

The



Owl.

VOL. I.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, JUNE, 1888.

No. 6.

UTILITARIANISM.

WE live in an age and in a country when and where every work, whether of hand or brain is measured by the scale of utility. The greater part of people belong to two classes—the money-seekers and the pleasure seekers. To the former the utility of an object means the degree of its convertibility into dollars and cents; to the latter anything is useful inasmuch as it can procure amusement. With both of these classes the worship of the golden calf is the prevailing religion; Mammon has an altar in every household. The place in the public gaze formerly filled by a Sophocles or a Cicero, by a Hofer or a Washington, is now occupied by a Vanderbilt or a Rothschild. The hero is dead, and in his stead reigns the chrysochile.

And this spirit of utilitarianism is all pervading; its effects are felt in camp and court, in temple and legislative hall. Politics and religion at the touch of the Midas hand become venality and formalism. Narrowness of views and sordidness of aims confine and debase the intellect, and the highest form of the new philosophy is refined egoism.

Disastrous have been the effects of utilitarianism upon everything good, true or beautiful, and to take particular cases, a most baneful influence has it exercised upon literature and learning. It is not surprising that the literature of the day

should be of such an ephemeral character. Men whose thoughts are occupied with matters of money have no time to read anything beyond the daily newspaper; those who value wealth above all things because of the pleasures it can purchase find sufficient mental pabulum in the elegantly printed and luxuriously illustrated monthly magazine. Into these two channels flows the literary current, and of the barks which sail thereon those receive the most liberal patronage which can convey us the greatest distance in the shortest space of time. In other words, our litterateurs are pleasing to the popular taste in proportion as they are able to treat of the weightiest subjects in a few columns or pages of musically sounding phrases.

That this should be what is required of our writers is of the greatest possible prejudice to them and to the reading public. The languid curiosity which desires to know the why and wherefore of everything without any effort on its own part, prefers to receive an erroneous idea rather than none at all. The morning paper is supposed to give authoritative utterances on the most important subjects, which may have come under the cognizance of its editor but a few hours before. The weary journalist who, in "the wee sma' hours" pores over the mass of news which the cable brings him, knows that his daily bread depends upon his ability to make it

appear that he is perfectly acquainted with all the political, social and religious questions which are agitating the world, that he knows Prince Bismarck's opinion of General Boulanger, or has ascertained the contents of a papal letter before the prelate to whom it is addressed. He may deceive the public, they may suspect it, but either through lack of time or energy they do not try to discover the truth.

A philosopher must condense the theory which has taken a life-time to evolve, into twenty pages of a magazine, if he would have it known to the world, while the novelist can scarcely keep pace with the demand for the productions of his fancy. The literature of Momus is found to be the mine that pays the largest dividends, and the cleverest writers do not disdain to delve it with their pens. Mark Twain wins a fortune in the land where Edgar Allan Poe starved for bread. Hence are the brightest pens tarnished with compositions of the most worthless character, and hence do the best of our writers fritter away the brain substance which contained sufficient material for one or two great works, in a thousand and one pungent paragraphs or elegant essays filled with scholastic lore.

The same causes which have stunted the growth of our literature have been well-nigh fatal to higher education. Our country abounds with common schools, technological institutes and schools of practical science. But it is admitted, even by college presidents, that there is in America no university that is worthy of the name. The reason of this is evident. In no other land has utilitarianism fastened so deeply its fangs; in no other land is there so little study for study's sake. "Knowledge is power" is a maxim admitted by all, but from it may be deduced very different conclusions, according to the sense which is given to the word *power*. The wealthy railroad king has power—so has the great thinker. The former possesses the power of money; the latter, the power of mind. The one may have no other education than "the three R's;" the other possesses a rich store of general knowledge; knows "a little of

everything and a great deal of something." The one regards worldly success as the summit of human felicity, and looks upon all knowledge but that required to attain this success as useless. The other believes that intellectual culture is a good in itself, and that the spiritual faculties are not merely means to material ends.

But the millionaires have the larger following, sad to say. Their principles are accepted as articles of faith by the many, and when they point to themselves, and in exultant tones, say, "We are self-made men," all the world applauds. The rich man's son is graduated from the public school into his father's counting-house, or if he goes to college it is because he knows that he can there pass a very enjoyable four years without burdening his brain with any unnecessary knowledge. If a young man desires to enter upon a professional career, he prepares himself for a series of examinations by a process of "cramming," and if he be successful, proudly boasts of how little was required to obtain the desired certificate.

The days are past when graduates in Law, Medicine and Divinity could, with justice, be called members of "the learned professions." At present the fact that a man writes after his name the letters LL.D., M.D., or D.D., is so far from being a proof of his general scholarship, that it is not even an evidence of any considerable technical knowledge. Instead of an advance, America has thus made a retrograde movement with regard to higher education. "What is the use of wasting in college the years that might be devoted to work?" is the cry. But is study not *work*? Is the cultivation of the mind not a *work* of the noblest nature? As much as the spiritual is superior to the material, as much as matter is inferior to the mind, so much is the work of the student nobler than the work of the practitioner; so much is the doer inferior to the thinker.

D. V. PHALEN, '89

GARCIA MORENO,

PRESIDENT DE L'EQUATEUR, VENGEUR ET MARTYR DU DROIT CHRETIEN, (1821-1875),
PAR LE R. P. A. BERTHE, C. S. S. R.

(Concluded.)

WHILE creating literary and scientific schools, Garcia Moreno also gave his attention to, and founded several charitable institutions, such as the Good Shepherd's, for fallen women, and entered upon the reform of the prisons. Besides an assiduous and prudent religious teaching, he introduced amongst the prisoners manual labour, and a sound elementary training; and at the end of every year the President, in full dress, and surrounded by the most distinguished personages, went to the jail, and proceeded to a scholastic examination, putting the questions himself, and all wondered at the progress of the prisoners, and at their good appearance. At the close of each visit the President bestowed rewards upon the most deserving students, lessening the punishment of some, and even setting at liberty the one who, more than others, had signalized himself by his good conduct. The prisoners applauded heartily, and many shed tears of joy. They could hardly understand how the President of the State could thus condescend to alleviate their misery, and henceforth they rivalled each other in meriting his precious favours.

Generally, prisons are peopled by men so hardened by crime that they are scarcely freed from one penalty ere they deserve another. The following fact shows the efficacy of the penitentiary system of Garcia Moreno. For seven years he had been endeavouring to construct a model reformatory in place of the unhealthy prisons of Quito, but when the building was completed there were no prisoners to occupy it. In the whole Province of Quito, but fifty convicts could be found.

If such was the solicitude of this Christian President for prisoners, we can easily believe that he was untiring in his efforts to procure comfort for the sick in the hospitals. He was accustomed to pay them not merely annual, but daily visits.

From the very commencement of his Presidency he took upon himself the office of director of the largest hospital, and every day he went there, and watched over the employees and servants himself. He would go around the halls, read the medical prescriptions, teach the infirmarians how to prepare medicines, or how to bandage a wound, and the slightest carelessness was always severely punished.

The lepers having complained of their board, Gracia Moreno appeared one day, unexpectedly, at their table, and finding their complaints well grounded, he gave orders that the diet should be improved. Returning a second time, and seeing his order complied with, he was about to retire, satisfied, when one of these poor creatures followed him, with a renewal of the complaint. "My dear friend," said the President, "do you know that I, the President of the Republic, am not so well attended to?"

It is related that at the beginning of his presidency, his wife remarked to him that it would be convenient on that occasion to entertain at dinner the ministers, diplomatists and other men of note. He answered that his private purse could not stand the expense, and as to his salary as President, one half would be given to the state, which was even poorer than himself, and the other half to charitable works. The noble and rich lady willingly offered to take upon herself all the expenses, and handed him 500 dollars. Garcia Moreno took the money, went to the hospital, supplied the most pressing needs of his dear poor, and with the money remaining provided them with a good dinner. On his return his wife asked him if the sum proved sufficient. He answered, laughing heartily, "Yes, indeed. I thought however that a good dinner would prove more beneficial to the sick than to the diplomatists; accordingly I brought my

money to the hospital, where I was assured that an excellent meal could be procured for fifty dollars."

