

The



Owl.

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A MÆDIEVAL EPIC.



AR back in a dim shadow-land viewed by us through the mists of centuries, the figures of the great men of that distant time loom up gigantically till like the genius in the Arabian Nights they seem to touch the clouds. The fables of

a Hercules and a Theseus, of an Odin and an Arthur, of a Hiawatha and a Quetzal have their rise, let us be sure, in some mighty deeds performed by real men but magnified into vast though cloudy proportions in the alembic of the poet's brain. Genuine heroism is the nucleus of every epic, and the land whose literature contains not an epic is a land whose history was not made by heroes.

The epic age of Greece and Rome was long before the Christian era, but it was not so for the northern countries of Europe. Of these it may almost be said that they did not begin to exist till the period of their conversion to the faith of Christ. At least none of the legends of the time of their total barbarism have been preserved to literature, and it is the story of a race supposed to have existed as late as the sixth or seventh century of our era which is told by the *Nibelungen Lied*.

What the Iliad is to Greece, the *Nibelungen Lied* is to Germany. Both of these epics—for the latter is really an epic though not equal in merit to the former—describe the heroic deeds of valiant races of semi-civilized men, men who although

possessed of many noble qualities and rude virtues are yet swayed by passions of the most violent nature, which they believe it would be unmanly to attempt to quell. The epic heroes are jealous, revengeful and greedy: yet they are bounteous in hospitality, and faithful in friendship even unto death. The heroines are capable of love and hatred of an equally passionate intensity, and yet are not altogether wanting in the modesty, and other gentle qualities which are the ornament of their sex. But their untutored feelings lead them to the commission of many unwomanly deeds in order to gratify a desire of vengeance arising from a sense of cruel wrong.

The Nibelungers, whose song or *lied* this mediaeval epic sings, were a race said to have dwelt on the Lower Rhine in what is now known as the Netherlands. They were not the original Nibelungers, but had usurped the name together with a treasure of almost incalculable value, the property of a mythical king Nibelung of Nibelungenland (Norway). Siegfried, prince of the Netherlands proceeded against King Nibelung, slew seven hundred of his chiefs and subdued the country. But before obtaining possession of the wondrous Nibelungen hoard which was secreted in a gnome-guarded mountain cavern he had to elude the wiles not merely of men, but of elves and wizard dwarfs. The amount of the treasure is thus set forth in the poem:

"'Twas much as twelve huge wagons in four
whole nights and days
Could carry from the mountain down to the salt
sea bay,
Though to and fro each waggon thrice journeyed
every day,

It was made up of nothing but precious stones
and gold ;
Were all the world bought from it, and down the
value told,
Not a mark the less would there be left than erst
there was I ween."

The Nibelungen hoard then came into the possession of the prince of the Netherlanders, and as long as he retained it his people were called the Nibelungers, but when it passed from his family to the Burgundians the name accompanied it, whence it happened that the Burgundians were the last of the Nibelungers.

This Prince Siegfried is the hero of the *Nibelungen Lied*. He is one of those impossibly magnificent men whom the writers of an age which did not believe in realism in art delighted to paint. With all the powers of his mind and body as perfectly developed as is possible in man, he has in addition the supernatural gifts of invulnerability and of making himself invisible, when so wishing, by means of a certain cloak called the "tarnknappe," which he wrested from one of the mountain dwarfs, who guarded the Nibelungen hoard. But Siegfried is not wholly wound proof, for while bathing in the melted mixture of a dragon's blood and fat which was to render his skin more impenetrable than armor, a linden leaf falling between his shoulders left a spot untouched by the magic liquid. It is through this one unguarded gate that death finally enters to Siegfried. This incident of the leaf at once recalls "the heel of Achilles," but the resemblance is probably accidental. Siegfried's treatment of Queen Brunhilda who is rescued by him only to be loved and deserted is decidedly Aeneas-like, but the war-maiden of Odin is made of sterner material than Dido, and instead of her own death seeks that of her false lover.

Gunther, king of Burgundy, corresponds in some degree to Agamemnon in the *Iliad*. His endeavors to win Brunhilda notwithstanding the deadly risk he has to run show that man will always try to pluck the rose, be the thorns as cruel as they may. Gunther's faithful henchman, Hagan of Tronei compels by his wondrous prowess

a comparison with Ajax the son of Telamon, but is a more repulsive character. He has but one redeeming quality, fidelity of the dog-like kind. Even the gallant manner in which he defends his master when beset by the horde of angry Huns in Attila's palace cannot win our unmixed admiration. The following is the simple yet forcible description given in the poem of Hagan's personal appearance :

"Well-grown and well-compacted was that redoubted guest ;
Long were his legs and sinewy, and deep and broad his chest ;
His hair, that once was sable, with grey was dashed of late ;
Most terrible his visage and lordly was his gait."

Gunther obtains Brunhilda for his wife through the assistance of Siegfried, who concealed by his tarnknappe seizes the war-maiden's magic girdle and ring and gives them to Gunther, thus placing her in his power. As a reward for his services Gunther bestows on Siegfried the hand of his sister Crimhilda or Kriemhild, who receives from her husband as a dowry all the treasures of the Nibelungen hoard. As she is first exhibited to us Crimhilda is a lady of an exceedingly winsome disposition, and peerless personal beauty. But the fates conspire to change this gentle loving woman into a very Medea. Stung by some scornful words of Brunhilda, Crimhilda taunts her with having been despoiled of her girdle and ring by Siegfried. This is a revelation to Brunhilda who from that moment determines the death of her former lover. At her bidding he is murdered most treacherously by Hagan who stabs him in the vulnerable spot. The Nibelungen hoard is unjustly made to revert to Gunther, and Crimhilda with all the vengeful feelings of her nature roused seeks the court of Attila the Hun and consents to become his bride.

