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SNOW BIRDS.

LONELY waste a wilderness of snow
Set with a few bare trees all stark and cold,
That moaned as if in pain and shuddered slow
When the sharp winter wind passed to and fro,
And one who had in misery grown old
Stood gazing on the scene in still despair ;
Until there came a flock of chattering birds
Cleaving with swift, white wings the leaden air,
And chirping blithely as their scanty fare
They sought ; then to his memory gracious words
Of sacred Truth returned, and this he heard ;
“ These neither sow nor reap, nor harvests bear
To barns, yet your heavenly Father feeds :
How much more precious thou, whom as His child He
[feeds.”

ETHAN HART MANNING

REMINISCENCES, DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

THE managing editor of THE OWL has several times asked me for reminiscences, and I have always answered "impossible." The last occasion was when the Christmas number for 1895 was in preparation, on which occasion to show that my refusal was not due to ill-will or even indifference, I fished out of the bottom of a drawer where it had lain forgotten for years an old mss. which the M. E. was good enough to publish. —I wouldn't have done it had I been in his place and he in mine.

Lately, however, a copy of *Donahoe's Magazine*, containing a symposium, on college dramatics, fell into my hands. At once a flood of reminiscences came rushing through my mind and lest they should swamp some valuable property, I proceed at once to turn the current in the direction of the Bird of Wisdom's sanctum. My most vivid recollection of college days are connected with music and the drama! How the M. E. will laugh when he gets this far! 'Twould make me highly indignant if I could see him, but at this distance, although I know it's going on, I can bear it with equanimity. And if a certain friend of ours whose appearance is older than his years happens to be in Ottawa at the time, I know that his cachinnatory explosions will be likely to create considerable *scandalum*—whether *pusillorum* or *Phariseorum* I shall not stop to determine. "Creedon reminiscing about music and the drama!" I can hear him shout, "You ought to put it in the Ululatus— it's the hugest joke I ever heard, What in thunder did he know about music? Why he couldn't sing a note any more than I can, which is saying a heap, and as for instrumental" here he goes into convulsions which threaten at first to have a fatal issue, but he eventually recovers

from them and proceeds with many a gasp. "Instrumental music— Creedon why—Reynell don't you remember the night he nearly gave us brain fever with the piccolo!!!"

Well, I admit it all and as to the last and gravest charge, I claim that I acted merely in self-defence, simply using the piccolo in preference to the shillelah or shotgun. It accomplished my faugh-a-ballagh purpose just as thoroughly as either of these weapons would have done. Nevertheless, facts are stubborn things, and it remains a fact that nothing calls up such vivid recollections of the happiest days of my life as music and the drama.

My first year in college I was cast for a minor part in the Christmas play. It was "The Wandering Boys," and my part was one of those epicene things which are inevitable on the college stage—a village gammer transformed into a gaffer. I fancied it did not give sufficient scope for the dramatic power which I felt at that time to be latent within me. Only one opportunity did I get to rise above the commonplace—there was a reference to an old servant of the chatelain named Baptiste. All the others called him *Baptist* I used with swelling breast to say *Balvest*. Once or twice I thought I saw a smile upon the faces of the hero and the heavy villain, but attributed it to their jealousy of my superior knowledge of French. I daily expected to have the director compliment me upon my Parisian accent but he never seemed to notice it. There was a chorus of villagers in this play, and I was in that—at least I was supposed to be. Since my ancient friend has published the fact that I never could sing, it's just as well for me to acknowledge that I was merely supposed to be. Father Balland had the reputation of being able to get

music out of those who never knew—and whose most intimate friends never knew—that they had any in them; but he never got any out of me. Yet the rehearsals of this chorus cost me many a tremor. We were all told that we must sing, so I used to open and shut my mouth in the way I thought it ought to be done, though I remained voiceless. And then the fear lest the director's ear, known to be so acute, would detect that no sound was coming from my vicinity, used to send cold shivers through my frame.

The hero of this play is now a curate in the environs of Boston. He was a capital actor, but not a giant physically. Part of his business was to knock down the sentry before the prison gate and wrest his arquebuse from him. The sentry was a broad-shouldered young Hercules, a member of the first fifteen let me call him "Tim." During the early rehearsals "Tim" was merely told to consider himself knocked down, but at last it became necessary to go through the struggle. So the hero grappled "Tim" right manfully but he might as well have tried to budge the College. "You must put him down!" cried the director, "You must put him down!" "He can't do it, father" said "Tim" with his provoking laugh. "Then I will do it!" In a jiffy his cape was thrown off and the director closed with "Tim." It was a great contest. "Tim" was not a bit daunted by knowing with whom he had to deal, but in the end he was laid upon his back on the stage laughing as heartily as any of us.

Another little incident of this play I remember very well. It occurred on the night of production and the culprit is now an M. D., in one of the Western states. He had done some important service for the hero and came on to make his report. He was a fine looking fellow and his costume trunks, and velvet doublet, with ruff—showed off his manly figure to perfection. Yet as he appeared there was a distinct titer from the audience, and a very emphatic *sac a papier* from the wing.

Horror of horrors! Topping off his Henri Quatre make-up was *his own brown Derby hat!*

A few evenings ago, in the house of a friend, I picked up a volume of a new edition of Bulwer Lytton's works. The frontispiece was "Mrs. Langtry as Pauline in the Lady of Lyons." Curiously enough Mrs. Langtry's was the only Pauline I ever saw, and thereby hangs a tale. It was in my later days at college—I was getting a big boy now—that a student of sporting proclivities was suddenly expelled for breaking bounds. He left behind him in the possession of the prefect an orchestra chair ticket for a performance at the Opera House where Mrs. Langtry was then playing. "Do you want to go to the Opera to-night?" the prefect aforesaid asked jocosely of "a certain individual of my acquaintance." "If you do, I'll give you a ticket." "All right, father, let's have it." It was handed over, still by way of a joke, for the prefect never dreamed of anything else. But when he saw two of us slip away from the table before supper was half over, a suspicion crossed his mind, and he followed in haste to tell us not to go, but we were gone. We went halves on another ticket and witnessed "The Lady of Lyons" to better advantage than the average student, who is usually well content if he can secure a seat in "the celestial region."

Turning over the leaves of the volume of Bulwer, I came upon Richelieu. What pleasant memories that called up! I don't know how or why it is that the thought of the rehearsals of this play is one of those I most love to dwell on. Perhaps it is the play itself. Shakespeare's are incomparably superior as literature—but I don't think anything can surpass Richelieu for stage effect. It seems to me that the scene where the old Cardinal, supposed to be breathing his last, leaps to his feet and in response to the king's piteous query: "The army—Orleans—Bouillon—Heavens!—the Spaniards! Where will they be next

week?" answers in trumpet tones "There at my feet!" then, handing a ring to a secretary "This to De Chavigny—he knows the rest—no need of parchment here—he must not halt for sleep, for food in my name MINE, he will arrest the Duc de Bouillon at the head of his army!" and then to the baffled villain—"Ha! there, Count de Baradas, thou hast lost the stake!"—it seems to me that this constitutes the grandest denouement possible. And then Pâtheson's was such a noble Richelieu! When I saw that picture of the Boston college students as they appeared in the *Tempes*, I could not help regretting anew, what all regretted at the time, that the finale of our Richelieu had not been photographed.

In one of the scenes of the play Orleans and Beringhen came on the stage to meet Baradas. All wore handsome wigs and moustaches. As they removed their plumed hats a very audible smile stole through the hall. Cold chills stole through two of the grands seigneurs on the stage. Orleans thought his wig or moustache must have got awry, but was reassured by a whisper from Beringhen not in the text of the play—"Take care now or you'll rattle him!" Baradas overheard this and grew pale with the certainty that it was his splendid curls which were out of position. Beringhen was the coolest of the three, though he should have been the most nervous, for while the others only *thought* they were being laughed at, he *knew* that he was. His hat was a little too small and when he took it off the wig came with it and fell to the floor. Amidst the titters he stooped, picked it up, and replaced it as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened.

A similar accident occurred during the performance of "The Last Life." The student who took the character of Philip Lawler, the villainous Irish land agent, was adorned for the occasion only with a handsome pair of Dundrearies. At the proper time the "broth of a boy" of the Shaun the Post

or Larry Donovan description who is always the hero of this kind of play, was to give the villain the rough handling he richly deserved. Unfortunately Matt. O'Halloran was only too *ready* to perform his task, with the result that Mr. Philip Lawler was ignominiously despoiled of his beautiful whiskers—which was going beyond stage directions altogether. During the rest of the play he appeared clean-shaven, some lines being interpolated by way explanation.

Driving twenty miles one day to visit a friend, I was greatly disappointed at finding him away from home. Too tired to return at once, I sat down to rest for a couple of hours in his library. The first book I picked up was "The Letters of Charles Dickens" edited by John Forster. Soon my disappointment was forgotten under the charm of reading. What a delightful correspondent he was! And how affectionate with his friends! At last I came to a letter from Paris telling of a play he had just seen, and giving a very complete description of the plot. And this play is—*Les Mémoires du Diable!* Heigh-ho! I am back at Ottawa again, listening to Tom Tetreau's Mephistophelian laugh and admiring the skilful stage effects which have been contrived to set off the "devilish good acting." Tetreau enjoyed the very unusual honor of being the "leading man" in both English and French plays that year, and of appearing in both before vice-royalty.

It is not quite two years since the talented vocalist Rosa D'Erina honored the town where I am living with a visit. For the first time I realized the full beauty of Moore's Melodies. But there is a song which I love better still and to my great delight it turned out that some one had specially requested her to sing it. Every time I hear it sung my thoughts go back to the days when I heard it first—not sung, but played and became enamored of it. It is a St. Patrick's night. We are all gathered in the hall, every head turned towards the bandgallery where stands

Father Balland, baton in hand, ready to give the signal to begin. O that medley of Irish airs! The mere recollection of it sets my pulses galloping! And it ended with the air, till then unknown to me, but ever since regarded as sweeter far than any of those old Irish melodies to which Sir John Stevenson has set Moore's verses Balle's *Killarney*.

Shortly after the publication of Du Maurier's famous novel, I was importuned to read it by a friend who was anxious to get my opinion of its literary merits. He brought it to me and it lay for a fortnight on my table before I did more than look at the pictures. Every time my friend came in and he came often—he asked "Well, what do you think of *Trilby*? Not read it yet?" At last, one evening, I picked it up, determined to do it at one sitting. Page after page was turned, without any stronger feeling being roused than mild admiration for the cleverness of the author, joined with strong disapproval of some of his scenes and remarks. But when I came to the chapter where "three musketeers of the brush" go to Midnight Mass at the Madeleine, and "Little Billee" is rapt into ecstasy as, on the stroke of twelve, "the finest baritone in France" bursts forth.

"Minuit Chrétiens! c'est l'heure solennelle
Où l'Homme-Dieu descendit parmi vous!"

My heart gives a leap, and I say to myself "I have heard that before!" But where? Let me think. Yes, on Christmas Eve, in the College Chapel; it was not "the finest baritone in France," nor yet in Canada, but a very good baritone nevertheless—Brother Emard, I think. And if the mere memory of it can thrill me thus at this hour, what wonder that "Little Billie" was lifted out of himself as he heard Roucouly's magnificent voice ringing out the glad refrain of Adam's grand composition,

"Noel! Noel! Voici le Redempteur!"

A few months later than this I was

one of a large congregation gathered in a cathedral for the Bishop's Jubilee Mass. The choir, always a good one, surpassed itself on that occasion, and, it is to be feared, distracted the attention of many from the ceremonies within the sanctuary. Without taking any credit for it, I claim to have been more interested in the latter until the organ sounded the first notes of the *Agnus Dei*. From that moment I was lost to my environment. Half a score of years had passed since I heard those notes for the first time, but not in sacred music. The College Hall is packed to suffocation—the galleries crowded with students, the auditorium with parents and friends. The orchestra strikes up, and one at least of a quartette of "chums" thinks he is "just floating in heaven." "Bah!" some one will say, "That old cantata is a chestnut." Well, I have heard it a good many times now, and it will never be a "chestnut" to me. When I heard a few bars of its music that morning in the cathedral, it aroused feelings just as fresh as on that "day afore vacation," when I sat beside my three friends and thought how wonderfully the skill of the composer could voice the sentiments then mingled in my soul—joy because "we're off for home in the morning"—sorrow at parting from those who first made me understand the meaning of some lines in *The Meeting of the Waters*. That parting was only for a time—since then I have parted from those three friends never to see their faces again on this side of the dark river.

"What mass was that you sung to-day Professor?" I asked eagerly after I had congratulated the choirmaster on the result of his labors. "O it wasn't all one composition; the Gloria was Gounod's." "But whose was the *Agnus Dei*?" He had forgotten the name of the composer and turned to the pile of music on his arm—"W. A. Leonard." That fully explained it. He too had heard the cantata many times and loved it and when he

came to write this mass one of the most plaintive airs from *Les Vacances* which had haunted his memory since the days when he was a student at Ottawa, stole, he being no doubt unconscious of it, into the music which dropped from his pen. I never knew him but I feel that I owe his memory a debt of gratitude for the

pleasure of that morning in the Cathedral. May he rest in peace!

I wish all the professors and the present students of Ottawa a Merry Christmas and hope that when in days to come they look back to their life in College their memories will be as pleasant as mine.

DAVID CREEDON, '89.



Waiting for the end
 Of all misunderstandings and soul-hunger ;
 When lack of love shall trouble us no longer,
 When a white shroud shall cover up our faces,
 And better people fill our vacant places.





THE EVENING ANGELUS.

WITH winter's dusk of violet
 A hush expectant comes,
 The balsams' faint perfumes
 Incense the sacred twilight.

The pine groves, grey and spacious,
 Breathe thro' their spicy shades ;
 "As a palm tree in Cades."
 Resemblance meet and gracious.

The moon, a lily golden,
 Blooms o'er the spotless snows —
 So fair the mystic Rose
 Of Israel in times olden.

Arches and dome of glory
 Star-set in radiant light,
 Symbols to faith's pleased sight
 Blest House of Gold, thy story.

And, hark ! the pure air charming,
 The consecrated bells
 Their tale of wonder tells,
 The demon host alarming.

As once the great archangel
 Cried, "Hail ! thou full of grace."
 We, each in his own place.
 Repeat the glad evangel.

In paeans never ceasing
 Sweet Angelus bells resound --
 And Mary, be thou crown'd
 With Earth's perpetual blessing.

E. C. M. T.

ON THE DRIVE.

THE STORY OF AN OWL, FOR THE CHRISTMAS "OWL."

BY J. R. FORAN, LIT.D.; LL.B.

THE word "drive" as used in the sense given to it by the backwoodsmen has a very peculiar meaning. By the expression they designate the operation of pushing, rolling, dragging, floating and in every way moving the logs and square timber down the creeks into the tributaries of the Ottawa, and down those tributaries until the main stream is reached. "A drive," therefore, means a mass of logs and timber, cut during the winter and laid upon the ice to await the breaking up in spring; it means those products of the year's labor when floating along the rivers: it means the gang of men who, under the direction of the foreman, have gone up to work upon the creeks and river and to *drive* the timber down; it means everything connected with this branch of the operations. We hear the word a countless number of times every day, especially as the spring approaches. "Mr. Booth's *drive* has gone up" meaning the men who are to work on the river; "Mr. Fraser's boats are on the *drive*" - meaning that they are being used by the raftsmen in this special work. So when I entitle this article "On the Drive," I wish to convey the idea that the incidents about to be related took place in the spring time, and during that busy and dangerous period when men's lives are constantly in peril, and when death in a hundred varied and unexpected forms hovers around the camp of the brave toilers on the streams.

It was in the spring of 1884; White's *drive* had just reached the mouth of the Victoria Creek, and the logs and square timber were racing,

as it were, with each other, in their hurry to leap into the broader waters of the Coulonge. Long and weary had been the work upon the creek; day and night the men were knee-deep in the water, rolling and pushing the logs, breaking the jams, clearing the eddies and striving to make use of every drop of water that the reserve-dam could give them. It was only when the last log was safely launched into the river that the hard-working fellows were enabled to draw breath and take a few hours of rest. For several miles below the mouth of Victoria Creek the Coulonge is very rapid and free from shoals, chutes, eddies and islands, so that the men had scarcely anything to do for a couple of days, but sit in their boats and follow the timber. One or two always went ahead in a light canoe, to see that no other drive had formed a jam in advance of them, and to find suitable camping grounds for the night. The cookery boat moved straight ahead and generally reached the place selected about four in the afternoon. This gave the cook time to unload his boat, to set up his tent, prepare a fire-place and to make the tea for supper. When the men reached the camping ground all the boats were drawn up, the tents pitched and the evening meal commenced.

There is scarcely a camping ground on the Coulonge that has not its graves; the raftsmen are very superstitious, and they people those localities with countless spectres, mostly creatures of the imagination. When White's *drive* was a day's journey below the Victoria Creek, a beautiful and most

romantic site was found for the night's camping. But there were seven or eight mounds, upon which the men were obliged to sleep, and all did not relish the idea of a bed in a grave, yard. There was no positive evidence that these mounds were graves, but they might be—and that possibility was sufficient to fire the shantyman's imagination and to awaken his superstitious terrors. Strange to say, on such occasions the men seem to crave more than ever for marvellous stories; and there is always some one prepared to satisfy that craving.

On the night in question, twenty-six men were sleeping soundly in their blankets, while fifty-four others were seated around the camp-fire, smoking their pipes and listening to a most blood-curdling tale of a ghost that somebody or other had seen in that particular place, on some very indefinite occasion, at some very remote period. The speaker was a young English lad who was acting as clerk or time-keeper for the foreman. His name was Charles Pettit; he was a Catholic orphan whom some institution had sent out to Canada from London. Father Brunet, of Portage du Fort, had adopted the boy and secured him the situation he then occupied. He was a regular little John Bull in accent, in manner and in sentiment. He had a taste for drawing, and on the bow of the cookery boat he artistically painted three large feathers and the name which he had given to the craft—"The Prince of Whales." Only two traits in this boy's character might possibly belie his nationality. He was Catholic in every acceptance of the term; he was "more Catholic than the Pope," if I might use the words, because he actually believed that every Roman Catholic was infallible and that a Protestant could never be right on any subject. Besides, Charley had a vivid imagination, a faculty not often found in a Cockney. He, also, had a taste for mischief—very natural in a semi-adventurer. He delighted in telling

ghost stories, and he gloated with a ghoulish satisfaction over the terrors which he awakened in the breasts of his companions. On the night in question, Charley was in his element, the accidents of the locality suited his purpose, and the hour, the darkness, the over-hanging trees, the moaning waters of the swollen river, the mounds, the fitful blaze of the camp-fire, the subdued, yet excited, spirits of the listeners, and their deep attention, all seemed to draw forth Charley's wierd power and to make his story exceptionally interesting and absorbing.

The little English lad had reached a point in his story when a disembodied creature appeared to several men in a driving camp, and warned them that one of their number would be killed next day. The ghost—or whatever it was—announced its presence by making an unearthly noise, a species of groan and shriek combined: then it advanced to the centre of the group and pointed out the doomed man. "At that moment," continued Charley, in impressive tones, "a feeling of awe spread over . . ." He never completed the sentence.

"Hoot! toot! toot!" came a cry, loud, long, shrill and solemn from above. It might have descended from the skies, or arisen from the flood, or come out from the forest; so sudden, so startling, so piercing was the yell, that every man in the circle was stricken dumb. The sleepers were awakened and they sat up trembling with fear: the blood fled from the faces of the heretofore attentive listeners, and their hair began to rise, and "The boldest held his breath for a time." Charley himself was somewhat frightened; but recovering his presence of mind he was about to seize upon the event to add dramatic effect to his story, when again the cry came, louder, nearer, fiercer than before. "Hoot! hoo! howo-o-o-o!" It might be a fox, a wolf, or an owl—but as far as the men were concerned

it was some visitor from the other world, the soul of some one whose remains were in the mounds upon which they had camped, some ghoul returning to point out the victim of the morrow's accident. In truth, a spirit had taken possession of the men, but it was the angel of terror. Even little Charley grew pale and trembled in every limb. He began to think that he actually had conjured up a demon of some kind, and that perhaps there was truth in the yarn he had been spinning.

Short time was there for reflection ; at first not one of the men dared stir a finger or draw a breath ; but when the second shout was heard, without exception everyone jumped to his feet.

