Oh, lots of things—run on th' walks, an' made faces at th' pleeceman, an' dodged the horses, an' fired stones at the 'Keep-off-th'-grass' signs, an' everything."—Ex.

ULULATUS.

Stranger alias Solitaire, called at the sanctum this week, but was promptly ejected. The fighting editor having espied a manuscript marked—Poem—Autumn Leaves, showed his powers of execution, thus adding another scalp to his belt.

Do lin(e) up there, third team, and give 'Cornwall' a chance to make a touch-down.

Requisites for admission to the infirmary:—
(1) Neglect the morning toilet. (2) If the morning be warm put on an overcoat and turn up the collar. (3) Cast your eyes downward. (4) Let a gloomy expression take possession of the countenance. (5) Take a meek tone of voice.

The mute and meek young man in the northern corner of the philosopher's class-room, sits there like a Rocque.

At the game lately, it was a case of "Let 'er go, Ely!" in earnest.

The latest since Tuesday :
Where will Grover Cleveland be
In the year of ninety-three?
In the White House, don't you see!
Baby Ruth upon his knee. Ta-ra-ra-bum-de-ah., etc.

The telegram that John longed for never came.

Sully has vacated his room, much to the regret of his large circle of friends and one other.

It may seem strange that we have a *slave in* our midst again. He is no colored southerner, though.

"A SMOKE A BOY CAN'T HAVE."

The boy sat on the window sill
When all but him had fled,
And clouds of smoke the air did fill ;
Dim light was round his head.
His cigarette was half-way gone :
The ashes fell adown
But he smoked boldly on and on,
And calmly looked around,
And then the proctor did appear,
The boy, now where was he?
He dropped his cigarette in fear
And he was there in jeopardy.

The "Two Jokers" make a very clever set-to.

"So he's a 'corke.' eh! at cards?" Yes, but he can't *light on* an opponent the way his partner can."

Ottawa is at present abundantly supplied with falls, we have the Chaudiere Falls, the Rideau Falls, heavy snow-falls, our team's fall, the mercury's fall and McHugh's fall out of bed.

One of our externs, manager of a foot-ball team from the west end, which was *over-powered* by the juniors-is still *boil-ing* over.

Have you got a pedro ?

Our cheerful friend, Michael, while in the city last week, took occasion to go down by the canal basin, he there heard it remarked that every lock in Ottawa was in that vicinity, whereupon he asked how all the doors in the place were fastened.

One of our foot-ball enthusiasts, who as yet wont Owen up to defeat, is still boiling over, not with rage, however.