The establishment of schools for boys and girls, and of hospitals—the reformation of the prisons, the building or restoration of hundreds of edifices, and the vigilance exercised in the guardianship of so many varied institutions, were far from exhausting the extraordinary activity of Garcia Moreno. Ecuador was not yet provided with highways. This statement, strictly true, will make known clearly enough to the intelligent reader the poor condition of agriculture, industry and commerce in this state. This want of communication was due not only to the negligence of preceding governments, but also to numberless obstacles put in the way by nature. For example, I may relate that between Quito and Sibamba, a distance of 155 miles, Garcia Moreno had to build one hundred bridges and four hundred viaducts.

When the heroic President made known his project of giving Ecuador highways, there was, as for every undertaking of his, an outburst of mockeries and contradictions—and still worse, of obstacles coming from every corner. But with a motto which he had made his own: "One against all, for the good of all," he put his soul into his project. For ten years, thousands of workmen, divided into disciplined bodies, provided with priests and physicians, and regularly paid, pursued the fight against nature in the darkness of forests, on the top and amongst the precipices of the Cordilleras, till finally, on the 23rd of April, 1870, the road was opened, with the blessing of the Archbishop, in the midst of an overjoyed people. Mockery changed into applause, and opposition into admiration, at the sight of an undertaking believed impossible, and now happily completed.

During this time also, four other enterprises of still greater difficulty, were carried on by Garcia. One was the road from Quito to the Bay of the Canaques, destined to give life to two provinces. The second, from Quito to Esmeraldas, to draw from their loneliness the provinces of Ibarra and Esmeraldas. The third,

from Cuenca to Naranjal, for the benefit of the provinces of Cuenca and Loja; the fourth connected the province of Loja with the maritime fortress of Santa Rosa.

But it is not possible to relate all this. Catholic regenerator of his country did for the glory and benefit of Ecuador. He spent not less than six millions for public works, and yet far from emptying the public treasury, he diminished the national debt. Since the war of Independence Ecuador had to bear its share of the burden contracted by Bolivar, in the name of Columbia. This debt had not been reduced under the former governments—on the contrary, it had been increased by the addition of an internal debt of thirty millions. Just before being murdered by Free Masons, Garcia Moreno said, in his message of 1875, "During the last six months we have paid nearly six millions on the Anglo-American debt, and in regard to the internal one, I have the pleasure of announcing that the bonded debt will be extinct next year, and the floating one reduced to-day to sixteen millions of dollars, will be covered within a few years.

And how did Garcia Moreno succeed in carrying on such extraordinary achievements? Not by increasing taxes. On the contrary, he reduced some and abolished others; and had even raised, by one-third, the salary of many public officers.

But, as F. Berthe shows, he repressed, with severity, the political agitators who had heretofore been ruining the country. He maintained peace with his neighbours; he prevented frauds and robbery; he gave a new life to agriculture; he created commerce; and, above all, he sought, first God and His justice, and deserved to see realized for his country the promise of the Lord: "And all the rest will be given unto you."

We will be glad if these few lines give our readers the desire of reading the book of Rev. Father Berthe. It will be soon translated into English by Lady Herbert. May it be read by many! They will see therein that a Catholic policy is the best adapted to cure the evils of modern society, and that true civilization is to be found in truth, and in truth alone.

—PHILOS.

THE BUDDING LEAF.

While Winter's blast around me cast
His robe of virgin white,
I nestled in my mantle thin
Deprived of heat and light.

When far around the dreary sound
Of stern Aquilo's breath,
Bore through the trees his stern decrees,
To tender buds, of death.

Deep in my bed, I hid my head ;
And while chill Boreas blew,
My natal gown of softest down
I closer 'bout me drew.

I thought : Ere long, sweet Robin's song
Will fill the morning air ;—
Fresh brooklets glide down mountain side,
And sparkle everywhere.

While, in such dreams, the gurgling streams
Flow on o'er hill and plain,
And charming notes from warblers' throats
Burst forth in sweet refrain;

With whistle shrill o'er distant hill
Came Auster's fiery host :—

Before their blows recede the *Snows*,
Despite the aid of *Frost*.

Though fond of life, to view the strife,
I pierced my prison walls;
And, still concealed, could see the field,
Where many a hero falls.

With trumpet loud, Eolus proud
Cheers on his airy train;
And to the war Apollo's car
Flies noiseless o'er the plain.

Each burning shaft, his legions waft,
Sinks deeply in the *Snow*;
Where strike his beams, uncolored streams,
Like crystal fountains flow.

Their courage lost, Aquilo's host
To Auster's forces yield;—
The battle 's done—the day is won—
The *white-coats* flee the field.

From long repose, I then arose
To greet the southern king,
Whose genial train broke Winter's chain;—
Restored the reign of Spring.

CON. C. DELANEY, '90.

"ART FOR ART'S SAKE."

THE object of art, all men admit, is to paint the beautiful, whether moral, intellectual or physical. If it be granted further that the beautiful, in a general sense, is that which pleases, it would naturally follow that the immediate object of art is to please. On this principle there is little divergence of opinion, but a question of serious difficulty presents itself when we come to its practical application, namely the question, is pleasure the only object of art. A certain school of modern artists and critics which has its advocates on both sides of the Atlantic, but whose representatives are found chiefly in the art centres of continental Europe, have answered the question in the affirmative. Adopting the hedonistic view of life as their Gospel, they not only maintain that to please is the immediate

object of art but that it is its sole and exclusive end, in fact, that we must cultivate art for the sake of art. Art, they insist, has its own law and its own religion, and the artist has nothing else to do but to plan, and he has accomplished his highest mission when he has accomplished this task. "Art for art's sake" is the motto which has been adopted by the upholders of this doctrine—a doctrine which, though by no means new, has never before been formulated with such distinctness, nor maintained with so much boldness and pertinacity against the positive teachings of Christian ethics.

The principle, in its moral tendency, is one of fundamental importance, and its claims must stand and fall with those of morality and religion. It is the natural outgrowth of those infidel and materialis-

tic speculations which have gained such widespread acceptance in our modern days. A philosophy which limits our human existence to the narrow span of our physical life and which confines the human mind, in its search after truth, to that which our senses can reach, must naturally identify the morally good with the useful, with that which gives success in our earthly career. And having torn from man's heart his noblest aspirations and destroyed in his mind those lofty ideals which alone can lift him to the empyrean heights of infinite truth and beauty and love, what scope has it left to act except that of pandering to his sensual instincts? Having deprived man of heaven and immortality it has directed all his energies towards the pleasures of this world and has engendered in his heart an insatiate craving for their enjoyment. And the artist, the novelist, the poet, who are to furnish the mental pabulum to this infuriated appetite, have become the high priests in this carnival of sense. In accordance with this system, therefore, art is necessarily self-regulated, and independent of morality. But for us Christians, whose aspirations soar beyond this world of sense, art is subordinate to morality, which stands as far above it as the beacon-light stands above the ship which it is to guide into port. The reason for this is quite obvious. If man is responsible for life to a higher authority, and if he is destined for an end that lies beyond his mundane existence, it is evident that that only must be considered good which helps him to attain that end. It must, therefore, necessarily fall in line with morality which has for its object to regulate our conduct so as to attain our final destination. On the other hand, although art is subordinate to morality it is not necessary that it should obtrude its moral injunctions in too direct a fashion, as, by doing so, it would fall into the opposite error. It is the distinct office of art to paint the beautiful and by its sublime creations to so enrapture the soul of man as to lift him above this sordid world into the pure regions of celestial light and beauty, and by filling his heart with admiration for

that which is noble and true and with horror for that which is vile and false, art, in an indirect manner, becomes the teacher of mankind. But to obtain its moral end it is not necessary that art should idealize beyond measure the pictures which it holds up to our view, and represent to us virtue adorned in angels' attire and contrasted only by the shapes of fiends. Human nature is neither quite angelic, nor entirely diabolical. Such creations, therefore, would lack one of the essential characteristics of art, namely truth, and by their unreality they would naturally miss their aim and neither please nor teach.