"Hoot ! hoo ! toot-o-o-wo-wo ! came long and mournfully loud, followed by a shrill yell "Eh-e-e-eh !"—like the squeal of a wild cat or a tortured infant. This last warning was enough ; they could bear it no longer. Tents were pulled down, provisions packed up and the boats were lowered. "The place is haunted," said the cook. "This ground is cursed," cried the foreman. "Let us get away as soon as possible," cried the men, and they fairly rolled each other over in their mad haste to escape from the ghostly camping ground. When the confusion was at its highest pitch, and the well-regulated bivouac was about to be reduced to chaos, the flying men were checked by an unusual sight. A light suddenly appeared upon the river, about half a mile below the camp and on the opposite shore. For a few moments, like a "will-o-the-wisp," the light dodged in and out as if passing from one bay to another. At last it turned its red bull's eye upon the camp, and came straight-way across the Coulonge. The light drew nearer and at a rapid rate, and as it approached it grew larger and redder. The men paused in their hurry ; the ghost behind them was forgotten for the fiery devil that was before them.

"The loup-garou," whispered some one: the excitement had by this time reached a climax. At last the end came, as it comes to everyone and everything. Behind the wonderful light was the canoe, and in the canoe was a man. In less time than it takes to write it, old Simon Obomsawin ran his little barque into the bay, stepped out, pulled up his canoe, took his bull's eye lantern from the bow, and stood in amazement looking at three score and ten hardy raftsmen running crazy with fear. The whole scene was a puzzle to the Indian. At last he got an explanation from the foreman, who, after finding that the red light was no demon, began to feel ashamed of his cowardice and to reflect that the being which caused the first stampede might not be a ghost after all.

It was seldom that old Simon laughed. Indians rarely do laugh—but on this occasion he could not help bursting out into a good hearty expression of his feelings. When quiet was restored and the tents set up again, the fire was re-lit and the old Abenakis claimed the platform for a little while. Every one was glad to hear Simon, because all felt a great confidence in the Indian. He had spent so much of his life with the Pioneer Priests that the men along the rivers of the North believed that Simon knew as much as the missionaries at least as much as was necessary for ordinary rough men to know.

It was thus Simon spoke ; "I am not surprised at the great fright that you have experienced. The more numerous we are, the wilder is the panic and the more helpless are the many : a few might pause and reflect, not so a large number. It is in moments of this kind that mighty armies have been defeated. In the first place, there are no graves in this locality, these mounds are simple undulations ; if you had reflected a little and examined the shore on both sides you would have noticed that the land rolls up in hillocks and mounds

for nearly five miles. In the second place you might have remembered that the woods along this portion of the Coulonge and up the Picannock are full of partridges and owls. You have all heard of the huge owl that took John Poupore's cap off his head, and the owl that used to attack the teamsters in Booth's shanty when they went to feed their horses at night. Well, this is the region in which these things took place. In the third place, you should know that an owl is a bird of prey, and that, like hawks and ravens, these blind fellows try to follow the camps to secure the refuse of the larder. Their only time to go abroad is after the night has spread its mantle upon the scene. When that huge, old owl—for he must be both a big one and an ancient one—came to secure his supper he was frightened by the glare of the fire, and he only hooted his disappointment.

"You were already excited and your nerves were unstrung by the recital that you had heard, and the shout of the bird coming at the moment of the ghost's appearance sufficed to set you all distracted. Now, you are brave men, for you face dangers upon the river, that only men of heroic mould would willingly en-

counter; but you are superstitious—and therefore cowardly in another sense and merely because you have no real faith. I will read you a scrap of writing; it is from the pen of Rev. Father Cooke, O. M. I., one of the Pioneer Priests of the Ottawa. Listen, and remember his words: they were written for me many long years ago.

These were Father Cooke's words of advice to old Simon: they are of value, because they are from one whose name has passed into history and whose labors are recorded in the "Annals of the Oblate Fathers."

"Bytown, 12th October, 1857:

Dear friend Simon.....

"Above all, try to make your Indian proteges distinguish between Faith and Superstition. Teach them the folly and unreasonableness of ghosts, loup-garoups and all the phantoms of the imagination: teach them to rely upon prayer, to make the sign of the cross in the hour of danger, to have faith in God, in Christ, in the Blessed Virgin, in patron saints, in the angels, but above all, to never fear the powers of devils or the spirits from beyond the grave."..... "I again repeat, place your trust in God with a firm faith—and the days of superstition will be soon numbered."



*BULLION.*

H, Bullion ! Yet I need not name,
 As he is too well known to fame,
 But mark (Hanna) ! I am not going to blame,
 I simply sing of Bullion.

His vote is uniform for gold,
 A very useful thing of old
 When robbers dwelt in a Stronghold,
 A Castle built for Bullion.

Ah me ! I thought the times were changed,
 And better things would be arranged,
 By law the monster would be chained,
 And muzzled, too, this Bullion.

The Farmer sows his field with grain,
 The Merchant taxeth well his brain,
 The worker toils in heart-felt pain,
 And all for Mr. Bullion.

I've watched him well full many a year ;
 The workers' bane, the widow's tear,
 Have made a picture sad and dear,
 But it never softens Bullion.

I am not setting Class 'gainst Class,
 I simply paint scenes as they pass,
 Would Heaven I could avert the curse,
 Which marks the steps of Bullion.

What matters it that many die
 While we have gold with which we buy ?
 The hunger-stricken, deep-drawn sigh
 Never moveth Bullion.

What myriads through the world this day,
 Ruined and helpless on their way,
 With blasted hopes to fear a prey !
 No matter - we have Bullion.

POINTS OF CANADIAN HISTORY

A SCANDAL

SINCE the time of Jacques Cartier and its early settlement by the French, Canada has undergone a series of changes. If we were to follow it in its career from infancy to the state in which we now behold it, we would have to admire the rapid development from the one stage to the other.

At first we see its colonization entrusted to the hands of fur-trading companies. In 1627 a charter was awarded to the Company of One Hundred Associates. They were given the monopoly of the fur trade, and, in return for this grant, were to bring to the country six thousand colonists, whilst making at the same time provision for the support of Catholic priests, who were to minister to the spiritual wants of the new settlers. The Company lost its charter some years afterwards, and in the year 1663 the colony was placed under the direct control of the government of France. A governor, a bishop, and an intendant were sent out to the country, each with a special department in its administration.

Next we come to its final passing into the hands of England in 1763. The English part of the population now increased rapidly. Dissatisfaction among the colonists of both nationalities, as to the government of the colony, occasioned the passing of the Quebec Act in 1774. This did not allay the discontent, as it was intended to do, and it was followed in 1791 by the Constitutional Act. The people were not even then satisfied. The next stage in the development of a government was when the Parliament of England passed the Act of Union in 1840. Lastly, by the pas-

sage of the British North America Act in 1867, the Constitution of Canada was finally settled. Since then there have been changes in the Government of the country, but the Constitution has remained as it was at that time outlined.

In all this we see a marked progress for Canada; from a small French colony she has become a flourishing country. A full national sentiment is not yet developed in the hearts of its inhabitants; but the process is gradually going on, and in a few years we shall have here an essentially national character in its full development. When such will have taken place, and when the vast resources at her disposal will have been well utilized, Canada will be known and honored among the great nations of the earth.

The history of this country, as one can plainly see, is replete with interesting topics for discussion. From the vast heap we have chosen one, the Pacific Scandal, or the Pacific Slander, as it is termed by some who choose to see nothing but virtue in their friends.

In 1867 British Columbia was not admitted to the Confederation of the Provinces of the Dominion. Subsequently arrangements were entered into for the Union, British Columbia consenting to join Confederation, provided a railway should be constructed connecting her with the eastern provinces, and that within the short space of ten years. These terms met with strong opposition when submitted to Parliament in 1871. The undertaking appeared too gigantic for the resources of the young country. Nevertheless, the House accepted them, on

the understanding, however, that the Government should not build the road, but should entrust its construction to a company of capitalists, who should be well subsidized in land and money. Approximations of the amount of these subsidies placed them at \$30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land.

Soon the great capitalists of the country, as well as those of the United States, commenced to grow interested in the affair. Two strong companies were formed with a view to receiving the contract. One of these, the Inter-oceanic, had at its head Mr. D. L. Macpherson; the other, the Canada Pacific, was presided over by Sir Hugh Allan. In the session of 1872 Parliament granted charters to both of these companies, and authorized the Government to enter into contract with either of them, or with an amalgamation of them, or, if such failed, to grant a charter to a new company, and to negotiate with it. Besides, it voted \$30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land for the company that should undertake the work.

The session closed in June, and Parliament was dissolved on the 8th of July. On October 12th the election took place, resulting in a majority for the Government. When the new Parliament met, its first thoughts were towards the closing of the contract for the construction of the railroad for British Columbia. The companies that had received charters no longer existed. The Government had thought it an unwise policy to assign the contract to one of them in preference to the other, and so had attempted to effect an amalgamation, but in vain, the presidency of the amalgamated company having been disputed by the leaders of both companies. Accordingly, when Parliament assembled in 1873, a new company stood ready to undertake the construction of the railway. This company was formed of a number of Canadian capitalists, and had for President Sir Hugh Allan. The Government issued a

charter to it, and declared its willingness to negotiate with it, but before closing the contract demanded the sanction of Parliament. However, that was considerably deferred, as we shall see from what follows.

On the 2nd day of April, whilst the Parliament of which we have just spoken was still in session, Mr. Lucius Seth Huntingdon, a member of the Opposition, made a charge against the Government, to the effect that it was the intention of the Government to award the contract for the construction of the railway for British Columbia to Sir Hugh Allan's company, in consideration of large sums of money furnished to the Government for election purposes. Before the honorable gentleman resumed his seat, he proposed the following resolution:—"That a committee of seven members be appointed to enquire into all the circumstances connected with the negotiations for the construction of the Pacific Railway, with the legislation of last session on the subject, and with the granting of the charter to Sir Hugh Allan and others, with power to send for persons, papers and records, and with instructions to report in full the evidence taken before, and all proceedings of, said committee." The motion was lost by a vote of 107 to 67. Of course the accusation could not end here, for, although the Government had succeeded in defeating the motion, still, were it to leave the matter undealt with, not even making an attempt to refute the charges preferred against it, it would simply be admitting its guilt. On the day following that on which Mr. Huntingdon presented his motion to the House, Sir John Macdonald read the following resolution, which was carried:—"On motion of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, that a select committee of five members (of which committee the mover shall not be one) be appointed by this house to inquire into and report upon the several matters contained and stated in a resolution

moved on Wednesday, the 2nd of April, instant, by the Hon. Mr. Huntington, member for the county of Shefford, relating to the Canadian Pacific Railway, with power to send for persons, papers and records; to report from time to time, and, if need be, to sit after the prorogation of Parliament." As has been just said, this motion was carried. The members selected for the committee were the Hon. Messrs. Blake, Blanchet, Dorion, Macdonald and Cameron.

In order to enable the committee to collect only evidence that could be relied upon, an Oaths Bill was passed, authorizing the members to examine the witnesses under oath. But, before they had time to proceed far in their work, information was received of the disallowance, by Her Majesty's Government, of the passing of the Oaths Bill, as being beyond the Constitutional powers of the Dominion Parliament. Thus the investigation of the committee was stopped. Sir John Macdonald, hearing of this, proposed to the five commissioners to issue to them a Royal Commission, whereby they would be enabled to continue the work satisfactorily. But the Reform members on the committee, Messrs Blake and Dorion, refused to accept the Commission, as they would thereby be acting under the control of the accused parties, in the persons of the ministers. The legislature had empowered them, by means of the Oaths Act, to collect evidence under oath, and, conformably to its wishes, they chose to act on the committee. But, when that Act was disallowed, and the Government offered to issue a Royal Commission, had they consented to accept it, they would have consented to work under the direction of those whom they, on behalf of the crown, were virtually prosecuting. When Parliament met on August 13th (1873) to receive the report of the committee, as was agreed upon at prorogation, no statement of the evidence had been prepared. Accordingly Parliament was immediately prorogued.

On the following day the Government issued a Royal Commission to the three judges Day, Polette, and Gowan, and they at once accepted.

During all this time the people everywhere throughout the Dominion were eagerly watching for the outcome of the affair, and the situation of the Government was discussed with great vehemence by the press of both political parties. Early in July of this same year, 1873, a number of letters and telegrams were published in the Montreal Herald, one of the organs of the Reform party. These related to the dealings of the Government with Sir Hugh Allan. They created a considerable sensation, and were what practically betrayed the Government in its corrupt dealings. The day following their publication there appeared in another Montreal paper a statement by Sir Hugh Allan, in which he strenuously denied any corrupt bargain with the Government. He admitted having spent a considerable sum of money, about \$300,000, in pushing his suit, but denied the fact that this money went into the hands of the ministers in consideration for any advantages "in connection with the Pacific Railway contract." However that may be, the Government, when called upon to play the defensive in Parliament, found it a task beyond their ingenuity to reconcile the contents of these letters with anything other than what we should call a corrupt bargain.

Let us return to the Commission which we left, on the eve of settling down to work. About two months were sufficient for it to accomplish its work. Parliament was summoned to meet on the 23rd of October. A few days previous to the opening of the session, Sir Hugh Allan resigned the charter that the Government had given him. When the session opened, the report of the committee was laid before the House. The evidence contained in it brought to light the different money transactions between the Government and Sir Hugh Allan. That the latter had furnished money to the

Government for election purposes, the witnesses who were examined admitted, but they strongly denied that the money thus furnished went to buying his way to the charter. He had simply contributed as the other friends of the Government to its election funds. The matter stands thus :— The elections for the Dominion Parliament were to take place late in the year 1872. The Government stood in need of money to help it defray its *legitimate* expenses. Application was made to its friends, among them Sir Hugh Allan, for assistance. Sir Hugh contributed the sum of \$25,000 to the fund in Ontario and a considerable sum to the Quebec fund. As a result of this liberal aid, an arrangement was entered into between Sir George Cartier, one of Quebec's representatives in the Cabinet, and Sir Hugh, in which the former promised that the contract for the construction of the railway should be awarded Sir Hugh, provided that an amalgamation of his company and that of Macpherson could not be effected, as was then almost certain to be the case.

The report, as submitted to the House, contained the evidence of thirty-six witnesses. Four days after it came before the House the debate

began. Among the most able speeches were those by the leaders of the two parties, Mr. Mackenzie, the leader of the Opposition, and Sir John Macdonald, the leader of the Government. In vain did Sir John endeavor to explain away to the satisfaction of the House the circumstances connected with the acceptance of money from Sir Hugh Allan. He saw defection quickly thin the ranks of the Ministerialists. Soon the Opposition became too formidable, and he resigned on the 5th of November, 1873. The Governor-General immediately called upon Mr. Mackenzie to form a Cabinet.

In two days his task was accomplished. He at once asked for a dissolution, thinking that he would be able to command a larger majority, if the country were then given an opportunity of expressing themselves. The dissolution was granted; the election took place on July 2nd, 1873, and resulted in a sweeping majority for the Reformers. Thus the verdict of the country was against the Government, whose negotiations with Sir Hugh Allan for the construction of the Pacific Railway will be ever termed "The Pacific Scandal."

P. J. GALVIN, '00.





ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

WE feel sure that it will please many readers of THE OWL in various parts of the world to have presented to them the accompanying engraving of St. Joseph's College, Colombo, Ceylon. This institution of higher education has been recently opened by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who, aided in one or two vicariates by the Jesuit Fathers, are entrusted with the evangelization of the Island of Ceylon. The *London Tablet* and the *Liverpool Catholic Times* have hailed with evident pleasure the founding of the new college: the fact that it has already over 400 students on its register is sufficient proof of both its necessity and its usefulness.

We owe to Rev. Father Dubreuil, O.M.I., whose ten years' residence in Ceylon gives weight to his words on the affairs of that country, the following facts regarding the new Oblate College in Colombo.

St. Joseph's College is situated in the district of Maradana, on the shores of a large and beautiful lake, that is separated from the ocean by but a narrow granite causeway. Its position is central being but a short distance from the principal railway station where the sea-shore and the up-country lines meet, and being also within easy reach of the steam-boat landings. From a sanitary point of view the new college has nothing to wish for, while its students may indulge in every species of physical exercise within the limits of the beautiful park, almost ten acres in extent, that surrounds the building.

The actual structure, which is only the first of a series of four or five buildings outlined in the plans of the Board of Managers, presents a majestic appearance and is regarded as one of the

finest pieces of architecture in Colombo. The style is Roman, and the structure is at once massive, imposing and elegant. There are two beautiful verandahs on the ground floor, and four striking towers at the four corners. These towers reach but very little above the roof, but a fifth and central tower, over 90 feet high, commands a beautiful view of the lake, the river, the harbour, the different quarters of the city, and the surrounding country with its luxuriant tropical vegetation.

By the inauguration of St. Joseph's College the crown-work has been placed upon the Catholic educational system of Ceylon, and a want supplied that has been keenly felt for the past 15 years. True, there existed excellent schools in every city, town and village; the chief centres, such as Jaffna, Negombo, Kandy, etc., were well supplied with excellent academies. St. Benedict's Institute, Colombo, conducted by the Christian Brothers and St. Patrick's College, Jaffna, under the charge of the Oblate Fathers, did splendid service in the cause of higher education. But it was felt that something more was required. His Grace Archbishop Bonjean, O. M. I., late Archbishop of Colombo, long had a superior Catholic college for his archiepiscopal city among his most cherished plans. But there were difficulties innumerable in the way. Against them all, however, the valiant Archbishop strove long and successfully, and finally about seven years ago he saw his way clear to begin the realization of his favorite project. The Catholic laity seconded their chief pastor with the most generous enthusiasm, and before many months had passed, the financial aspect of the question gave but little anxiety. But a cloud was

east over everything by the regretted death of Archbishop Bonjean about one year after the college scheme had been fairly launched. Providence, however, willed that the good work was to go on. Archbishop Melizan, O. M. I., who succeeded to the see of Colombo, undertook to carry to the first stage of completion, the educational programme of his predecessor. Rev. Father Lytton, O. M. I., left for England to enlist friends in the cause and to secure a staff of professors. His success was complete, and the new college was formally opened on the 2nd of last March. Rev. Father Collins, O. M. I., is Rector, Rev. Father Lytton, O. M. I., Vice-Rector. Several other Oblates are on the professorial staff — among others Rev. Fathers Macdonald, Lanigan, Fulham and Fendenheim — while the remaining professors are graduates of one or

another of the great English Universities. We read the following note in the London *Tablet* of three weeks ago.

WESLEYANS AND ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
COLOMBO.

The *Oidium Theologicum* cannot, one would think, flourish in the happy Isle of Ceylon, as will appear by the following cutting from one of the newspapers of that island :

At the prizegiving of the Wesleyan College, Kandy, some verses, written by the Principal in the style of Pope, were declaimed by Sidney Greve. Among them is the following to the new Catholic College :

Look still at home ; and see St. Joseph's rise,
Majestic emblem of her destinies !
Our Island Eton—may she flourish too,
As they must flourish who both dare and do.
May she too win, and wear the wreath that now
Proudly encircles Wesley's radiant brow.



Lifé is only bright when it procedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above ;
Human life is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.



HOW GEORGE HOWARD WAS CURED.

SELECTED.

TO give up the battle of life at any age is bad, so long as a flicker of life is left. But to give up the battle of life at five-and-twenty is like deserting the ship whilst all is fair sailing, like sneaking from the ranks at first scent of the enemy. Yet this is what George Howard had done. Why had that promising young gentleman metaphorically "thrown up the sponge," and drawn aside like a coward from the broad road of life; to linger on uselessly in this little out-of-the-way French town where nobody knew him, where nobody heard of him from the great city at the other side of the ocean, which he left one fine morning a year or more ago without a word of warning or a single good-by to the many friends whose kindly eyes had looked hopefully upon him?

As is generally the case with despairing five-and-twenty in the masculine, and despondent seventeen or eighteen in the feminine sex, it was one of those peculiar difficulties known as "affairs of the heart." Like many a high-souled young man, where George Howard bestowed his heart, he expected that heart to absorb and fill up the life and soul of the woman he loved. But the young lady, to whose heart George had laid siege, eventually surrendered to somebody else, married the conqueror, and was disgracefully happy. When poor George saw his goddess riding about smiling and happy by the side of her husband, and that husband not himself, he could not endure the sight.

After lingering a little in misery, he threw up his connections and left the city for what destination nobody knew.

