

The Owl.



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MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.



TWO great movements have impressed themselves upon modern literature, both having their origin in the last century.

The first which is called the revolutionary movement, aimed at the overthrow of the old form of government and the establishment of society upon a freer basis, expecting therefrom the regeneration of man. The second great movement is the scientific one, arising from the great diffusion of knowledge in general, but more particularly from the rapid advances made in all the physical sciences, the results of which were misconstrued and misinterpreted by the materialistic thinkers of the age. The scientific movement, in its turn produced a wide-spread falling-off from the old established faith, and gave birth to the false systems of modern philosophy with their erroneous interpretations of human life and the origin and destiny of man.

In opposition to these movements, a reaction made itself felt, which, in the sphere of thought took the shape of a revival of religious feeling, known in England and America as the transcendental movement. In art it expressed itself as a revival of mediæval ideals, in the so-called school of Romanticism. These four currents of thought and feeling mark the main features of modern English literature. The period has been one of almost univalled activity. Science and art, urged

as it were, by an impetus from which they had long been estranged, suddenly entered upon a new and, in many respects, brilliant career.

The revolutionary tendency made itself felt in English literary productions, chiefly during the fifty years immediately following the French revolution. Among the warmest upholders of its principles, we find Coleridge and Wordsworth, who however, in their later writings, especially the latter, embraced the doctrine of transcendentalism. Lord Byron stands out as the very incarnation of the revolutionary spirit in his defiance of all law, human and divine. A genius vast and comprehensive, his works tend only to destroy all faith in the reality of virtue. Pride and stubbornness of will form the only support which he affords to his heroes in their movements of anguish and despair. Himself a man whose heart had been withered and whose capacity for happiness had been exhausted by unbridled self-indulgence, it is not surprising that the passionate side of the revolutionary movement is so strikingly expressed in his writings.

Shelley, of a less impulsive nature than Lord Byron, appears as the apostle of this movement in the sphere of thought, supporting his enthusiastic advocacy of the new gospel by the false theories of the new science. On the other hand, Walter Scott, became the most distinguished expounder of the revived Romanticism. He failed, however, to give expression to the most characteristic feature of the

age of chivalry, its deep-seated, all-pervading and all supporting religious sentiment. This lack of sympathy with the noble character of the religious feeling of the age constituted the chief limitation of Scott's elevated genius.

The high wave of the revolutionary feeling with its tumultuous claims, began to recede about the third decade of the present century, at least, within the realm of English poetry. In France, however, and the other continental countries, the spirit of the revolution took deeper root, and for years, the extreme reform tendencies to which it gave birth, exhibited themselves in the productions of the different writers of the main-land. This is especially exemplified in the later works of Victor Hugo, whose life exhibits the opposite development of that of Wordsworth. The former from an ardent upholder of the church and state, in his earlier years, became the great apostle of ultraradicalism in France, the most potent force in the literature of the movement.

Towards the end of the third decade of our century, a decided revulsion of feeling manifested itself in England, even in its literature. On the continent, the distant rumbling of the revolution was still heard, and occasionally, a flash of lightning divided the darkened horizon, but in England these spasmodic outbursts hardly created an echo. The visionary hopes born of the French revolution, had never found much favor with the mass of the English people. Even in the early days of that great movement, when the cry of liberty rang throughout the whole of Europe, and every throne was tottering before the blast of popular fury, England enjoyed comparative tranquillity. The sober sense of its people, at that time, found utterance in the glowing orations of Edward Burke, the noblest champion of established rights. A man of transcendental ability, he reversed the tide of English feeling, when at the height of its revolutionary frenzy. Calm and sound in his judgment, and unmoved by the varying winds of political belief, the cause of justice, mercy and truth found in him a zealous and uncompromising advocate. His genius exerted in defence of the established form of government, was a power before which the Jacobinism of William Blake wilted into insignificance, and even the youthful Republicanism of

Coleridge and Wordsworth felt its restraining influence. Twenty years later, when the French republic had been strangled by imperialism, and the empire had been crushed by the coalition of kings, Edward Burke's political theories found their embodiment in the chivalrous tales of Sir Walter Scott. No influence of any single individual was of itself, more instrumental in reconciling the hearts of Englishmen with the established order of things, than this glorious revival of an almost forgotten past, in the romances of the great Scottish bard.

The spirit of revolt in the sphere of politics and social order, had early allied itself especially in France, with a spirit of negation in the field of philosophy and religion. In England this spirit found expression in the writings of Shelley and its passionate side was reflected in the verse of Byron. But the excesses in this direction now called forth a reaction, which on the continent and notably in France, resulted in an enthusiastic revival within the Catholic church, whereas in England it manifested itself in the so-called Oxford movement, in which Coleridge and Wordsworth, the former apostles of revolution, became the prime movers.

In its subsequent development, transcendentalism gradually lost its connection with revealed doctrine and allied itself with the idealism of Fichté and Hegel and the vague pantheism of Goethe, which phase is especially reflected in America in the writings of Emerson and Parker.

But with its abandonment of contact with revealed truth, transcendentalism lost its hold upon the general public, whereas the current of false scientism, in opposition to which it had been called into existence, broadened and deepened with the progress of the age, and became the dominant feature in the English literature of our own time.

In the field of practical research, Charles Darwin became its ablest supporter and Herbert Spencer its most noted expounder in the field of speculative thought. From their joint labors more than from any other agency, at least in England, sprang the theory of evolution, the most fraudulent and the most pernicious doctrine that ever fastened itself upon a credulous age. This assertion does not of course refer to the evolution

of our globe through its different stages of transformation, which is a truth attested by the well established facts of geology, but rather the evolution of all living organisms, even that of man, from a few initial types, which is in plain contradiction with these facts.

Still it is this latter unwarranted claim that has impressed itself chiefly upon the poetic mind of England. How true this statement is will at once become apparent when we cast a glance at the writings of George Elliot, in many respects the greatest among English writers of fiction in our days. At least, if a harmonious and plastic style, a rich and glowing imagination, an intellect wonderfully penetrating in the analysis of the web of human life and character, joined to a heart filled with an ardent enthusiasm for all that is great and noble and beautiful and a loathing for what is low and base, if these constitute the elements of human greatness in an author, that distinctive title must certainly be conceded to George Elliot. There is no writer in modern literature, in whose works the doctrine of evolution in its most materialistic interpretation has found so prominent a place, as in those of George Elliot. It furnishes the intellectual substratum, especially of her later novels and poetic tales. The strangest feature in her works, is her eager and ardent endeavor to establish a system of morality upon the barren foundation of her philosophy. Religion is likewise largely represented therein, especially in her earlier writings. Her heart, alive to all that is noble and good, could not underestimate the importance of this factor in the life she was depicting. In her later works, however, religion appears rather as a scientific problem than as a living issue. But with the decline of the religious interest, her moral ardor grows apace, for there is always a serious moral purpose running through her works.

What a vain endeavor to build a stable footing for virtue to rest upon, on the shifting sands of materialism! In order to avoid the rock of utilitarianism, which the materialistic school has vainly sought to circumnavigate, she follows the direction of her master Herbert Spencer, in making the individual interest subordinate to the race-interest, and in making the advancement of the human family the final object of all human activity. Who could be so

blind as not to perceive that this only changes the name of the difficulty without affecting its nature? Such an attempt is nothing more than a re-enactment of the old fable of Sisyphus. Whenever man endeavors to raise himself, by his own unaided efforts, without a helping hand from beyond the skies, he invariably falls back to his original level, and, if history may be credited, he often falls a little lower. Looked upon from this point of view, what a sad spectacle does the career of George Elliot present to us. What wonder that a mist of gloom and sadness hangs over most of her stories! Gifted with the rarest qualities of mind and heart, there is nothing which her genius might not have accomplished in her own particular sphere, had it been illumined by that light which shone upon this life from Mount Calvary.

The life and writings of Alfred Tennyson, present to us a more harmonious picture. He is no stranger to all the theories that pervade the intellectual atmosphere of his time, but like a master, he rises superior to them, utilizing all as the poetic material for his airy creations. Even the theory of evolution is therein embodied, but with him it is no governing principle, but rather a fruitful source from which he draws some of his most striking imagery. Moreover, it is not with him an evolution that ends with the grave, but it points upward to a nobler destiny. Thus he tells us :

" Arise and fly
The ruling foun, the sensual feast
Move upward, working out the beast
And let the ape and tiger die "

And again, in describing the great hall of King Arthur, he tells us that it was girded by four zones of symbolic sculpture.

" In the lowest (zone) beasts are slaying men,
In the second men are slaying beasts
And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
And on the fourth are men with growing wings. "

In either picture, it needs no explanation to point out the direction our flight is to take.

The central idea of Tennyson's writings is that of progress, but progress in accordance with law and order, not by the pitiful efforts of the revolution, for which movement he entertained nothing but contempt. It was Tennyson's mission to teach " that freedom must be one with order, that duties were to assert them-

selves by the side of rights, and that the highest liberty consists in obedience to law." With Tennyson disorder of thought of feeling and of will, is the evil of evils, "whereas, self-knowledge, and self-control, the recognition of a divine order, and one's place in that order, faithful adhesion to the law of one's highest life—these are the elements from which is formed the ideal of human character." Thus we see that in matters involving moral principles Tennyson may be said to be generally on the safe side, but in matters purely spiritual or rather doctrinal, his guidance cannot always be relied upon. The objection to Tennyson's religious views rests not so much on any pronounced antagonism of his against revealed doctrine, as on the vagueness and indefiniteness of his creed, if such it may be called. He would combine the doctrine of the redemption with the theory of the evolutionist and the speculations of the encyclopedist. But this lack of positive faith reflects the unsettled condition, in the spiritual domain of the times in which he lived.