On the other hand, art must be still more on its guard to avoid the opposite extreme, of presenting to us vice surrounded by all the allurements which captivate the senses and charm the imagination, contrasted by virtue in the dull garb of stupidity and commonplace. Thus it is represented by the modern school of so called realists, who pretend to represent life by depicting in the most fascinating colors the profligacy of the debauchee or the ravings of the revolutionist, or, maybe, the blasphemies of the infidel, with virtue in the background as a doubtful clair obscure, destitute of attraction in itself and serving only as a foil for the better display of the main figures of the composition. Thus life may appear to the hazy view of the profligate whose brain is still reeling from the fumes of his last debauch; such it may appear to all the other apostles of human degradation, whatever their name or creed, but to the sober sense of the Christian and to the average man of honor and worth (and they, after all, constitute the majority in our enlightened age) life presents a different aspect. For them virtue still holds the foreground in the hearts of man, not only because it is the injunction of religion and leads man to an everlasting reward hereafter, but because it is the dictate of reason and is the only means by which happiness can be obtained even in this world. And is not this modern sensualistic art in itself an apt illustration of the foregoing remarks? Examine the works and the lives of the

chief expounders of that doctrine, and what do you observe. In their works and often also in their lives, they appear as men longing after pleasures of which they feel the bitterness, and though panting with the desire for enjoyment, this very enjoyment, when reached, turns dead upon their lips. The cup which was to bring delight is changed into the poison-bowl, because it was sought inordinately and in violation of the laws of morality which are the laws of reason. Consequently the teachings of this school have fitly been called the philosophy of despair.

But besides this spurious realism there exists a true realism in art, which represents life as it actually is; not, however, as it is reflected in the visions of the voluptuary, but as it exists in the hearts of the noblest of our race. Nor is this realism an invention of our own days. It is as old as Homer, the father of ancient art, and has found in Shakespeare its most illustrious representative in modern times.

In Shakespeare's creations not a feature of life is wanting, not a passion that agitates the human heart not a vice that corrodes it, nor a crime that blackens it. And yet, though vice and crime have their full proportionate share in his pictures of life, virtue always occupies her proper relative place, and our sympathies are ever enlisted in her cause. Whose heart can

remain unmoved in witnessing the sweet innocence of Desdemona and the noble, trustful generosity of Othello, and who will not be horrified in beholding the mischief wrought upon their lives by that diabolical monster Iago? Whose love for country and liberty will not be kindled to greater ardor by the noble words of Marcus Brutus, and whose hatred of tyranny will not be intensified by the evil deeds of Richard III? Who can perceive without loathing the horrible crimes that drove Hamlet to distraction, and who will observe without sympathy, and without profit for his own conduct, the sad errors that caused the ruin of the life of King Lear? Thus we see that, with the greatest masters, art, besides its immediate object of pleasing, assumes a nobler, higher mission, the mission namely of raising man, through the contemplation of the beautiful, to the love of the true and good. And as the true, the beautiful and the good, in their higher union, are identical with the divine, which is the source of all truth and beauty and goodness, it follows that art is not its own law and must not be cultivated for its own sake, but that, through its alliance with virtue and truth, with morality and religion, it must lead man to his final destination, to God.

EUGENE P. GROULX, '89.

THE OLD MAPLE.

Once wast thou what thou art not now,

The glory of each summer hour ;
Soon as the sunbeam lit thy bough

With smile of early dawning,
The children came to cull thy leaves,
The bee to sip thy nectar, flowing

So gently down thy pallid side,
A sweet, pellucid amber tide.

Then did'st thou rule in queenly pride,

Tall and peerless maple tree ;
And every scented breeze that sigh'd

Told the love it bore for thee.

The song bird came, a yearly guest,

To thy impervious screen,
In which the schoolboy left her nest

And sky-blue eggs unseen.

The violet, dark and lily fair

'Neath thy shade were ever found,

Where the fluttering noon-tide air

Sent the dew drops patt'ring round.

At eve fond lovers oft would meet,
Ling'ring 'neath thee until night ;
When fire-flies kindling at their feet
Bade them take their homeward flight.

Now, never more beneath thy shade

Shall the village lovers rest,
For darkly bare thine arms are laid

Against the sunset in the west :

And they are lifeless, sad and drear,

And the coming of sweet May

Will cause no leaflets to appear,
Blooming on a wither'd spray.

It matters not—remembrance will

Paint thee as thou once hast been,
And the old maple on the hill

Yet in mem'ry shall be green.

No matter what the months may bring,

That trunk shall share my sympathy—

A year shall come without a Spring

For me as for the maple tree

M.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE days which the church sets aside for the ordination of her ministers are special times of joy to all. But when we see those in whose company we live, who form, as it were, a corps of elder brothers of the same family, advancing in God's service, then the joy becomes more personal and we appreciate better the great act then performed. Saturday the 26th inst, the eve of Trinity Sunday, was the day on which His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, held his semi-annual ordination. Contrary to a long established custom, the ceremony, instead of taking place in the Parish Church of St. Joseph, was held at the Cathedral, thus depriving the students of the pleasure formerly experienced on beholding their teachers advancing towards God's altar. The change was doubtlessly due to the large number of participants, thus rendering the sanctuary of the parish church too small for the ceremony. His Grace was assisted by the very Rev. Vicar-General and also by Rev. Father Langevin, O.M.I. director of the Seminary. Those who received orders were young aspirants from the diocesan seminary, and also scholastics of the congregation of the Oblates, some of whom are engaged in the college, while others are quietly pursuing their studies at the beautiful scholasticate situated on the banks of the picturesque Rideau river.

Rev. Messrs. Bedard and Proulx of the seminary were raised to the dignity of the priesthood, and Rev. Brothers Constantineau, Lemoine and Charlebois were also invested with the same sacred character. We are unable to enumerate all the orders conferred or even to mention the names of the happy recipients, we shall content ourselves with merely mentioning those conferred on the scholastics engaged at the College. Besides the dignity of the priesthood which was conferred on Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I., the holy order of sub-deaconship was received by Rev. H. A. Gervais, O.M.I. and Rev. J. J. Dacey, O.M.I. Rev. Alphonse Gratton, O.M.I. received the four minor orders,

while Rev. James H. Quinn, O.M.I. was enrolled among the number of clerics by the reception of the tonsure. The ceremony, which lasted nearly four hours, was witnessed by many of the friends of the participants, who joined them afterwards in the Archiepiscopal residence to congratulate them on their promotion. The two ordained secular priests left soon after for their respective missions. Rev. Father Bedard accompanies his Grace on an episcopal visitation: Rev. Father Proulx is missioned to Hartwell as an assistant to Rev. Father Mangin.

The newly ordained Oblate Fathers officiated on the day following their ordination in their respective communities. Rev. Father Constantineau sang High Mass in the College Chapel, assisted by Rev. Mr. Froc, O.M.I. as assistant priest, Rev. J. E. Emard, O.M.I. and Rev. J. J. Dacey, O.M.I. as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. After the gospel of the day had been sung, the Very Rev. director of the College ascended the pulpit and preached a very eloquent sermon on the lesson of the feast, in the course of which he paid a glowing tribute to the many excellent qualities and virtues of the young priest who, for the first time, went unto the altar of God, "of that God who rejoices his youth." In the afternoon, the Rev. Father visited the playground, and gave his blessing to all the students, who showed by the deep devotion with which they received the same, that they recognized the great dignity which God had conferred on one to whom they are bound by many ties of friendship. To all the participants in the ordination, THE OWL extends its heartiest congratulations. To the young priests, it says, "*ad multos annos.*"

Mgr. Grandin, O. M. I., Bishop of St. Albert, and Father Lacombe, the Black-foot missionary stayed a few days at the College on their return from an extended trip in the States, where they had been to solicit aid for the missions of the North-West.

Brother Ryan accompanied by an Oblate junior, left the College on May 9th for the mission at Mackenzie River.

After having long struggled against a very backward spring, "Father Tabaret's trees" have put forth fruit, their foliage adding beauty to the campus. The "Via Saera" is an inviting walk, and it is filled with students during every moment of recreation. The sweet strains of "Home Again" floating on the evening air, tell whither all thoughts are turning, and the mathematical powers of many are concentrated on a problem in reduction, in which weeks, days and hours are no longer unknown quantities.

Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, visited the College on May 12th, on which occasion an address was presented to him by the students.

The closing days are "the gladdest of the year" to the heart of the photographer who has the good fortune to be patronized by the students. The various classes, groups of intimate friends, all are being "taken." The portraits of the champion football team were not taken in costume as formerly, but instead, separate "panels" were fastened on a cardboard, and the whole photographed. The result was an excellent picture, which does great credit to the artists, Messrs. Pittaway & Jarvis.

The class of Physics is giving a public entertainment on June 5th, when a series of lectures, accompanied by experiments will be given on the nature and various applications of Electricity. Great pains have been taken to prepare an interesting programme, and the seance will doubtless be novel and delightful to all.