Many years after she invites her brother to visit her at Buda, hoping that during his stay she will be able to compass the death of Hagan, after first having extorted from him the secret of the resting place of the hoard which has been sunk in the Rhine. She contrives to embroil the Burgundian princes with the Huns, and a fearful combat ensues in which Hagan performs prodigious feats of arms, slaying all the bravest of his assailants without receiving any serious injury. The weapon

with which he does such execution is the magic sword Balmung forged for Siegfried by Wieland, the Scandinavian Vulcan. Apropos of Wieland we may be pardoned for digressing slightly in order to give an instance of the keenness of his weapons and his own personal strength. In a contest with a brother smith he clove him in twain with a blow so fine that the unfortunate victim was not aware he had received it till he attempted to move when his body fell apart in two pieces. This sword Balmung Hagan took from Siegfried after murdering him and he more than once flaunted it in the face of Crimhilda.

The fate of Rudiger is perhaps the most touching incident in the whole poem, the conflict within him between duty and friendship and the victory of the former move even the stern Hagan to hold him free of blame. His daughter is betrothed to one of the young Burgundian princes, yet compelled by the duty which he owes his liege lord Attila he slays that prince's brother and is slain by him, "down dead dropped both together, each by the other slain."

Hagan will not give up Rudiger's body even at the request of Dietrich king of the Goths, who wishes to give it Christian burial. Thereupon the Gothic king enters the hall where Hagan and Gunther are standing at bay, captures them both alive, and gives them up to Crimhilda with a request that she will pardon them. But maddened by the taunts of Hagan, she slays her brother with her own hand and then when her haughty enemy tells her triumphantly that now the secret of the Nibelungen hoard shall die with him, she seizes in frenzy the sword Balmung and with one blow gives Hagan the death he has so richly deserved. Immediately afterwards Hildebrand, "the Nestor of German romance," arrives, and finding that the merciful request of his master Theodoric has been unheeded punishes

Crimhilda by slaying her with the same sword which had killed her husband, her enemy and her brother.

In this second part of the poem, Crimhilda is certainly not an amiable heroine. Her revengeful feelings control her too completely to be readily excused, and the murder of her brother is a horrible episode. Yet her totally unexpected death at the moment when her victory over Hagan is most complete enlists our sympathy, notwithstanding that poetic justice would seem to demand such a catastrophe.

Attila, or Etzel as he is called, occupies a minor place in the poem. The reputation which history has given him for boldness and bravery is not herein sustained.

Theodoric or Dietrich the king of the Goths, although appearing on the scene only at the eleventh hour, seems to be the noblest of the many heroes of the *Nibelungen Lied*. The poem lavishes a wealth of description on his personal gifts; his disinterestedness and magnanimity are kept constantly before us, and it is only a motive of the purest nature that induces him to take part in the affray. Even then he displays towards Hagan and Gunther a degree of mercy rarely found in warriors of his time.

Making due allowance of course for poetical exaggeration, the *Nibelungen Lied* may be regarded as a faithful portrait of the lives and manners of the Germans in the sixth and seventh centuries.

The traditional composer of the poem is a minnesinger named Heinrich Von Offerdingen, who lived about 1200 A.D., and probably gathered the materials of his tale from the legends and lays current at that time concerning the events which he narrates. By the freshness of his coloring and the faithful reproduction of the spirit of times long gone by, as also by his animated and picturesque language he strongly reminds us of his greater Greek prototype.

D. V. PHALEN. '89.



JAMES LANE ALLEN VS. THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD.

THE LEAVEN OF THE ANCIENT PHARISEES IN THE SOUL
OF A MODERN SENSUALIST.



HE Catholic readers of *The Century* who, if their name is not legion, are certainly not few and far between, experienced a sort of mild surprise some five or six weeks ago, when they opened their August numbers of that worthy periodical

and beheld upon its not intensely Catholic pages, a lengthy and detailed account of a Catholic Monastery in Kentucky. It may seem odd to the uninitiated that there should be anything in such a procedure to excite the astonishment of Catholics, or anybody else, for we are said to live in an age and an atmosphere where the small prejudices of other times and other countries cannot thrive; but for all that the "lines of life" are pretty strongly marked in America, thanks to the vigorous and cursedly adaptive nature of a certain noxious social weed, which though it has lost much of its original virulence in the transplantation from the pestilential soil of the motherland, to the rich nourishing earth of our virgin continent, still exhales enough noisome effluvium to enfeeble our national constitution, and prevent its numerous and widely-varying elements from working as they should work, if the precept that union makes strength is worth the time it takes to utter it!

There are influences at work in America, which are mightier than those of the State, which sway the lives and destinies of men and nations for better or for worse and which it is next to impossible to regulate, much less to control. Of these, for there are several, there is none which has a more awful potency and crushing responsibility than the many-phased literature of the day. Men have abandoned the old coarse manner of wrangling over their various bones of contention since it has been proclaimed to them, on good authority, that the pen is mightier than the sword, and where they once fought gory duels in vain defense of an honor that had never been impeached save by their own rascally deeds, they now

wage bloodless but fearfully fatal wars from the leathern-padded arm-chairs of their sanctums.