George Howard was alone in the world. He was advancing rapidly in his profession—law—and had made a

host of friends when the collapse came.

Common sense might have suggested that there was more than one woman in the world. It might have suggested also, that failure in love did not necessarily mean failure in matters which, after all, are of far more importance. But common sense did nothing of the kind in this case. So here was George Howard, hugging a useless sorrow in silent sadness. He lived on listlessly from day to day. He took his meals at his hotel, addressed a few commonplaces to those he happened to meet, and passed most of his time in the open air, taking long strolls into the country, walking up and down the beach by the sea, watching the solitary sails that came and went and faded out of sight. Of course this kind of life and mode of thought were rapidly telling on him and bringing nearer and nearer the consummation he seemed to desire. The step grew slower, the eyes began to lose their quick lustre, the cheek its flush. But happily, however man may reject Providence, and close his eyes to a Power that shapeth all things for good, Providence mercifully refuses to reject him without at least giving him plenty of opportunities, humanly called chances, to come back to the possession of his senses. And one of George Howard's chances came about in this wise. A favorite walk of his was along a winding road leading up a lofty hill, at the top of which, buried amid trees, and fronted by a garden filled almost the year through with delicious flowers, was the *Maison Plaquet*, a sort of *café*. This establishment was presided over by *Mme. Plaquet*, whose pleasant face had become quite a part of the landscape. George was a frequent visitor at the *Maison Plaquet*. One afternoon,

whilst he was reclining in the arbor, a riding party of gay cavaliers and dames showed themselves suddenly in front of Maison Plaquet. Exclamations of delight at the beauty of the scene burst from one and another. One girl stood her horse just at the entrance to the arbor, and, to those within, completely filled in the picture. A moment after, the party had dismounted, entered the arbor, and seated themselves at a table opposite our friend. The party was a gay one, and their gaiety grated on George's ear. He rose and sauntered down the hill, a little sadder, if possible, than when he had ascended it. After his departure, one of the gentlemen, an old acquaintance of Mme. Plaquet's apparently, inquired of her who her strange visitor might be. Madame told the company that she knew nothing at all about him, save that he lived in the little town *en bas*, that he came there very often, that he was evidently suffering from some great trouble, and that it was a great pity so handsome a young gentleman should offend the good God by not being happy. The ladies were quite interested in madame's narrative. But as it left them in much the same state of enlightenment as before with regard to the interesting stranger, all they could do was sigh a little, remount, and resume their gay time. Just as they were commencing the descent, a hare started and frightened the horse of the young lady who had attracted George's attention. A plunge, a rear, and an instant after the steed was out of sight, thundering down the steep road at a speed that mocked pursuit. George was strolling along in his listless way. He had almost arrived at the foot of the hill, when a cry from above and a clatter of hoofs broke on his ear. He stood at a narrow turn between two high banks opening into the last bend of the road, to listen and observe. A moment after, a horse with a lady on his back came tearing down at a mad speed right on him. A glance showed that

the rider stood in imminent danger of her life, and that the only means of saving her was to stop the animal in the midst of its wild career. The thought and determination to do something had scarcely time to flash through his brain, when the horse was on him; and how he never knew, but he found himself dragging at the reins a stumble of the steed against the bank as it swerved, a fainting lady in his arms, and a moment after a crowd of persons around them. He surrendered her to the care of her friends, and seeing her revive whilst they were engaged in tending her, took occasion to shrink away unobserved, as though he had been guilty of some mean action. And the Maison Plaquet saw him no more.

About a week after this occurrence, he was taking one of his usual moody walks along the beach. He did not observe a figure leaning against a huge boulder that lay rosy-red right in his path. The leaning figure was that of a young man, who, like George, was surveying the scene. Let us look at him. Ned Fitzgerald was a fellow you would like. His slim, well-knit figure was clad in a light suit, his pleasant, animated face surmounted by a straw hat that became him, his bright eyes glancing around and taking all in in a sweep—to one looking at him, he made nature seem all the more lovely and enjoyable for having one who could feel its loveliness so thoroughly and so evidently. The quick eye did not take long to pick out the slightly stooped figure that seemed so wrapt in silent thought and, as it neared him, never turned its gaze from the dying sun. Mr. Ned Fitzgerald watched its approach, and, with his usual tendency to be sociable, evidently contemplated addressing it; when, as it came close enough to distinguish the features, he started from his recumbent position, took off his hat and tossed it wildly in the air, never waiting to catch it again, but, rushing towards George, seized that astounded and miserable mortal in his

arms and hugged him almost to suffocation before he could see who it was, whilst the exclamation burst from him: "Why, George Howard, by all that's impossible!" Ned's pleasure was contagious, and the first flash of surprise on George's face was succeeded by a faint smile as soon as he recognized his old friend and school-fellow, whilst a sort of moisture forced itself into his own eyes. "Why, Ned, old fellow, what in the name of wonder brought you here?"

"Destiny, my boy, destiny, fate—anything you please that may give a sufficiently solemn turn to a landslip close-by which interfered considerably with locomotion, and forced me bag and baggage out of my snug *couche* to set me down in this unknown corner of the earth, absolutely without a soul to speak to, for one night. But I do believe I could have endured a broken head as well as a broken journey for the sake of dropping on you again old boy." "Well, Ned, I am really glad to see you," said George, and then added slowly, as the old chill came back to him, "and that's more than I'd say to many an old acquaintance—now." Ned took a quick glance at his friend, and saw that, as he expressed it to himself, "all was not right somewhere." However, he determined to take no notice of his last remark for the present, but said gaily: "This sea of yours gives one a tremendous appetite. I move dinner. There's nothing like dinner to liven up a man's wits. Come along George. We have had our fill of gorgeous sunsets and scenery for one day. There's a poetry as well as a glare in the gaslight when it shines on a well-spread table. What! you have no gas here? Happy people! One tax the less. But it is to be hoped you find something to eat in this backbone of the world. Now, come along and we'll have all the adventures by flood and field with the cigars." Ned was at his best during dinner. He had an original remark for everything.

That delicious after-dinner moment having arrived when the cigars are lighted and the legs stretched out in lazy contentment, without the slightest regard for "the propeties," they began their questionings and cross-questionings. George was the first to start "Well, Ned, what in the name of good fortune brought you down here? What are you doing? Still writing?" "I am on a mission here, partly business, and partly to take my sister back with me to New York. She has been staying with some of her school friends, convent companions. I was on my way to join them when this lucky accident tumbled me into your hermitage. And now, what has brought you here?" "I? Oh! I am doing nothing," said George, with a sigh, coming back to himself. "Nothing! Well, that is not such a bad occupation when you only know how to do it." "Why, what else can a fellow do?" "Well, I suppose that what a man can do is generally best known to himself. At all events, it is scarcely likely that you were made for the precise purpose of burying yourself alive here." "Oh! I don't know. It is not such a bad sort of life," said George wearily. "Here I have no cares and fuss, and bother. What more can a fellow want?" Ned made no immediate reply. After a painful pause, he at length asked: "How long have you been here now, George?" "On and off, a year or more." "You entered a firm on the other side, did you not?" "No; I was about to do so." "And why didn't you? Were they cheats?" "No." "Did they fail?" "No; what makes you ask?" "Because I want to find out what the trouble is with you. You are not in love?" "Good God! No!" exclaimed George almost fiercely. The bitterness of his tone, the abruptness of his action, told the observant Ned that unwittingly he had touched the right chord. In a moment George seemed to have recovered his usual dead calm, and inquired, with a smile that seemed to anticipate a characteristic answer;

"Ned, have you ever been in love? It was now Ned's turn to rise. "In love! Have I ever been in love? Did you ever hear of a Fitzgerald or any other of his race who had not been in love?" And Ned "hove to" with a comic burst of despair. "You are a happy man, Ned," said George, laughing. "Happy?" questioned Ned, half to himself, and as though the idea had struck him for the first time in his life "Well, I suppose I am. I don't see much advantage to be gained by being otherwise." "Nor I, but for all that, people differently constructed from your fortunate self cannot always help being otherwise," "Bah! Of course they can; particularly in love matters. Love was not meant to make a man mope, but to stir him up. Those old fogies in the middle ages had a much truer idea of love, as of many other things, than we have now-a-days, with all our boasting. Love was akin to religion then, marriage a sacrament, and not, as it now is..."

"A social exchange, a trade carried on by the great Mother-in-Law Company, unlimited—a thing of barter and loss, where dollars are wedded to dollars by the magistrate, and beauty sells herself to old age for so much a year and her own carriage. O Ned, Ned! what a pity we were not born in the middle ages!" "Hallo!" said Ned, "I did not mean to go quite so far as that George. After all, they were men and women then, just as we are; and, though one cannot help breaking out now and again on modern notions, one thing is certain—for every true knight there is somewhere a true lady." "Have you found yours yet, Ned?" "Perhaps not, perhaps yes," said Ned, dropping a moment his light tone. "Perhaps because I am not a true knight; perhaps though I have found a true lady, she was meant for somebody else." And with this dialogue the two friends separated for the night.

When George awoke the following morning, and the thought came to him that the usually dreary day was to be

enlivened for once by the presence of Ned Fitzgerald, the thought was not an unpleasant one; and when that gentleman burst into his room with a bundle of sea-weed in his hand, speckled all over with curious little shells, which he said he would keep for Mary, the look of young, active, earnest life in his bright eyes and diffused over his whole person seemed in some indescribable manner to make the sun brighter and the air clearer: George began to feel young again, and examined the shells and the slimy weed, over which Ned gloated and expatiated, with an interest that would have been a marvel to him yesterday. "And who is Mary?" he asked as that name passed Ned's lips more than once. "Why, the sister I was telling you about." "Oh!" said George, and was silent. That evening, it was arranged that Ned should go the next day, and bring Mary back with him to stay a week or so with his old friend, instead of going on directly to Paris, as he had intended; and George, to pass the interval, made his first visit since the accident to his friend, Mme. Plaquet.

That good dame was as angry as she could be with him. Why, had not M. de Lorme and the ladies been there almost every day since, and all on purpose to meet him and thank him for his brave service? And now, was not mademoiselle going away, and her heart breaking because she could not see her preserver, and thank him for saving her life? And there was the card and the letter of M. de Lorme waiting for him all these days. She would not have it sent, because she expected monsieur to come every day. Ah! it was cruel! George opened the letter, and found that it was an eulogium of M. de Lorme on his gallantry and devotion, to which he was indebted for the life, probably, of his charming young friend. "Well, and what do you say?" asked Mme. Plaquet, as she surveyed her mysterious young friend, whilst, with a half-amused countenance, he read M. de Lorme's missive. "Oh!"

said George, "I don't know. What a fuss you French people make about stopping a horse! There—don't say any more about it. Is the lady quite recovered?" "Entirely. But she looked so sad when she came, and came, and never found you."

The next morning Ned was to return with his sister, and George went down to the railway station to meet them. There was Ned's pleasant face at the window; there he is waving his hat; and here he is now introducing Miss Mary Fitzgerald to his old friend, Mr. George Howard, to the mutual astonishment and evident confusion of that lady and gentleman, who blushed and turned pale by turns like guilty things. Even Ned was dumbfounded a moment, and argued to himself, from these silent but unmistakeable signs of recognition between the parties, that his ceremony of introduction was quite a superfluous piece of etiquette. "Well, if you people know each other already, you had better say so at once, and not let me make an ass of myself by going through a formal introduction—a thing I always hate. Mary, do you know George, or don't you?" There were tears in Mary's large eyes, as, clinging a moment to her brother, she sobbed rather than said:—"O Ned! this is the gentleman I told you of, of whom we were all speaking."

And then, turning the luminous and still tearful eyes full on George, who could scarcely stand up against the rush of mingled feelings that oppressed him, said with a genuine simplicity and native grace which were most moving: "Sir, it was a bitter thought to me that I should be compelled to leave France without knowing and thanking the brave gentleman who risked his life to save mine. I had hoped to see you at M. de Lorme's, and had so much to say to you. But now that I meet you," glancing at Ned, "in this. . . . in this way, my heart is so full I can say nothing. . . ."

And the gathering tears began to fall. It was time for Ned to intervene: "Oho! So you are the unknown

knight whom M. de Lorme and the ladies have been raving about; who goes around in sable sadness, rescuing charming young ladies from perilous situations, and disappearing as mysteriously as you come. Faith, my friend, there is a nice romance concocted over you. But, George, my boy, I could say a great deal more than my eloquent sister has done on this subject, only I know it would be distasteful to you. However, we shall have it out together on the quiet some day. But what a shame!" Ned rattled on as they made their way to the hotel, "Here is all my nice little plot spoiled. Mary, I gave him such a description of you. Let me see, George, what was she like? Red-haired, freckled, middle-aged, and stout; short of breath and tall of body; weighing one hundred and seventy pounds after dinner, and a trifle less before." George looked disgusted, and Mary was laughing. This harangue of Ned's set them both at their ease as though they had known each other all their lives. "And may I ask, Miss Fitzgerald if this conscientious brother of yours gave an equally accurate description of his old school-fellow?" said George laughing. "Mary, don't tell. . . . He'll murder me. . . ." "I was instructed all the way along to be particularly kind and attentive to a dapper. . . ." "No, not dapper. . . ." interjected Ned. "Yes, dapper, Mr. Howard; I remember the word distinctly. A dapper little old gentleman with a bald head and only one eye, who was as deaf as a post, but would not allow any one to consider him so. I was led to understand that he made excellent company at table, only that he simply followed out his own train of thought, and his remarks consequently were generally rather *mal-a-propos*."

There was a merry dinner-party that evening at the hotel, and a long ramble by the beach afterwards under the moon. Mary had a great deal of Ned's happy nature in her, and between the two, what with sailing, and

riding, and long strolls, George could not well help throwing off his despondency.

The light soon came back to the eye, the color to the cheek, the spring to the step, the gaiety to the young heart. "Your friend George is getting quite gay," remarked Mary one evening, as brother and sister sat alone, during the temporary absence of the subject of that young lady's remark. "Yes, poor fellow. He was in a sad way when I dropped on him. Going to the dev—I mean the grave, fast." "Why, what was the matter with him?" "Oh! I don't know. Put his foot in it somehow." "Put his foot in what?" "In the wrong box, of course. How stupid you women are!" "And you think he—that is, Mr. Howard has quite recovered now?" asked Mary, after a pause. "Well, it looks as though he were very near it; but here he is to speak for himself," said Ned, as George half bounded into the room, flushed

with exercise, and looking as handsome as any young lady could wish. One morning, some months after, the little French town looked very gay. There were green rushes strewn at the door of the hotel, and all the townspeople turned out in gala attire. Soon the church was filled with a buzzing and excited crowd that hushed into silence as a bridal party moved up the nave and stood at the steps of the altar, whilst the venerable *curé* in the name of God joined the hands together which no power on earth may sunder. Old women, and tender girls wept as the sweet bride passed out a wife, amid showers of blossoms strewn in her path by little white-robed children. There was another happy face, with bright eyes and a sunny smile, that attracted many an eye—the face, the eyes, and the smile of Mr. Edward Fitzgerald. Ned has not put his foot in the right box yet; so he says. But rumor tells another tale.



CHRISTMAS.

Oh, see so many worlds of barren years,
 Meted measur'd out in seas of tears;
 Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope
 (Love's eastern windows) all wide ope,
 With curtains drawn
 To catch the day-break of thy dawn.



THE K. M. R.

THE Greek alphabet is worse than the most pagan Chinese laundry bill and fills the dictionary-fingering amateur in Homeric lore with a holy horror of Aristotle and his tribe. In the good palmy days of our society, we were all admirers of the plain, old Anglo-Saxon of Shakspeare and devoted readers of the Wise Bird of *Alma Mater*. We turned with a sigh of relief from the mysteries of Achilles, strong-of-arm and swift-of-foot, with a sigh of relief and sprang with gladness bound from the saddle of the latest acquisition to our well-stocked Oriental stables to revel in the joys and sorrows of a *Desdemona* or a *Lady Macbeth*.

The Owl fulminated its anathemas against societies bearing a coat-of-arms stolen from a heathen alphabet and forsooth we swore by *The Owl* and registered a solemn vow, out of sight of College proctors, to renounce heathen deities and offer up incense to the gods of our fathers. The long expected day of christening came, the offspring of our united intellects was brought in and laid on the table. We all stood by, with bated breath, registered an oath on Chamber's Encyclopedia to protect the precocious child of prefect's wrath. The Master of Ceremonies solemnly arose and in awe-inspiring tones declared "I call thee, K. M. R." At once K. M. R. buttons became as plentiful as McKinley and Bryan badges during the last campaign. Mother Eve, they say, was a victim to woman's curiosity; but we would wager heavy odds in favor of the curiosity of proctors and students outside of the fold of the faithful, against this acknowledged weakness of any equal number of Eve's daughters, to be chosen the wide world over. Often have we laughed in our sleeve at the comical translation of these three innocent letters, rendered

by grave doctors of divinity. The writer has been frequently pestered by editors-in-chief, requesting us to chronicle the doings of this wonderful society. To one and all, our only answer was, "wait until all its members have shaken the dust of *Alma Mater* from their feet for the last time." The clock of time has sounded its alarm, we have been faithful to our trust, and our only wish is, that the herculean task had been assigned to a more expert quill-driver than this ex-officer of the only, real, live, secret society of the University in our day.

The secret will out. K. M. R. translated into the Queen's everyday English runneth thus, "Kitchen Midnight Raid." Three little innocents apparently admitting of only one construction, yet making an entirely different impression upon the minds of three classes of the human kind. They will cause the green eyed monster of jealousy to devour the liver of the student and he will say with a most expressive sigh, "wouldn't I like to be one of you fellows." The proctor will bow to the inevitable with the best possible grace, yet lament, "If I had known that seven years ago, I would have made the K. M. R. howl." The Bursar who, by the way, is laboring in other fields, would have viewed with dismay his fast decreasing stock of provisions, summoned us to an audience in his green room and greeted us with the awful sentence, "Gentlemen, you will pay dear for your whistle." Who were the members? Go ask the idle winds that lightly sport about the snow-clad peaks of the neighboring hills and they will echo back, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." One should not always make his pen, the confidant of his thoughts.

As far as we know, they are all in

the land of the living. Having fed upon the fat of the college larder, they give fair promise of living to a good round old age and gliding slowly and easily to an honored grave—a company of jolly good fellows. By a special act of the Mock Parliament, the K. M. R. was authorized to deal in choice cookies, cigars, A1 preserves and ale. Ale? Dear old gaping Bird of Night, do not spoil your pretty eyes and pretty plump rosy countenance with a frown of sanctimonious indignation. We dealt only in Adam's ale that comes rushing through the huge veins leading from the heart of Chaudière Falls throughout every portion of the incorporate body of Ottawa City.

The reader knows ere this that the *alpha* and *omega* of our operations were the dormitory and the store room. "Uneasily lies the head that wears a crown," would be a back number to the Czar of all the Russians could he boast the fine line of sentinels we established between these two objective points. What of the College watchman? A few havanas, tobacco of the finest brand and an odd well-chosen reference to the days of his early youth, caused that venerable, old gentleman to wink at our plans and overlook our nocturnal visitations. Dear student readers, take the advice of an old war-horse long since laid off the College track; whenever the lines of trouble seem to ensnare you in their meshes skillfully draw your judge into reminiscences of his university life. Rest assured, these pages from that lost portion of his career will prove to be the extenuating circumstances in your favor. Human nature is human nature in both the night watchman and the professor. We respect too much the intelligence of our readers to inform them that the goods delivered in dormitory No. II, were consumed in the ordinary way.

Oft there broke upon the weird stillness of the night, the sound of revellry and the echoes of foot-falls ever drawing nearer and nearer to the banquet hall. We had one budding poet on

our list. So deep and lasting an impression did the K. M. R. make upon his sympathetic soul that he ceased to imitate Moore's grand, old Irish melodies, stole out upon the dormitory balcony and wrote Anacreonic odes by the yard to the sweet distant rippling music of the Chaudière. By the way, this same ode-grinder was treasurer of the society for a time; unfortunately the fame of his youthful effusion made him a suspect. The poor young poetical plant was nipped in the bud by the frost of adversity and soon its strength was spent in nourishing an asthmatic old cow on the banks of the muddy Carp River. The Conscript Fathers met in solemn conclave and as a result of their labors, the treasurer's mantle was laid upon the shoulders of a young freshman, so innocent looking, that he would never be suspected of any crime, not even of twisting the tail of the college cat. This was the only action of the wise acres that we ever opposed for we disliked the idea of leading a freshie into temptation.