On Sunday, June 3rd, the feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated as usual by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The students of the College attended in a body and were assigned the place of honor immediately in front of the canopy, beneath which walked His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, carrying the monstrance which contained the sacred Host. Benediction was given at three altars erected on the route.

When H. F. C.'s letter concerning a Catholic University for Canada was published two months ago, it was not thought by either the writer or the editors of THE OWL that his and our desires would so soon be satisfied, even to some extent. But we have been equally surprised to learn that a Faculty of law is very shortly to be founded in connection with the College, Ottawa, and we hope in the July number of THE OWL to be able to give our readers something more definite regarding this new department of the university.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

[Through the kindness of Rev. Father Fayard, we publish this month a letter from Bishop Gaughran, O. M. I., of Natal, South Africa. Though not intended for publication the letter contains much that will be interesting to our Catholic readers. Now, there are Oblate Missionaries in many parts of the world, which are very little known. A series of letters from them would be of lively interest to our readers and at the same time might be of benefit to the missionaries themselves. We therefore cordially invite the Oblate Fathers in the Canadian Northwest, Ceylon, South Africa, and Mexico, to send us for publication letters descriptive of the natives, of their labors, or of whatever else they may think worthy of being made known. Communications from England, France and the United States would also be very acceptable.—Eds. of THE OWL.]

KIMBERLY, South Africa,

April 18th, 1888.

DEAR FATHER FAYARD—The College OWL found me out in this remote region of the Dark continent. It had a long flight of over ten thousand miles; but it seemed quite fresh and was excellent in plumage, and I must say its hootings were not at all unpleasant. I look upon it as a good specimen of a College journal, and

have much pleasure in enclosing my subscription for the present year. Although it is not essentially a chronicle of the doings of our Fathers at Ottawa, still it will form a connecting link with us here, and the members of the congregation in Canada. My connection with the College is not a very close one now, but it is one that is very dear to me, for poor old Father Bennett who died some time ago was my professor when I was a child, and was always a very dear friend.

When I had the pleasure of seeing you last, neither of us thought that we would be separated by the width of half the world. I had no idea that I should ever be in South Africa and I don't think you had any notion of Canada as your future home. If you find Ottawa as much to your taste as I find this country to mine, I have only to congratulate you. I have discovered here all that I ever dreamed of in the way of foreign missions. There are four good parishes of white people, principally my own countrymen, and all the rest is work among the Caffirs. Some fifty years ago these Caffirs were cannibals; but now although they retain their noble bearing and fine physique they are docile, and reverential to the priest and anxious for all kinds of useful knowledge as well as instruction in the truths of faith. Had we only a sufficient number of Fathers I have no doubt that in a few years the whole Basuto nation would be Catholic. There is a wonderful movement among them towards the Church at present, but alas! we are handicapped both for men and money, to avail ourselves of it. We put our trust solely in God. * *

Yours sincerely in J. C.,

† A. GAUGHRAN.

THE JULY-AUGUST OWL.

We have spared no expense in making the July-August OWL superior to anything of a like nature hitherto attempted in college

journalism. The best American engravers have the work of illustration in hand, and the proofs already sent us are most faithful re-productions of the portraits and photographs sent them. The illustrations are ten in number and will be printed on heavy plate paper. The subjects are as follows:—

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel.

Very Reverend Father Tabaret.

The University of Ottawa.

The College Chapel.

Academic Hall.

Physical Laboratory.

Chemical Laboratory.

Students' Reading Room.

Students' Refectory.

The "Varsity" F. B. C., champions of Canada.

The publishers of THE OWL, in order to encourage the students to contribute, offer several prizes for the best essays sent in during the next scholastic year. These prizes are to be competed for by students of all classes, below the Sixth and Seventh Forms. For the best essay, the sum of Ten Dollars will be awarded; the writer of the second in merit will receive Five Dollars. We trust that some of the Alumni will second our efforts, and offer a like encouragement to our young writers.

As many of the subscriptions given us in January were for a half year only, they expire with the present issue. We invite a renewal for all who desire to continue to receive THE OWL, and hope that they will allow us to retain their names on our books for the next scholastic year.

We request the students who are now about to renew their stock of wearing apparel, etc., to consult our advertising columns before purchasing, as the aid given us by the advertisers has lightened considerably the financial burden of the publishers; we call upon the students to show their appreciation of it.



The Owl.



PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

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

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the College of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

Address all letters to "THE OWL," College of Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

JAS. T. FOLEY, '88.

D. V. PHALEN, '89.

M. F. FALLON, '90.

C. J. KENNEDY, '90.

D. A. CAMPBELL, '90.

J. J. RYAN, '91.

Business Manager,

W. J. CLEARY, '91.

Students are requested to patronize our advertisers.

VOL. I. JUNE, 1888. No. 6.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

On Commencement Day, June 20th, the July-August number of THE OWL will be issued. It will be a double number, will contain many contributions from the pens of old students, and will be very finely illustrated. All subscribers receive this number, and if any should wish more than one number they will please notify us immediately. The price will be twenty-five cents a number. See announcement elsewhere.

During the past few weeks we have sent bills to all those who have been receiving THE OWL without subscribing. We trust these bills will not be looked upon as "duns." Our intention is merely to ascertain what number of our readers intend to subscribe. Many favorable replies have already been received, and we hope that more will come.

CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS.

THE long looked forward to International Congress of Catholic Scientists began its sessions in Paris on April 8th, and judging from the newspaper reports, we expect that the proceedings of the Congress, when published, will be encyclopedic in their value. Learned savants of two continents were met together to show that there is no conflict between religion and science. The American contingent was rather small, and by no means representative. It included Prof. Gmeiner of St. Paul, President Walsh of Notre Dame University, Dr. Bernard O'Reilly of New York, and Mgr. Oca of San Luis Potosi. Britain sent Father Perry, the distinguished astronomer, of Stonyhurst, Father O'Mahon of the Catholic University of Ireland, and Wilfrid Ward, son of the first editor of the *Dublin Review*. France, Belgium, Germany, Spain and Italy gave a host of distinguished names; and the universities of Louvain, Mæstricht, Lille, Modena, Lyons, Barcelona and others, were represented by their ablest professors. The first paper laid before the Congress was written by Father Gmeiner. It dealt with Herbert Spencer's theory of evolution. The hypothesis of the primitive fluidity of the globe was upheld by Albert de Laparent, the geologist. Father Perry treated most learnedly of the sun-spots. Casimir

Ubaghs sent a paper on tertiary man; while in the same department Canon de Saint-Projet, member of the French Academy, discussed the different species of evolution, physical, linguistic, mental and moral. In the history section, Father De Smedt described the organization of the primitive Christian Churches. Father Baudier rose among the political economists to refute the land theories of Henry George; and the jurists gave their attention to criminal law, and the penitentiary system. These are not one-tenth of the papers read, for the whole field of scientific discussion was traversed. The work of this Congress will certainly remain a monument of the learning and industry of those who took part in it. Of course the rationalists and materialists who said at first that it was impossible that such a Congress should ever meet, will sneer at it, now that it is an accomplished fact. They will say that these are pseudo-scientists who cannot pursue their investigations freely, because they are hampered by their belief in a God, and in an infallible Church. As well say that the mathematician is hampered by believing that two and two make four, or the astronomer by his conviction that the earth revolves around the sun. Nothing but the pride of Lucifer could make men wish to substitute the airiest hypotheses for the stable truths on which the common sense of nineteen centuries has rested. Would non-Catholic scientists but practice the precept given by Him, whom even the least orthodox of them admit to have been a great and a wise philosopher,—were they but “meek and humble of heart,” they would, ere long, recognize that it is to the feet of men such as composed the late International Congress, that they must come, in order to know what is true science.

LET ALL THE STUDENTS SING.