This brings us to our starting-point and to the sketch of the Catholic Monastery which appeared in the August issue of *The Century*. James Lane Allen, the author of the article, is a typical contributor to the popular journals of the day, whose motive in catering to the tastes of a promiscuous lot of readers may be best expressed by an *inversion* of Shelley's line "Avid of gold, but greedier of renown." But gold amid the lower strata of the literary profession of our age means sensualism, sensationalism and a wholesale ultraism, so it is not to be wondered at that those who undertake to manufacture so much startling reading-matter in a given time, should, when forced to draw so heavily upon their resources, ambition a much larger proportion of gold than of renown. With what motives Mr. Allen wended his way to The Home of the Silent Brotherhood it is hard to say, or rather it is better not to say. The readers of his sketch would, I am sure, have done him the justice of believing that he was animated by a perfectly legitimate curiosity, and seduced by the very incomprehensibility of the mystery he had set himself to solve, if he had not anticipated such a flattering possibility, and by a further contribution in the September issue shown himself in a new, and to the Catholics a pronouncedly unfavorable light. Under what pretences Mr. Allen sought and obtained his minutæ can be more easily surmised when one has read his later effort, which, unlike the first one, has none of the vulgarity of common place fact, but much of the wanton licentiousness of fiction. In his Home of the Silent Brotherhood, Mr. Allen offers us the uncondensed results of his researches into the life of a Trappist Monk. He leaves nothing out, not even the fortnightly shave, which is artistically illustrated for the benefit of those who could not otherwise form the slightest idea of how a *fortnightly* shave is conducted. Then there

are monks at prayer, and monks at work, and the intervals between these two engrossing occupations are cleverly filled up with presumed introspections, in which the monks are supposed to indulge at pleasure. This manifestation of a lively interest in one of our religious orders is gratifying to Catholic readers, who are used to have their feelings disregarded, and convinces us that a body of ascetics, the rigor of whose discipline the Church has been so slow to approve or encourage, is eminently favored, upon whose life and labors a profane writer for a profane journal in a sadly profane age, should bestow so much attention and so many suave encomiums!

But the leaven of the Pharisees which nineteen hundred years of Christian toil have failed to purge out of the world, rises, as we sit and ponder over the kindly interest which seems to have sprung up in men's carnal hearts, all at once, for those who have climbed up the steep heights of moral heroism, and what we took for tender human sympathy are cinders in the bloated hollow loaf. In the next number of *The Century* Mr. Allen writes a story which he calls *The White Cowl*, and he sketches the scene which is laid in Kentucky, and to those whose suspicions he had aroused he reveals his sordid and far-fetched designs.

He has formed the commendable resolution of re-humanizing the de-humanized contemplatives. His morbidly sensitive soul writhes at the thought of the dreadful discord which exists between those self-emasculated slaves of a blind fanaticism and the sensuous exuberant beauty of the Southern June day which is shedding its dazzling yellow sunshine in luxuriant profusion upon the fruitful fields and teeming gardens of the desolate cloister. The thrilling, quivering love notes of the brilliant-plumaged orioles and the cadenced whispers of the happy drowsing insects, fall harshly, Mr. Allen thinks, upon the "thorn-hedged" ears of a white-cowled Adonis whom he has brought out in vivid relief against a background of golden sunrays and velvet foliage and "lettuces and onions and fast-growing potatoes (?)" He is a manly, sinewy, blue-eyed Adonis, too, but having steeled his young heart against all mundane influences he must, Mr. Allen thinks, be necessarily wan and wistful looking, with the count-

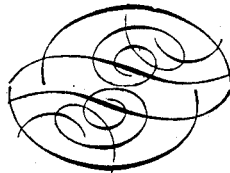
less smothered cravings of his terrene nature overshadowing an otherwise handsome face. And, he is young! The harassing restrictions of the cloister, the cold severity of its punishments, the silent night-watches, the interminable fastings and prayers have not yet extinguished the glowing fervidness of youth within him, and so Mr. Allen, realizing what a splendidly audacious thing it would be to work upon the vulnerable spot in the character of this interesting recluse, proceeds to do so, but in a very common-place and exceedingly disappointing fashion. The custom of amplifying and elaborating the story of Adam and Eve in the terrestrial Paradise, to suit the ever-changing tastes and requirements of successive generations, has fallen into a blessed disuse, and the theory that a woman is at the bottom of every evil is happily no longer a theory, but a truism. Sensible women have admitted that woman's influence, like a great many other good things, is susceptible of the vilest abuse, under certain circumstances and conditions; but these circumstances and conditions are too well known to the world of readers to make them successful elements of a nineteenth century love story. Mr. Allen, however, with the engaging innocence of a child, plucks the same old crimson-hued apple, and despatches the same fair tempter on the same old errand, which, not to destroy the similitude, I suppose, turns out an exact counterpart of its predecessor, by two thousand years. The white cowled Adonis becomes enthralled by a woman who acknowledges that she may be a devil, but he is entitled to an extenuating consideration. Mr. Allen has been pleased to pick him out of the sullied recrement of society, and by an ingenious process, of which no one knows anything but himself, transports him into the clean and sunlit walks of life without the least apparent difficulty. Here, according to the recognized order of inevitable issues, he is overtaken by a swift-footed retribution which drags him down to his original level when the first evil impulse moves him. Mr. Allen might have made a fairer choice without robbing his rare tale of any of its toothsome-ness, for a morally sound religious, with the same temptations would have been a far more interesting study than the poor sin-engendered, sin-begotten wretch, whose virtue, if he ever had any,

could be nothing more than a negative sort of rectitude. But perhaps Mr. Allen does not believe in the temptations of people who are morally sound. He may share the false impression which prevails among tolerably well-enlightened people, that it is only those who fall into actual sin, who know the real nature of temptation, as if, forsooth, ninety-nine had not struggled unweariedly and undauntedly, where one has sinned; as if ninety-nine had not leaned over the very precipice of voluntary and deliberate guilt, and yet saved themselves, where one has fallen! Yes, there are souls untainted by the breath of sin who daily climb the steep heights of the new Gethsemane weighed down with the dreadful possibilities of uncommitted crimes with which we all are more or less laden—of whose sorrows and sufferings the world shall never hear! There are silent warfares nightly waged in the darkness and solitude of cloistered cells, and worldly chambers, the clashing of whose deadly instruments has never fallen upon mortal ear. There are faithful men, and women too, hourly crossing the darksome, troubled waters of that bitter Brook of Cedron, following that other Sufferer who calls them from afar, who weep, and sweat, and strike their breasts, heaving with tumultuous passion, of whose agony the worldling and the libertine, who rub shoulders with them in life's daily pursuits, know nothing whatever. One of these Mr. Allen might have singled out, with profit to himself and to his readers. The cryptic workings of a soul in which nature and grace are struggling for ascendancy, are at all times a sadly captivating spectacle for the majority of men and women. But Mr. Allen had his own reasons for making another choice; he wished to air his morbid distrust of the ascetic life and expose what he considers