There is one night, that will ever remain green in our memory; jubilation ran high and our pet balcony was literally crowded with members on festive intent bound. The head prefect, to use a vulgar phrase, smelt a rat, made a raid on the dormitory, bolted all the windows and stood sentinel to see that no one would be so bold as to open them. He evidently intended to freeze us out. Would he have smiled such a seraphic smile had he known that the brethren were playing havoc with the milk and honey provided by the bursar for his Thanksgiving dinner? Even the god-like Jupiter nods, the prefect was no more than mortal and his long vigil at length laid him in the encircling arms of Morpheus. A window is cautiously opened by the guard of the night, the revellers come softly in, one by one. The senior member—be of the big feet and horse laugh—stumbles over an unlucky trunk. There was a crash, a bang and a howl. The prefect jumps and sets a 2.40 pace for beds. Members

tumble in clothes, boots and all. He of the ear splitting twitter takes possession of the President's couch. The President makes one of his famous championship dashes to his apartment but finds it occupied. Possession is nine points of the law so he dodges under the bed for necessity is the mother of invention. Along comes the prefect, with blood in his eye, spies our unfortunate head and administers a most generous dose of substantial boots to the pride of the society.

Eager for revenge, we made a horrible ouslaught upon the kitchen the following night. We took time by the forelock for does not the poet sing and even the poets tell the truth now and then.

"Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked."

For a time, all went merry as a marriage bell but long is the lane that has no turning. The procession of plunder bearers filed past in safety with the exception of the final two. The second last had reached the stair that leads past THE OWL'S headquarters the last had not yet appeared upon the scene. Suddenly on the lower stair case appears the irrepressible prefect, candle in hand, prepared for action. Big John looks down, his hand shakes, crash goes a small crock and sends the proctor's candle headlong down into the depths of darkness beneath. The escape was truly miraculous. The coroner's inquest upon the shattered remains informed the authorities that kidnapping on a grand scale was being carried on within the institution. The same night, a present disciple of Esculapius in Greater New York hied him off with a cake—the prize number of the Thanksgiving dinner and had just reached his bed when the presiding officer decided to put his hand to the oar. The embryo saw-bones gave the danger-signal; in the twinkling of an eye six unfortunates came tumbling out of their *Queen Anne* beds at the other end of the dor-

mitory, with a crash that quickly brought the bewildered subaltern to that quarter of what we called the Black Forest.

In the meantime our forager was out of the bush and was justified in giving a glorious war-hoop, such as spurs the champions of Canada on to victory.

The order of the following day was, "All dormitories must be locked" Suspected characters must hand over their keys for a search was to be instituted to recapture the plunder. It was really astonishing, how many students went to the dormitory that morning; for what purpose the reader may easily surmise. We had one member who was as easily frightened as a fox yet he possessed all the cunning of the much abused Reynard as developments will substantiate.

This representative from Up-The-Creek was blessed with an almost insatiable appetite; the was he most capacious storehouse on our list still he managed to keep out of the thick of the fight with more than the proverbial Scotch canniness, though his ancestors hailed from the sunny plains of maligned Tipperary. His abnormal appetite made him the butt of many a jibe. His only retort was, "the devil lurketh in an empty stomach." As he has since entered upon a course of studies for the ministry he has most probably cast aside this Burmese piece of wisdom. This particular morning, he said to the writer. "I am going to the dormitory to get my store out of the way."

"Surely" we replied "you do not intend to eat two jars of jam and a box of crackers." He glared at us, and used a very naughty little word. Up he flew to the dormitory on the wings of fear, took a rope that he had to bind his trunk, tied it around the necks of the jars and box and let the whole cargo drop down the large stone elevator that proudly, rears its head high above its surroundings.

Dear reader, you will probably think that the locking of the doors forms the

closing chapter of the K. M. R.'s history. If so, console yourself with the reflection that the wisest men make mistakes. Love unlocks all doors; we were consumed with undying love for the sweets of the college storeroom. We did not borrow the *Duke of Milan's* ladder, for the authorities had unwittingly placed a much easier and safer means of exit at our disposal. Our witty engineer muffled the master-wheel of the large elevator that hoists up trunks and baggage to the students' apartments; the good old elevator seemed to enjoy its new labors for it never emitted a single groan or shriek, whilst conveying our scouts to the corridor beneath the dormitory.

The society flourished and grew exceeding powerful under the new order of things. During the exams., when we burned the midnight oil and kept vigil well into the wee small hours, the K. M. R. was a blessing in disguise. We were veritable philosophers in the kernel; we knew that the intellectual apparatus would soon wear out, did we not supply a goodly share of lubrication to the animal engine. There remain many deeds of valor, many grand rushes upon the kitchen, that would have done credit to the line that won the Dominion championship only a few weeks ago, that we would fain inscribe upon the tablets of our history; but

tireless Phœbus has yoked his horses to his golden chariot and *The Owl* is about to sink into its daily dreaming.

The following year, many officers of the K. M. R. betook themselves to the *corridor* and to apartments new. Some of their achievements have been fittingly recorded in the *Xmas Owl* of '95 by one who seems to be well versed in our history. What about the morality of such a society? The grave theologian whom we have made immortal in this, our primer history, wrote us that his conscience troubled him. We answered as follows: If you think restitution necessary because you devoured more than your share, we have no objection to receive conscience money from you. Otherwise, we pin our faith to the following principle. You took a risk. Since you were not caught, score one in your favor, if you had been detected, score one for the other fellow.

We were the signers of a joint note. Should we append our baptismal cognomen, the authorities might sue us for damages and leave us shift as best we could for recompense from the other endorsers. Consequently we hope that the present students of *Alma Mater* have a rattling K. M. R. and subscribe ourself

An Old Timer,
Of the Early Nineties.



HEART-BEATS.

OW strange it is to listen
 To the beatings of the heart !
 As it sounds
 How its bounds
 Make the distant pulses start.
 How its ruddy currents whistle
 Thro' each vessel as they flow ;
 And each thud
 Forces blood
 Thro' the body to and fro.

And then mark how well its rythm
 Gives an answer to each thought,
 As if soul
 Had control
 And gave back the news we sought.
 Fancies rise, and rising with them
 Comes each trial and result,
 Both in one
 Bubbling on
 Driven by life's catapult.

I am thinking of the world,
 And each moment seems to say :
 " Selfish man
 If you can
 Drive such mundane thoughts away.
 Take joys now or else refuse them,
 Cull and choose them while you may ;
 Come be quick
 Haste and pick
 Life at best is but a day."

Thus it goes forever babbling,
 Like some ceaseless gushing brook ;
 Changing hues
 As it goes
 Eddying thro' each wondrous nook.
 Thus it goes forever dabbling
 Every particle with blood ;
 Whilst its tide
 Runs in pride
 A vast life-imparting flood.

SOME COLLEGE WIT.

WHO of the old students is there that cannot recall the names of fellow-students who during their time in college were remarkable for their quickness of repartee, and their faculty of making one burst his sides laughing at their quaint sayings and rich humour? Several such names occur to me just now as I lift my pen to contribute to the Christmas Owl. Some of these students were very often dull in almost everything else; but woe betide the unfortunate wight of higher class standing who would try to raise a laugh upon them. He generally had, in the end, to foot the expense of the laugh himself.

There was one,—let us call him Charlie, for the sake of a name—a student (?) of the commercial course, who lacked both ability and good-will so far as study was concerned, but who was very quick at giving an answer to anyone that tried to quiz him. Base-ball had no secrets for him; the “science” with all its principles and intricacies of rule, the progress of the League games, the records of the various batteries were completely in his possession, and ready for production at a moment’s notice. The consequence was that Charlie was a brilliant player himself, and was often called upon to act as umpire. At a critical moment of a game that he was umpiring, and in which for reasons unnecessary to state, the whole University took a great interest, Charlie called a man “out on first.” In the crowd of student spectators was a lay professor, a student of the seventh form, who thinking that his twofold dignity of prof. and philosopher would intimidate the umpire, asked loudly and pompously “On what grounds, sir, do you give that decision?” Charlie looked

at the questioner, and at the surrounding crowd, and waving his hand majestically over the vast campus, answered “I give the decision, sir, on these Ottawa College Grounds.” The laugh was on the professor, and Charlie was allowed to continue his umpiring without further interference.

Another young man comes to my mind just now. One of his gifts was that of expressing anything remarkable in striking similes. After a foot-ball game in which Bill had to work pretty hard, “Boys” he said, “I was sweating like a china dog in an ice-house.” A certain person who was bow-legged was thus described by Bill: “He would be a bad man to put to stop a pig in an alley way.” A student whose legs were rather short was complaining one day of pains in these diminutive members. About the pains, he remarked that “he had not had them very long.” “Well,” broke in Bill, “you could not have them very long, seeing that your legs are so short.” As Bill was also somewhat backward in literary matters, one of the more advanced students said to him one day before a crowd “Well, Bill, what are you going to write on for the St. Thomas’ Entertainment?” “On paper,” was Bill’s prompt rejoinder.

Among instances of more silent wit, or rather humour, I ought not to omit mentioning the student, who at a certain period when the heating of the study-hall was not as well attended to as he thought it should be, came down quietly from the dormitory one morning before the others, and put overcoats on all the statues that decorated the vast room.

I hope the OWL will not take it amiss if I close with some po’try. A certain student was in the habit of bothering a rather studious comrade

both in class and study with frivolous notes couched in wretched rhyme. One day he received the following reply to one of his productions :

TO A TROUBLESOME RHYMSTER.

I

In the days of long ago,
 When the wicked Pharaoh
 Ruled the plains that Nile's blue waters irrigate,
 Ten plagues were sent to strike
 U'pon man and beast alike,
 Crown'd in fine, by the first borns' cruel fate.

II

In this nineteenth centurie,
 It is very plain to see,
 We have one plague, which is equal to the ten ;
 It is the would-be poet ;
 And 'tis well that you should know it,
 Who are one of those that wield the rhymster's pen.

III

Stick to plain and simple prose,
 Which from all more freely flows ;
 We'll then (perhaps) have REASON without RHYME ;
 But your rhymes bereft of reason,
 Are always out of season
 In every age and under every clime.

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THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

There is one most High Creator Almighty, and a powerful King and greatly to be feared, who sitteth upon His Throne and is the God of Dominion, Eccl. II, 8.

God is charity.—I. St. John IV. 8.

IT is an old, old story that tells of a would-be atheist who opened the Sum of St. Thomas, at the article wherein the Angelic Doctor proposes to himself the momentous question, *Utrum Deus sit?* Is there a God? With a cry of exultation our infidel read the opening words of the greatest of philosophers, *Videtur quod Deus non sit*. It seems that there is no God; and forthwith, he rushed away to preach from the house-tops that the reputed Pillar of Christianity was in reality the support of Atheism. Deep, however, was his confusion, when acting upon the advice of calmer and wiser minds, he read the entire article in question, and found that St. Thomas in pursuance of his usual tactics, had previously stated the objections to his doctrine, before proceeding to establish by irrefragable arguments the existence of a Prime Being whom we call God.

In like manner, each of the sciences as it rose to take its rank in the cycle of knowledge, was placed in the witness-box by the fools that had already said within their hearts, "there is no God." Astronomy, in its modern aspect, Geology, Comparative Anatomy, Comparative Philology, —each in turn was asked *Utrum Deus sit?* and each was understood by its jubilant inquisitors to answer *Videtur quod Deus non sit*. It seems that there is no God. And each of these seeming successes gave birth to that mighty hell-born cry, Science upholds Infidelity. But alas for the pride of Infidelity, each Science when advanced beyond the age of infancy came

forward to proclaim herself the handmaid of religion and the prophetess of God. Yet, strange to say, though the Natural Theology of Atheism is thus nothing but a necropolis of rejected systems and exploded theories, though the arguments of St. Thomas still remain unanswered and must ever remain unanswered since they are based on immutable metaphysical principles, though Science has proclaimed in the clearest terms her origin divine, and though, as the profoundest of thinkers has expressed it, "the invisible things (of the Creator) are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; His eternal power also, and his divinity," nevertheless are there found rational beings so unreasonable as to deny the existence of God. And since "the epidemics of the world are never altogether unfelt within the Church, and the souls of believers are affected by the pestilence that reigns without," I feel that no apology is needed for endeavoring by the development of the following argument of St. Thomas, to demonstrate that ours is not a blind, unreasoning faith in God, but a belief supported by solid philosophical proofs whose evidence forces the assent of reason itself.

The omnipresence of motion in the universe is a fact patent to all. Go where you will, your senses relate to you the same story in divers ways—motion, motion everywhere. Visit the crowded city: a thousand objects (men, animals, inanimate things) flit before the view until the feverish rush tires the eye and wearies the very

soul. Seek some lonely solitude far removed from the busy haunts of men, and there, as elsewhere, all Nature is in action. The grass beneath your feet is growing upwards with incessant motion. Myriad flowers exhale myriad delicious perfumes and secrete those sweet stores for which the honey-bee hums his thanks—as he wings his droning flight from bloom to bloom. The little brook hard by is flowing smoothly onwards to the deep, dark, restless ocean. The same unseemly breath that fans your cheek stirs all the tree-tops into gentle motion, and drives slowly forward the white, ship-like cloud that sails lazily across the broad, blue expanse of sky. The feathered songster, the soothing breeze, the humming bee, the murmuring streamlet the glorious sun—all fill the air with invisible waves of motion that bear upon their rounded crests, their pleasing burden of melody or light. Even when

..... a secret sting
Hath fallen and smitten flower and fruit and weed
And every leafy thing,

even when "the elfin spirits" of Winter have tucked

the streams to sleep
With icy sheet and gleaming coverlet,

still the wintry world is full of movement.

Beneath the ice still flows the ceaseless current of the brook. Departed are the melodious choirs of Summer, but their places are occupied by the active, chirping lovers of ice and snow. Perchance, phrenzied strains come from the leafless forest, that vast Aeolian harp swept by the wild breath of Winter, as "foul and fierce, (he) drives along the darkened air"; while lowering clouds course madly overhead and in their haste drop their fleecy burden upon the whitened earth beneath. Or, perhaps, Nature in milder mood, floods all the scene with brightness, whispers softly to the sighing woods, and piles in air stainless cloud-heaps that rival the

immaculate drapery of the snow-clad earth.

The firmament, too, is dotted with a galaxy of bright worlds that are ever whirling through space with inconceivable velocity, and the very earth on which you stand is revolving amongst her celestial companions and is spinning about in daily rotation with a complexity and a rapidity of motion, of which the mere thought turns one dizzy. Moreover, the physical sciences demonstrate that besides this local motion, there has ever been and is upon our planet, a restless activity of another kind in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, Natural agents have acted upon one another and have changed the face of the earth. Animals have peopled the land and the waters, and have died individually, specifically, generically. New individuals, new species, new genera have come to take their places, only to die individually, specifically, perhaps even generically again. The green grass springs from the seed that has rotted away. Animals feed upon the grass and, by some strange, mysterious process change it into their flesh upon which man siezes and assimilates to his own; and finally, he in turn lays down his body to feed the grass that affords nourishment to the animals. And so on, in an endless circle of movement; for the corruption of one substance necessarily entails the generation of others, and *vice versa*. And all this is motion in the large, philosophical sense of the word; for what is generation but transition from non-existence *as such* to existence *as such*? And what is corruption but transition from being to nonentity? Turning to ourselves, we find within us a world in miniature. Microcosms that we are, our being embraces the three grades of life—vegetable, animal and spiritual. We grow as does the plant, by intussusception. We move ourselves from place to place, we see, we hear, we feel, we taste, we smell, as does the animal. Within us lives a soul. We live of

thesethreeives, and life, of whatsoever kind, is an intrinsic activity by which a being moves itself.

All Nature then is in ceaseless motion. The fact is evident to all. But how many ever think of asking themselves: Whence comes this motion? To the majority of minds, no such question ever proposes itself; and yet the solution of this problem leads to the Creator himself. It was this question that set to work the penetrating intelligence of St. Thomas and gave birth to that profound proof of the necessary existence of a Prime Mover. Let us endeavor to follow the reasoning of the Angel of the Schools; but first, in order to proceed with greater ease, permit me to preface a few words concerning the distinction noted by philosophers between *passive power* and *act*.

Passive power is the principle by which anything is capable of suffering or of being moved, whether this movement be motion in the vulgar sense of local motion or that occasioned by generation, corruption, augmentation, diminution or alienation. For example, a block of marble has the *passive power* of becoming the image of a hero; but when the artist has chiselled upon the marble the lineaments of the hero, then the block of marble has become *in act* the image of the said hero. Hence it is plain that passive power, precisely because it is a mere capability of receiving such actual existence, is an imperfection whose perfection or complement is act, just as the actuality of the statue is the complement of the passive power previously residing in the marble of becoming the statue in question. It is further evident that anything is an active agent inasmuch as it is in act, and that a thing may suffer or be moved just in proportion to its passive power. For, nothing can suffer or be moved without at same time losing something that it previously had, or receiving something that it did not before possess. Consequently, the subject of this change

or movement must necessarily have been previously capable of losing or receiving that which has been lost or received. On the other hand, nothing can act unless by reason of its own activity or real, active power. From all this, follows a natural deduction upon which is based the whole proof of St. Thomas in the present argument: *Passive power is incapable of reducing itself to act, but must be reduced by some other principle in act.* Because, as we have seen, passive power being as it is, a mere aptitude, a mere capability of receiving a certain entity, lacks the actuality of such existence to which it cannot reduce itself unless by *act* which is absolutely repugnant to the nature of passive power. One or two familiar examples will give evidence to this metaphysical truth. A block of marble, to recur to our former illustration, cannot change itself into a statue, but may be so changed by the hand of the sculptor. Water, though capable of becoming heated, cannot heat itself, but may be heated by the active agency of fire.

Now, therefore, if any things in this world are moved and we have seen that their number is practically infinite then they are moved not by themselves but by others. For passive power, as shown above, cannot reduce itself to act, but requires the external agency of some other principle already in act. But it is impossible for one and the same thing to be at once in passive power and in act in the same respect, though indeed it may be so in different respects. Thus, water cannot be at once both hot and cold, though it may be actually hot and at the same time be capable of becoming cold. Therefore, it is impossible for one and the same thing to be at once and in the same respect, both moved and mover, both the cause and the subject of motion. In other words, nothing can move itself. "Life offers no instance to the contrary, for though no doubt, we say and rightly, that living things have

the cause of motion in themselves, this only means that one part in living organisms communicates movement to other parts. The heart sends the blood through the frame but the heart itself receives its first impulse from the parent to whom life is due. Nor are even intelligent beings the independent cause of their own movements. The will is influenced by the thoughts, the mind cannot think unless objects are proposed or have been originally proposed to it from without. Hence, even if we assume an infinite series of created things, still so long as they are all subject to motion and change, this motion and change calls for explanation, and we are forced to the belief (a sublime one truly) of a first mover, Himself immovable, of a Being who is at once the perfection of activity and life, and the perfection of rest, the cause of movement and change, while He himself changes not." And this Prime Mover we call God.

And this is the God of philosophy. This is the cold God that Plato and his fellow-pagan philosophers discovered by the sole light of reason. This is truly "a most high Creator Almighty and a powerful King, and greatly to be feared who sitteth upon His throne and is the God of Dominion." How unbearable would life be, had the Creator left us in this learned ignorance of Him. Then indeed, would he be considered as a God greatly to be feared. The thought of his omnipotence would be a source of perpetual dread. His Majesty would repel even as it awed. Fear would be the motive of obedience to the unwritten law of Nature. Surely life under such conditions were a good to be scorned of devils. But, eternal praises to his Holy Name! the Most High has descended from his elevated throne. He has cast away the insignia of royalty. He has revealed to His creatures Himself and His perfections and has exchanged the cold title of God of Dominion for the sweeter name, God of Love. Ever since the Spirit moved over the waters

the history of the world is but one continuous story of God's love. Creation itself was an act of love.

In love God fashioned whatever is,
The hills, and the seas and the skiey fires;
For love He made them, and endless bliss
Sustains, enkindles, uplifts, inspires.