AN idea seems to prevail among many Catholics in this country, that congregational singing is a Protestant custom. This notion has been blown away by Father Alfred Young, C. S. P., himself a convert, who tells the readers of the *Catholic World* that the custom of chanting hymns in common is one of the few practices of the Church retained by the Reformers. But while they perfected it, the children of the Church were growing luke-warm in this respect. The pagan spirit of the Renaissance seized on them, and in spite of strong clerical opposition, voluptuous airs of an operatic character began to replace the grand and simple strains of the plain chant. The new music was so difficult that it could not be sung by all, and hence arose the choir of trained singers. But in our days a return to the primitive simplicity of church music is being inaugurated, and Father Young, who is an enthusiast in this regard, is urging convents and colleges to assist in furthering the design. No one can doubt that the sprightly airs heard in many of our churches would beseem a concert-hall or an opera-house rather than a church. On the other hand, there is no one who is not impressed by the solemn beauty of the Gregorian chant, when well renered. And so simple is it, that all may sing with ease. But coming from general to particular considerations, plain chant is the music of our college-chapel; yet all do not sing. Why? Some say because there are no singers. This is not the case—and the proof is, that on several occasions High Mass and the hymns at Benediction have been given in a most excellent manner. Yet every one admits that, on the whole, the singing has never been so bad as this

year. Now this is very discreditable. In our spacious and beautiful chapel are to be seen every Sunday many strangers, who listen, with a feeling of sadness, to a weak and sometimes almost inaudible chorus from the organ loft, accompanied by lugubrious sounds from stray sheep scattered here and there, who seem to have lost their mother. The best singers require to be supported, and at present we have neither choir-singing nor singing in common. There are many sweet trebles among the juniors, and they are not afraid to use them. They sing boldly and well, when they sing at all. Sometimes their voices are not to be heard, and singing seems to be a matter of humour with them. Such a state of affairs is not conducive to devotion, nor does it, in any way, tend to the glory of God, which should be the ultimate object of sacred song. It is to be hoped that a remedy will be sought, even before the end of the year. We think that if all the choristers were distributed judiciously throughout the chapel, that it might be the means of arousing the others—for apathy, not impotence, seems to be the trouble.

EXAMINATIONS are approaching, and it may be considered appropriate that we should offer a few remarks thereupon. The subject is not a new one, nor is there anything very original left to be said about it. But many seem to consider the annual or semi-annual ordeal through which every student must pass, as a slightly mitigated evil—a necessary evil, if you will. And with these we beg to differ. Undoubtedly a great deal of "cramming" is done for the purpose of passing examinations; but even

this effect of the system is not unmitigatedly bad—for it is impossible that what has been even hastily studied can be altogether forgotten, or, if remembered, can prove useless to the mind. Just as the athlete, who has been living carelessly, is physically a better man because of six weeks' hard training previous to a race, so is the thoughtless student, who has barely followed his class, mentally stronger because of a month's severe study preparatory to going up for an examination. And for the diligent worker, if he but have a fair amount of intelligence, the examiners can have no terrors: for we do not agree with those who believe that a written examination is not always a fair test of what a student knows. It may sometimes happen that an idle student, when called to the black-board, is given the very proposition in geometry which is the only one he knows, but give him three hours to answer a comprehensive paper, and he is lost—while he who sits at his desk with a clear head, and a confidence born of his knowledge of the subject, can surely not fail to put on paper those ideas which are ranged, in an orderly manner, in his brain. Let the aspirants for Matriculation, Intermediate or Final honors, be confident, but not until the morning of the examination. Let no vain regrets for the shortened hours of recreation which they must give themselves during the pleasant days of May and June, interfere with the thoroughness of their review. For after all, work, not play, was their object in coming to College. The languor which they feel at this time must be fought against, and the thought of examinations to pass, will help them to fight against it. And if, as they near the end of the race, they find themselves possessed of a new energy, it is because the goal is in sight,

while the few yards of hard cinders which lie between, stimulate rather than cause them to slacken their pace.

THE Church in Canada has suffered a great loss in the death of the Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto. In his early days, Archbishop Lynch was engaged in missionary work in Missouri and other Western States, but it is with his work in Ontario that his name will ever remain associated. It was he who won the separate schools for the Catholics of this province, and this alone would be sufficient to cause his memory to be honored. Niagara University, which was founded by Dr. Lynch, will mourn in him its warmest and most powerful friend.

A correspondent of the St. John, N.B., *Messenger and Visitor*, presumably a Presbyterian journal, has some very severe strictures on the conduct of the students of Dalhousie College, at their late convocation. The *Presbyterian Witness*, commenting on this, admits the impropriety of the students' conduct, but endeavors to palliate it by saying that it is but a mild imitation of what occurs at Edinburgh and other universities in the old country. This is but a lame defence. If such actions as blowing fish-horns and playing hand-organs during the intervals in the proceedings of a university convocation are improper in themselves, they should not be performed; and, if necessary, the authorities of the universities should prohibit them. If Edinburgh students indulge in rowdiness on an occasion when they are the hosts, and the public their guests, so much the worse for the reputa-

tion of Edinburgh. The example is surely not, on that account, worthy of imitation. This practice of introducing into this country English or Continental customs, simply because they are such, is one to be frowned down severely. If not, we had better bring over some others—as for instance the periodical battles between “gown and town,” as performed with great success at Oxford, and the rather obsolete but none the less amusing and gentlemanly practice of duelling, so much in vogue at Heidelberg. We have no desire to infringe the just liberties of students who, by common consent, are allowed “the freedom of the town,” but there are certain boundaries which should not be passed, and a student should never, because he is a student, cease to be a gentleman.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY this year confers the Degree of Doctor of Laws on George Stewart, jr., editor of the Quebec *Morning Chronicle*. Mr. Stewart is one of the best known of Canadian literati, and one of the chosen few who form the Royal Society of Canada.

THE African Seminary at Louvain, which is under the direction of Dr. Forget, Professor of Arabic at the University, is about to send four missionary priests to Kivamouth, a healthy region suited to the enterprise.

REV. JOSEPH FELTON, D.D., for several years Professor at Ushaw College, England, and esteemed in Germany as a church historian, has been nominated Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Bonn. This is the sixth Catholic chair at this University.

DRAMATIC.

On Tuesday evening, May 1, a large audience greeted "Richelieu," as presented by the Dramatic Club with the following cast:—Louis the Thirteenth, Mr. F. L. French; Gaston, Duke of Orleans (brother to Louis XIII), Mr. D. V. Phalen; Baradas, favorite of the king, Mr. M. F. Fallon; Cardinal Richelieu, Mr. J. T. Foley; The Chevalier de Mauprat, Mr. T. F. Black; The Sieur de Beringhen, in attendance on the king, Mr. P. J. O'Malley; Joseph, a Capuchin, Richelieu's confidant, Mr. J. Devlin; Huguet, an officer of Richelieu's household guard, a spy, Mr. J. J. Ryan; François, first page to Richelieu, Mr. W. F. Kehoe; Antoine, Marion de Lorme's father, Mr. C. C. Delancy; Clermont, first Courtier, Mr. W. McCarthy; De Mauprat's Father, Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick; Secretaries of State, Mr. D. J. Cahalan, Mr. J. Collins, Mr. A. A. Delancy; Governor of the Bastille, Mr. D. R. Macdonald; Gaoler, Mr. J. Smith.

As the greater part of our editorial staff took part in the drama, we take the liberty of reprinting the account published in the London *Catholic Record* of May 12:

"The authorities of our colleges very wisely consider it their duty to foster in students a taste for legitimate drama. Thus it happens that in all those institutions we find amateur actors of considerable ability. Of course it would be unfair to make comparisons as to the relative merit of those youthful wearers of the buskins. No doubt St. Mary's in Montreal, and St. Michael's in Toronto, give some very creditable performances before the public, yet to one who has seen, as has your correspondent, the dramatic representations in which the students of Ottawa College took part, it does not seem at all unreasonable that they should claim first rank among the amateur disciples of Thespis.

They are not wanting in ambition, those students—presumption their enemies might call it. They were not afraid in former days to attempt Sheridan Knowle's master-piece "William Tell;" a year ago they took one of the heaviest tragedies of the modern drama, Schiller's "Death of Wallenstein," and made it exceedingly presentable; and now just a week ago they had the audacity to lay there hands upon that *chef d'œuvre*, in which the late John McCullough often figured, and which Lawrence Barrett won his fame, Bulwer Lytton's *Richelieu*. A wonderfully versatile man this Bulwer, third or fourth rank among English novelists, a poet of considerable merit, and the author of two plays which after having seen the rise and fall of a thousand other dramas still queen it in the favor of theatre-goers. But this is digressing. Let us proceed to dilate on the boldness of these presumptuous Ottawa students. After all we cannot be surprised at them, they are encouraged in their madness by the Ottawa public, and the director of their Dramatic Association—ha! that is the root of the evil—there is an indefatigable priest in that college who under-

stands the drama both in theory and practice. Many a time during rehearsals have students remarked while he showed them how to render some grand passage, "What a great tragedian was lost to the world when Father Balland donned the soutane."