is its seamy side. He also wished to bring out the celibate state in an unfavorable contrast with that which offers every freedom and not a few licences to the animal nature of man. This, however, he did not accomplish, and the wealth of fleshly sentiment and philosophy which he put into *The White Cowl* went, practically, for nothing at all. The integrity of the monastic life is too well fortified by the testimony of ages and of nations to suffer from a weak attack such as Mr. Allen has made upon it.

If a lapse from virtue on the part of a man or woman who is consecrated by solemn, although voluntary vows, to the service of God and his fellow-creatures, offer an unprecedented plot to the writer of sensational stories, it must be because such an event is exceedingly rare, an explanation which we all most happily endorse. But the honor of an order or a community can scarcely be said to be impeached because a sin-marked moral weakling, who has been fathered by its members, shakes off not alone the bondage of his voluntary vows, but the mildly decent restraints of the common moral law. Mr. Allen is not the first story-teller who has tried in vain to dress up crime attractively. Our age is vitiated enough, God knows, but its moral sense is not so blunted, yet, that every pusillanimous attack on what is left of virtue in the world should pass unnoticed into the market. When Mr. Allen writes another love-story of this nature let him be careful to choose a *White Cowl* that does not "worms unfold," and a hero, who, if he must sin, shall do so because accidental transgressions are peculiar to human nature the world over, and not because he has been driven by the tyranny of vicious pre-natal influences to rebel against the law of God and man.

ROMA.



ON THE USE OF SAXON AND CLASSIC WORDS.



THE English language as it is spoken and written at the present day, is a mixture of the original Saxon, and words derived from various other languages, particularly from the Latin and the Greek. My object

in this short essay is to show that the classic portion of the English language is absolutely necessary in the performance of separate and distinct functions, and to point out the great obstacle which, it seems to me, must be surmounted ere we can acquire a true, correct and simple style of speaking and writing. I know there are those who possess a strong partiality for the plain and simple Saxon, which conveys to their minds so many pleasant remembrances of former days, and others who in their efforts to appear learned, affect to despise the homely language of their forefathers, and whose "sensibilities would be dreadfully lacerated" were they told of it.

While it is very true, that the Saxon by itself possesses almost all the requisites of a perfect language, namely conciseness, elegance, simplicity and force, still we cannot fail to appreciate that classic part which is indispensable to subtlety of thinking, and which at the same time affords us a vast resource from which we may at any moment draw. No one knew better than Shakespeare the strength of the "pure and undefiled" Saxon. No other writer has expressed so many difficult shades of meaning, or portrayed passions virtues and vices with such consummate skill.

Every reader of Shakespeare must have noticed, that from the passages of movement and passion all difficulties and obscurities are removed. It is this simplicity and unity which render Shakespeare dear to the heart of every English student. Notice with what force he describes the treachery of the Thane of Cawdor and Lady Macbeth.

"That is a step
On which I must fall down or else o'erleap
For in my way it lies. Stars hide your fires
Let not light see my black and deep desires,
The eye wink at the hand. Yet let that be
Which the eye fears when it is done, to see."

"Give me the daggers: The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures, 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil."

But if Shakespeare knew the strength and cogency of the Saxon, he also recognized the importance of the classic.

In the same play he says:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No! this my hand will
rather
The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

Now substitute for multitudinous and incarnadine any Saxon words whatever and the beauty and grandeur of the whole price is destroyed.

Addison's style of writing has always been looked upon as natural and unaffected, easy and polite, still he does not scruple to use classic words where they best suit his purpose. Speaking of exercise he says "Nature has made the body proper for it by giving such an activity to the limbs and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions and dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands."

Dr. Johnson, while unconscious of his own sin against simplicity, says, "that any one who wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentations, must devote his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Now, while Addison's writings owe much of their beauty and simplicity to the plain Saxon, still every reader of the *Spectator* will agree with me in saying that he is far from being adverse to the proper use of classic words. But I would not have it understood by what I have said, that in our endeavors to remedy a defect in the Saxon, we should make sense subservient to sound and call the most common things by the most uncommon names. Here lies the great danger. We are apt to be led astray in our earnest efforts, by high-sounding grandiloquent language, or what Lord Brougham would style "long-tailed words in 'osity and 'ation."

This hankering after pompous modes of expression is a great hinderance to plainness, simplicity and power of persuasion,

and many of those words of late introduction are not only sometimes used incorrectly, but in many cases actually fail as ornaments and seasonings to conversation and tend to rob our language of its purity and distinctiveness.

Dr. Blair in a very instructive lecture on the merits of ancient and modern eloquence, after expatiating on the respective abilities of Cicero and Demosthenes, concluded by telling us that the orators of modern times are inferior to the ancient orators in power, brilliancy and insinuation, notwithstanding that a new field has been established affording the noblest field to elquence. He accounts for this great decline by saying that modern orators devote too much time to accuracy and closeness of reasoning, that our public speakers are obliged to be more reserved in their efforts to warm the passions, and finally that this failure is owing in a great degree to our natural coldness. In addition to these reasons, he might also have mentioned the fact, that Greek masters of style devoted all their time to the study of their own language, and they were not afraid of violating obscure rules of grammar.