The ardent hopes of the revolution, were buried in his infancy. It had been greeted by its votaries as a new revelation. A revelation which was not to come from the mysterious realms of the infinite, but which was to spring from man's own yearning heart and teeming brain. Man's passionate love for freedom so long repressed, with one bold movement was to break his bonds and destroy his oppressors, and it promised to give him full possession of this life's coveted treasures. Whereas science, in the ardor of her newly discovered strength, held out glorious hopes for the future, and vouched to unravel the enigma of man's existence, from the newly opened book of nature.

But alas for human hopes based upon human expedients! The age of Tennyson, instead of seeing the fulfilment of all these Utopian dreams, sees only their vanity and discomfiture. Human liberty is firmly established throughout the civilized world, and the millennium is not yet in view, and the mysteries of life are as impenetrable as ever, except when viewed in the illuminating brightness of the truth of Christ.

Thus the age of Tennyson, except for those that stand upon the firm platform of Catholic belief, is an age of shattered

ideals, and of a confusion of principles, and, under the circumstances, it is greatly to the credit of his heart and of his mind, that he was able to preserve for himself that buoyancy and hope and faith in the future, which his writings exhibit, and which is almost exceptional among the great poets of our day.

With the luminary of Tennyson's greatness already on the wane, the question naturally arises, on whose shoulders his pallium will fall, when the sun of his fame shall have set. The two other names that have become conspicuous in the field of English verse, beside Tennyson, are Robert Browning and Charles Algernon Swinburn. Both have gained unquestioned distinction, the former by the force and concentration of his verse, the latter by the melody of his song. Besides these two no other author could hope to contend successfully for the palm in the temple of English fame. But to us Catholics this alternative presents little attraction. For Robert Browning, the author of Bishop Blougram, an avowed caricature on the life of Cardinal Manning, and the reviler of the motives and character of Catholic priests and dignitaries in many of his later productions, does not very strongly appeal to our sympathy.

Much less can this be said of Swinburne, the open assailant, not only of the Church of Christ and his religion, but even of the Deity himself, whom, with fiendish exultation, he has vowed to destruction. Nor can the sweet harmonious cadence of his poetry atone for the ribald voluptuousness it often conceals.

Besides the altar of his God there is nothing which the Englishman regards with more reverence and devotion than the shrine of his own home. Whoever attacks these two centres of his affections decrees his own speedy discomfiture and extinction. Lifting our eyes, therefore, beyond the discordant turmoil of the contending schools and systems of our day, we look for a new inspiration, to spring from a nobler source.

A new sun has risen in the firmament of English literature, slowly, grandly, before which all have bowed in silent admiration. The brightness of its lustre has reached as far as the English tongue is heard, and its benign influence has touched every heart. This new luminary

in the British sky is John Henry Newman, prince of the Church of Christ. His person, the words which he has spoken and written, the sanctified life which he has led, are the greatest moving forces in the moral and intellectual life of England, and in literature he has been pronounced by the ablest critics the most eminent writer of English prose. The movement which he has inaugurated, and in which he has been ably seconded by his equally eminent disciple and friend Cardinal Manning, the illustrious archbishop of Westminster, swept like an avalanche over the country, changing the face of the political and social life of the whole nation.

It is from this movement that all that is great and noble will soon borrow its inspiration. Why then should we not hope that through it English art likewise will be regenerated. Catholicity has already given to English literature a Pope and a Dryden, and, if we are to accept as final the decision of Carlyle, by no means an over zealous admirer of our church, it has given us a Shakespeare. It is, therefore, not with a faint heart, that I express the assurance that from the regenerated faith of England, many a Pope, many a Dryden, and many a Shakespeare is yet to spring.

D. A. CAMPBELL, '90.

A REMINISCENCE OF '87.



THE recent attempts of Balfour the Brave, on the life of the purest of patriots, William O'Brien, remind me of the exciting time when the latter visited Canada, May '87. The tactics of the Canadian loyalists at that time bear a striking resemblance to those of Balfour and his minions now. Cowardly, brutal and murderous as were the Canadian Lansdowneites, Balfour outdoes them in every particular. He is more despicable in his cowardice, more shameful in his brutalities, more deliberate and more fiendish in his murderous designs. But it were difficult to decide whether the creatures of Balfour or their friends in Canada are the quicker in taking a hint and acting on it.

When the papers first announced that O'Brien was coming to Canada to expose Lansdowne's inhuman treatment of his Luggacurran tenants, many of the students were of the opinion that his action was ill-advised. That, indeed, was the feeling throughout the country at the time, a feeling shared in by many earnest friends of Ireland. Why? Because as Governor General of Canada, Lansdowne had nothing to do with Luggacurran, and it was only as Governor General of Canada that

Canadians had anything to do with him. Moreover, keeping in mind the constitution of the Canadian population, many were sorry to think that O'Brien should *uselessly* stir up feelings which had better be left dormant. Among these was the late Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, a thorough-going Irish Canadian who held dearly the best interests both of his native and of his adopted country. In justice to the memory of the good Archbishop it is only right to tell those of our readers who may not have known him, that no trace of flunkeyism stained his character. For while opposing O'Brien's visit he at the same time publicly stated that we had a right to expect, in the appointment of a Governor General, a man whose past record would not bring disgrace on Canada. These out-spoken words put the stamp of sincerity on his action, and saved him from the nauseating praise he would otherwise have received from certain quarters. I say nothing of the correctness of the opinion of Archbishop Lynch and others at this time, but merely mention the facts as serving to show why such views found considerable favor among the students. That O'Brien would fail in his object was regarded as a foregone conclusion. Just here, those who predicted the failure of his mission received a stunning surprise. The mere

threat to come to Canada had the desired result.—A reduction in the rent was granted! Alas! the adverse criticism so freely passed on the projected visit by well-meaning friends of Ireland, and the unstinted abuse heaped on the "seditious adventurer" by the toady press, made this our Caesar grow so great that he thought he could with impunity break his agents promise, and he did so. Finding the jury so prejudiced in his favor, he bravely determined to trust to their verdict. However he thought it well to make himself a little more 'solid' with the lord-loving jury. 'Twas needless, but no matter. The ghosts of some of the victims of his ancestors must have haunted him, for in a long letter to the papers in which he stated his case to the public, he attempted to vindicate the memory of his grandfather! This, too, *before* O'Brien came to Canada. Now this letter was given a prominent place in the Ottawa papers, without any clue being given to its authorship, but the *Toronto Globe*, whether inadvertently or not, let the cat out of the bag by publishing it over the name of Captain Stratfield, Lansdowne's secretary. Then the Irish land-lord shielded himself behind the Canadian Governor General, and with the air of a martyr told the sympathetic flunkeys of Canada that he was precluded from taking any part in the controversy on account of his position! He should have to bear the "cowardly" attack of O'Brien in heroic silence out of respect for the dignity of his office. Yes, it is a fact that this man who actually commenced the controversy in Canada pursued this *dignified* course.

If Lansdowne cherished the hope that William O'Brien would be scared away by the loud talk of the Orangemen, the abuse of the press, or the divinity which doth hedge around a Canadian Governor-General, he was soon disillusioned. O'Brien was going to come, so Lansdowne went to visit Toronto the Good. A crowd assembled in Queen's Park, where they were harangued by some rev. and right rev. firebrands. Their speeches were of the most incendiary character, appealing with devilish art to the religious and national prejudices of ignorant Toronto ruffians, whose subsequent actions proved how persuasive were the evangelists. When our late G. G. received the address from these gentlemen he had not a word of condem-

ation for their speeches, but many words of gratitude for their loyalty. *Qui tacet consentire videtur*. All this was watched with deepening interest from the College reading room, where there was now only one opinion.

O'Brien began his crusade, and in due time arrived in Toronto. We know what happened. Being refused a hall he spoke in the open air, and not Orange ruffians alone, but many gentlemen (as gentlemen go in Toronto) prevented him from being heard, by yelling and hooting like demons. Yes, Toronto demonstrated its loyalty by preventing free speech. By the way, Torontonians distinguished themselves in a similar way in '37. Then, it was liberty of the press that they found incompatible with their notions of loyalty, and accordingly they wrecked the office of Wm. Lyon McKenzie's paper and threw the type into the lake.

The Canadian students felt the disgrace attaching to them as Canadians from the conduct of Torontonians, and for the time at least would have been glad to number themselves amongst their fellow-students from across the line. When it was known that *College Students* were conspicuous in the mob, they resolved that they would wipe out the foul stain on the name of Canadian students by doing their utmost to secure fair play to the champion of free speech on his visit to Ottawa the next day. What happened that night is well known. I shall not give the sickening details of the mobbing of O'Brien and his friends with "the tacit approval of the great body of Toronto citizens." "Lansdowne and Howland winking at it." Out upon you, Toronto the Good.