But *revenons a nos moutons*. On Tuesday, May 1st, the Academic Hall of Ottawa College was filled with a large and distinguished audience, come to aid and abet the mad students in their latest freak of folly which must end in failure. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, surrounded by many of his clergy, was there; white-robed Dominicans and black-robed Jesuits were there; and quite a number of the legislators of our Dominion shed the light of their august countenances upon the scene. When, shortly after eight o'clock, the curtain rose, the stage was discovered occupied by the College band; the Director's baton waved, and the "Siege of Tuyen Quan" began. The blare of trumpets and the roar of distant cannon were heard and from opposite sides marched in a great troop of soldiers, French and Chinese, and the sound of many voices mingled with the clarion notes of brazen mouthed instruments. It is really marvellous how the genius of a composer can place before us through the medium of notes of music all the tumult and hurly-burly of a battle. Slower and slower waved the wand of the magician, Father Balland, the soldiers disappeared and the "Siege" was over.

After a short interval the curtain rose again. But now "the scene was changed." Can it be, are we now in 16th century France? Those figures clothed in rich velvets—those flowing perukes, lace ruffles and jewelled swords! Why it would be a sufficient treat to gaze upon them. Dark browed conspirators are plotting against him who was hated as much as he was feared; "Richelieu despatched to heaven," says the Count de Baradas, with a smile that is not pleasant to see, while the jest and laughter from the other table where Adrian de Mauprat, "the wildest gallant and bravest knight in France" sits throwing away his last louis at dice with the Sieur de Beringhen, breaks in upon his words. But to go through each of the ten scenes in this manner would make serious inroads on your space, so we must hurry. The leading role, that of Cardinal Richelieu, was assumed by Mr. J. T. Foley. This gentleman is possessed of a very dignified presence, a voice which, while not powerful, is very rich, and a faultless elocution. Keene would no doubt have given us a more impressive impersonation, but he could not have spoken the lines more correctly or more intelligently than did Mr. Foley. The flashes of grim humor were well given, and anon when the iron gauntlet was dropped for the velvet glove the actor's ability rendered the change a tonching one. Mr. Foley looked what he acted, "the priest and hero." Mr. M. F. Fallon was the Count de Baradas, prime conspirator against Richelieu, over whom he wins a victory of short duration. Mr. Fallon has great power of facial expression, a quality much needed where, as in the character of Baradas, hate, malice and all the

bad passions of an evil nature are required to be depicted on the features. The young Chevalier, Adrian de Mauprat, too confiding dupe of the designing Baradas, impulsive, hasty, but generous and just, was interpreted in a most sympathetic manner by Mr. T. F. Black. His outbursts of honest anger at the supposed treachery of the Cardinal, and his passionate pathos when he discovers the duplicity of Baradas, won for him rounds of applause. The simple words, "France requires Richelieu but does not need De Mauprat," as spoken by him, were most pathetic. Francois, the heroic youth who at great risk gains possession of the coveted despatch and by bringing it to Richelieu at the critical moment foils the triumphant conspirators, fell to the lot of Mr. W. F. Kehoe, and in no worthier hands could it have been placed. His handsome features and graceful bearing would of themselves have been sufficient to please the audience, but when these are assisted by a mellow voice and an ardent manner, he was the beau-ideal of a brave high-spirited young Frenchman. The weak minded but well meaning King Louis XIII was represented most thoroughly by Mr. F. L. French. Mr. Joseph Devlin as the Capuchin monk, Joseph, confidant of Richelieu, was most natural, and Mr. P. J. O'Malley sustained in an excellent manner the character of the shrewd, danger shunning, pater-loving Sieur de Beringhen. Mr. D. V. Phalen, as the Duke of Orleans, made the most of the *role*, and no one would have believed from the ease with which he took his part that Mr. D. R. Macdonald was making his *debut* before the public as Governor of the Bastille. One of the most noticeable features of the whole performance was the careful and correct manner in which even the least important of the many characters were rendered. The scenery deserves a word of especial praise. De Mauprat's house and the gardens of the Louvre were excellent, but the crowning piece of the painter's skill was the Bastille in the first scene of the fifth act. Never has a more realistic prison been seen on the stage. The last scene with thirty personages on the stage, dressed in gorgeous costumes and distributed in dramatic positions was one which a great artist would delight to paint.

But was it not a failure then, this drama? It was the success *par excellence* of the Ottawa College. Not only was it the *piece de l'annee*, but the piece to which future students will look back as the standard by which to measure their performances.

ATHLETIC NEWS.

The revised rules of the National Amateur Lacrosse Association for the season of '88, are to hand. As a result of the recent convention in Cornwall, we note that expulsion will henceforth

be the punishment of a person found guilty of playing on more than one team during the season, provided that such player in changing teams has not risen from a lower to higher club—as from a junior to an intermediate team, or from an intermediate to a senior one. This is a step at least, in the direction of preventing that wholesale traffic in lacrosse players, which of late has become a popular business, though, we question whether a paying one. Another commendable change, is that regarding a referee. We are not surprised that legislation in this direction was entered into at the late convention, for, last year, the appointment of a referee almost invariably gave rise to disputes such as the true admirers of the game sincerely wished would not be repeated, and now, that several capable men have been chosen for the position, there is every reason to hope that an amicable agreement may be easily effected.

"Ubi concordia ibi victoria," the new motto of the Athletic Association is in every sense a fitting one. The spirit of concord has ever characterized our athletic struggles, and we know of no better means of ensuring a continuation of that proud career of victory which has hitherto been ours, than by the cultivation of this same spirit.

The stand lately taken by the authorities of some of the leading American institutions of learning, on the question of Athletics, now occupying so much attention, is to say the least extraordinary, and as far as we are concerned, we must formally disagree with the faculty of Harvard, with Ex-President White of Cornell, and several others of kindred tendencies, and loudly protest against the proposed abolition of Athletics from College life. We contend that the indulgence, by students, in athletic contests is not incompatible with the most rigid prosecution of a College course, and if proof be necessary we need only look at the history of our own institution, where considerable attention has and is being paid to Athletics. Here, however, they have been assigned their proper place, and have been kept severely within their limits, and instead of being blame-worthy distraction, they are an invaluable aid to intellectual culture. The learned Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, is right, however, in saying that care should be taken to prevent Athletics from becoming the sole object and consideration of the student, but we can foresee none but the most direful results from their total suppression.

It is to be regretted that the absence of the students during the summer months will prevent our lacrosse team from entering into the competition for the Ottawa Valley district championship. We have full confidence in the strength of our boys, and feel sure that had they an opportunity of competing the medal would winter in the College.

The most exciting handball game of the season was played on the 10th inst. between teams representing "The Corridor" and the "Ryan Table." Much excellent play was exhibited by both sides, but the skill and dexterity of the Corridor team proved too much for their opponents, who displayed a want of practice and a lack of coolness. The match resulted in favor of "the Corridor."

and was characterized throughout by the utmost good feeling between the umpires, as well as between the players. Mr. Ronald McEachen discharged the duties of Referee to the entire satisfaction of all.

No steps in the direction of organizing the junior foot-ball teams here this spring have been taken. The condition of the grounds at present may possibly account for this neglect, otherwise we would strongly insist upon the organization of these clubs. The Juniors are a valuable source from which to draw recruits for the first team, and in fact they have proved themselves the mainstay of foot-ball in the College. Among the present champions there are several who can readily recall the time when they formed a part of the third fifteen.

Quite an interesting game of base-ball was played on Monday last between nines picked from the first and second forms. Good batting, close playing and few errors characterized the game throughout. McKenna at first base for the second form played exceptionally well, and great things may be expected from him in the future. Smith in center field was ever on hand when needed, and proved himself a source of great help to his nine. Catcher Owens, who had his nasal organ fractured while *behind the bat* in a previous game, was unable to play.

The spirit of rivalry which at present prevails among the various class teams should meet with general approval. These friendly contests, while they afford to everyone an opportunity of engaging in his favorite pastime, give valuable exercise to those who take part in them, and often bring to view experts who would otherwise remain unknown.

In the recent game between the fourth and third grade nines, Captain Foley's batting excelled anything we have seen this season. He may safely look for an early promotion. Fitzpatrick, in centre-field for the third grade, surprised everybody by his marvellous play.