Demosthenes, who was by far the most renowned ancient orator, was ignorant of every other language except the one he wrote and spoke. The same may be said, with considerable truth of the Roman orators, for while some attention was given by them to the study of Greek, still it was their own language that claimed their utmost care and consideration. Thomas Moore, who was himself a most refined

classical scholar has told us, that the Greeks became excellent orators solely from the attention they gave to their own language.

In France and in Germany, more time is devoted to the study of the vernacular tongues than is given here, and I have no doubt that this will account for the fact that Frenchmen as a general rule use their own language with more ease and skill, than Englishmen of equal educational advantages use theirs.

I was led to make these remarks on the success which attended ancient orators, not because I consider that too much time is usually devoted to the study of classics, but merely to show that as much time as possible should be given to the study of our own language, which if neglected, our knowledge of the classics and the sciences will avail us but little.

A careful and minute study of English will not deaden our admiration for the beauties of Homer and Cicero, but will on the contrary heighten it.

If we are well instructed in our own language, if our perceptions are trained to discern the difference between what is good and what is bad, we will derive more pleasure from a study of the ancient Latin and Greek writers.

Then will we know the true meaning, recognize the vast importance, and learn, for the first time, how to make use of those words of classic origin which are so essential in speaking and writing.

M. F. FITZPATRICK '91.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.

The present moment is our wealth in hand ;
 The past is dead, the future yet to come.
 Within the glass of time each single sand,
 Fallen, adds another to the total sum
 Of minutes gone before. Oh, with what grand
 Painstaking sagemess thou shouldst direct
 The fateful atoms as they downward run !
 Their aggregate must make the final add
 Of thy exploits, however bright or sad.

M., '79.

NEXT!

He that hath a beard is more than a youth,
and he that hath no beard is less than a man.

—*Much Ado about Nothing.*



WITH what an overwhelming force does not this truth strike home to the mind of every young man when he first enters College: to be the possessor of a handsome mustache has ever been one of the chief aims of his life but never before has he had such strong incentives to attempting the cultivation of one. He looks forward with exulting anticipation to the time when his scholastic perplexities will temporarily vanish before the freedom of the summer vacation, and pictures the effect of his changed appearance upon his friends who come to meet him at the station. He watches them as they look through the car with an inquiring gaze and ask "Is Jimmy here?" He allows them to go by him and then just as they are about to leave the car he springs up and cries "Jimmy I know not, but I am James!" Throughout the entire year his mind revels in such pictures as this. Often his thoughts revert to that great epoch in his life when his infantile knickerbockers gave place to the full length pantaloons, but this was only one rung up the ladder. Now he is nearing the apex, the acme of manhood, and already looks forward to the appearance of a visible beard with all the ardor and expectancy of youth. But there are other and mightier reasons which augment his desire to accelerate the growth of his mustache, reasons that make it more than an ornament, that make it a necessity. He is not a day within the College walls ere he finds that his prestige there will increase in exactly the same proportions as his mustache changes in appearance from the soft fleecy fur of the weasel to the shaggy black coat of the bear. Hence he makes use of frantic endeavors to bring about this desirable result. As soon as he had become cognizant of the fact that he was to go to College he began to make great sacrifices in order to save the wherewithal to purchase a tonsorial outfit. Three of the best weeks of vacation has he spent in a bar-

ber's shop getting points on strapping a razor. Often has he burnt the midnight oil poring over catalogues of cutlery in order that he might select the best. And now, lying awake in the quiet dormitory shortly after his first shave, he fancies that he hears the fibrous growth pushing its way successively through the *dermis* and the *rete mucosum* until it finally pierces the *epidermis*. When he wishes to shave he rises with the first glimmering of dawn and proceeds to strop his razor. He could easily do it during the day time, but it would be unnoticed; our tyro wishes every one to know that he is about to shave. The flapping of the razor upon the strop, produced by this operation, breaks upon the solemn stillness of the dormitory and has some ludicrous effects. Some students raise themselves upon their elbow to see what nocturnal bird has taken refuge there. Here a sleeping student cries out in a piteous voice "O ma, spare me this time and I'll never do it again!" Then another, also in the arms of Morpheus, makes frantic endeavours to grasp the maternal slipper. Though the gentleman so eager to become a man is here spoken of in the singular it must not be inferred that there is but one such in the College. A glance therefore at a few individual cases will not be out of place. A student who attended the course of lectures on Physiology last year recently took a peculiar manner of drawing the hidden beard from its lair. He knew that the skin was composed of three layers, and he argued to himself that were the *epidermis* removed, his embryo beard would have fewer difficulties to contend with. He accordingly removed it to the best of his ability by shaving as closely as possible without actually cutting himself. But alas, the action of the atmosphere had a very painful result upon the *dermis* which now presents the appearance of a choppy sea. The youth now declares that the dearest thing man has is his *epidermis*, and begs of all to preserve it well for their own selves. Last year an extremely good looking member of the present first form resolved to ignore all modern improvements in the art of beard

raising, as far as his mustache was concerned, although he employed them in the cultivation of his beard. He held to this determination manfully throughout the whole year, but the mustache that he longed for never came. Grown wise by experience he has concluded to extend the use of modern improvements to his mustache also. Well may the Scripture say that none are so blind as they who will not see. A newly fledged philosopher began three years ago to till a field then utterly devoid of vegetation. To-day it is as barren as ever, yet he toils on, although he must know that he toils in vain. If asked why yonder prominent philosopher is so morose and gloomy of late, you would no doubt reply that such is the consequence of pondering deeply on metaphysical subjects. You are farther from the truth than is the moon from the earth. Metaphysics never produced such an effect. No, it is disappointed ambition. Many an hour has he spent before his tell-tale mirror gazing longingly on the image of that barren upper lip, like a shipwrecked sailor on a desert isle, scanning the horizon for the sail that came not. Many a quarter has he paid for such preparations as "Prof. So and So's celebrated whisker sprouter," but all in vain. To-day his upper lip resembles a vast desert plain, and he inveighs against the injustice of nature in stocking the dime museums of the land with such monstrosities as bearded women while deserving applicants are refused. But this is not all. The green eyed monster has taken possession of him. It is whispered about that he has sworn to dabble his hands in the gore of two or three of his companions who have been more successful in their cultivation. Therefore, beware all ye possessors of mustaches though indeed ye are few. Where is the agility and cheerfulness of yon noted member of the first team? Surely one whose brow has so often been encircled with the laurels of victory should have no