How shall I describe the felling of the students of Ottawa College when they heard the news. Indignation and anger burned fiercely in their hearts. The admiration for the editor of *United Ireland* burst into enthusiastic love for the fearless champion of free speech and humanity, the victim of loyal brutality. It was summarily and unanimously determined that we should assist at the Ottawa demonstration. A gentleman whose opinions had recently undergone a considerable change, proposed that the cadets should form a guard of honor for O'Brien. (By the way, a paragraph in the *Citizen* of that morning announced that a certain Ottawa company would meet that

night at Cartier Square *in plain clothes*.— Singular coincidence). However in deference to the wishes of authority, the arms and uniforms were left in the College. A rushing business must have been done that day by some dealers in walking-sticks, but they had to be sticks "as were sticks" or they were contemptuously rejected. The feeling of a portion of the city may be guessed from the conversation of a knot of true blue loyalists standing near the Russell House corner, who were over-heard to say that they "*would not be out-done by Toronto*." The spirit was willing, gentlemen, the spirit was willing, and under other circumstances no doubt you would have covered yourselves with glory.

Arrangements, simple but effective had been made at the College, and the Committee whose duty it was to decide who were big enough to go had an unenviable task. The way some lads begged to be allowed to go was enough to gain permission from sterner men; we could take none who would be of no use in an emergency.

It was decided that we should neither provoke nor invite any attack, but before any harm should come to our distinguished visitor the quality of those sticks were to be put to a severe test.

An immense crowd had assembled in the rink, even at the early hour at which we arrived. In about half an hour Mr. O'Brien, accompanied by Mr. Kilbride and the reporters, entered. The whole vast crowd rose to their feet and a tremendous shout of welcome and sympathy went up from thousands of throats. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved and cheer followed cheer. "Hold on, boys! Wait till the cheering of the crowd is beginning to subside." It did grow weaker at length, and then two hundred of us, standing on the seats, each one as if he remembered the cowardly hooting of the Toronto students the day before, gave out a great, thrice-repeated O! B! R! I! E! N! Rah! Rah! Rah! O'BRIEN!! The visitors were startled at first, but were soon reassured by their companions on the stage, who had often heard a similar victory-inspiring shout on the foot-ball field. I shall not attempt to describe the burning eloquence of the tenants' champion, nor his scathing arraignment of the Luggacurran evictor. The whole world read it at the time, thanks to the 'lambs' of Toronto, Kingston and Hamilton.

The speech being over Culbert's voice rang out "Fall in Ottawa Cadets! Fall in!" A hollow square was formed around O'Brien and party and we started for the Russell. It may seem somewhat selfish on our part to take this honor to ourselves; many a stalwart friend of O'Brien must have been thunder-struck to find himself unceremoniously evicted or excluded from the charmed circle, or rather square. Why? Because we knew each other thoroughly well and there was, therefore, no danger of friend and enemies becoming mingled together. This is what we feared if it were left to men from all parts of the city to form the escort. And this is what was confidently hoped by the ambitious flunkies who felt it incumbent on them to sustain the honor of Ottawa. Alas for them, they realized that "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang oft agley." On the way cheers for the queen and Lansdowne were answered by counter cheers for O'Brien and Ireland; curses were answered by laughs and occasional twirls of the sticks. Arrived in front of the Russell we found the whole street blocked by the dense crowd there assembled. "Make way there!" "Stand back, gentlemen!" The unlooked for sticks seemed to shout "Faugh-a-ballagh!" A passage was cleared after a little difficulty and O'Brien passed into his hotel, smiling and bowing his thanks. After singing "God Save Ireland," and giving a rousing cheer for O'Brien, we started for the College.

Oh the disgrace of it! An Ottawaite would never be able to hold up his head in Toronto. But a bright idea seemed to have taken possession of some of the disappointed ones, (they were all in plain clothes). After we got a short distance from the Russell a motley crowd followed, shouting, and singing their determination "to hang Bill O'Brien to a sour apple-tree." The mob became larger, noisier and more insulting. A few stones were thrown, but without doing any harm. Still the quieter spirits of the boys restrained the more ardent, resolved that no charge of rowdiness should be brought against them. The temptation was great, though, to run that rabble into the canal. Some well known faces were recognized. Could we have exchanged our sticks for horse-whips, things might have been more interesting. As we neared the College they stopped

and giving a few tribal yells, they departed. Next day we received a visit from O'Brien in the College hall. The "O'Brien cheer" was repeated again and again as our hero entered, accompanied by Kilbride, the representatives of the N. Y. dailies and the principal members of the faculty. Gerald Griffin read an address in which he expressed our pride at having the privilege of escorting him the previous evening, admiration for his past career, our utter detestations of the tactics of the Toronto students, and our hearty good wishes for the rest of his trip and for the rest of his life. As O'Brien stepped forward to reply he was greeted with renewed cheers of welcome. In that short speech we came to know the man more intimately. He possesses personal magnetism to a remarkable degree, and in his outbursts of eloquence his spare frame would tremble with magnificent enthusiasm. Again we would lose sight of the great nationalist in the unassuming college-bred gentleman. He would pass from the passionate to the pathetic, from the pathetic to the humorous as only an Irishman can. "When I see that we can inspire young men so far away from Ireland with such enthusiasm as this, I feel that we have an unconquerable cause." The way he said "unconquerable," would inspire enthusiasm in the most phlegmatic Irishman in existence. He was glad to look on our Irish faces, hear our Irish shillelahs, at any rate they were very good substitutes last night. I only wish I could be sure of such valiant defenders where I am going to-night."

But though there were no doubt, in Kingston many who would have been proud to defend him, we know the treacherous, blood-thirsty attempt on his life, after suspicion had been disarmed and his friends had quietly retired to their homes. The withering denunciation of the would-be murders of Toronto and the fact that they were exciting the sympathy of the world for

O'Brien had not penetrated the understanding of the pachydermous loyalists of Kingston. Were the Ottawa brethren more intelligent or more civilized? Not a whit. The students of '86-7 have reason to congratulate themselves on their work of that memorable night, and to feel a thrill of pride as they think that they saved William O'Brien from rude jostling, maltreatment, or perhaps worse. Aye, they might boast if they but saved from a rude word the idol of the Irish people, the purest and bravest patriot of that brave partriotic band towards which the eyes of the world are now turned in admiring wonder.

There is another incident of the O'Brien visit which I like to remember. It was in May, and after the usual exercises in the evening, just before the Angelus, Gerald went up to the officiating priest and asked for a prayer for the safety of O'Brien in Kingston. Ah! we have heard it said that O'Brien's escape in Toronto, Kingston and Hamilton was miraculous. It was at least providential, and who shall say to what extent due to the prayers of the faithful people of whose cause he is the chivalrous advocate.

In the same way, only, can we explain the victory achieved by the Parnellites over the blackest, most malignant, and most gigantic, conspiracy that ever stained the pages of the world's history. The strange part of it all is, that just as the loyal forgers of England have not only not succeeded in killing Home Rule, but have given it an irresistible impetus, so the loyal savages of Canada not only did not kill O'Brien but turned his mission which would otherwise have been a comparative failure into a brilliant success, by attracting the attention of the world to his damning arraignment of Landlordism. The world judged between O'Brien and Lansdowne, a typical nationalist and a typical landlord. No friend of Ireland has reason to be dissatisfied with the verdict.

CORY O'LANUS



REGINA CÆLI, ORA PRO NOBIS DEUM.

Exalted is the Mother
Of Him who rules the earth and sea and sky ;
God has not made another
With heart so humble to be raised so high.

Above the angels reigning,
The spotless maid who gave the Saviour birth
Looks down with pity, deigning
To supplicate for those she leaves on earth.

Her gentle heart unchanging
Forgets not those for whom her son has died,
Though, all around her ranging,
The angels sing her triumphs as they glide.

Brighter than fabled fairy,
More glorious than the stars or moon or sun,
Shines the resplendent Mary,
From whom the ransom of the world begun.

Her glory now unending
Is the reflection of God's wondrous light ;
Her purity unbending
Has raised the lowly to this god-like height.

And, as the angels wreath her
With garlands gathered from the Tree of Life,
She gazes far beneath her
On mortals still with sin and hell in strife.

O sinless, spotless maiden,
Hear as we call to thee with feeble breath ;
O Queen with mercy laden,
Pray for us sinners in the hour of death.

T. J. R.

A CHAT UNDER A MASTODON.



SARTLING, isn't it? And how did we get there? Well, down several dark stairways and through several cavernous doorways and, finally, perched on the edge of a solid platform upon which stood his Gaunt Highness, the Mastodon. There were queer things in every direction; in fact, it was that refuge of queerness called a Museum. The Mastodon was flanked on all sides by giant turtles and medium sized turtles, even small turtles, but turtles in every respect remarkable, by crocodiles ditto, and by forests of Latin labels.

There were few stragglers about. The scientific dawdlers seemed principally represented by a red-headed small boy and a couple of gouty old gentlemen. The dim, scientific light revealed to us that the remote corner of the room was shared by stuffed monkeys and a youthful couple immersed in a good, old-fashioned, rousing bit of love-making.

My friend settled himself comfortably against the right fore-leg of the Mastodon, (it is only by a capital that I can faintly express my respect for such a skeleton) while I wound myself in an elegant and *dégage* attitude against the left. Gazing at the suspension bridge of neck looming above him, presumably the personal property of the Mastodon, he pensively remarked: "What a jolly time those fellows must have had!"

"The Mastodons?"

"No, the fellows who used to be hail-fellow-well-met with the Mastodons, down in Patagonia."

"My dear boy, are you sure science will warrant you in such a conclusion?"