And scarcely had man been created "with his great sad heart that hungers when held from God apart," when it would seem (but of course it is only seeming) that jealousy entered into the abode of infinite charity and that each person of the Triune Deity—Father, Son, and Spirit—endeavored to outbid the other in order to make that heart His own. Witness the condescendence of the Mighty Father who came regularly on the wings of the evening breeze to walk with his creatures amidst the fragrant groves of Eden; who seemed so un-Godlike in His haste to heal the wounds that fallen Man with suicidal hand had inflicted upon himself; "who at Sunday times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets;" nay, who deigned to engrave with his own divine finger upon the tablets of stone the laws that were to guide His children, Behold the wondrous self-annihilation of the Son,

..... who Man became
To raise man's fall'n estate, as though a man
All faculties of man unmerged, undimmed,
Had changed to worm and died the prey of worms
That so the mole might see,

that God with us who founded His Church as the Pillar and Ground of truth for us, and whose love forced Him to make to us an eternal legacy of Himself.

Consider the adorable self-ostracism of the Spirit who has condemned Himself to remain on earth as the Paraclete, the Consoler, until time shall be lost in eternity. O, happy we that bask in the sunshine of such love! And ye, unfortunate, that sit in the cold, darkness of infidelity, take ye in hand once more that long, romance of love. Ponder o'er its every page, but delay in profounder meditation over that chapter all sublime that tells "the tidings of

great joy from Bethlehem's Crib to Calvary's Cross." Contemplate the history of that wondrous Babe at whose birth the brightness of God descended upon the plains of Judea and a new star arose in the heavens to guide the footsteps of the Kingly astronomers from the East. Then the Thirty-Three Years of poverty, suffering, persecution and humiliation; the stupendous miracles by which all Nature, animate and inanimate, was obliged to confess its subjection; the inexplicable hate that animated those amongst whom He passed in doing good; those strange courts of Justice that summoned Him, not that they might try His case but avowedly that "they might put Him to death." At length His betrayal, His condemnation to the most horrible torments *because* His judge, having examined Him, could find *no cause* in Him in those things wherein He was accused (Luke XXIII. 14-16) and finally His sentence to the death of the cross. Turn now to Calvary. There upon that mountain of sacrifice behold Jesus the Nazarene raised on high upon an infamous gibbet—a scandal to the Jews and a folly to the Gentiles. His thorn-crowned head drops upon his bosom. His lacerated body hangs from his nail-pierced hands and feet. Bloodstreams from every wound, from every pore of His livid body. He cries aloud; and as that awful cry of dereliction bursts from his agonizing lips—My God, my God, why hast thou also abandoned me—see all nature writhing in sympathetic agony with the Crucified. The sun refuses its light. Mid-day night wraps the hill of death in the murky folds

of its ink-like mantle. Lightnings flash, the thunder roars, the ground heaves and swells, the rocks burst asunder with deafening crash. Heaven and earth are in convulsions. Then a mysterious breeze is it the breath of God?—passes over the Mount of Olives and along the valley of Josaphat, and at its passage the dead arise from their tombs and congregate at the foot of the cross to adore their God. Can you still resist? No, surely not. Falling upon your knees amidst those shrouded figures in that murky darkness, you, too, will cry as did the Centurion: "This truly is the Son of God."

But we that follow the Way, we that are guided by the Light, we that love the Life—turn we for the moment from proud, deicide Jerusalem and her bloody Calvary. Turn we for the present from all those scenes of suffering, humiliation and ignominy that filled these Three and Thirty Years. Turn we at this joyous time to Bethlehem, to the crib of the Infant God; and rejoicing with all men of good will in this happy, festive season, let us raise in praise our glad voices, let us ring the merry bells.

Set it ringing—set it ringing—
Loosen every pent up chime:
Set it heaving—set it pealing—
For the Merry Christmas time:
From a thousand grey old turrets,
From a thousand white-robed choirs
Let it peal—the grand old anthem
Which the Christmas time inspires:
Send it loud with hope and love,
Ringing up to God above.

E. J. CORNELL, O.M.I., 96.





THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

all ye ninefold choirs of Muses fair,
 Who in the groves Elysian ever sing,
 Breath-building up to God large heavens of prayer
 O'er woods and lawns of Love's o'er blossoming ;
 Be aiding now to me, that I may so,
 Hymning a Wonder wrought by Love below,
 Build here on earth a heaven of song for Him,
 Where He may shrine the Queen of saints and seraphim.

And Thou, forever moving from the Deep,
 And from the Height descending evermore,
 And flowing ever from Thy Central Steep—
 Abyssal Harmony without a shore !
 O drench me through with music to the lips,
 And let my heart sing out at finger tips,
 And all my pulses shout, a torrent-glee,
 In fullness of a soul at one with Her and Thee.

And Thou, O wondrous Lady, Maid who art
 Mother of Wisdom, Consort-Queen of Love,
 And Daughter of Omnipotence — a heart
 Of God-delight, embowering Him above ;
 Be from thy breast of purity divine
 A milk of sweetness shed on lips of mine,
 A dew of holiness, that so may these
 Immaculately hail thy stainless purities.

O day forever blessed, when the Lord,
 Renewing Eden in thy mother's womb,
 Upbuilt first for His Creative Word
 Material vesting, poetry of bloom,
 To give His Wisdom clothing, in our eyes,
 Of a more full-perfected Paradise,
 Shaping the perfect Man of later hour
 Not from the clay direct, but from its perfect Flower.

Ye holy angels, how, with faces veiled,
 Ye trembled, looking out through sentient plume
 Of living harmony, for love that failed,
 And saw within the Seed its world of bloom,

THE OWL

Where every petal from the Godhead drew
 A life of Him, a fragrance, and a dew,
 That all its nectaries, fulfilled with Love,
 Might so fulfil their Lord when bodied from above.

And what a music burst from all your wings,
 When, taking breath of rapture after pause,
 You spread them to melodious thunderings,
 And, wakening up to life from lidded awes,
 Made all the glory of The Sphere to ring,
 As, shouting sweet hosannahs to your King,
 Ye shook the universal heart of Love
 To echo infinite, around, beneath. above.

And thou, the newly-bodied from the Deep,
 In what clear Vision didst thou gaze on Him,
 When, waked immortal from eternal sleep,
 Amid the music of the seraphim,
 Thy soul, aware of Godhead from the dawn,
 Saw pacing to thee, o'er the flowery lawn
 Of Love's consummate sweetness, God the fair,
 Beclath'd with glory in the rose-red Orient air ?

Surely the earth to its insensate heart
 Did thrill most throughly in the holy hour----
 The masterpiece of Love's consummate art,
 The Sinless Seeding of the Stainless Flower,
 Embodied in its substance ! Surely hell
 Felt shake a terror vague its spewing swell
 Of murky incandescence ! Surely man
 Felt press more lightly, then, the burden of the ban !

Not that the first conception of thee, Maid
 And lovely Mother, laughing over me,
 And bowering with thy locks of sunny braid,
 Here in the happy valley, Love and me.
 From the beginning cleaving to thy breast,
 There, by prevision, Love had ta'en His rest :
 Love, by prevision, there had dreamed of me,
 Drawing with Him from founts of one Maternity.

FRANK WATERS



MY FIRST DAYS IN COLLEGE.

TO "swing around behind the quarter" in present day Rugby idiom "and push with him" in making the Christmas number of The Owl "an interesting record of college reminiscences" is the easiest thing in the world as it is far from being the least agreeable. If anything in the shape of "a push" from one of the "outside wings" would satisfy the Reverend Editor-in-chief in his present emergency, there would be a speedy end to trouble. Without delay or delicacy it would be gladly tendered. Just exactly what comes within the scope of "a push" in the present instance, had better not be too definitely specified. Make "the field" as wide as possible, move the "touch-lines" far out to either side, in fact it might perhaps be well, going back to John O'Reilly's time, and taking a clause out of Gribbin John's code, to let the player run until he falls; subsection *a* of which clause, went on to say that if the player was then unable to get up and continue running, the ball was to be "thrown in." If anything or all that can be gathered from a field of these dimensions would flavor the Owl's Christmas bill of fare, the wise bird has *carte-blanc* to select, but "to contribute an article in prose or verse,"—well, that's quite a different affair. As I think the matter over it seems to work itself out chiefly, on an ancient principle, often revived, affirming the power of circumstances in altering cases. I know that if it were back some ten or twelve years ago and the students of the Second Form had to write an essay on "Virtue is its own Reward" or "The Approach of Spring" I know the self-inflicted wear and tear that would ensue, before the study-master would again

call the Second Form out for a class of English. Of course that was quite another affair, but it had its influence, I think, nevertheless. Within the class-room there was a professor to reckon with, a circumstance bearing very materially upon the case. And so also a few years absence and consequent unfamiliarity with the humors of the Owl, now doubtless much changed in its riper years, makes the task of supplying its wants quite different from what it was in other times. With its old-time unselfish consideration, however, it agrees to be satisfied with recollections of "old associates and associations." One might very well fail to get off so easily and there is a comfort in that. But as to the recollections, a batch of which came up with the mention above-made of a reckoning with the professor in the Second Form class-room. At the time I did not know whether to characterize it as my good fortune or whether things were simply following their natural course. I remember feeling for a while that it was my doom—but, at any rate, I was entered in the Second Form on arriving at Ottawa. I have no difficulty now in asserting that greater good fortune could not easily have been mine. A class of twenty-six, every one as I found him was a College student, filled with the true spirit of College life, and though yet in the beginning of the course, already developing a devoted love for the home of his choice during his student days. There were young men with ripened judgment and others of settled earnestness. Gentle characters there were also among them, the natural growth of the faithful practice of many virtues, and a healthy restraint they proved on the

harmless hilarity of more sprightly temperaments. Not a few were intellectual giants and several were good enough to play on the first fifteen. Altogether it will appear, that as the scale runs, the class was an average good one, and small credit it would have done us not to glory in our strength. And the professors, those disinterested servants of God whose pre-eminent fitness made their guidance as valuable as their gentle temperate manner made it attractive. Here again we were children of fortune and rare good fortune at that. Two in particular I met very early, before I had yet shaken off that feeling of absolute strangeness that seemed to capture me from behind I fancy as I passed on, card in hand, from the presence of Father Balland at the front door—before I began to see clearly through the haze that surrounded me and before I was self-possessed enough to set up my instruments, so to speak, take my bearings, and find out just exactly where I was. I well believe that it was the keen perception of the saintly Father Bennett into whose way chance kindly led me, that saw the effective means to restore the equilibrium disturbed for the moment, by the changed conditions my new situation presented. Proficient from long experience in the art of speedily arousing the sympathy of his pupils and winning their affection it was no doubt his artful suggestion with deliberate purpose that led me to his room after the morning class, and soon he was as interesting as a stranger could be to one who, not yet sixteen, had just left home for the first time. I was of Scottish extraction; he had learnt that, he said, from my name when he met me in the classroom, and it was a long time since he had left Scotland, and the aged priest was silent for a moment, as his thoughts went back in loving devotion to his home and his native land. But he remembered it all so vividly. "You were not born in Scotland I suppose, but your parents were; what part of the country do they come from? I know

it all so well," and I can easily recall the delight with which I listened to his glowing description of those places his memory most naturally turned to. The representative of Her Majesty the Queen, at Rideau Hall, was at that time the Marquis of Lorne. "Oh! he is a great man now" was Father Bennett's comment "and I saw him in his cradle in Argyleshire and today he is our Governor-General" All about his studies in Rome I found out and how he came to Ottawa where he had lived so long, so quietly and so happily. In the latter, I suspect I had begun to share, for I was already at my ease, whereas I had sat down a few moments earlier with only half-satisfactory composure. Soon the ringing of the big bell at the end of the corridor called Father Bennett away to particular examen and I was not gone from his room more than a few steps when the disturbed equilibrium was perfectly restored.

It was a timely restoration, indeed, as the event proved. The following day I found by a reference to my timetable that the Second Form would have a class of Greek during the first hour of the afternoon. I congratulated myself upon the fact that except for the single consideration that I knew nothing about Greek, in all other respects I was able to face the ordeal "on equal terms." My inexperience left me blissfully ignorant of the possibility of another interview as a result of what the afternoon was to bring—an interview essentially different however from the one of the previous day. Ere long, however, I was undeceived. That afternoon, for the first time I met Father Vaillancourt, and by the end of the hour I must have looked as I really felt, more mystified than I had been at the beginning. Of course my attempt to give the present, or for that matter, any other tense of *tupto* was a complete failure and I stood convicted in open court, powerless to utter a word why sentence should not be passed. "You will recite in my room

at six o'clock." I heard each word and understood perfectly. There was no doubting Father Vaillancourt's meaning, and I thereupon resolved that if such a thing came within the range of possibility I would reach it. I was ill at ease and looked in vain for consolation. I was tempted even to give the lie direct to that old adage "misery likes company." I was not alone in the toils; one of the brightest and most energetic priests to-day among the younger Ontario clergy was "with me;" but "it profited me nothing;" he had his own troubles, I thought, and I did not unload any of mine. As to the interview, I may say that Greek lost nothing by it, and what I distinctly gained was a glimpse into Father Vaillancourt's kindly nature. He laughed heartily at the signs of timidity I must have betrayed, and made me believe that to alarm or to terrify was no part of his intention. For two years and more from that day, I met Father Bennett and Father Vaillancourt daily, either in class or elsewhere, and I think I succeeded in part in learning to appreciate their true worth. What I could now say of them is of no consequence. They are both gone to wear "the crown of justice" of which none can rob them, but they still live in the salutary effect of their noble example upon all who knew them. And who would attempt to place limits to the benefit we would derive if mindful of their teaching we could approach, ever so little, in our own lives, the lovely simplicity and refined intellectual greatness of the one and the high sense of duty and unsparing

energy in its fulfilment of the other?

D. A. CAMPBELL, '90.

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[In connection with the high tribute paid to his old professors by Rev. Father Campbell, we think it appropriate to publish the following appreciation of Father Bennett from the pen of one whom that saintly old Oblate admired and loved. —ED.]

FATHER BENNETT.

In no man I have ever met did dignity and humility seem to be more harmoniously blended than in Father Bennett. The former compelled respect, the latter love. No professor entered the class room with a bearing more stately, yet there was not the slightest trace of haughtiness nor of affectation in his manner. He never appeared to realize that the eyes of the students were upon him; he merely carried himself as befitted one who stood in the presence of the King, as one in whose ears the voice was ever sounding, *ambula coram me*. His dignity being natural, not assumed, he maintained it without slightest effort. When he called a new student forward and shook hands with him, he did not seem to be doing anything unusual—it seemed to be the most natural thing for him to do. But he was too gentle to be a very successful teacher, in the lowest classes at least. He had not the vigorous earnestness nor the magnetic persuasiveness which distinguished some of his colleagues. Yet his memory is no less dear to those who came into contact with his goodness of soul, which communicated itself to others not with the violence of the electric spark but with the gentle power of the sunbeam.

D. V. P. '89.



A CHRISTMAS RECOGNITION.

ADAPTED FROM THE "CATHOLIC WORLD."

WE were old-fashioned people at Aldred, and Christmas was our special holiday. The house was always filled with guests. Among these was a young girl whose aspect was peculiar and attractive, and whose manner had in its mixture of modesty and self-reliance a piquancy that added to the fascination of her person. She had come with a distant cousin of hers, a young widow of a different type from our dear old relative, and whose object in chaperoning Miss Houghton must have been mixed. The secret of the apparent partnership between these two opposite natures was perhaps this: The widow had a rich jointure, and was an excellent *partie*, while her cousin was portionless. Miss Houghton was thus doubly a foil to Mrs. Burtleigh.

I shall not speak of the other guests in detail, with the exception of one whom it would be impossible to overlook. He was a man nearer forty than thirty-five, good humored and careless to all appearance. He had been in Mexico, and he had spent some years in the East as the land agent of a progress-loving pacha. Europe he knew as well as we knew Aldred, while the year he had been absent from us had been filled by new and stirring experiences in Upper Egypt. But I forget; we have yet to speak of many little details of Christmas-tide which preceded the gathering in of the whole party.

The decoration of house and chapel was a wonderful and prolonged business. Holly grew in profusion at Aldred, and a cart-load of the bright-

berried evergreen was brought to the house the day preceding Christmas eve. The people we have made acquaintance with were already with us, and vigorously helped us on with the preparations. It was a joyful animated scene, and, still more, a romantic one; for the traveller, who had claimed a former acquaintance with Miss Houghton, now seemed to become her very shadow—or knight, let us say; it is more appropriate to the spirit of a festival so highly honored in mediæval times. The chapel, a beautiful Gothic building, small but perfect, was decorated with mottoes wrought in leaves, such as "Unto us a Son is born, unto us a Child is given," and "Gloria in excelsis Deo," etc., while festoons of evergreens hung from pillar to pillar, and draped the stone-carved tribune at the western end with a living tapestry. Round the altar were heaped in rows, placed one higher than another, evergreens of every size and kind, mingled with garlands of bright camelias, the pride of the renowned hot-houses of Aldred. These decorations had been mainly the work of the traveller (whom, in our traditional familiarity, we called "Cousin Jim") and of our other friend, the adopted son of our old aunt; but, though their brains had conceived, it was Miss Houghton's deft fingers that executed the work best.

The last touch had just been put to an immense cross of holly which was to be swung from the ceiling. A star of snow-white camelias was to be poised just above it, and a tall ladder had been put in readiness to facilitate the delicate task. Miss Houghton

stood at the foot, one arm leaning on the ladder, the other holding aloft the white star. Her friend was halfway up, bearing the great cross, when he suddenly heard a low voice, swelling gradually, intoning the words of the Christmas hymn :

“ADESTE FIDELES.”

Startled and touched, he began repeating the words of the chorus. The others who, scattered about the chapel, heard his deep tones, answering, took up the chorus, and chanted it slowly to the end. At the end of the verse, the traveller hastily gained the top of the ladder, and, having fastened the holly cross in its place, intoned a second verse, in which Miss Houghton immediately joined, and the harmonious blending of their voices had, if possible, a still more beautiful effect than the unaccompanied chant of the first verse. Again the chorus chimed in,

VENITE ADOREMUS

VENITE ADOREMUS

VENITE ADOREMUS DOMINUM,

in full, solemn tones. At the end of the hymn the traveller said thoughtfully to his companion : “I wish all our work were as holy as this.”

“And why not?” she answered quickly ; “only will it so, and so it shall be. We are our own creators.” “What a rash saying!” he exclaimed with a smile ; “but I know what you mean. God gives us the tools and the marble ; it is ours to carve it into an angel or a fiend.”

But the Christmas-tree and magic-lantern also had to be put in order to save time and trouble. Miss Houghton was never very far from the scene of these proceedings, and, when she was not quite so near, “Cousin Jim” was not quite so eager. Almost all our guests had brought contributions for the Christmas-tree, of which our children had nominal charge, and with these gifts and our own it turned out quite a royal success.

Christmas eve was a very busy day, and towards, five o'clock began the

great task of welcoming the rest of the expected guests and this was done in no modern and languid fashion. When all had arrived dinner was announced. It was a merry but frugal meal. The fare to-night was still Advent fare.

After dinner our party collected round the wood-fire in the corridor. It was a bitter cold night.

Mrs. Burtleigh, whose blonde beauty was coquettishly set off by a slight touch of powder on the hair, here pointedly addressed the traveller.

“Sir Pilgrim,” she said, “did you ever think of home when you had to spend Christmas in outlandish countries?”

“Sometimes,” answered “Jim,” absently, his eyes wandering towards Miss Houghton.

She caught his glance, and said half saucily :

“Now, if it was not too commonplace, I should claim a story—Christmas eve is not complete without a story.”

“If it were required, I know one that is not quite so hackneyed as the grandmothers, ghosts and wicked ancestors we are often surfeited with at Christmas,” replied her friend quickly. The whole circle drew closer around the fire, and imperiously demanded an explanation. “But that will be descending to commonplace,” pleaded the traveller.

“Who knows? It may turn out the reverse, when you have done,” heedlessly said Mrs. Burtleigh.

“Well, if you will have it, here it is.