On May 24th, at Lansdowne Park, the "first nine" played a match with the St. Lawrence Club of Montreal, for a silver cup given by St. Joseph's Union. It is broadly hinted that the Montreal club had several "dark horses," and that their pitcher in particular would, with his complexion and past history, deserve to be classed with the "Maroons." The diamond was a poor one, and the crowding of the spectators was a disadvantage to both sides. After the second innings the score was 12 to 8 in favor of St. Lawrence, but during the next four innings they did not get a run. For the Montreal team Mike (!) Campbell (?) and Burns were a most effective battery. McMahon was one of a number of good batsmen, but had no business on first base. The St. Lawrence "field" was weak. The College battery Valois and Guillet, were in superb form; and it is thought that the former never pitched a better game. O'Malley did some very clever base-stealing. Kehoe proved himself a worthy successor to Sheehan and Mahoney, while Weldon rendered excellent service in his new position on

third base. Mr. W. H. McCarthy umpired the game. The score card read as follows:

OTTAWA COLLEGE.

	AT	BAT.	R.	1ST	B.	T.P.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kehoe, 1st b	7	5	2	4	8	0	0	0	0
O'Malley, s.s.	7	3	0	0	2	4	0	2	4
Weldon, 3rd b	7	2	2	3	1	0	1	0	1
Guillet, c	7	3	2	2	10	2	2	2	2
Clinton, 2nd b	6	5	2	2	5	0	1	0	1
Valois, p	6	2	1	4	1	8	3	0	0
McCrahon, r.f	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ryan, c.f	6	3	1	1	0	1	0	1	0
Clark, l.f	6	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	58	23	11	17	27	15	7		

ST. LAWRENCE.

	AT	BAT.	R.	1ST	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	R.
Feclay, 2nd b	6	2	1	1	0	0	1	0	1
McMahon, 1st b	6	2	2	4	4	0	2	0	2
Gallagher, 3rd b	5	2	1	1	0	2	1	0	2
Burns, c	5	3	2	3	17	2	2	2	2
Moriarty, s.s	5	1	1	2	4	2	1	0	1
Grafton, r.f	5	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1
Campbell, p	5	2	3	5	1	15	4	0	0
Jones, c.f	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Trott, l.f	5	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	47	16	11	17	27	21	12		

Score by innings:

Ottawa College, 6 2 1 1 0 7 4 1 1—23 runs.
 St. Lawrence, 4 8 0 0 0 0 2 1 1—16 runs.

Struck out—By Valois, 8; by Campbell, 10.
 Two base hits—Kehoe, 2; Weldon, Burns, Moriarty, Campbell, 2. Three base hit, McMahon.
 Home run, Valois.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

ST. THOMAS ACADEMY.—On April 9th a paper on "Hypnotism" was read by W. F. Kehoe, in which this very interesting and knotty subject was treated of briefly. It was pointed out that the actions performed by persons in a mesmeric sleep were altogether beyond their natural powers, and that therefore there must be some supernatural assistance. This assistance does not come from God, whose omnipotence is not at the beck of every hypnotist, and therefore the only conclusion is that hypnotism or mesmerism is one of the many snares for souls employed by the fallen archangel. The evil effects of hypnotism upon the physical and moral health of the "mediums" were dwelt upon; the essay, short as it was, being an excellent *resumé* of all that is known about the subject.

The discussion on the moral legality of interest for money was again resumed at this meeting, and many members of the society took part in it. The

result was that the President's contention was upheld, viz., that the lender has a perfect right to make a reasonable charge for the use of his money, even on the supposition that if the money had not been loaned it would have remained idle.

MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY.—On April 11th the President read his fourth and last paper on "Evolution." J. H. Paradis then read a criticism of J. E. Landry's analysis of a specimen which he had called Amphibole. Mr. Paradis urged that there was not yet sufficient evidence to enable the society to concur in the analyst's opinion, and requested that their decision be deferred. Mr. Lajeunesse then read a paper on Molybdenum.

The last meeting for the present year was held on the evening of May 2nd. J. C. Moriarity gave an account of his analysis of a silicate which he desired should be called Tourmaline. J. E. Landry criticised the essay and differed from the conclusions of the analyst. The motion of the latter, however, was carried by vote. Then Mr. Charlebois described the manner in which he had analyzed a mineral which he believed to have all the properties of Ouvarovite. His conclusions were not disputed. He was followed by the Rev. Director, who complimented the members of the society on the work that had been done during the year.

EXCHANGES.

St. John's University Record, a well filled and promising monthly of the same age as the *Owl* comes to us from "the land of blizzards." The first article, "Voltaire, a Study," exposes the hypocrisy and petty meanness of the infamous French philosopher (?), and gives the intrigues by which he obtained admission into the society of "Immortals." But the writer in thinking that Voltaire failed in his attempt to compose any works of a moral nature differs from many sage critics, notably from Dr. Blair, who says that "Voltaire is, in the strain of his sentiments, the most religious and the most moral of all tragic poets." If this be granted, it only gives a more exalted idea of the powers of deception of this wonderful literary fraud. A series of papers on "Norwegian Literature" opens a mine as yet little worked, but containing we doubt not much valuable ore. Of the authors mentioned, Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson has already won considerable popularity in America. A lengthy dissertation on "Pugilism" sketches the progress of the "manly art" and makes many just moral considerations upon the effects of pugilistic contests both on spectators and participants. Were we disposed to quarrel with the exchange editor of the *Record* we might throw at him a large volume of Shakespeare, which by an automatic arrangement would, after knocking him down, place itself in his hands and open at "What's in a name?" After all what more fitting name for a college journal than

that of "the bird of wisdom?" All the other names are so very common, ye know, and we do not wish to be classed as common. "But fear not, doubt not, which thou wilt," 'twill take more than a hasty remark about our "horrible name" to make us angry with our newly found friend the *St. John University Record*, to which we wish the utmost possible success.

Our Dumb Animals is a handsomely gotten up monthly journal published in Boston in the interests of the S.P.C.A. The present number is in mourning for the death of Henry Bergh, the founder of that society. Now it might be thought from a recent editorial in the *Owl* that we do not rightly estimate the work done by the S.P.C.A. and similar organizations. Not so. We admire and praise them for the good they do, but hold that they are liable to foster an overstrained sympathy for "our dumb animals," from which arise many absurd and unchristian notions. That this is so is proved by a poem in the April number of the above mentioned journal, "My Dog's Soul," by Mrs. A. Giddings Park. Here are four specimen lines which contain the essence of the whole poem:

"And we like to think,—'tis a pleasing thought,
And a part of our cherished creed,—
That the pets we've loved, dumb creatures all,
Have a future that meets their need;"

It is to be hoped that those who subscribe so liberally towards having officials parade the streets on cold days exhibiting the placard "Blanket your horses," take an equal interest in the welfare of the homeless street waifs, and never refuse a crust to a starving beggar.

The *Quill* is published at Staten Island Academy. It has a cover of beautiful design and altogether a prepossessing appearance.

We had the temerity to inform the exchange editor of the *Xavier* in as deferential a tone as it was possible for us to assume, that there was obliquity in his critical vision, and that it was a wise old proverb which advises those living in glass houses not to throw stones. Whereupon, with the air of a pouting school-girl, he says that we are a real horrid thing, and that he will never, never speak to us again.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Some of our enterprising juniors, wishing to keep pace with their worthy seniors in intellectual as well as in physical culture, have formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement, which society they have agreed to call the Alpha Beta Literary and Historical Society of the College of Ottawa. As might be expected from the nature of the subjects discussed, good work is being ac-

complished. So far the following subjects have been under consideration, and able arguments elicited both for pros. and cons.: resolved that Barry was a greater admiral than Nelson; that the Canadian Rebellion of '37 was justifiable; that Longfellow was a greater poet than Tennyson. The subject of discussion for the next regular meeting of the society is: resolved, that undue clerical influence upon freedom of discussion should be discontinued. This subject was selected because a previous meeting of the society which, for the sake of greater freedom in argumentation, had adjourned to a corner of the campus, was ruthlessly dispersed by one of the prefects. The officers of this society are the following:—A. McDonald, President; T. Riley, Vice-President; W. Davis, Cor.-Secretary; W. Hawson, Rec.-Secretary; A. Plunket, Critic; J. Duffy, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The prospect of a very successful season for the 1st base-ball team of "the small yard," the Maple Leafs, is very bright. Although only in practice a few weeks, they have already played four games, in each of which their opponents were obliged to accept a humiliating defeat.