"My dear Phil, as far as I am concerned, let science be—*hanged!* Truth also, for the matter of that. The capital views expounded by our friend Oscar, he of the surname Wilde, in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century Review*, on the *Decay of Lying*, have entered into my inner consciousness to the extent of causing me to meditate an epic on the same noble theme. Don't grin! I said *meditate*: and several bushels of cigar

smoke will have haloed my lofty brow before my meditations have any connection with the printer's devil. Besides, everyone knows that epics have gone out of style and who that clutches the tail-end of the nineteenth century could survive the disgrace of being out of style? But, Oscar's theme is a magnificent one and has never been half appreciated. Now and then, to be sure, in a half-hearted, sneaky fashion, someone makes an incomplete study of the art of lying. Practically, it slides us all over the ditches and bogs of life."

"But what has all that to do with Patagonia?"

"One point at a time, old chappie! Have you forgotten that my views are always *dissolving views*? What's the use of one opinion if it doesn't run into another? I know what your views on sincerity are, friend Phil, some of these days I'll dissect them for you as neatly and cleanly and completely as the disciple of old Izaak dissects a fish and leaves it—backboneless.

Meanwhile, Oscar has put his case for the artistic side, and I would have put mine for the moral and practical side of the matter if you had not thrust me headlong into Patagonia. I maintain, however, that Patagonia was a very desirable place of residence in the days of the Mastodon, which were not the days of John Smith, the practical, or of John's brother the poetical. There are all sorts of Smiths now-a-days, you know. Bores all of them, but bores of varied degrees and varied kinds. There were no bores in the days of the Mastodon, and not much earnestness or depth, and very little purpose. Life was comprised in two words, comfort and simplicity. The elements of life were pretty much the same as now except (we may infer from the fact that pony-chaises were driven by such animals as this mammoth above us) that they were all on a larger scale. Human nature was there, such as it was before exterior and *improving* influences had chronically deranged its organs, and engrafted dyspepsia and high-slowmismty of all sorts upon it."

"That latter phrase? I don't think I quite caught it"—, I began.

"Very simple; plain as the animal-canopy over your head. It is *high-flown-ismy*, and it means all *your* pet theories and *my* pet horrors among those modern dandelions which are generally called estheticism, philanthropy, sincerity, mis-sterilizing purposes—

"Hold, you Vandal! Go back to Patagonia! My "pet theories" are too precious for your polluting touch."

"Well, to sum up, since you will insist upon capsizing my discursive remarks, in Mastodonian Patagonia, men led comfortable and unworried or unhurried lives. How could they have done otherwise? Nobody had then invented printing, or nerves, or liver.

The Patagonian gentlemen, when the pleasant excitement of their Mastodon drives, or their primitive hunting, fishing, or farming, was ended for the day, sat in

their arm-chairs and smoked their pipes serenely."

"Shades of anachronisms, historical exactness, tobacco!" murmured I.

"Well, what ails you now? I insist upon it, *they—smoked—their—pipes—in—their—arm—chairs*, and slept and did not dream. Their lives were the ideal ones to which we can approach, not by vulgar sincerity, but by that elixir of health and life which vulgar sincerity calls *Lying*. Let me prove it to you briefly, in three points, First—"

I gracefully but rapidly unwound myself from my picturesque pose. I cast upon my friend a glance of deep reproach and left that disciple of Ananias to the bony recesses of the Mastodon, while I sought a refuge among the monkeys and the love-making couple.

A. REAL

PURPOSE IN LIFE.



It is of the utmost importance that every young man, after a careful consideration of the faculties with which he has been endowed, should choose some path in life for which he finds himself fitted, and to which he feels that he has been called by God. Then, having determined on some particular course he should aim at as high a position therein as he may reasonably hope to reach, and endeavor to make his every action be the means of bringing him a step nearer to the attainment of the object which he has in view.

Some may claim that because their parents or relations have bestowed on them sufficient wealth to support them comfortably as long as they live, there is no necessity of their choosing any profession, or of having any purpose in life except self enjoyment. But this is a great mistake. If from no higher motive than that of their own happiness in life, they should ever labour to accomplish some end, whether it be the rendering happy of the miserable, or the establishment of a name for themselves. For idleness, and the want of an aim in life beget

dissipation and discontentedness, while on the other hand we are never so happy as when we labour enthusiastically in some worthy cause.

If, then, it is necessary that even the rich should have some definite object in life, it is incumbent upon those who have to work for a livelihood to choose early some calling in which they believe they will be able to do honour to themselves, and be of service to their fellow-men. For if a young man fail to take this important step, his life is neither a benefit to mankind, nor a source of happiness to himself. When he attains to manhood, and if left to his own resources, he engages in some business in order to earn a living, but in all probability that which he chooses is one to which he is in no way fitted. Tiring of this he then tries another and another, in the vain hope that he will succeed in them because he sees others do so. But it is only in rare cases that such a person happens on one in which he meets with success because in his choice he is guided merely by fancy, and never tries to discover the sort of occupation for which his faculties suit him. Not having his mind fixed on a definite object which would be to him a guiding-

star in his voyage through life, he is continually tossed about on the dark sea of uncertainty, forever struggling against the storms of this world, and without a ray of hope that he will ever succeed in steering his bark to a haven of rest.

Such a fate has fallen to the lot of many and even to some who were men of undoubted ability and genius. Goldsmith of whom Johnson wrote "*Nihil quod telegit, non ornavit*" was always in trouble and anxiety, from the fact of his having no fixed object in life. He seemed to have no idea of what calling he should follow. He began the study of five or six different professions, and when, after great loss of time and money he had one almost mastered, he would throw it aside, and try something else. Nature seems to have intended him for an author; but it was just by chance that he took to writing at all, as he would have done anything else at the same time that would keep him from starving. He was indeed a striking example of mis-directed ability.

But even after one has chosen a calling and has turned his thoughts towards the attainment of some object, he will surely fail, unless he possess that most necessary quality—determination—which may be regarded as the *sine qua non* of success in life. Good intentions are highly commendable, but it has been well said that hell is paved with such. Anyone may say within himself that he will try to reach such a height in the world; but it is not everyone who has the resolution to follow up that intention in the face of difficulties which place years of patient toil between him and the object he seeks to attain. Yet, without this quality, it is useless for us to attempt anything of importance, even though we are possessed of great ability. If we glance at the pages of history, we will find that nearly all those illustrious men, whose names have been handed down to posterity, have attained greatness by constancy and perseverance, rather than by their genius, however great it may have been.

Peter the Great, who transformed some hordes of semi-barbarians into a mighty and, comparatively speaking, educated people, and who rendered formidable on sea and land a nation which at his accession was scarcely deserving the name of such, succeeded merely by his untiring zeal in the pursuit of the object of his ambition.

Though ignominiously defeated several times by his formidable rival, Charles XII., he never faltered, but went to work again with renewed vigour, until he succeeded in dealing a fatal blow to the power of that mighty conqueror on the memorable field of Pultowa. The object which he always kept in view was to establish a fleet and fortified ports; and though he had to contend with innumerable difficulties, he had at length the pleasure of seeing his country in a flourishing condition and his ships sailing securely over the Black Sea as well as the Baltic.

In the case of authors and orators, we find the same general rule holds true; that those who met with the greatest success were the men who looked forward to the attainment of some high degree of excellence, and then set to work, and never ceased until they had reached the goal of perfection which they sought. Such was Dean Swift, who in order to enable himself to become a successful writer, studied eight hours a day for the space of seven years. Such was Demosthenes, who by the lonely sea-shore, before an assemblage of angry, howling billows, acquired that sublime power of language which has moved the hearts of all the civilized nations of the earth. These men never gave up in despair at the sight of the toil and hardships which lay before them; but nobly overlooking all difficulties, were buoyed up by the hope of the glory which they saw awaiting them beyond.

No one, then, who possesses a fair share of ability, should despair of one day occupying an honourable position among his fellow-men. Our aim should be directed as high as possible, so that in case we fail in attaining the object which we desire, we may be sure of something equally good, or nearly so. Let us not be satisfied with some easily-gained, unimportant position in which we will have to plod all our days without hope of rising. Better to toil half one's life-time, and then spend the remaining half in honour and comfort.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

THOMAS CURRAN, '91

THE OWL.

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BACK NUMBERS.

Repeated requests for the first two numbers of Vol. I. of THE OWL have caused its young typos to set to work and get out a new edition. These are now ready, and will be sent to any address upon receipt of the regular price, ten cents, though on account of the small number of copies printed the actual cost of each number is several times this amount. We can now furnish all the back numbers of THE OWL; and will be happy to supply missing numbers to our subscribers. We have also prepared a title page and index to Vol. I. which will be mailed to those of our friends who apply for it.

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A SPLENDID WELCOME!