“Some years ago, I was in Belgium, hastening home for Christmas, and spent three or four days at Bruges. I was just on the point of leaving, and had got to the railway station in order to catch the tidal train for Ostend, when a man suddenly and hurriedly came up to me, an old servant in faded livery, who, without breathing a word, placed a note in my hand, and was immediately lost to sight in the crowd. The waiting-room was dimly lighted, but I could make out my own

name, initials and all, on the envelope. In my confusion, I hurried out of the station, and, stepping into a small *hotellerie*, I opened the mysterious note. It was very short: 'Come at once to No. 20 Rue Neuve.' The signature was in initials only. The handwriting was small and undecided. I could hardly tell if it were a man's or a woman's. I knew my way to the Rue Neuve, and soon got to No. 20. It was a large, dilapidated house, with every sign about it of decaying grandeur and diminished wealth. Two large doors, heavily barred, occupied the lower part of the wall; above were oriels and dormers whose stone frames were tortured into weird half human faces and impossible foliage. No light anywhere, and for bell a long hanging, ponderous weight of iron. I pulled it, and a sepulchral sound answered the motion. I waited, no one came; I thought I must have mistaken the number. Taking out the letter, however, I made sure I was right. I pulled the bell again a little louder, and heard footsteps slowly echoing on the stone flags of the court within. Sabots evidently; they made a rattle like dead men's bones, I thought. A tiny wicket, was opened, and an old dame, shading her candle with one brown hand, peered suspiciously out. Apparently dissatisfied, she closed the opening with a bang, muttering to herself in Flemish. It was cold standing in the street, and, as the portress of this mysterious No. 20 made no sign of opening the door for me, I was very nearly getting angry, and going away in no amiable mood at the unknown who had played me this too practical joke. Suddenly I heard the grille open again, very briskly this time, and a voice said in tolerably good French:

"'Monsieur's name is——?'"

"'Yes' I replied rather impatiently.

"'Then will monsieur wait an instant, till I undo the bars?' A great drawing of chains and bolts on the inside followed her speech, and a little gate, three quarters of a man's height, was opened in the massive and immov-

able porte-cochere. I stepped quickly in, nearly overturning the 'old dame's candlestick.

"'Will monsieur give himself the trouble to wait a moment?'"

"'She disappeared with her candle, leaving me to peer around the courtyard, where the moon's feeble rays were playing at hide-and-seek behind the many projections. Almost as soon as she had left, she was with me again, bidding me follow her up-stairs. 'My master is bed-ridden' she explained. 'Since he got a wound in the war of independence against Holland, he has not been able to move. Monsieur will take care, I hope, not to excite him; he is nervous and irritable since his illness,' she added apologetically.

"'I confess I was rather disappointed. I had expected that everything would happen as it does in a play. I thought I was going to meet a woman—young, beautiful, in distress, perhaps in want of a champion—but it was only a bed-ridden old man after all! Well, it might lead to an act of charity, that true chivalry of the soul, higher far than mere personal homage to accidental beauty. I entered a darkened room, scantily and shabbily furnished, and the old woman laid the candlestick on the table. The bed was in a corner near the fire; the uneven parquet floor was covered here and there with faded rugs, and books and papers lay on a desk on the old man's bed. At first I could hardly distinguish his features, but, as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I saw that he was a martial looking man, with eyes so keen that sickness could hardly dull them, and a bearing that indicated the stern will, the clear intellect, and the lofty *bonhomme* of an old Flemish *gentilhomme*. He looked at me with curious and prolonged interest, then said, in a voice full of by-gone courtesy:

"'Will monsieur be seated? I have made no mistake in the name?'"

"'No,'" I answered, wondering what the question meant.

"'Then, monsieur, I have impor-

tant news for you. The daughter of your brother—

I was already bewildered, and looked up. He continued, taking my surprise for interest:

"The daughter of your poor brother is now a great heiress, and I hold her fortune in trust for her—do not interrupt me," he said, eagerly preventing me from speaking, "it tires me, and I must say all this at once. I do not know if you knew of her being taken from her parents when a child; of course you recollect that, after her mother's marriage with your brother, there was a great fracas, and poor Marie's father disinherited her at once. When the child was born—I was her god-father, bye the bye—her parents being in great poverty, I begged of the grandfather to help and forgive them, the more so as your brother was making his poor wife very unhappy. He refused, and though he generally took my advice, he was obstinate on this point. The child grew, and the parents were on worse terms every year. Marie's father held out against every inducement; your poor brother fell into bad company, and made his home a perfect hell; his wife was broken-hearted, but would not hear of a separation, and her only anxiety was for her child. I proposed to her to take the responsibility myself of putting the little one out of the reach of this dreadful example of a divided household, and she consented. The father stormed and raged when he found the child gone, but for once his wife opposed him, and refused to let him know her whereabouts. Every year I interceded with the grandfather, who consented to support the little girl, but would never promise to leave her a competency at his death. One day, suddenly, your poor brother died."

I could not help starting; he saw my surprise.

"Oh!" he resumed "did you not know how he died? Pardon me monsieur, I remember now that none of his English kin followed him to the

grave, but I had heard your name before."

"Monsieur," I began, fearing that he might be led on to talk of family secrets such as he might not wish to share with a stranger, "you have told me a strange tale; but allow me to undeceive you—"

"How did you deceive me?" he asked impatiently, and I remembering the old dame's warning not to excite him, was puzzled how to act. In the meanwhile, he went on.

"Eh bien! The mother then went to England, to the school where her child was, and saw her, but she did not long survive the wear and tear of her wretched life, and the grief her husband's death caused her.

"Just like a woman, God bless her!" I murmured involuntarily. The old man bent his head in cordial assent, but immediately resumed: "Her father blessed her before she died, and promised to care for the little girl. He then drew up his will, and entrusted it to me. The child was nine years old then, and that was fifteen years ago. She was to be told nothing till her twenty-first birthday, and to be brought up in England unconscious of anything save that she was the child of honest parents. This went on for some years, and then my old friend died. I continued to send regular remittances to the little girl's temporary guardians; the bulk of the fortune I kept in the house. The war came and passed over the flower of our land, and you see, monsieur, what it has left of my former self. Well, after a time, five or six years ago, I was unable to get up and search for her; all that advertisements and correspondence could do I did, and my chief endeavor was to find you. I thought, if anything were likely, this was; she would go to you, her father's step-brother, a different man, as I always heard her mother say, from what her own unhappy parent had been."

"But," I said, "allow me to correct a mistake, monsieur; I never had a

step-brother, or a brother either."

"What!" the old man exclaimed nervously "what do you mean? Do not joke about such things. Your name is——. Your hair is fair and wavy, your figure tall and stalwart—that was the portrait of my poor little ward's uncle, a different man, of different blood, as well as different name, from her father."

"Do not tell me any names, monsieur," I here insisted, "until I have told you who I am." He looked at me, still agitated, his brows knitted, and his lips quivered. I told him my name, birth, country, profession, and assured him that I, an only son, had never heard of any story like his. He seemed thunder-struck, and could hardly take in the idea; but, recollecting himself, said: "Pardon me, monsieur, but I have, then, caused you great inconvenience."

"His politeness now seemed overwhelming; he was in despair. What could he do? How could he apologize? I quieted him as best I could by professing the utmost indifference about the delay, and begged him, though I would solicit no further confidence, to consider my lips as sealed, and, if he wished it, my services as entirely at his disposal.

"He smiled curiously, then said: The best apology I can make is to tell you the whole. Your name and initials misled me. Having heard that you were in Bruges, I sent my messenger, who, it seems, only reached you as you were on the point of starting for Ostend. I thought it was my ward's uncle I had found, and, never having seen him, I could not tell if you were the wrong man. I must continue to try and find him; if I fail—never mind, I want to tell you her name. She is Philippa Duncombe, and, when I saw her last, she was a dark child, quick, peculiar, and resolute. It is so long ago that I could give no idea of her exterior as she is now. I think she must have suspected her dependence upon a supposed charity, and have left school without

the knowledge of any one. Anyhow, I must still try to find your namesake; as for you, monsieur, I cannot thank you enough for your forbearance."

"I left Bruges the next day, but, as you may suppose, the story of the Baron Van Muyden never ceased to haunt me, and a few months after I was glad and flattered to receive a letter from the old veteran saying that he had now ascertained that my namesake, the child's half uncle, had been dead some years, and that he felt that to none other but myself would he now wish to transfer the task of searching for the lost heiress. Of course I accepted."

Our friend paused here, and looked thoughtfully at the fire. The Yule-logs were burning so merrily that a ruin seemed imminent, but the company was too much absorbed in the traveller's tale to heed it. Miss Houghton sat with her dark eyes fixed on the speaker, and every vestige of color gone in the intensity of her excitement; Mrs. Burtleigh, tapping the fender with her tiny gray satin slipper, seemed strangely excited, and glanced uneasily at her cousin; the rest of us were clasping our hands in our unrestrainable curiosity, and the provoking narrator actually had the coolness to hold his peace!

At last some one spoke, unable to control his goaded curiosity. "Well?" "Well?" repeated the artful "Jim" "Did you find her?" was the question that now broke from all lips, in a gamut of increasing impatience.

"I told you a story, as we agree," he answered, "but, if I tell you the dénoûment, we shall fall into what we wish to avoid—the commonplace." "Never mind, go on," was shouted on all sides. Miss Houghton was silent, but she seemed to hang on his words.

At last he resumed in a slow, absent way: "Yes, I accepted the search; I made it; I did all I could think of but I failed."

The bomb had burst, but we all felt disappointed. This was not commonplace, not even enough to our minds.

"He has cheated us," we cried. "I can only tell you the truth; remember this was all real, no get-up Christmas tale, to end in a wedding, bell-ringing, and carol-singing. Hark! do you hear the carollers out-side?"

No one spoke, and he went on, still meditatively: "I do not mean to give it up though."

Miss Houghton, who till now had said nothing, opened a small locket attached to one of her bracelets, and, keeping her eyes fixed on "Cousin Jim," passed it to him saying:

"Did you ever see this face before?"

He took it up, and looked puzzled.

"No," he said; "why do you ask?"

We all looked at her as if she had been a young lunatic, her interest in the story being apparently of no very lasting nature. She then unfastened a companion bracelet, the hanging locket of which she opened and handed to her friend again.

"This face you have seen?" she asked confidently. He started, and a rush of color came over his bronzed cheeks.

"Yes, yes, that is the Baron Van Muyden. And here is his writing. "To Marie Duncombe, her sincere and faithful friend." Miss Houghton?"

"Yes," she answered calmly, as if he had asked her a question.

"Then what I have been looking for three years I have found to-night?" he said, looking up at her, while we were all stupefied and silent.

"And what I have never dreamt of" she answered in a low voice, "I have suddenly learned to-night." After a few moments' silence, our curiosity, like water that has broken through thin ice, flowed into words again. Many questions and a storm of exclamations rang through the room. Then Miss Houghton spoke with the marvellous self-possession of her nature.

"I knew my own name and my mother's from the beginning," she said, "and Monsieur Van Muyden, and the old house, and the Flemish

bonne in the Rue Neuve. I used often to sleep there, and the night before I left Burges I still remember playing with the baron's old sword. I remember my mother coming to see me at school in England, a convent school, where I was very happy, and giving me these bracelets. She told me never to part with them; she said she would not be with me long. They told me of her death some months afterwards. The other portrait is that of my grandfather, given by him to my mother on her fête day, just before her marriage, with a lock of his hair hidden behind. She always wore it. M. Van Muyden's was done for her when I was born, and was meant to be mine some day, as he was my godfather. The remittances he spoke of used to come regularly; but when I grew older my pride rebelled and I hated to be dependant on those who, kind as they were, were not my blood-relations. I ran away from school, and lived by myself for a long time in poverty, yet not in absolute need, for I worked for my bread and worked hard. I had a great deal to go through because I dared not refer anyone to the school where I had lived. Mrs. Burtleigh was very kind to me; I told her my story, as far as I knew it; and somehow she found out that we were cousins through my father; so she made me take her maiden name, Houghton, instead of the one I had adopted before. She, of course, thought as I did, that the child of the disinherited Marie Duncombe and the unhappy Englishman, my poor father, could be naught but a beggar. She was kindness itself to me, and though I was too proud to accept all she offered me, I did accept her companionship and her home. She stopped, and Mrs. Burtleigh looked up in impatient confusion, perhaps conscious that her feelings and motives had been too mixed to warrant such frank, unbounded gratitude. "Jim" said nothing, and Miss Houghton seemed so calm that it was almost difficult to congratulate her. She was asked if

she had recognized herself from the first in the story.

"Yes," she said; "I knew it must be so."

"You took it coolly," some one ventured to observe.

"I have seen too much of the revers de la médaille to be much excited about this," she said; but, if she was outwardly calm, her feelings were certainly aroused, for her strange eyes had a far-away look, and the color came and went in her cheek.

Our friend seemed almost crest-fallen; we thought he would have been elated. Presently she said to him, giving him the bracelets: "You must take these to Bruges, and I think you had better take me too."

He stared silently at her. Just then the bell began to ring for the midnight Mass. The guests hurried to the chapel, rather glad to get rid of their involuntary embarrassment. Those two remained behind alone. She was the first to speak.

"I think you are sorry you have found me." "Yes," he answered slowly, "sorry to find it is you: Miss Houghton was poor, and Miss Duncombe is an heiress."

"What matter! If you like, Miss Duncombe will give up the fortune, or if you want it, she will give it to you."

He looked offended and puzzled.

"You do not understand me," she said, half laughing: "Miss Duncombe will let you settle everything for her, and say anything you like to Miss Houghton."

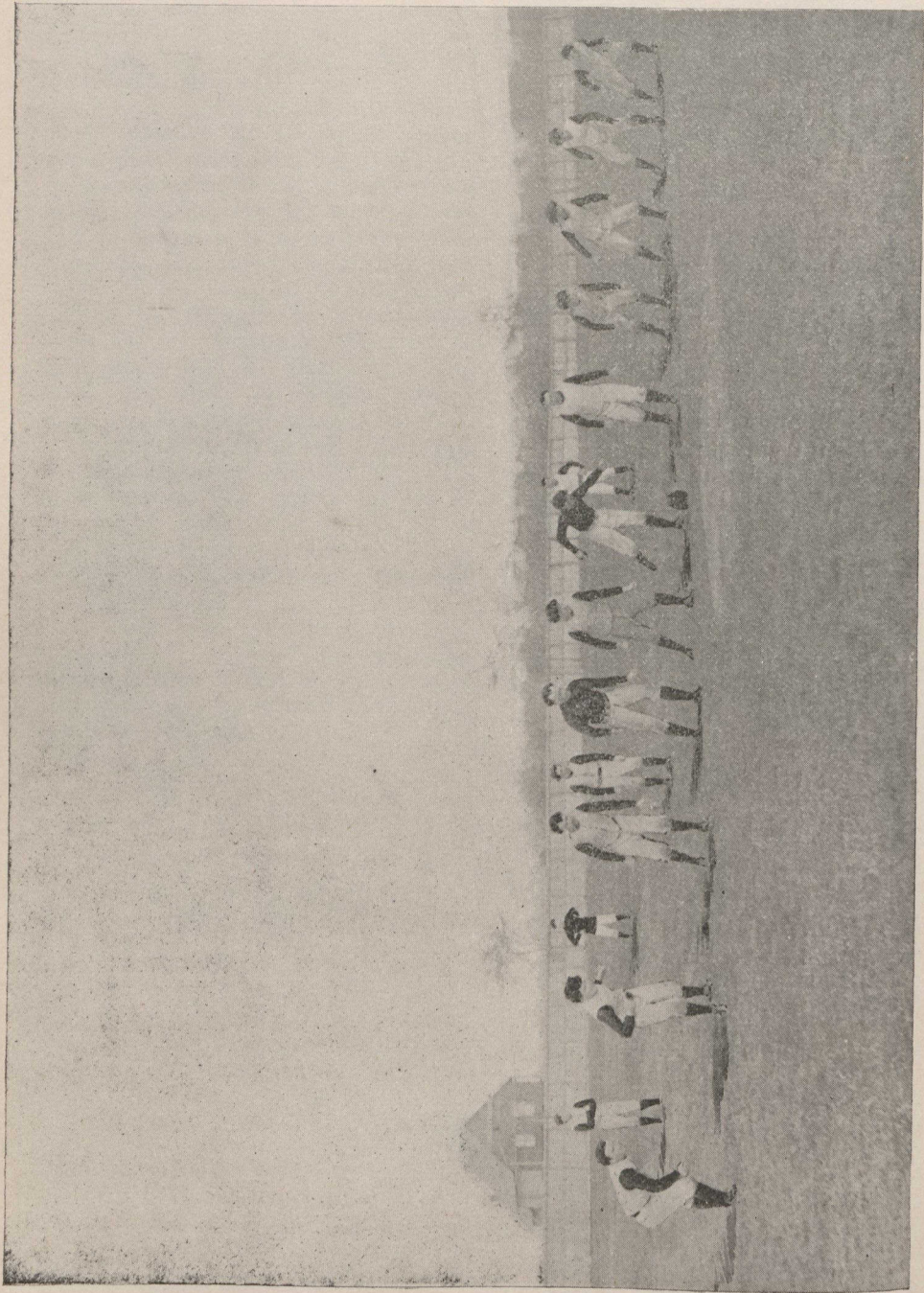
"You do not mean—" he began excitedly.

"I do" she answered composedly.

And they were engaged then and there. He wanted to be married before they left England, but she refused, saying their wedding must be in a Flemish cathedral, and their wedding breakfast in a Flemish house. And so it was; and No. 20 Rue Neuve is now their headquarters, while the household of the Belgian heiress is under the control of the old Flemish woman who once shut the door in the face of the heiress' husband.

M. Van Muyden is happy and contented, and a merrier Christmas day was never spent at Aldred than the day of this unexpected recognition.





◆ The Champions ◆ at Play. ◆

A KICK-OFF.

SONG OF THE FIFTEEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF OUR POPULAR SONG

VAR-RAH! VAR-RAH! WE'RE CHAMPIONS AGAIN.

AIR : *The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.*

I.

O ! We've just returned to College from the snowy football field.
 We to good Toronto went
 With our minds on mischief bent,
 And our quick-revolving scrimmage made the Varsity forwards yield,
 And that's the way we showed them what we meant.
 Yes, that's the way we showed them what we meant.

CHORUS.

As we walk the streets of Ottawa, with an unconcerned air,
 We hear the folks declare, "How I wish that I'd been there !
 And even the newsboys stop their cries
 To watch us with admiring eyes,
 The boys that won the championship of Canada.

II.

I tell you, they're no duffers, though, the men we had to face,
 For they're athletes every one,
 Fast to tackle, kick and run ;
 To be beaten by them would have done no other team disgrace.
 But they bore defeat right bravely when we won,
 And 'twas no discredit to them that we won.

III.

O ! It was a worthy sunset to a grand and glorious day.
 Those we've beaten are our friends
 As the football season ends
 And warm congratulations to the Garnet and the Gray
 Brit, Montreal and Ottawa extends.
 And *The Owl's* delighted cheering with their's blends.

OUR FOOTBALL RECORD

NOW that Ottawa College is again at the top in Canadian football, it seems an appropriate time to give a full record of the team since its organization in the fall of 1881. The early and humble beginnings, the gradual progress, the repeated and glorious victories are evidenced by the following table of games. Read it and be proud of the garnet and gray.

DATE.	OPPONENTS.	RESULT.
1881.		
Oct. 15	Ottawas,	Draw.
Nov. 7	Ottawas,	Won.
1882.		
Oct. 17	Ottawas,	Dispute. College Team left the field.
Oct. 21,	2nd Britannias.	Lost. 1 goal and 3 rouges to 7 rouges.
1883.		
May 22,	2nd Britannias.	Won. 1 goal and 5 rouges to nothing.
Oct. 11	Ottawas,	Won. 1 goal and 2 rouges to 2 rouges.
Oct. 26	Rifles,	Won. 1 goal and 2 rouges to 1 rouge.
Nov. 8,	2nd Montrealers.	Won. 1 goal and 1 try to nothing.
1884.		
May 3	1st Britannia,	Draw. 1 rouge to 1 rouge.
<p>This was the first game played by Ottawa College away from home. It took place on the Lacrosse Grounds, Montreal. The Britannias were then a leading Canadian team. From the fall of 1884, the system of scoring was changed and henceforth the teams scored by points.</p>		
Oct. 25	Ottawas,	Draw 3 to 0
Nov. 8	Harvard,	Lost 20 to 6
<p>This game with the great American team marked the turning point in the career of the Ottawa College football club.</p>		

1885.		
May 9	Montreal,	Lost 8 to 0
Sept. 26	Ottawas,	Won 12 to 3
Oct. 10	Ottawas,	Won 13 to 0
Oct. 17	Queen's Univ'ty,	Won 22 to 7
Oct. 24	R.M.C. Cadets,	Won 13 to 4
Oct. 31	Toronto Univ'ty,	Won 19 to 2
Nov. 7	Ottawas,	Won 21 to 0

This year marked the entrance of the College Club into the Ontario Union. It defeated all opponents and won the Ontario Championship, which it held continuously for five years.