The first of their series of games was played against the Nationals, the 2nd team of the "small yard," but the latter, although having many promising players, showed themselves far from being equal to their redoubtable rivals. At the end of the match the score-card read, Maple Leafs 10, Nationals 2.

The next game was played against a city team, the Young Unions, but the brilliant individual playing of the latter could not withstand the very effectual team play of our young hopefuls, and the Union boys were forced to retire from the field without the longed for distinction they had confidently expected. The score for this game was Maple Leafs 10, Young Unions 3.

The Young Varsities, a junior team of the "big yard," next came on the scene, with the full expectation of giving their already very successful opponents the first defeat of the season, but these over confident juveniles fared the same as their predecessors, and to their great discomfiture were compelled to withdraw having the score stand 3 to 9 against them.

The last match of the Maple Leafs, on May 12th, at the beginning excited the expectation of the onlookers, who hoped to see a closely contested game. The opposing team, the Stars of the city, in their rainbow-colored suits presented a formidable appearance, but after an innings on each side it was plainly evident that the visitors were not at all worthy competitors of our gallant juniors. The many-colored suits succeeded in making 1 run to 7 by the invincibles. The members of the Maple Leafs are now:—F. Burns, pitcher; E. Paradis, catcher; A. Sabourin, (capt.,) 1st base; H. Pinard, 2nd base; J. Dwyer, 3rd base; A. Provencal, short stop; G. Constantineau, right field; E. Lambert, centre field; A. Gervais, left field.

Burns as a pitcher is very effective, his puzzling

curves are not easily hit. The regular catcher of the team is H. Pinard, but on account of a disabled hand he is of late playing out of position. A. Provencal is probably the best all-round player in "the small yard," and hardly ever has an error scored against him. E. Paradis and E. Lambert are excellent change-catchers. A. Gervais is the heaviest batter in the small yard, he is also a good change-pitcher, delivering a very swift ball. It can scarcely be said that there is a weak position on the team.

The game on the 15th of May between the Athletics, who belong to the 3rd commercial class, and the Sports, who represent all the other commercial classes and the 1st form (classical course), was the most closely contested match of the season. Although the Sports had the advantage of choosing their players from so many classes, and on the whole were a much heavier team than their opponents, still the Athletics by their shrewd, spirited, and dexterous playing, obliged the Sports to make almost superhuman efforts to save themselves from what was so near being an inglorious defeat. As it was the Sports only won the game by a single run, the score being 5 to 6.

The players were: Sports—A. Sabourin, H. Pinard, A. Pinard, R. Fraser, M. Shea, A. Provencal, P. McGuire, J. Dwyer, F. O'Doherty. Athletics—F. Burns, E. Paradis, C. Foster, A. Gervais, E. Gleeson, A. Ryan, A. Plunket, G. Constantineau, O. Lavallee.

The rank of the students leading the grade classes for the month of May is:

1st grade—A. Larocque, A. Brunet, A. Charron.

2nd grade—D. McGee, N. Brennan, A. McDonald.

3rd grade (1st division)—L. Nevins, A. Plunket, W. Hawson.

3rd grade (2nd Division)—L. Burpee, H. Doyle, E. O'Neil.

Saturday, June 2nd, noon. As going to press we have just received the results of the forenoon's contests in the Junior Association. Egg race—1st E. Paradis, 2nd L. Belanger; wheelbarrow race—1st P. Paradis, 2nd A. White, 3rd A. Provencal; 100 yards, 3rd class—1st L. Hawson, 2nd E. Leveque, 3rd A. Brunet; potato race—1st O. Carrier, 2nd E. Paradis; three-legged race—1st E. Paradis and H. Fautex, 2nd O. Paradis and R. Robideau; hurdle race—1st N. Sabourin, 2nd L. Burpee, 3rd O. Carrier; Battling base-ball—1st A. Gervais, 2nd A. Provencal, 3rd N. Sabourin; kicking foot-ball—1st N. Sabourin, 2nd A. Gervais, 3rd O. Carrier; mile race—1st D. St. Pierre, 2nd L. Rattey, 3rd E. Paradis; vaulting—1st N. Sabourin, 2nd O. Paradis, 3rd P. Batterton.

Three of the above events are among those for the all-round championship and the Association medal. The other events for the all-round championship are: running long jump, 100 yards dash, 200 yards dash, running high jump, running hop step and jump, standing long jump.

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., who left College in '59 has made a handsome addition to our publishing funds. Mr. Curran holds a high rank in his profession, and is moreover one of the ablest members of the Dominion Parliament.

Rev. M. J. Whelan, '71, the popular pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, delivered on May 6th a lecture on "Points of Controversy," which the daily press pronounced an exceedingly able effort.

Michael Ryan, commercial graduate of '80, is now the leading merchant of Ashton, R.I.

Arthur Matthiessen, who graduated with '82's commercial class, is connected with the hardware trade in Minneapolis, Minn.

Henrico Testa, who was in College in '79, resides at Hotel Iturbide, Mexico City. He will be remembered as the best actor that ever walked the boards in Ottawa College.

Rev. T. J. Fitzpatrick, B.A., and Papal medalist of '83, and a former inhabitant of "the corridor," is assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Providence, R.I.

T. J. Duffee, who left College in '86, is residing at Woodsburg, Long Island.

H. Gerin Lajoie, L.L.B., '78, is a partner in the legal firm of Lacoste, Bisaillon, Brosseau & Lajoie, of Montreal.

John F. Grant, a commercial graduate of '84, is an accountant in the agency of the Bank of Montreal at Moncton, N.B.

Rev. Wm. Holland, '80, has been but a few months attached to the Basilica, Ottawa, but he has already gained a great hold on the affections of the congregation.

We clip the following from the *Lowell Sun*. Dr. Lawler is a B.A. of '80:

"Dr. Wm. P. Lawler of this city, who has been connected with the New York hospitals for the past three years, has returned home and entered upon active practice here. Dr. Lawler is a graduate of our High School, a graduate of the College of Ottawa, and a graduate of the College of Physicians and surgeons, Baltimore, Md. His thorough classical education and his long experience in the treatment of disease in the various hospitals of New York, should place him in the front ranks of his profession and make his success a matter of but little doubt. Dr. Lawler has a host of friends here, and bears the good will and the best wishes of a large portion of our community.

ULULATUS.

Exams!!!

"Coulez, Coulez!"

According to Duffy!

Did you ever have a brokea toe?

The whistle of the locomotive begins to be musical.

During the sports on Saturday last, "Rainbow" was the first to "strike ile."

The "Quebecer" declares that McLaughlin, the catcher of base-ball nine in Quebec always catches the "pass balls."

Our amateur photographer from P. E. I. claims that two *negatives* make not only one affirmative, but also two *proofs*.

If points are to be marked in the competition for the all-round championship on the Gala day, a certain young man is resolved to *McAuley* can.

In one of his letters Kirk says: "Remember me to every one without distinction." He does not seem to care for people who have distinction.

When "Denny Grady's Hack" made its appearance on the campus a few evenings ago it was greeted with an uproarious chorus from the boys.

The "Autocrat of the breakfast table" has a strong rival in Prof. Philip Maguire, whose interesting lectures on English grammar charm his table companions.

George (quoting from Richelieu)—"A fiery fellow, that Leo. Match and saltpetre, touch and go pr-r-r-r." Leo (quoting from same)—"Now, villain, I'll set my heel upon thy crest. Hence, sir—draw." (George drew thence with great alacrity.)

The following is part of an obituary notice sent to us by a student of the third grade. The fact that the poet is still amongst the living is an evidence of the true philosophy of the stanza.

"God takes those to him,
Too good on earth to stay;
And leaves those behind
Too bad to take away,"

Both men lay on their oars waiting for the signal "pull." Suddenly it rang out sharply and both oarsmen gave a desperate tug. The Pittsburgh politician, in his excitement, drew the first stroke of his oars through the air and landed on his head in the bottom of the boat. His rival, blinded by his success in the start, crashed into a lumber pile and received a very practical illustration of reaction. Recovering themselves, both struck out again, but a sudden apparition on the bank of the canal made them forget all about the coveted race. They looked cheap and said nothing. Their two backers and the referee are assisting them to kill time for two cogens.