Seldom, if ever, has Ottawa greeted the coming of any personage so warmly as it greeted that of Archbishop Duhamel, on his return from Rome last week. His Grace arrived on the evening of Tuesday, April 9th, and found the city *en fête* awaiting him. Torches were burning, banners waving and music playing as the vast and orderly procession marched to the Basilica to give thanks for the safe return of their beloved prelate. The coming home was that of a conquering general minus the sorrow which such coming brings to the hearts of those whom the hero has widowed and orphaned. Notwithstanding its great size the Basilica was incapable of receiving the multitude that sought admission and many were obliged to turn sadly away. Present in the sanctuary were many of the archdiocesan clergy, officers of the various Catholic societies of the city, the Mayor, and some members of the Corporation. After a grand *Te Deum* had been sung, addresses were read to the Archbishop in English and French, by Senator Scott and Alderman Durocher respectively. His Grace replied at length and most feelingly, expressing his joy at being once more in the midst of his people. Particularly affectionate was his reference to the honor which he had won for his Alma Mater. To obtain this, he said, had been his principal object in visiting Rome; in an audience with the Holy Father, he had explained to him the nature of the position held by Ottawa College in Catholic Canada, whereupon His Holiness immediately replied that he would be pleased to give it canonical erection as a Catholic University. The Catholics of Ottawa, said His Grace, have reason to feel deeply grateful to the Holy See and they have already proved themselves sensible of the fact by meeting and passing resolutions of sympathy with "the prisoner of the Vatican," and condemna-

tion of the robber-monarch and his satellites, who forcibly occupy the Eternal City. This expression of sympathy from the Capital of the Dominion has brought strength to the heart and the hands of the Holy Father, and if Ottawa's example be but followed by other important capitals, the Italian usurper will be obliged to cower before an incensed public opinion. At the conclusion of his reply, Archbishop Duhamel advanced to the altar and crosier in hand solemnly gave the Apostolic Benediction to the kneeling people. And now the students of Ottawa University, look forward to welcoming within their own walls the noble prelate whom they love and revere both as a benefactor and friend, the prelate who having been called to sit among the lofty ones of God's Church, has raised his Mother to a seat beside him. He comes to us on Easter Monday, and we shall give him such a rousing reception as only students know how to give.

PRIUS DEMENTAT.

If anything were wanting to condemn the Upper House of the Province of Quebec in the eyes of the rising generation, the want has been supplied by that august body's recent action towards McGill University. McGill has long been protesting against the injustice which refuses its graduates admission to the study of law unless they pass the preliminary examination. A short time ago a bill was introduced into the Quebec Assembly for the removal of this restriction. The Assembly passed it, but it was rejected by the Legislative Council who thereby placed themselves on record as denying the sufficiency of a university course in arts as a preparation for the study of law. A graduate of the high school or even of the public school who has been "crammed" with a view to passing the preliminary

examination may become an LL. B. within four years, but if another high school graduate matriculates into a university and becomes a B. A. at the same time that his school fellow becomes an LL. B. he is *ipso facto* so far inferior that a preliminary examination is still required to show whether he knows as much now as he did four years ago. It matters not that the papers set before him at matriculation were quite as difficult or perhaps more difficult than those of the preliminary examination, this preliminary examination must be passed. And why not pass it, if qualified to do so? it may be asked. Because, in the first place, it is utterly absurd and unjust to require it, and because, in the second place, a university graduate with all his mental powers well developed may yet possibly not have at the tips of his fingers all the historical dates and geographical locations which swarm in the brain of him who has passed through the hands of a "crammer." There are teachers who make it their business to "pass" students through various examinations. These men, from long practice and sometimes from dishonest collusion, have acquired a "second sight" as far as coming examinations are concerned. The result is that their pupils, having been drilled in the precise matter in which they are to be questioned, are wonderfully successful. But what comparison can there be between one of these human phonographs and the trained university graduate? The latter may not on the spur of the moment be able to tell the date of the Petition of Right, nor the exact situation of Trincomalee, but he has the outlines of the constitutional history of England clearly in his mind, and he knows how the natural features of a country have influenced the character of its people. Best of all, he has been taught how to work and how to think, where as the "crammer," to coin a word, is for a time as helpless as an an-

aconda after dinner. This view of the matter, apparently, has never presented itself to the minds of the Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec. But as the old saying has it: "Those whom the god wishes to destroy, he first makes mad." A few more actions of senile, irrational despotism on the part of the Council, together with the spectacle of a neighboring province governing itself admirably without any Upper House, will open the eyes of the people of Quebec to the fact that their legislative tree will produce better fruit for the lopping off of a useless rotting branch.

OUR SOCIETIES.

The various student organisations within the college walls are recognized to be potent factors in the course of education which we are receiving. But the position occupied by these societies has always been a subordinate one, and the fulfilment of their commands has never been allowed to interfere with the first and most important duties of college life. Society work is never accepted as a substitute for class work nor does any society exercise a controlling influence over the college as a whole. During the winter months a number of societies enjoy a vigorous existence; but with early spring, when the prow of the scholastic shell is turned upon the home stretch, the various social bodies are by common consent disbanded, so that rarely does any society continue to carry on its work after Easter time. During the past winter the weekly meetings of the three debating clubs and the Scientific Society, and the fortnightly meeting of the St. Thomas Academy, afforded pleasant and useful occupation for many hours that might otherwise have been lost. Two of these organizations, however, the Senior Debating Club and St. Thomas Academy, did not seem to

work with as much enthusiasm as in former years. The reason of this is partly to be found in the unusually small membership but also, we fancy, in a diminution of energy in the members. The Senior Debating Club has seen several interesting resolutions put to a vote with scarcely a word for or against them except from those appointed to speak. The St. Thomas Academy has suffered from a precisely similar affliction. Even the Scientific Society with an enrolment as large as the other two combined, saw many of its sessions sparsely attended. A new feature introduced this year by the Scientific Society, met with unqualified approval from all the students, viz., the occasional procuring of a lecture on some scientific subject, by one of the professors or some other gentleman outside the society, Father Balland's three lectures on "The Origin of the World," and Prof. Glasma-cher's and Dr. Prevost's on "Microbes" excited a very great interest and filled the hall of the society with eager listeners. Perhaps the other societies might attempt something similar in succeeding years if any disposition to allow the regular work to languish becomes visible. The most careful direction cannot preserve our social clubs from periods of depression; wherefore, at these times, some more than usually strong attractions must be offered to members. It frequently happens at other colleges that some prominent lecturer, reader or elocutionist is invited to give an entertainment under the auspices of some college society, and the plan seems to be a good one. The experiment made this year by the Scientific Society leads us to believe that a similar plan might be successfully adopted by the St. Thomas' Academy and the Debating Clubs. Those who will next year be members of these societies might, with advantage, take this idea into consideration during the next six months.

*THE COLLEGE AND THE
PRESS.*

Once already this year has THE OWL been obliged to refer to the over-zealous attention paid to College doings by the reporters of the Ottawa dailies. These enterprising gentlemen, did they confine themselves to simple statements of facts, might sometimes be considered officious; did they embellish those facts in a skilful manner might be called clever, but in such a bungling manner do they misrepresent us that untruthful is the only epithet which will suit. While these remarks apply in a slight degree to the other dailies, it is the *Free Press* which chiefly monopolizes them. Here are a couple of the recent evolutions of that imaginative journal. On the approach of St. Patrick's Day, when, for reasons already explained, we had decided to hold no banquet, not only was the banquet to take place (in the mind of the *Free Press* reporter) but it was to be of surpassing grandeur, covers were to be laid for three hundred students and Father Ryan was to come from Pembroke to be present. When the *Journal* had magnified the thirty students who attended the opening of the Jesuit Debate into a hundred, the *Free Press* showed itself twice as enterprising by doubling the number. Of course it cannot be possible that the newspaper men can ever allow themselves to be "stuffed" by the boys, though appearances occasionally point that way.

—•••—

"AS ITHERS SEE US."

"The Ottawa College *Owl* is one of the neatest of our exchanges, but the reflections, in its editorial columns, on the other colleges of Ontario, with sweeping accusations of greediness and vanity, have a spiteful ring about them. The article on 'Gladstone and Ingersoll' is marked by some rather abusive language, which lends the number anything but a dignified tone. *Queen's College Journal*.

"The *Owl* of February, contains 'Gladstone and Ingersoll,' a strong article justly appreciative of the Grand Old Man and with little patience for the blatant infidel. 'Genius *versus* Talent,' for its fine discriminations and just conclusions, deserves careful reading. The editor gives a deserved rebuke to what he aptly terms the "unseemly wrangle" between certain Universities."—*Acadia Athenaeum*.

Whereupon THE OWL cocks his wise young head on one side and with a gentle melodious hoot remarks, "*de gustibus non est disputandum*."

—•—

Many of our students remember the pleasant countenance and hearty, cheery voice of Rev. P. F. Sexton, who was with us in 1885-1886. At that time the Rev. gentleman was noted no less for his success in the class room than for his eloquence in the pulpit. On St. Patrick's day last, Father Sexton addressed two very large congregations; one at Boston in the forenoon, the other at Lawrence, Mass. in the evening, and the reports that have come to our notice mention both efforts in terms of the highest encomium. Father Sexton is now assistant pastor of one of the principle churches in Boston, St. Thomas, Jamaica Plain.

—•—

From distant Kansas, comes the record of the success of another old Ottawaite. We read in the *Wichita Daily Eagle* that "Rev. J. F. Kelly's lecture on Ireland, in St. Aloysius' Hall, March 18, was well received as the audience on several occasions during its delivery attested by their bursts of applause. As a lecturer Father Kelly has few equals in this state. To show their appreciation of the Rev. Father's eloquent addresses on this and on other occasions the ladies of the congregation presented him with a beautiful gold headed cane. The father thanked the fair donors in his own happy way."

ATHLETICS.