1886.		
April 26	R.M.C. Cadets,	Won 15 to 0
May 15	Montrealers,	Won 15 to 10
Oct. 23	Queen's Univ'ty,	Won 17 to 0
Oct. 30	Toronto Univ'ty,	Draw 2 to 2
Nov. 4	Toronto Univ'ty,	Won 12 to 1
Nov. 6	Toronto City,	Won 10 to 0

1887.		
Oct. 8	Ottawas,	Won 14 to 0
Oct. 19	Ottawas,	Won 9 to 0
Oct. 22	Toronto Univ'ty	Won 9 to 0
Oct. 29	Hamilton	Won 15 to 0
Nov. 5	Montrealers,	Won 10 to 5

The final match of this year was for the Canadian championship which Ottawa College won for the first time. The team remained unbeaten up to 1891.

1888.		
Oct. 10	Ottawas,	Won 39 to 0
Oct. 20	Ottawas,	Won 7 to 0
Nov. 3	Ottawas,	Won 10 to 2
Nov. 10	Hamilton,	Won 10 to 1
Nov. 15	Montreal,	Draw 0 to 0

1889		
Oct. 21	Ottawas,	Won 27 to 1
Oct. 28	Toronto City,	Won 17 to 2
Nov. 2	Queen's Univ'ty,	Won 11 to 0
Nov. 9	Queen's Univ'ty,	Won 11 to 0

The executive of the Ontario Union ordered the Ottawa College team to play Toronto in Kingston on the Nov. 16. The Ottawa College team refused and retired from the Ontario Union.

1890.		
Oct. 11	Ottawas,	Won 26 to 1
Oct. 18	McGill,	Won 17 to 13
Oct. 30	Ottawas,	Won 15 to 3
Nov. 6	Montreal,	Draw 11 to 12
Nov. 15	Queens Univ'ty,	Draw 6 to 7



A SCRIMMAGE.



A TACKLE.

1891.

Oct. 24	McGill,	Won 21 to 0
Oct. 31	Ottawas,	Won 14 to 7
Nov. 7	Montrealers,	Lost 7 to 17
Nov. 12	Montrealers,	Won 9 to 8

1892.

In this year the College team re-entered the Ontario Union, but failed to win the championship.

Sept. 24	Ottawas,	Won 9 to 10
Oct. 5	Ottawas,	Won 14 to 0
Oct. 22	Toronto City,	Lost 5 to 34
Oct. 29	Ottawas	Lost 3 to 12

1893.

Oct. 7	Queen's Univ'ty,	Won 23 to 13
Oct. 14	Queen's Univ'ty,	Lost 3 to 24
Nov. 1	Ottawas,	Won 16 to 2
Nov. 4	Montrealers,	Lost 6 to 15
Nov. 13	Ottawas,	Won 19 to 3

1894.

In this year the College team left the Ontario Union, was received into the Quebec Union, and captured both the Quebec and the Canadian championships.

Oct. 6	Britannias,	Won 21 to 8
Oct. 13	Ottawas,	Won 26 to 1
Oct. 20	McGill,	Won 22 to 18
Oct. 27	Queen's Univ'ty,	Won 27 to 7.
Nov. 7	Montrealers	Won 14 to 11
Nov. 14	Queen's Univ'ty,	Won 8 to 7

1895.

Oct. 5	Britannias,	Won 33 to 3
Oct. 12	Montrealers,	Draw 5 to 5

A serious accident to Tobias Morin, the full-back, decided the team to give up football for the remainder of this season.

1896.

Oct. 10	Ottawas,	Won 13 to 6
Oct. 17	Montrealers,	Won 18 to 6
Oct. 24	McGill,	Won 13 to 2
Nov. 7	Britannia,	Won 37 to 0
Nov. 21	Toronto Univ'ty,	Won 12 to 8

Grand total :

Ottawa College... 864 points.

Opponents.... 317 points,

And the championship is home again, hurrah !

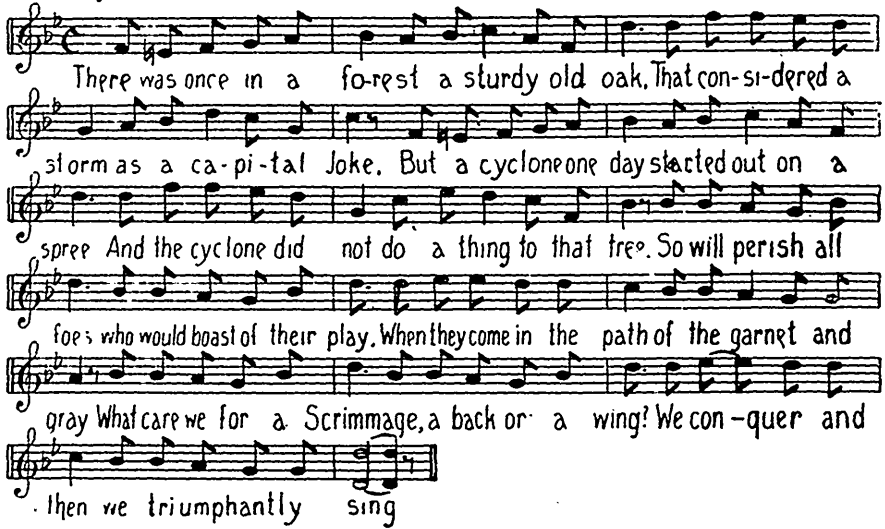


SONG OF VICTORY

WORDS BY
JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92

MUSIC BY
REV. L. H. GERVAIS O.M.I. '85

Allegro



There was once in a fo- rest a sturdy old oak, That con- si- dered a
storm as a ca- pi- tal Joke. But a cyclone one day started out on a
speer And the cyclone did not do a thing to that tree. So will perish all
foes who would boast of their play, When they come in the path of the garnet and
gray What care we for a Scrimmage, a back or a wing! We con- quer and
then we triumphantly sing

Chorus.



We're the team knows not de - feat! We're the boys that can't be
We're the team knows not de - feat! We're the boys that can't be
beat! Gray and Garnet floating high Ev - er tell of Vic - to -
beat! Gray and Garnet floating high Ev - er tell of Vic - to -

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics: "ry Gray and Garnet floating high Ev-er tell of vic-to - ry". The middle staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics: "- ry Gray and Garnet floating high Ev-er tell of vic-to - ry". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef.

There was once a rash climber of purpose so staunch
 That he wouldn't make way for a great avalanche ;
 So he braced himself firm, and " its easy," quoth he, --
 But they never will find him among the debris.
 Our record avers that it ever was thus
 With teams who contend for the laurel with us.
 We are always " so easy " to beat ere we play,
 But the story is different after the fray.

CHORUS :

Now there ofttimes have been pigskin chasers galore,
 Who have sought on the gridiron our colors to lower,
 But alas for their efforts, their strife was in vain,
 And we're waiting for them to come at us again.
 There can't be too many, they can't come too fast,
 We can rout them once more, as we've done in the past.
 The championship's ours ; we will hold it or die,
 And in battle you'll know us, for this is our cry :

CHORUS :



LOGIC.



HEN John had passed his "final,
 He hied to roof paternal,
 His mind well stocked with *sylogistic* rules.
 He thought to shew his pater,
 How well at Alma Mater,
 He'd conned the lore of Mediaeval Schools.

So he talked of deep *dilemmas*,
Sorites, *Epichiremas*.
 Of *Enthymemes* and *fallacies*, so cute,
Assertions categorical
 And *terms* used *metaphorical*,
Conditionals and kindred subjects moot.

His father was elated,
 To see how he debated
 In polysyllables of harmonious sound,
 He thought him wondrous clever,
 For 'tis a maxim ever,
 What we don't know must surely be profound

But John did soon discover,
 Without a great endeavor,
 'Tis better to let well enough alone ;
 For enlarging on his thesis,
 His father's wonder ceases,
 On hearing words apparently well known

" Of the *premises* make sure,
 The *terms* no more nor fewer
 Than three, well scanned, all errors to avoid
 The *middle term* distribute,
 Shun *processes illicit*,
 And then you'll reach *conclusion* true and tried

" The *moods* and *figures* vary,
 E. G. *Barbara* and *Cesare*,
 On *conversion simple* or *per accidens*,
 Or as the *middle term*
 Asserts or goes to form
 The *subject* of a *premiss* as every student kens '

" I'm proud to see the College
 Impart such useful knowledge
 About old Erin's history so grand,
 For I can see quite plainly,
 Though your language is ungainly,
 You're alludin' to the fight about the land.

" Still the *terms* were ne'er the *middle*,
 But like broken string of fiddle
 Were screwed to higher strain than we could stand,
 When they'd in *mood* quite *Barbara's*
Cesare thing in the larders,
 We always boldly faced them pike in hand."

" Our *premises* we'd *figure*
 Would ne'er grow any bigger,
 While such *illicit processes* held sway,
 So when the *majer* dapper
 Served us eviction paper,
 We made him eat it up without delay."

" I could tell many a tale of
 Exploit done on bailiff,
 Which here might be unlawful to indite,
 For though we'd lots of *reason*,
 Yet some do call it treason,
 For freedom and for home to bravely fight."

Poor John was sadly rattled,
 But his pride he bravely battled,
 At this twist ludicrous and his failure to surprise.
 But perforce he did agree.
 With his father's summing free,
 Though homely, yet we think its' very wise.

So never mind the *illation*,
 'Tis a simple *affirmation*
 Terse and true: " This *logic* so imposin',
 With words of *great extension*
 Hence *little comprehension*,
 Is simply common sense with Sunday clothes on."

The Owl.

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GOOD WISHES.

This is the season of good wishes. THE OWL extends a hand all around to friends and foes, irrespective of creed, color, nationality or previous condition. THE OWL is cosmopolitan in its sympathies and excludes none in the warmth of its brotherly feeling. It hopes to hear in return for its "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" to every one of its readers, a frank and heartfelt "The same to you and many of them." The nineteenth century has made progress in many lines, but it has not improved on the form of our fathers' Christmas' greetings.

GIVE US THE CANTATA.

David Creedon '89, one of the most loyal alumni that ever left Ottawa College, writes feelingly in his "Reminiscences, Musical and Dramatic," in this number of THE OWL, of the beautiful cantata — *Les Vacances* — that was formerly a delightful feature of our commencement exercises. To our very great regret and decided loss we have not had the cantata in recent years. Will not Father Lambert make an effort to give it to us this year? Vocal music never before reached so high a degree of perfection in the college as it has at present. We have probably the best college choir in the country and there is nothing in the line of music that they may not attempt and carry to successful issue. We expect to hear *Les Vacances* at next commencement.

SING THE SONGS.

THE OWL publishes in this issue the words and music of a new song—A song of Victory. It is for ourselves, of ourselves and by ourselves. Mr. J. R. O'Connor, '92 wrote the words and they were set to music by the Rev. Father Gervais, O. M. I., '85. The song is, therefore, Ottawa College to the core, and should be highly appreciated by the students. We hope to see it learned at once and to hear it sung soon and often.

The "Song of the Fifteen" is from the pen of the graduate who as a student wrote the song "Vah-rah! Vah-rah, we're champions again" to the air of "Marching through Georgia." The tune of "The man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo" is well-known and lively.

Learn these two songs, and sing them.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

According to a calculation made by the Prince Bishop of Seckam, Leo XIII, has almost completed his *third* average period of pontificate ; for that average is only seven years, and in February the Pope will commemorate the nineteenth anniversary of his election. From the death of our Lord to that of Pius IX., 1,845 years have elapsed, during which period 262 Popes reigned, besides a number of brief interregnums, *sede vacante*. Including these latter the average length of the pontificates is found to be seven years and twelve days ; but subtracting them from the reigns, the average falls below seven years.

The *Western Daily Mail*, Cardiff, England announces that Mrs. William Crawshaw, wife of the well-known Cysarthfa iron master, and a lady held in high estimation in Glamorgan society, has been received into the Catholic Church at Belmont, Hereford. And the *Liverpool Catholic Times* says : Lady Mary Ann Gibson, wife of the Hon. William Gibson, was recently received into the Church at St. Moritz, Engadine, Switzerland. Her husband, who is the eldest son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, is a convert of four years standing.

A Protestant minister, who had visited Japan and Corea thus wrote of our Catholic missions in those countries in August 1894 : " It is not surprising that the heroic missionaries of the Roman Church win the plaudits of the onlookers, who are not impressed by the pleasant home life, with wife and children and abundant comforts, of the Protestant missionary. However out of sympathy with the dogmas of the Roman Church, their poverty, endurance, patience and suffering excite the admiration of all. Every thoughtful missionary is forced to ask himself whether the Reformation did not go too far ; whether the priestly, monastic, militant types are not, after

all, more in accord with the missionary spirit."

Here are two different views on the appointment of Dr. Conaty to the rectorship of the Catholic University. They are clipped from the columns of two of our leading American Protestant contemporaries. The first is from the *Congregationalist* which says : "The Doctor's nomination and selection are a blow at the hopes of the liberal party in the Church, which party founded the university and now sees the fruit of its toil and prayers pass into reactionary hands." The second opinion is that of the *Christian Register* which declares the new rector to be of a " broad, progressive spirit and thoroughly patriotic, who will undoubtedly conduct the university on the same broad lines on which it has been developed." Those who have ever had the pleasure of listening to or reading any of the pleasing discourses of the learned rector will have no difficulty in deciding which of the two opinions is the more correct.

Would it not be very consistent if the French government should apply the same principle in its domestic affairs that it requires another country to follow ? France has just forced Turkey to indemnify the Catholic institutions that suffered in the late Armenian disturbances. We have no fault to find with her on that score, but we cannot see how she can, after this, continue to rob similiar institutions of her own, by imposing on them enormous taxes and confiscating them because they are too poor to pay the extortions. Not long ago a member of the Chamber of Deputies declared that the French government can not wage war on religion. What he meant we fail to see ; for that same body compels seminarians to leave their theological studies and serve in the army for stated periods ; it has taxed religious houses to such an extent that it means the extinction of many of them, and it forbids prelates to accompany

or head pilgrimages to Rome without its permission to do so. It seems that in the lexicon of the French government there is no such word as "cannot."

An incident occurred on an afternoon train on the Consolidated Road that ought to have found its way into print before this. It has numerous lessons. Among the passengers were three sweet and quiet Sisters of Charity in their characteristic dress. A drunken man, very drunk and annoying, entered the car and sat down beside one of them. He talked persistently, drank from a big bottle that he carried, and finally stuck his disagreeable face repeatedly into the long bonnet of a sister in a most insulting way. She was evidently much frightened. The conductor had already been told of the man's conduct, but did nothing. The other passengers, in true passenger fashion, sat and looked on. No man stirred.

Finally a woman, white as a sheet and full of suppressed indignation, got up from her seat and went to the rescue. She grabbed the fellow's bottle, wrested it from his hands and flung it out of the window, and then took hold of him, and after a lively and unassisted struggle got him out of the seat "I'm no Roman Catholic," she said, excitedly to the spectators, "but I will not sit still and see a Sister of Charity insulted."—*Chicago Times*.

After reading the following quotation, from *The Church Intelligencer*, a Protestant Church publication in England, one cannot fail to see in what direction Anglicanism is drifting. "A visit was paid some time ago to an Anglican parish church by some person who was shocked or pleased by the display of Catholic symbols and the adoption of Catholic forms of worship. On entering the church the observer's eye was attracted by a small china vessel containing holy water. Another holy water vessel or font was fixed on

the right-hand wall, under it being the prayer: 'Wash me and I will be whiter than snow, etc.' Above it was a wooden board to which were fastened several obituary cards, to all of which were affixed in initials 'R. I. P.' Immediately in front of the entrance porch and door, a part of the church has been enclosed to form a confessional box. In front of the western wall of the church was a large crucifix, and on the north and south sides were stations of the cross. There was an altar containing four brass candlesticks and statues of Our Lord and St. Joseph. On this altar was a collection box and a slip of paper on which was written. 'Offerings for St. Joseph.' On another altar were, an image of the Blessed Virgin and a child and a box to hold 'Offerings to Mary.' Before another altar a lamp was kept burning. There was a relic certified by a Cistercian prior to have been brought from the Church of the Holy Cross at Jerusalem and among the books was The Catholic's Vade Mecum."

A Government inspector writing to the *Protestant Church Review* on the growing evil of divorce has this to say on the teachings of the Catholic Church on the Sacrament of Marriage: "Large and increasing as the number of divorces in the United States is, it is an undeniable fact that were it not for the wide-spread influence of the Roman Catholic Church the number would be much greater. The loyalty of the Catholics to the teachings and doctrines of their church, and the fact that one of the Cardinal doctrines of the church is that Christian marriage is a holy sacrament, which when consummated can be dissolved for no cause and in no manner save by death, has unquestionably served as a barrier to the volume of divorce, which, except among the members of that church is, and during years has been, assuming ever-increasing proportions throughout the country."

Editor Stead in the Review of Re-

views has this to say of the predicament Anglicans have been placed in by the Pope's recent letter anent Anglican Orders: "If ever a stalwart evangelical Protestant felt disposed in his life to cry 'God bless the Pope,' it must have been when he perused the Pope's letter on Anglican Orders. At the same time unless the evangelical Protestant had even less of the milk of human kindness in him than is the allotted share of each mortal, he must have felt a pang as he thought of the bitter distress the bull has brought to Lord Halifax, and all those deluded but excellent persons who walk in a vain show, and spend their lives trying to convince themselves and everyone else that in England it was not intended to make a breach with some. The Pope, being an honest, brave man, who thoroughly understands his own position, has put his foot down upon all that nonsense with an absolutely inexorable decision. No one can read the bull, in which he traced with calm but inflexible logic the successive steps which severed the Anglican Church from the Roman Communion, without admiration. If the Church Association still exists, and is keenly alive to its own interests, it should reprint this bull on Anglican Orders and circulate it broadcast in every parish where the clergyman manifests any leanings towards Rome. It would, of course, be a very great thing and much to be desired, if Romans, Anglicans and Greeks would agree to form one fold and reconstitute the unity of Christendom. But there is no sense in pretending that things are what they are not, and it is the first step towards a good understanding and a working arrangement—call it a *modus-vivendi*, or what you please— that each communion knows exactly where it stands, and indulges in no hallucinations concerning its identity with other communions. Lord Halifax's mission to the Vatican was merely the last step of a long series, all intended to demonstrate, at any rate, a beginning of this unity with the Roman Church. But

the Pope, at least, is more loyal to the Reformation than many of those who are its professed children. He points out the changes that were made in the prayer book at the time of the Reformation, insists upon the significance of the alterations, and reaffirms in the most uncompromising fashion, the judgment previously pronounced by the Vatican, that Anglican Orders are absolutely and utterly null and void. From the point of view of the Latin Church, the much-boasted holy orders of the Anglican clergy are worth no more and no less than the 'orders,' whatever they be, of any dissenting preacher in the land. This attempt to realize Christian unity on a false basis has failed, foiled by the plain common sense and strict regard for historical truth which characterize the present Pontiff."

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OF LOCAL INTEREST.

On Tuesday, the 8th inst. the choir by invitation of Rev. Father Myrand sang Vespers and Benediction at the parish church of Billing's Bridge. At Benediction the programme consisted of a trio "Jesu Dei Vivi" by Rev. Fathers Lambert, Rouzeau and Mr. A. Mackie; Goeb's beautiful "Tantum Ergo," and Mozart's grand "Magnificat." After service Rev. Father Myrand P. P. thanked the students for their excellent singing and entertained them at the rectory.

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THE PROVOST OF BRUGES.

The first public entertainment by the University Dramatic Association of 1896-97, took place in the Academic Hall on Friday evening the 11th inst., when the members presented the Mr. George W. Lovell's powerful tragedy "The Provost of Bruges." The excellent reputation gained for the College organization last year by the members who took part in the "William Tell," "The Iron Mask," and "Tête-Folle," was sure to draw a large audience but, some anxiety was felt as several of the actors were practically making their

debut. After witnessing their performance of Friday evening we can assure them there was no just ground for apprehension. The entertainment was a decided success and reflects great credit on those who took part and on their energetic and painstaking director, Rev. H. Gervais, O.M.I. The following was the

CAST OF CHARACTER.