cause to repine. Sad to say, such is the lot of man. He is never content with what he has. This star in the athletic firmament had set his heart on the possession of a luxuriant mustache. Long and faithfully has he toiled to attain his desire but alas, though not a vast expanse, his lip presents more the appearance of the shaggy highland than of the waving meadow. More happy is the fate of a presumptive matriculant. From constantly thinking of himself as possessed of a beard he at last fell into the hallucination that he actually did possess one. Some time ago this gentleman had a quarrel with one of his classmates. He was about to go in for slaughter when one of his friends warned him to be careful, as his opponent was somewhat of a boxer. "What! that little fellow!" replied he in a voice of inexpressible scorn, "why he hasn't any whiskers yet!" Of the few who are partly satisfied with the result of their attempts a promising young philosopher deserves to be noticed. Although his mustache has stopped short never to grow again yet is he happy. And well may he be for, with the exception of one other, it is second to none. Would that I had the pen of a Homer or a Virgil with which to depict the feelings of the possessor of this exception. A footballer, he probably owes his success to the fact that he is always able to touch down on his face. By "touchdown" however it must not be inferred that his mustache has a downward tendency. On the contrary its extremities show as great a tendency to point towards the zenith as the magnetic needle does to point to the north pole. Strange to say, the zenith does not mind it in the least. But let all those who are inclined to raise a mustache remember that where he has partly succeeded a hundred have failed. From all this, the unpalatable truth forces itself upon us that the trials of the mustache-grower are many, and his joys are few.



THE OBLATES IN CEYLON.



IN the latest number of the Missionary Annals of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate we read the records of the remarkable work accomplished by the zealous Oblate missionaries in various parts of the world.

The account of the progress achieved in the distant island of Ceylon is especially worthy of our notice. The mere mention of the island of Ceylon recalls to our minds the labors of the illustrious predecessor of the present missionaries. We are transported to the time when, under Portuguese protection, the Jesuit Fathers, amongst whom shines resplendent the great St. Francis Xavier, landed on the coasts of India and Ceylon and scattered there the first seed of the true faith. The history of the past mentions many flourishing Christian communities whose nigh complete destruction under Dutch conquest and mercantile ascendancy over the Portuguese the Church has long deplored. Happily the time has come when upon the foundation of the ancient Churches new Temples shall be erected to the true God. The hour for a complete revival of Catholicity in Ceylon has arrived and the work of evangelizing the inhabitants of Ceylon, which is intrusted to the care of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate already begins to be rewarded by an abundant harvest of souls.

The work of conversion is a gigantic one. Up to late years the progress of the faith has been somewhat slow. Countless obstacles impeded the work and it was only the hope that God would send new laborers into his vineyard and inspire new devotedness, and that divine grace would touch the hearts of the natives that induced the Oblates to remain patiently at their post. The first great impediment to the work of conversion was the fanatical attachment of the Cingalese to the superstitions of Buddhism. Idolatry under whatever form it may exist, is always hard to root out. The fight there is not only with individuals who are slaves to the superstitions, but principally with the author of all error, with Satan himself, for he is not likely to give up without opposition his hold upon souls. The liberal spirit of the English Colonial

Government is a great aid to the Catholic missionaries, and but for this the progress of the faith would be, if not completely stopped, at least dangerously impeded. The record before us speaks of the violent opposition offered to the missionaries by some poor deluded pagans and their priests. On several occasions and in different localities, when the missionary Fathers were complying with the request of some good souls to build a church and to teach them the true faith, the Buddhists were so incensed that they drove away the workmen, destroyed their tools and demolished the walls. Similar acts of violence will be much less frequent as the government agent had the leaders severely punished.

The means of communication with the interior of the island was another great obstacle to the missionaries. While the coast was comparatively easy of access, roads leading inland were up to a few years ago very few and travelling dangerous. The missionaries speak with pride of the new roads lately constructed and they predict that the best results will follow in the train of these improvements. These roads were intentionally made to pass through the localities where chapels had been previously erected. The missionaries state that the English appreciate the fecundity of Catholic evangelization and know that wherever a chapel is built a nucleus of population will collect and will rapidly develop into a respectable community. To the improvements in travelling favoring the apostolic work, must be added the industrial progress and the readiness of the native population to come in contact with the more civilized Europeans. The climate, too, was an element of opposition. True it is that a tropical sun, and wet and dry seasons clothe the island of Ceylon with a most luxuriant vegetation. The glowing description of the forests of the interior related by the missionaries give us an idea of the beauty of the landscape and the riches of the soil. But unhappily, with all this luxuriance of nature, the island is often the prey to the most malignant of epidemics, Asiatic cholera. It must be said, however, that although this plague was of frequent occurrence and has fatally ended for some of the missionary Fathers, God has drawn good from this evil. The