In resuming the spring football practices, the Athletic Association has taken a step in the right direction. For two years or more the growing importance of lacrosse and baseball, made it necessary to exclude football from the programme of summer sports, but while lacrosse and baseball thereby gained, football lost. For to the want of training in the spring, is chiefly attributable that nervous and uneasy feeling with which the footballers take the field in the fall. With the close of every year, many of the first fifteen leave the College, to fight the battles of their Alma Mater on new and different fields, and seeing that their places have ultimately to be filled, no wiser step can be taken than to commence early and educate the youthful aspirants while they have yet the example of the old ones to direct and guide them. Moreover Rugby football will henceforth present itself in a new force. The recent alterations in the playing rules will have for effect to materially change the character of the game. Comparatively little will in future depend upon the strength and dash of the scrimmagers, whilst upon the wings and quarter-backs will devolve in a great measure, the burden of the play. We bespeak a most successful season for the champions next fall, for the changes in question cannot but result advantageously, yet, permit us to say that we are ignorant of the game, as at present constituted, and practice alone will acquaint us with it.

The prospects for baseball are brightening. True many familiar forms are absent from the diamond this year, but we have already seen enough to confirm us in our opinion, that there still remains excellent material for a good nine, and we venture to say that before another season shall have passed, the College team will be creditably heard from. With such enthusiastic players as Kehoe, Paradis, Donovan, Clarke, Sullivan, D. McDonald, Ivers, Cahill, Lajeunesse, Reddy and G. Murphy, baseball cannot but flourish.

Under present circumstances our lacrosse team has but little work to do this season. Of all our athletic organizations, the lacrosse club has suffered the most severe losses by the departure of students. Of the unquestionably brilliant lot of

players who in past years composed our team, many are now missing. The ranks of the "home" division are thinned by the absence of Devine, Campbell and Delaney, and in the field, the grand work of the ubiquitous Tom Murphy is no longer available. Their places cannot readily be filled, but in the meantime we trust that lacrosse will continue to be attractive, and receive from the Association the encouragement it justly deserves.

* * *

The genial Capt. Pouliot so well and favorably known to the boys as an enthusiastic patron of the game of hand-ball, has offered several valuable prizes for competition on Easter Monday. There is considerable excitement manifested over the coming contest, but we venture to prognosticate that unless the weather is remarkably chilly one of THE OWL representatives will come out pretty near the top. We are prepared to back this opinion to the extent of seven cents—the time honored editorial wager.

* * *

A movement is on foot to visit England during the coming summer with an "All Canada" Rugby football team. Is not Ottawa College entitled to a large representation on the team? Members of the first fifteen, your present practices may not be altogether aimless.

* * *

The habitués of the hand-ball alley had the opportunity a few days ago of witnessing a dreadful political catastrophe, nothing less than the fall of the two Houses of the Dominion Parliament. The distinguished Senator and M. P. who represented the legislative bodies on this unfortunate occasion are frequent and welcome visitors to the alley.

* * *

The football season will hereafter open on September 19th. We will thus have only two weeks to prepare to meet Toronto University, probably our most formidable rival next year.

* * *

Mr. W. F. Kehoe, a delegate to the recent lacrosse convention, at Montreal, received many press compliments on the vigorous and effective, yet generous character of his appeal in behalf of his club.

Extramurals vs. Intermurals, best three out of five in favor of Intermurals. Further comment would be "a trifle superfluous."

* * *

The Ottawa Bicycle Club hold their second Annual Meeting at the Metropolitan Athletic ground, in the afternoon of May 24th. Their Tournament on that day last year was in every way successful, and this year promises to be even more successful. Besides a good programme of Bicycle Races, there will be three foot races for amateurs, namely 100 yards, quarter mile and a mile for which valuable prizes are offered.

There will also be a parade of Wheelmen which will be worth seeing.

As Bicycling is a sport which should be encouraged, the races of the Ottawa club should be well attended.

SOCIETY NOTES.

ST. THOMAS' ACADEMY.

On the evening of the 31st ult., Mr. F. X. Brunette read a carefully prepared essay on "The Beautiful." The paper throughout was interesting, able and instructive and gave evidence on the part of its author, of an easy familiarity with his subject. Mr. John P. Donovan briefly referred to the subject from a psychological standpoint.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

On the 20th ult. a very exhaustive paper on "Human Fossils" was read before the society by Mr. A. Lajeunesse. In his endeavor to ascertain approximately the antiquity of man, the essayist was fully successful. Rev. Father Dontenville criticised at some length some of the leading features of the Essay. At the regular meeting on the evening of the 3rd inst., Mr. D. J. Cahalan presented a most instructive work on Volcanoes, Mr. F. L. French reviewing the different theories advanced as to their probable origin.

Mr. A. Charron followed with a discription of an analysis of a mineral. His results were criticized by Mr. C. McCarthy, who however agreed for the most part with the conclusions of the analyst.

FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

The last regular meeting of this society took place on Thursday evening the 4th inst. The subject of debate was, "Re-

solved that a re-ponsible government is preferable to a monarchical one." Mr. F. X. Brunette and Mr. A. Charron supported the affirmative and Mr. Rodolphe Paradis and Mr. Chas. Gaudet spoke in favor of the negative. The debate was a very animated one. Several of the members addressed the meeting towards the close of the discussion. The vote resulted in favor of the affirmative.

EXCHANGES.

After an absence of four months, several numbers of the *King's College Record* have reached us and cannot be passed over without notice. The subject of teaching English receives full and able treatment from a competent authority, Prof. Roberts. The substance of the whole article is learned from the words, "He that walketh with the wise men shall be wise," which the writer chooses as a text. The study of English serves a threefold purpose, discipline of the faculties, power of effective expression in words, and culture both moral and intellectual; this can be obtained to a higher degree by secret and continued communing with the great authors who will imperceptibly influence their devotee, than by the most persistent study of rules of composition or rhetoric. The professor is a believer in the principle of *timeo hominem unius libri*: "The reading of many authors, will have less effect upon a student's expression than will the oft repeated searching of a few." We fancy that our contemporary is doing more to cultivate a true Canadian spirit than any journal we know of; it strikes the proper key by drawing the attention of Canadians to their literary treasures. The studies of Canadian poets are very well done. There is Charles Heavysegg, of whose tragedy *Saul* Hawthorne said: "the work is indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written outside of Great Britain;" Evan McColl, who, although a Scotchman, found inspiration in our Canadian scenes; Bliss Carman and Arthur Weir, true poets, but whose best work is yet to come; John Reade, the Canadian Tennyson; John Hunter Duvar, whose drama *De Roberval* looks hopefully upon the Canada of the future; and last Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the poet orator who felt proud to call our Canada his home."

Unity is inculcated as one of the essentials of all work. There is a wonderful concordance between the first and the last portions of the *Dalhousie Gazette*. If the journal is the reflex of the spirit of the students, we fear that the spirit is exceedingly effeminate. A study of Romeo and Juliet, good in itself, but perhaps a little compromising on comparison with the local column, shows the bent of reading at Dalhousie. Studies should receive more attention than ladies from our gallant friends; and we think that the ladies will feel thankful if they are not made the subjects of so many indelicate jokes.

The Kalevala, called by Max Müller, the fifth national epic of the world is the subject of an essay in the *Swarthmore Phoenix*. This poem, the source of inspiration to Finlanders, is claimed to be the oldest of all epics. This is scarcely probable for the language of the Kalevala is that of the present inhabitants of Finland, and it is hard to conceive a language which has remained unchanged for several thousand years; still it gives evidence of a pre-Christian origin. Longfellow seems to have drunk deeply at this northern fount. Dr. Crawford's English translation, the best one we have, has drawn the attention of scholars to Finnish literature, whence many treasures may yet be found when classic and mediæval stores will fail.

The Higher Illiteracy, is the subject of a very sensible article in the *Delphiæ*. The evil is traceable to three sources, short course schools, misconception by the individual of what has been given him by the course and the unreasonable popular expectations. The aim of a college course is not so much to impart knowledge, as to teach how to acquire knowledge, and even though what has been learnt at college may have no direct bearing on a graduate's future work, yet the general mental development gives power which will tell wonderfully in practical life. A writer on the triality of events in the same journal, is full of an idea, and is bound to find it realized everywhere. Hence such nonsense as the following: "The Incarnation, the Reformation, the American Revolution, are the mountain peaks of individual history, the pivotal points of human destiny." Small wonder that the author got a prize for his essay, or rather oration; it should have been the first and not the third prize.

We are glad to welcome to our table the *Cadet*, from Orono, Me. We were deceived by the title, thinking that our contemporary had powers back of it, ready to defend the expression of its sentiments, with rifle and bayonet, but it is no such thing. The *Cadet* is a peaceful quiet journal, like many more of its friends. An editorial pays a tribute to classical training in apologizing for some deficiencies which the hypercritical might observe in our non-classical confères. A beautiful poem, "There is no death," shows that even scientists may feel the poetical currents which pervade life.

A very interesting essay in the *Haverfordian* on student life in Germany, gives some practical lessons which may be useful to students on this side of the water. The Germans are perhaps the hardest students in Europe; though it may be doubted whether their work is always as thoroughly intellectual as that done in other countries—Italy, France, England for instance. The German scholars preserve their mental vigour, even to an age when scholars of other nationalities are verging towards second childhood. Simplicity characterizes the German student, his dress and diet are simple, extravagance is unknown. But the secret of the German student's success is hard work; genius with them, is what Michael Angelo defined it, "eternal practice," or what Carlyle calls it, "capacity for work." Hard work enables the German student to compass every science and makes him, not a mere *dilettante* but a thorough master of many sciences. His spirit of work which all admire but which is so much wanting in America, should find imitators here.