CHARLES,	Earl of Flanders	MR. E. GLEESON
BERTULPHE,	Provost of Bruges	" J. FOLEY
TANCMAR,	Chatelain of Bourbourg	" J. GREEN
BOUCHARD,	Son-in-law of Bertulphe	" G. FITZGERALD
ST. PRIEUX,		" W. SULLIVAN
ALBERT,	Nobles	" M. CONWAY
G. UTIER,		" R. MURPHY
HERBERT,		" W. KINGSLEY
PHILIPPE,		Bertulphe's adopted father
CHARANTE,	Secretary to Bertulphe,	" F. SIMS
SENECHAL,		" T. CLANCY
ANTOINE,	A Citizen	" J. McGLADE
DENIS,	A Serf	" J. McLAUGHLIN
FIRST CITIZEN,		" M. FOLEY
SECOND CITIZEN,		" T. MORIN
PAGES,		" J. DOWD
		" M. O'LEARY

The plot is a fairly good one, deepening and increasing in interest with the progress of the play. The scene of action is in the city of Bruges in Flanders in the year 1127 A.D.

Bertulphe, the Provost, was originally a serf, born on the lands of Tanctmar's father. Reaching the age of manhood he makes his escape and enlists in the army where he soon acquires great military reputation by his valorous deeds in foreign wars. His assistance is solicited by Charles, Earl of Flanders to "prop his claims" to the throne. It is freely granted; Charles obtains the crown and Bertulphe becomes the king's favourite. His favour with the prince is still further increased by a marriage between the Provost's only daughter, Constance, and Bouchard a young noble. The rapid rise of Bertulphe draws upon him the jealousy and hatred of Tanctmar, Chatelain of Bourbourg; but the antipathy is mutual. An insinuation by the Chatelain regarding the "fair Constance" ends in a challenge from Bouchard, who is urged on by Bertulphe. But Philippe, the adopted father of the Provost, and the sole possessor of his secret, believing that the duel would prove fatal to Tanctmar on whose safety he depended for

his influence over Bertulphe endeavours to prevent the encounter. His efforts are in vain. He threatens to divulge, but the enraged Provost eager for the destruction of his enemy, repulses him and strikes him to the ground. Philippe "much hurt" is led home. Bertulphe repents of his impatient rage but it is too late; Philippe is dead and in dying has communicated the secret to Tanctmar. Tanctmar now summons Bouchard as his serf, but the bearer of this message is struck dead by the indignant young knight. Bouchard's castle is besieged and burned by Tanctmar's troops by order of the Earl, and his young wife dies from the fright. In an encounter Bouchard slays Tanctmar and is himself slain. The Earl meets death by the hands of the Provost, who then puts an end to his own life.

To select any particular actor for the highest praise would indeed be a difficult task. But naturally the principal character afforded the widest scope for action. Mr. J. Foley, as the Provost, drew forth the repeated applause of the audience, and very deservedly so. It was an exceedingly difficult character to impersonate, owing to the many vicissitudes in the life of the unfortunate Provost.

The character of Bouchard met with faithful interpretation at the hands of Mr. George Fitzgerald, and when we remember that he is as yet but a tyro in dramatic circles, no fault can be justly found with his performance.

Mr. J. Green as Tanctmar left nothing to be desired, while Mr. E. Doyle as Philippe and E. Gleeson as Earl of Flanders fully sustained their reputation of last year.

Between the acts the University Band displayed its usefulness, and favored the audience with several very beautiful selections. In conclusion we may safely say that the entertainment augurs well for the success of the Dramatic Association of 1896-97.

* * *

The sad news has reached us of the death of Mr. D. Murphy, father of our

esteemed prefect of studies and of two of our fellow students. On Wednesday, the 19th inst., a Requiem High Mass was sung in the College Chapel by Rev. Wm. J. Murphy assisted by Revs. L. Tighe and A. Stüwe as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. All the students join *The Owl* in extending our heartfelt sympathy to the members of the family in their sad bereavement.

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The successful football season of 1896-'97 was brought to a fitting close on Tuesday evening the 15th inst., with a grand banquet. The refectory was handsomely and tastefully decorated for the occasion, and a very enticing menu received full justice from the company. During the evening the Glee Club rendered two very appropriate selections. We were also favored with a very humorous recitation by Mr. J. P. Clarke and songs by Messrs. J. P. Clarke, A. Mackie, T. Boucher, E. Bolger, T. Clancy and R. Murphy. In a neat little speech Rev. Father Fallon, who had kindly consented to act as Chairman, reviewed the glorious history of our football team in years gone by, and expressed his honest conviction that before this time next year we would not only be Champions of Canada, but Champions of America. The evening's entertainment was brought to a happy conclusion by a chorus finally, assembled "The Championship is Home again."

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ATHLETICS.

Now that the foot-ball season is over, King Frost has begun to journey towards us, and although his approach is slow it is nevertheless certain. Already he has sent his advance agents, in the form of whitening showers, and will soon be along himself to pave the rippling waters with sheeny ice for the benefit of eager hockeyists. Soon well-muffled youths will throng our rinks to participate in exhilarating sports, while an invigorating air imparts to them a ruddy complexion—the characteristic of our

Canadian climate—as well as health and strength of body—a secure fortification against the repeated attacks of disease.

Mr. J. Dulin has been appointed Manager of the Hockey team, with Messrs. Quilty, Fleming and Tobin as Committee. The team has been entered in the Ottawa Junior Hockey League, which includes the Aberdeens, the Victorias, the Emeralds and the Maple Leafs. The first meeting was held last week, when officers were elected. Mr. Bristowe is President; Mr. Fleming, Vice-President, and Mr. Bradley, Sec.-Treas. The Schedule will be made out in the course of a week or so. It is not definitely known as yet who will be found in the ranks of the College team, but with faithful training and good management there is no reason why it should not be able to capture the Junior Hockey Championship.

We are pleased to be able to announce that in recognition of his services last winter, Mr. Tom. Clancy has been re-elected to the important position of Supervisor of the rink-cleaning corps. As a rule the state of the rink is such as would lead one to imagine that all the snow of the city had been dumped upon our ice. However, for this year, with such a practiced hand as Mr. Clancy's guiding the plow, we have reason to believe that old dame Nature's workings will be set at naught.

The caps emblematic of the Canadian foot-ball championship will shortly be along, while as Quebec's champions, another cup will soon decorate our shelves. There is still room for the Ottawa Junior Hockey League pennant, whatever it may be.

Our second team will also be in a league this year along with the Maple Leafs II, Victorias II, Emeralds II and Aberdeens II. We expect to see the colts give a good account of themselves.

It is indeed welcome news for us to learn that practices will be held this year on our own rink. This will do away with unnecessary expense, and besides, will afford the students what they certainly are entitled to—the pleasure of witnessing the practices.

The last issue of the Toronto *Varsity* speaks of the possibility of the formation of an inter-collegiate lacrosse league for next spring. *Varsity*, Osgoode Hall and McGill are interested in the movement, and effort is being made to induce representative teams from other Colleges to join. This move deserves encouragement, as our colleges in the past have not given to lacrosse that attention which it deserves as a clean and exciting sport, and especially as Canada's National game. And by the way, time was when Ottawa College had a formidable aggregation of stick-handlers, and no doubt would have one yet, but that their inevitable disbandment in the early summer does not allow them the opportunity of entering a league. What's the matter with joining the inter-collegiate movement? This is a suggestion for some of our lacrosse enthusiasts to work upon.

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JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

THANKSGIVING DAY TRIP.

A few choice and kindred spirits, eager to shake off the shackles of class, tired of the unceasing grind of the college mill, decided to inaugurate a new departure in Thanksgiving festivities. Lamarche deemed it fitting that they should operate outside of Ottawa, far remote from the vulgar gaze of the ubiquitous Junior Editor, who he fondly imagines is "that long, lanky, overgrown specimen of the human kind." They decided to call in the services of Rt. Hon. Wm. Phonograph Bawlf, to ensure success against being over-powered by any flood of human eloquence. To quote the words of the mover,

"And we'll take a right guid-willie Bawlf For Auld Lang Syne."

Bert Murphy declared that he knew a delightful, secluded spot on Wolfe Island, near Kingston, where the frosty sun shines rosy-red through the thin, lean fog, and reflects its silver sheen on the shallow waters of the harbor; and the heavy craft are lying high and dry on the yellow mud.

Think of the moonshine on the frost-painted moor, with the ice on the duck-ponds where you can bag them by the score. Best of all, Don Sylvetta and Donna Marietta hold a fairy court; Bert alone holds the magic password that will open the golden gates leading to the fairy palace. This will be sport indeed. When our pleasure-seekers arrived at Wolfe Island, Don Sylvetta and his retinue were in the midst of high revelry. We cannot describe all the courses of *menu*, for it was a mile long, and the cooling drinks were fathoms deep. The wine was the honey extracted from the blossom of daffodils, and the ladies and lords drank from cups fashioned out of butternut shells, set in handles of mahogany. As the banquet drew to a close each fairy arose and touched little silver bells that united in producing a soft, voluptuous, tinkling music which delighted the ears of our travellers. "Most gracious dames and noble lords" said Don Sylvetta "before we begin to dance, I have a question to ask. Who is the new-comer to our court? Who is this long-haired stranger?" A tall soldier-looking, blue-eyed fairy, dressed in gold and crimson, with a purple feather in his hat, a glistening silver sword by his side, advanced. "Noble Sire" he replied, "Bertram," for fairies always call people by their christian names, "has just arrived at Your Highness's royal city of Wolfe Island." "He remains faithful to his vow?" The ladies all bowed their heads and blushed, for what reason we do not

pretend to know. "He does, my liege." Thereupon, the whole palace resounded with sweet ravishing music that is attributed to the *houris* alone. "Admit him to our gracious person" said the king "such virtue must be rewarded."

The golden gates swung ajar and Bert and his companions were ushered into the outer chamber where they were met by Don Sylvetta, in his helmet of diamonds, standing on the opposite side of a little stream of water scarcely a foot wide.

"Mortals" he said "before you enter our bower you must take the following oath. Are you willing to do so? Yes. Repeat with me! "Over running water; my word I give to you; my oath I pledge to you; my oath I take not back from you, while this water runs. A curse on the one that fails; and silence be a guest in his mouth, and silence dwell on his tongue forever." The banquet-hall was thrown open, the visitors fell to execution. And, oh! What a sight was there! Large forty-pound turkeys, dressed and cooked, walked from their plates into our friends' mouths, for they appeared to be the size of lilliputian apples. Such turkeys! Their flesh was honey; their stuffing, nectar. Bert played his part so well, that he became.....we had better not say what, as you all know what happened him that day. Mike O'Leary treated the inner man so well that he has not been able to bow in a vertical line since. This was the mother of misfortunes for him as the reader will learn from another item of our department.

Lachance became so hilarious that he declared himself proud of his native Quebec—the capital city of Ashantee.

Jean Baptiste completely lost his head, for he said that he loved the Junior Editor. He must have been away off, for since his arrival in Ottawa he has entered a suit for libel against that much abused, old gentleman. "And dat's no small ting." As for the sinuous Bourdeau, he grew

young again and stood on his head. Dear readers, do not smile at this freak; we assure you upon our honor as a journalist of undoubted veracity, it is one of the few facts that really take place. Guy became so friendly to the whole human race, that he did not even frown when the fairy queen warbled; "Guy, Guy, what a beautiful black eye!"

The doors of the chancel suddenly parted and a sturdy boy, none other than our own Tom-of-crow-foot-fame, clad in white leather, sword in hand, entered and struck a gong once. Fairy music rolled and boomed among the crevices of the cavern-dome, playing the accompaniment to the following verses:

"You who have taken our simple vows,
Which cause no sorrow after,
Bring with you to this fairy house,
No gifts, but joy and laughter."

Joe Clarke shook off a drowsy sleep and declared that he just dreamt his watch was stolen. He felt in his pockets to see if it were there. "It's gone" says Bawlf. "No! it's going" said Clarke. We have heard a grave, old author claim that the fairies were drowned on their voyage from Ireland to America. We do not believe it, for no one would accuse Joe of cracking a joke, not even a second-hand one, were he not under the influence of fairydom. Donna Marietta protested against these nonsensical absurdities of mortals, charitably called jokes and promised vacation without end, money unlimited and joy unbounded to the one who would give correct answers to the following questions:

I. How many lbs. of sugar can be diluted with *Sandy Hill*!

II. How many of Ottawa's *flats*, would it take to make a house?

Needless to say, all returned, the frail boys that they went.

What follows is simply an explanation of a mystery that seems to puzzle our brother editor of the senior department. Willie Bawlf appeared to be in a halo of glory. Lo and behold! He felt invisible wings sprout out upon

his shoulders. William, smiling in his freedom, sped upon the pinions of desire to Almonte, to regale himself with his friends. He cut the figure 8 and wrote his name upon the icy-fleece of the Bay, though it was scarcely a quarter of an inch thick. He clambered up the sky-scraping flag-pole; a feat, which no one dared attempt since his namesake, William, joined the shades of his forefathers, as the result of such a foolhardy undertaking. All these be wonders he performed by his blessed wings. The people intended to nominate him for mayor. His election was a dead sure thing. Alas! In a moment of weakness, he opened Pandora's box, off flew his wings. This is how the story runs. He became a hero by recounting the marvels of Wolfe Island; by the same act he became a poor dumb boy. Aunt Mary, of sleeping car renown, eclipsed him and he was declared ex-champion. There was no longer any difference between him and a telescope for he was *shut up*. Repentance entered his soul, the fairy queen sent him a Xmas box in the shape of a portion of his lost powers. Still he wanders, an old man in his teens, and has become a pool shark that he may forget the dire disaster that overtook him on his fatal trip to Kingston.

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CHIPS FROM OUR JUNIOR REPORTER'S LOG.

I'm very small,
Yet I wish to all,
On this sweet Christmas night,
Much happiness,
Much joy and bliss
And a New Year merry and bright."

POUPORE: What part of a train is the safest?

DAVIE: Don't know. Give it up.

POUPORE: The part that is in the round house at the time of the accident.

RICHARDS, a son of Auld Scotia, "You Irish are superstitious, you think that it is unlucky to sit at a table of thirteen.

BERT, a true scion of the old sod. "Yes, in a Scotchman's house for you put on enough for only eight."

C. F. Davie is special Xmas. Editor for the Lindsay Post.

La-chance goes a long way towards winning a foot-ball match.

Is annexation possible? Consult Greater New-York and Victoria.

Extract from Davie's Arithmetic, authorized by educational department, B. C. "Five times two make seven."

Hon. Gilligan, meditating on his history lesson "Rome is built on seven hills," Pshaw! I never thought that Mattawa was such a grand, old place. It is built on one hundred and seventy hills; on every hill there is a castle; and every man is lord of all he surveys.

JUNIORS' SPECIALITY AT THE ENTERTAINMENT.

Mike O'Leary's lob-sided, falstaffian, black-shorn, tragic, stage bow with which he endeavored to break the fairy queen's heart at the late banquet but only succeeded in splitting her sides with laughter.

Albert Tell's golden curls and smiling countenance were conspicuous by their absence. He says he doesn't care.

"Gabriel's Trumpet has blown" was the very audible remark, when Campbell's piping tones announced the arrival of the Earl.

Campbell's bow resembled the figure "5" turned upside down and pushed over to one side.

The King made a rush on the Junior Editor's apartments. The fighting editor, who can set a ten second pace, followed him through the corridors, punctuating every turn with a generous *whole-soled* kick. The King exclaimed in his agony, "Misfortune makes us wondrous sympathetic. Now, oh Brother Richard! I feel the full import of thy words "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" for this fellow is kicking as hard as a mule."

An interested party asked Jean Baptiste his reasons for entering a libel suit against the Junior Editor. His poetic spirit oozed out in the following reply :

"But dat's not your biz-neese, ma fren',
I'm ready mak' leebel
So long she pay two dollar day, wit' pork an' bean also;
An' if she geev me steady job, for mak' some more
l'argent,
I say "Horrau for all de tam, and King Charlebau."

Charboneau felt hurt last month when we did not give him a personal mention. He asked the reason. Here it is. The water is frozen and the coal burnt. Coalwater no longer exists, he has been converted into Geo. Icy-ash.

Scene laid in the Junior Campus. Big fellows tusselling about in every direction. Cause. Little Sharkey Slattery is out taking a light practice.

A learned critic, small, but oh my ! poked fun at us because the printer's devil made a mistake in othography in our November issue. We sent him out to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow. The cat didn't come back.

The Big Three—Hardric, Ligroum, Rienbo, the flying wedge of the first grade. Big in avoirdupois, big in their own imagination, big in what they should do and know.

RECONCILIATION.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot" You bet not Jimmie Millwright. "And never brought to mind." I object—Joe Clickclock "We'll take a cup of ginger-ale as yet, for Auld Lang Syne." Both, "It's a go." And the trick was done.

Two beautiful, prize-winning, colored eyes, sobbing, "I cannot go to Kingston, this Xmas." Others would be thankful for the same, but circumstances alter cases.

VARSITY VERSE.

[Dedicated to the Boy Orator of the Junior D.]

Success to you Micky,
A star I hope you'll be,
A star among your fellow stars,
Astar for the Junior D.

I know a boy, his name is Mike,
Who likes to roam and ramble,
But every time he rides a bike
He always takes a tumble.

This same young lad is very smart
When he is out of doors,
But when you see him in the class,
He's always in the snores.

Ritchards; "I do not fancy a square rink for one would be always going in a circle." We are afraid that the professor of Geometry in the Second Grade is not performing nis duty.

A novice in English. "Let that board drop on the Coté." After the first application, poor Coté from Pembroke, decided to change his name.

In our September issue, we prophe-sied that Rev. Father Hénault would be a model prefect of discipline. That we have not been a false prophet is pleasing to our editorial vanity. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, he is most popular with the juniors. Popular, not because he enforces no regulation, but because he acts according to the spirit of the rule. Our words are but a feeble expression of the esteem of the juniors for their prefect, which they manifested by the magnificent present tendered him on his birthday. He was made the recipient of a valuable and beautiful set of furs, whose warmth will always remind him of the warm hearts of the donors. The Rev. Prefect made a most happy reply to the presentation address.

The following held first places in their class for the month of November :

I GRADE (A)	I GRADE (B)	II GRADE
1. P. Benoit.	1. H. St. Jacques.	1. G. Garand.
2. R. Lapointe	2. E. Lessard,	2. J. Legault
3. O. Vallée	3. J. Lamarche	3. E. Laverdure.
III GRADE	IV GRADE	
1. R. Derochers.	1. E. Belliveau.	
2. R. Belanger.	2. J. Abbot.	
3. C. Lamarche,	3. E. Foley.	

ULULATUS.

While not engaged in playing pool, he is preparing a *christmas* carol to be sung by John, Jimmy, Lap and Bud at the muscilage spreader's entertainment.

Geo.--Say Pete, do you know what are the latest things in shoes?

Pete.--No, George, what are they?

Geo.--Why, feet of course.

Some adhere to the golden rule. "Do unto others as you would others should do unto you," but Tom follows the silver rule. "Do other or others will do you."

Don't fail to read the treatise on "The cultivation of beauty and grace in movement," recently written by Biddy M. He is a trickadillster with his feet.

Poor old *Mag-drid*!

Ergler thinks Dick and Frank are rather hot company. One has flaming hair while the other is always *boiling*.

SANDY'S TOAST.

Then here's to the boy who curls his hair,
And keeps his face in good repair,
And oft as walking the folks declare
"Why there is Ray the debonnaire."

What was the matter with the *glees* on Tuesday night? Their avoidability of speaking possessed no adaptability for the occasion.

Phillips to Howard.—Whenever an obscure joke is cracked on me I go direct to the checker-board and there I'm sure to "see *La Pointe*."

Alphonse is now on the stage, (third assistant scene shifter), and purposes to keep in trim for next spring's football by conscientious wrestling with the scenery. Michael, the full-back, so distinguished for the many beautiful tackles he did not make this season, will also appear in his old position.

DENIS' LAMENT.

My hair was long and curly,
And like my face for black;
It make my head so great big
It no more fit my hat.
But when I sleep come someone
And I don't know he's there;
I'm right mad when I wake next day
And find he's cut my hair.
And some more too in committee
My name was come for went
To see de game at Toronto
Wit football contingent
Some of my friend oppose my name
Why for I don't can't tell
For dis I am not satisfy
I'm mad you can see well.