devotedness and self sacrifice of the Catholic priests and nuns in relieving the pest stricken natives irrespective of creed or position opened the eyes of a great number of pagans to the true faith. We might further say that it was from the great zeal manifested by the new apostles in trying circumstances such as the cholera rage and direful famines that the movement of conversion sprang and this movement has steadily increased day by day. A measure which greatly helped the forward progress of the faith was the acceptance by the Oblates of the new diocese of Colombo. The greater part of the island has thus become the field of labor of the sons of De Mazenod. When in 1856 the mission of Ceylon was accepted by the Congregation of the Oblates their work was limited to the diocese of Jaffna. Bishop Lemeria was the first Bishop of this diocese. After the death of this devoted laborer, Father Bonjean was selected to replace him in that see and governed it till the establishment of the new diocese of Colombo to which he was transferred in 1885, Father Melizan succeeding him as Bishop of Jaffna. Under those two active and devoted men the work of conversion progressed rapidly. It is consoling to note that the number of Catholics who were left at the time of the conquest of Ceylon by the English has in the space of eighty years increased from 50,000 to 250,000. This number when

compared to the 2,500,000 comprising the whole population of the island is not great, but is sufficiently large for encouragement. The national difficulties are many. The missionaries are often in straitened circumstances, their chapels are poor, so are the Catholic natives. Poverty added to the great obstacles that lie already in the way of conversion is no slight cause of anxiety to the Fathers, but the apostolic spirit of the Church has never been damped by trials and hardships. Visitations and crosses of all kinds are the seal of the conversion of the world. So it shall be in Ceylon. In the dioceses of Colombo and Jaffna there are 80 Oblates engaged in the work of conversion. Churches and chapels are erected in many localities on the coast and in the interior. Schools are established and efficiently taught by missionaries and by devoted nuns from France and England. A flourishing College in Jaffna is also under the direction of the Oblate Fathers. The success of the past few years is a guarantee of future prosperity. The self-sacrifice of the missionaries and of the nuns, the ardor put forth by the new Cingalese converts in the conversion of their still benighted brethren, and above all the powerful grace of God will soon, we hope, make of Ceylon a land as famous for Christianity as it is for the luxuriant beauty of its landscape.

The *Ottawa Citizen* of August 31st contained the following item:—Of the fifteen members of the Dominion Cabinet it is curious that no less than seven are "Johns." They are Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, Hon. John H. Pope, Hon. John Carling, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. John Haggart and Hon. John J. C. Abbott.

Commenting upon this a correspondent wrote the following letter to the next day's paper:—

Editor of the Citizen:

SIR:—In to-day's issue you draw attention to the fact of the number of "Johns" in the present Cabinet. There is a similar curious coincidence in connection with the recurrence of the same name among

the four members constituting the Headquarters Board of Examiners for the Military College. They are all "Johns," but the most curious feature of it is the way in which the second initials occur, viz., John Thorburn (chairman), John A. MacCabe, John B. Balland, John C. Glashan; and that is the order of their appointment and the order in which they sign their names to their reports.

READER.

August 31st.

This accidental reference has been the means of making known to many of us for the first time the fact of Father Balland's being a member of the above Board of Examiners.


 The Owl.
 

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VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1888. No. 2

EX EQUIS.

Advice is one of those things which it is more blessed to give than to receive. Yet, dear fellow-students, if what we are about to say be only taken in the spirit in which it is given, it will be a blessed thing for all of us. We desire to use a little moral suasion on those students who expect to become good pedestrians by riding on horseback, or in Anglo Saxon we wish to point out some of the pernicious effects of using translations while making a college course. Much has been said of the relative merits of Latin and Greek in the

curriculum of studies. With this we have nothing to do. We are addressing young men who are making a classical course and who therefore must be convinced for one reason or another that these studies are all important. Who would devote five years of his life largely to the translation of these languages if he did not expect to derive therefrom a great amount of that mental training which is the fruit of any study intelligently pursued? Let us then examine the object of the study of Latin and Greek that we may see how far this object is defeated by the use of translations. Just inasmuch as a work bears the impress of genius just in so much does it suffer by translation. Shakespeare in French or German is no longer Shakespeare; Dante in English is not the sublime Dante of the Italian scholar. Then to read the works of the mighty geniuses of Greece and Rome in the original text is perhaps the primary object. But is this the only reason why thoughtful educators have for centuries considered the classics such important factors in education and have given them so prominent a place in the curriculum? Certainly not. Of the many others we shall mention one which is in our opinion of greater importance than the first. It is the acquisition of a good English style. Sydney Smith says: "We may still borrow descriptive power from Tacitus, dignified perspicuity from Livy; simplicity from Cæsar; and from Homer some portion of that light and heat which, dispersed into ten thousand channels, has filled the world with bright images and illustrious thoughts. Let the cultivator of modern literature addict himself to the purest models of taste which France, Italy and England could supply, he might still learn from Virgil to be majestic, and from Tibullus to be tender; he might not yet look upon the face of nature as Theocritus saw it, nor might he reach those springs of pathos with which Euripides softened the hearts

"of his audience." Suppose that the student has grasped the idea of the author he must put it into idiomatic English keeping as nearly as possible the style of the author. Here comes the choice of words. English, so rich in synonyms, gives ample opportunity of expressing the exact shade of meaning? What exercise could be better calculated to teach us the precise value of words. He must now follow the advice of Horace which has been repeated by fifty other distinguished in fifty ingenious ways.

"Saepe stylum vertas, iterum quae digna legisunt scripturus,"

having always before his mind the pure classic model. We do not overestimate its importance when we say that translation intelligently and faithfully made is *the best* form of composition. Now suppose the student consults his "pony," the primary object is in a great measure defeated, and the second rendered absolutely null. The skilful equestrian exercises his ingenuity in pretending, for obvious reasons, to blunder a little while translating in class, but he well knows that his favorite goddess Mnemosyne will come to his aid and enable him to get a respectable note. He leaves the Fifth Form without acquiring that facility of clothing his ideas in the most graceful and becoming dress, thus losing irrecoverably the greatest advantage of a classical course. Boys let us never see a horse on this course again. Cleanse the Augean stable and be assured of the promised reward; it is worth any number of cattle—or notes.