The *Niagara Index* comes to us as usual with a goodly lot of things worthy of attention. A writer discusses the subject how to read a book, and holds that the benefit to be derived from reading depends largely on the enthusiasm and love for the authors with whom we have intercourse. To read profitably one must study; our ideal of a student's life is serious study to which lighter reading, say of fiction and poetry, would serve as a relaxation and at the same time furnish the ornamental to the dry knowledge otherwise acquired. An editorial on reading in college advocates the necessity of acquiring a taste for the best authors while students are yet in college. We agree

with Mathews, who in one of his essays says that in every house of education, there should be an intelligent librarian, who would know how to find books suitable to a student's tastes and needs.

The *Portfolio* one of the best of ladies' college journals, has several pretty little articles; one on the Alhambra and another on the philosophy of Confucius—the latter we suppose to prove an assertion made in the editorial column that the mind of woman is not inferior to man. Of this question we shall say nothing, but leave our contemporaries in blissful assurance of their vast mental power; we hope however that the sweet creatures will not imitate some of their sex across the line who think it more aesthetic to talk and profess Confucianism and Buddhism than Christianity.

BOOK NOTICES.

HALIBURTON: THE MAN AND THE WRITER. By F. Blake Crofton. Windsor, King's College, 1889.

The Maritime Provinces have played a very considerable part in the history of Canada, for from "down by sea" have come some of the wisest and ablest lawgivers of the Dominion. Brainy as well as brawny men are numerous in the extreme east of the Dominion which has contributed more than its share to the intellectual and moral advancement of our country. At present we have a school of poets not living in the "lake country" but in the "sea country." Roberts, Carman and Hunter Duvar, are names well known to Canadian readers. But in English prose, the writer who has been most highly appreciated, both within and without the Dominion, is certainly Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton. "Sam Slick" rather than Washington Irving, should be placed beside Browne, Clemens and Harte in the catalogue of great American humorists. A man of wonderful discernment and shrewd insight into human nature, he portrayed in the most amusing manner the peculiarities of his countrymen and of the New Englanders as they existed half a century ago. Unfortunately his works derived their interest largely from their local coloring and comments on current events and on this account are less read at the present day. Still no one with any sense

of humor will fail to enjoy the keen sarcasm and sparkling epigram found on every page of "The Clockmaker" "The Attaché," "Wise Saws," "Nature and Human Nature," and "The Season Ticket." Just now Judge Haliburton's old *Alma Mater*, King's College, is endeavoring to create a new interest in the work of the great humorist. A society whose object is the collection of works having relation to Canadian history and literature, has been established. This society bears the name of Haliburton, and it is under its auspices that Mr. F. Blake Crofton, the Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia has published the little work we are just reviewing. Mr. Crofton brings to the performance of his task a not inconsiderable ability; he is already known as a frequent contributor to Canadian and English periodicals. In his present attempt to renew the fame of Judge Haliburton, he promises to be most successful, for his book is sure to stimulate a desire to follow the famous "Clockmaker" through his peregrinations. Haliburton the writer is estimated at his proper value as having been possessed of remarkable talent which his circumstances did not always induce him to use to the best advantage. As to Haliburton the man, Mr. Crofton well sums up his character in the following words: "Judge Haliburton was an Epicurean philosopher, modified a little for the better by Christianity, and for the worse by practical politics." It is to be hoped that no one who peruses Mr. Crofton's sketch will neglect any longer to make himself acquainted with "the most important figure in Canadian letters." To Professor Roberts, the President of the Haliburton Society, we extend our thanks for having sent us a copy of Mr. Crofton's book.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MISSION OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY FOR THE PROTECTION OF IMMIGRANTS.
Rev. Hugh J. Kelley, Director; Castle Garden, New York City 1887-88.

In a city to which the streams of immigration flow as they do to New York, there will always be a low class of sharpers whose business it is to pounce upon unwary—and they are almost all unwary—foreigners. Sturdy men lose all their money by becoming victims to the numerous swindlers, while women are ex-

posed to a much worse fate. As vile if not viler a traffic than the African slave-trade is constantly carried on at all the large seaports where immigrants enter—a traffic literally in human souls. To afford protection to immigrant girls landing in New York is the object of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary at Castle Garden. This noble work was begun on January 1st, 1884, under the charge of Rev. John J. Riordan. Father Riordan died in 1887 but the good work is still carried on by his successors. During the year 1888, 4,499 immigrant girls were registered at the home; but vast numbers of others made a short stay there before passing on to their destination. Those who are in search of employment board at the Mission till they obtain situations, hence they are preserved from the many dangers of the great city. By co-operation with the Catholic Total Abstinence Union and the various branches of the St. Vincent de Paul Society the welfare of the immigrants is assured in any part of America where these societies exist. The mission of the Rosary depends for its support chiefly on generosity, it has still a debt of \$60,000 upon it which greatly hampers its capacity for usefulness. Those who are charitably disposed could not better display their benevolence than by contributing to the assistance of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary at Castle Garden, New York.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The May issue contains a great variety of interesting articles. Among them are: The Jesuits' Oath; Canada of To-day, by Miss Anna T. Sadlier; Disposal of the Dead, Cemeteries, by Rev. John M. Kiely, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Second Part of the Hercules Stone and Amber Spirit; Municipal Suffrage for Women, by Thos. Hamilton Murray; Deceased Bishops of the United States, Rt. Rev. John Connolly, D.D., second bishop of New York; Our Catholic Young Men, by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy of Pittsburg, Penn.; Christian Civilization and the Perils That Now Threaten It, by Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia; The Lesson of Easter, by James Cardinal Gibbons; Letter of the Ex-Nun of Kenmare. There are, in addition to the above, thirty-four other articles, besides nineteen pages of events of the month. Price of the Magazine, \$2 a year; \$1 for six months. Address, *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

We have received from the publishers J. C. Bryant & Co. of Toronto, a pamphlet entitled "Color Blindness in its Relation to Railway Employees and the Public," by G. Sterling Ryerson M. D., C. M. L. R., C. S. Edin., Professor of Ophthalmology in Trinity Medical College of Toronto. The pamphlet is a reproduction of a paper read at the Canadian Institute, Toronto. The subject of color blindness is a most important one, for many railway and steamship collisions with consequent loss of life have been caused through the inability of engineers or seamen to distinguish colored lights. Dr. Ryerson clearly distinguishes the different degrees of color blindness, expresses the belief that the method of testing the sight of employees on Canadian railways is defective, and urges the necessity of periodical re-examination with a view to the elimination of all color blind men from among railway employees.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Among the different spring sports that occupy the attention of our Juniors baseball takes the lead. Already several teams have been organized and each of them has played one or more games. The first team of the Juniors bears the time honored name of the "Maple Leafs" and is composed of the following members:—P. Brunelle, c.; L. Nevins, p.; M. Shea, 1. b.; J. McNamara, 2 b.; O. Lafleur, 3 b.; E. Gleeson, s. s.; P. Clancy, r. f.; A. Plunket, c. f.; E. O'Neil, 1. f.

The second team is called the "Nationals" and they are as follows:—J. Murphy, p.; E. Keeler, c.; A. Bourgeois, 1 b.; J. Lavery, 2 b.; J. Donovan, 3 b.; O. Paradis, s. s.; P. Ryan, r. f.; O. Allard, c. f.; D. McGee, 1. f.

The third team, the "May Flowers" are:—F. Lamoureux, c.; R. Beaulieu, p.; A. Beaulieu, 1 b.; A. Vallerand, 2 b.; H. Cameron, 3 b.; J. Lavery, s. s.; J. James, 1. f.; W. Murphy, r. f.; H. Gibbons, c. f.

The fourth team, called the "Zouaves," are:—H. Beauchemin, c.; H. Glasmacher, p.; R. Robidoux, s. s.; E. Perrault, 1 b.; E. Landry, 2 b.; N. Gratton, 3 b.; A. Pauze, 1. f.; H. Moreau, c. f.; E. Vallerand, 1. f.

On Saturday, April the 6th, the first mitch of the season was played between the Maple Leafs and a team composed of

students from the senior department many of the latter having held prominent positions in last year's famous "Maple Leaf" team. The seniors were C. Panet, c.; E. Paradis, p.; G. Constantineau, 1 b.; A. Sabourin, 2 b., J. Teague, 3 b., O. Lavallee s. s.; C. Sparrow, r. f.; A. White, l. f.; E. Capbert, c. f. Being the first match of the year it excited more than ordinary attention, and it was expected, judging from the comparative size of the members of the two teams that the seniors would have a very easy victory. From the confident air which the latter assumed, they themselves evidently thought, if a vulgar expression may be used, they would have "a complete walk over." When the game commenced it was at once seen that if the Maple Leafs were smaller in size they did not lack in dexterity and shrewdness of playing. After a closely contested game the "Maple Leafs" were proclaimed the victors, the score being 13 to 17.

The Maple Leafs met the Nationals on the diamond on Saturday, April the 13th. The game excited very little interest as the latter proved themselves utterly unable to compel their opponents to make any exertion. The Nationals were defeated the score being 23 to 2.

The May Flowers played a picked team of the juniors and defeated it, score 16 to 11.

The Zouaves played Maloney's team but the latter protested against the ruling of the referee, J. Lavery, and the game was given to the Zouaves by default.

The entertainment given by the Juniors was highly appreciated and all who took part well merited the warm commendations they received. The drill of the Cadet company under the captaincy of D. McGee deserves particular mention as does also the acrobatic performances of P. Brunelle, W. Murphy and O. Laf plante.

Football and lacrosse are at present receiving a fair share of attention, and it is expected that teams for those different games will be at once organized.

The following are the names of those leading the different commercial classes for the month of March:—

1st grade: R. Beaulieu, P. Mellon, M. Mellon;

2nd grade: A. Christin, W. L. Murphy, E. Larocque;

3rd grade (2nd div.): A. Pelissier, P. Brunelle, A. McDonald;

3rd grade (1st div.): R. Letellier, M. Conway, M. Brennan.

OBITUARY.

Many an old Ottawa student will be grieved to learn of the death at the age 39, of Maurice Ahearn '66, which occurred in Ottawa on Sunday, April 14th. Mr. Ahearn was one of the most popular students of his day, possessing an extraordinary amount of natural talent besides, that buoyancy of spirits and those qualities of heart and mind that go far towards making a student popular with his fellows. He spent four years at Ottawa College, and when he left school, he became a mechanic of no mean ability as several very useful inventions testify. He was a man of varied attainments, and after leaving college continued for many years afterwards his connection with us by lending his services to the college band of which he was a leading performer. With Prof. Philion the conjurer, who was a classmate of his, he made a tour of America and Europe, but afterwards returned to his former occupation. His love for painting finally predominated over all other tastes and he latterly gave all his attention to the brush, executing some works of merit which occupied a place in the recent Colonial Exhibition in London. Two years ago he was under the tuition of Bougereau, the famous French artist, in Paris. On his return from Paris the dreaded disease of consumption to which he eventually succumbed developed so alarmingly that he was unable to practice his profession in which he had taken so much pains to perfect himself. Acting upon medical advice he spent a winter in southern California, without benefitting his health to any great extent. On his return to this city he rapidly declined, but hopeful of a change for the better he took another trip to Colorado, with little more effect on his health than on the former occasion. His friends a few months ago received from his watchful wife, the sorrowful tidings that he was about to return to die. He reached the city a week ago and sank rapidly, until yesterday when he peacefully passed away in peace surrounded by his family. The funeral took

place from his late residence on Duke street yesterday afternoon, the procession being one of the largest which has been witnessed in the Capital for some time. The funeral service was held at St. Patrick's Church, after which the remains of the deceased were conveyed to Notre Dame cemetery where they were interred. Many prominent citizens of Ottawa testifying their respect for the deceased by their presence in the funeral procession. THE OWL tenders the sympathy of the college to his bereaved relatives. *Requiescat in pace.*

COLLEGE CURRENCY.

Cornell's new chemical laboratory is to cost \$80,000.

The New York Sun has thirty college graduates on its staff.

Yale's '88 class averaged one thousand dollars yearly expenses.

Harvard gave its first degree of LL. D. to George Washington.

Last year Michigan graduated twenty-four young ladies from her law department.

A new hall of science, costing \$270,000, has recently been added to the University of Wisconsin.

The University of Mexico, which is the oldest college in America, was founded fifty years before Harvard.

The faculty of the University of Pennsylvania have forbidden smoking by the students under penalty of expulsion.

When the University of Los Angeles has completed its observatory on Wilson's Peak, California will have three observatories, with the largest telescopes in the world.

W. J. Brownell an English mathematician, claims to have squared the circle after fifteen years' work. His solution is eight figures, which in concrete shape form a perfect cyclometer.—*Ex.*

The United States Government has ordered a telescope for the observatory in the District of Columbia, which will be the largest refracting telescope in the world, having a lens sixty inches in diameter.

After two years' trial of the voluntary system of chapel attendance at Yale, it seems likely that the compulsory system will be returned to, as this has been a failure. A good argument in favor of the compulsory system.—*Ex.*

President Barnard's recommendation to abolish the undergraduate department of Columbia College is being warmly discussed in college circles. The alumni association has entered a vigorous protest against the proposed change.

A Jesuit college will be commenced in the spring at Spokane Falls, W. T. The building will be four stories high, of brick and stone, and will be one of the completest structures in the Territory. It will cost \$100,000 and will have a capacity of 400 students.

—*Fordham Monthly.*

COLLEGE HUMOR.

A philosophical Senior defines a Sophomore's mustache as "not a tangible entity, but a mental concept."

A freshman, being asked the name of Xenophon's wife, replied, after some hesitation, that he believed it was Anna Basis.

Mr. H. : "Boys, I may use bad English around college here, but I tell you when I get with the girls I talk English equal to Cicero."—*Messenger.*

"What do you think of Fielding?" asked a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. "Oh it's important of course, but it don't amount to much without good batting."

Two old ladies visiting a College gymnasium behold for the first time a pair of swinging rings. "I suppose, Elvira," says one, "it's from these the faculty suspends the freshman."—*Lampoon.*

Greek recitation. Benevolent Professor (prompting) : "Now, then, Eipas" Sleepy student (remembering last night's studies) "I make it next." He goes it alone before the faculty.—*Ex.*

A freshman knows everything. He has explored the universe and has proved all things. A Sophomore has the wisdom of an owl, but like that sedate bird, keeps still about it. A Junior knows a little, but begins to be a little doubtful about it. A Senior knows nothing."

Charlie—"Bobby Smith stayed home from school to-day." Mother—"Why?" Charlie—"His mother is dead. Say, mamma, can I stay at home all day when you die?" Mother—"Yes, darling you shall stay at home a whole week." Charlie—(suspiciously)—"Oh, I know! You are going to cheat me; you are planning to die in vacation."—*People.*

Mr. J. (to young lady friend) : "I believe I will commence to wear knee-breeches."

Young Lady : "Let me beg of you Mr. 'Chippy, not to think of such a thing."

Mr. J. (in astonishment) : Why?"

Young Lady : "Because you would be arrested for not having visible means of support."—*Messenger*.

HE WAS DISSIPATED.—In the chemical laboratory :

Professor : "What has become of Tom Appleton? Wasn't he studying with the class last year?"

"Ah, yes ; Appleton—poor fellow ! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals, very. That discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?"

"Yes."

"That's him."—*Journal of Health*.

HER ONE FAULT.

She could talk in Greek and Hebrew,
Most delicious tea could she brew,

She could play on the piano and could bake the
lightest bread.

She could cut and fit her dresses,
On no pug she showered caresses,

And she never paid attention to a word the
gossips said

She was apt in conversation,
She could point each constellation,

And in mazy mathematics she could do the
hardest sum.

She could versify in jingle,
That would make your ear-drum tingle,

She could sing, she danced divinely, but she
would chew gum. —*Exchange*.

The *Harvard Lampoon* proposes the following rules to prevent the base-ball club's being contaminated by contact with professionals.

1. Every man in going to his position in the field must wait until every opposing player has come in and taken his seat upon the opponents' bench.

This will keep the Nine from coming into close contact with the professionals, as they will not have to pass each other going to an fro.

2. No man except the captain shall be allowed to address the umpire ; he may, however call the captain's attention to an erroneous decision, but in doing so he must not raise his voice above its ordinary pitch.

3. No man shall be allowed to address an opponent except upon some point of the game.

The wisdom of this rule is apparent, as it will do away with such needless exclamations as "O Mike ! you can't hit a balloon," "Buck Ewing's in the soup," &c.

4. In addressing an opponent every man must say "Mr. So-and-so," "please," and "sir" When he is answered he must lift his cap, and say, "Thank you, sir."

This rule ought to be especially insisted upon : nothing encourages familiarity so much as calling a man by his first name.

5. When the game is finished the captain shall simply thank the captain of the opposing nine ; further remarks are unnecessary.

This rule will prevent our Nine from chaffing their opponents for having been beaten.

ULULATUS.

"Ho ! look at the hicc-water pants."

"Did you ever see a one wheeled bicycle?"

Cahy says Jean Baptiste can swing clubs in French.

"Say C——n, did you ever see a ghost?"

"What's dat : a *nanny* ghost?"

There was much indignation when it was discovered that Scriver voted against the Jesuits in the recent House of Commons Debate.

One of our young Canadians undertook to celebrate April 1st in English this year ; and after the success of his first trick cried out exultingly "Foolish April."

Freddy L—— had the nose bleed in the barber shop the other day, and asked the barber what would stop it. "Go to a tinsmith and get fixed," was the reply.

As the Third Form was going into Pittaway & Jarvis' for a class photograph, an urchin was heard asking his neighbor :

"Say Jim, who's dem kids?"

"Sh——" came the reply "dem's de cranks from de dime museum."

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS : "What metals are employed in the construction of Meiloni's thermopile?"

STUDENT : "Bismuth and Anthony."

PROFESSOR, (sharply) "What's that?"

STUDENT, (alarmed) I—I—mean Bismarck and Anthony.

There was a terrible yell,
When a rush yell fell
Bruised the organ of smell
Of a youth named Brun—
As he saw his nose swell
His dismay who can tell
For he will not be well
Till he reaches Low—

On a low iron bed a youth reclines
In lieu of a barber's chair ;
By him an amateur barber prepares
To remove superfluous hair.
Stropping the razor and lath'ring the youth
The barber sings merrily,
With gladsome eyes and happy heart,
The following words sings he ;
Shaving, Shaving,
Shaving for a cigar,
Shaving, shaving,
Don't hold the light so far.

As he scraped away on his victim mute
His assistant held the light,
And his master's hand with a critical eye
He always kept well in sight.
A geometriician noted was he
And also of massive mold,
Whenever the razor intruding he'd find
He'd sing in accents bold :
Shaving, shaving,
You're careless don't you see,
Shaving, shaving,
Preserve the symmetry.