GALILEO AND THE CHURCH.

A cause of frequent reproach to Catholics is the treatment accorded Galileo by the Papal authorities, and the stories that are spread regarding his sufferings and persecution rival the fables related of the horrors of the Inquisition. In this latter

institution it was a common custom, according to our friends, to gouge out the eyes, cut off the ears, remove the tongue and otherwise mutilate those who happened to become obnoxious to the Church for an offence, real or imaginary, great or small, proved or unproved. So with Galileo. He was imprisoned, scourged, submitted to all the indignities of a common felon, for daring to teach that which he knew to be true, but which would certainly overthrow the Church should it be allowed to be taught. Of course for really intelligent men who are acquainted with the intimate history of Galileo's life or with the constitution of the Inquisition these statements possess not a single element of truth; but they are eagerly devoured as historical facts by those who never investigate for themselves. As an antidote we would to this latter class the following paragraph taken from a work recently published by J. P. Cooke L.L.D. Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University, and entitled "The Credentials of Science the Warrant of Faith." This paragraph refers to Galileo and reads as follows: "It was his (Galileo's) controversial spirit, rendered especially irritating by the great influence of his powerful utterance, which led to the collision of Galileo with the Papal authorities. At heart he was a good Catholic and a faithful son of the church. He had many friends among the most influential of the clergy; and there can be no question that he would have been left to teach as he pleased, and even been honored for his innovations, if only he had avoided theological issues, instead of rushing into them. * * * * *

Neither truth nor honor required it; and though we may not think that a scholar can honorably hold an equivocal position in regard to facts of demonstration yet the distinction between "ex hypothesi" and "ex animo" was one which he avowedly accepted. And when he violated his

pledges, and again revived the old issues, we cannot wonder that his conduct provoked censure; and it may be questioned whether he was treated any more harshly than is many a man of the present day for a much less departure from prescribed creeds." This is but a reflex of the opinion of most scientific men; yet we are sure to see and hear that baseless fabrication put forth—that the Catholic Church is the enemy of science.

and abroad; they are barbarous and uncivilized, incapable of appreciating the efforts that are being made in their behalf. The efforts of the police, aided by repeated pulls from the sack of "blood-money" discover the criminal, who happens to be, say a German. What matters that? The crime was committed in Ireland—therefore, etc.—Consistency thou art a diamond, though ordinarily paste in thy nature. Events like those under discussion often lead us to see the true inwardness of things.

THE WHITECHAPEL HORROR.

All England, yea the whole civilized world, stands aghast at the spectacle of the murders in the Whitechapel district, London. But if we shudder at the horrible ferocity of the fiend who committed the foul deeds, with what feeling of pitiful contempt must we not regard that parody on the administration of justice—the London police force! For weeks and months a monster without a rival in the calendar of crimes has been enjoying the freedom of the City of London and committing his horrid butcheries right under the noses of the police. And despite all the efforts that are made to capture him he is still at liberty. Where is Sir Chas. Warren with his regiment of mounted police? Where is Home Secretary Matthews with his metropolitan forces? Where is Balfour, and why does he not have London "proclaimed" and placed under the ban of coercion? Where are the sleuth hounds of Scotland Yard who so successfully ferret out the whereabouts of Irish domestics and unravel dynamite plots *ad nauseam*? Where the mighty journals which daily thunder forth their denunciations of Irish crime and agrarian outrage? Alas! ask of the winds. These murders are no stigma on the character of the people of London, but change the scene to Dublin—Ah, then insult and reproach are thrown upon the whole Irish race at home

CHRISTIANS FIRST.

We have no decided leanings in American politics. Toward Republicans and Democrats, Prohibitionists and Woman Suffragists our feelings are the most kindly, and we extend our good wishes to the candidate of each party. But we cannot help alluding to a recent incident of the presidential campaign which goes to show that there is a much more healthy moral atmosphere around us than we imagine. There exists in the United States a certain Col. Robert Ingersoll (let the war records declare how worthily he won the title) who has allowed his imagination such play over his reason that for the past fifteen years his course has been one shameful blasphemy and his utterances the grossest outrage on the moral sense of the community: This Ingersoll is a clever orator and his services on the hustings and in the lecture-hall have heretofore been in great demand. But the people of Minnesota have taught him a lesson he will not soon forget. Having heard that he was about to stump the State in the interest of the Republicans, prominent members of that party met in St. Paul and forwarded the following resolution to the national committee: "As Christian citizens of a Christian commonwealth, pledged to the support of religious principles and institutions, and also as loyal Republicans earnestly

desirous of the success of our party, we wish to protest most vigorously against the appearance here of Mr. Ingersoll as the representative of Republican ideas." Terse and vigorous indeed is this message of the sons of the West to the blatant infidel. Among the many incidents of the present presidential struggle the declaration of the men of Minnesota that they are "Christians first" will be taken as an indication of the hold Ingersoll's ideas have taken in some minds.

BOOK NOTICES.

COLONISATION DU LAC TEMISCAMINGUE ET DU LAC KIPPEWA: Ottawa, 1888.

All who have studied geography are aware of the existence on the Ottawa River of a large lake called Temiscamingue. But until quite recently few but the good missionaries who penetrated thither knew anything more concerning this lake than its mere position. Although the Oblates of Mary Immaculate had established a mission in that region in 1863, it was not till twenty years later that the many agricultural and other advantages of the Temiscamingue country became generally known.

Situated between the 48th and 49th parallels of latitude in a climate whose mean annual temperature is the same as that of Montreal and Quebec, Lake Temiscamingue which itself covers 330 square miles, drains an area of 52,500 square miles of well wooded and exceedingly fertile country. Fish of many kinds together with large and small game abound in this region; a plumbago mine of considerable value is being worked in the heart of it, and the large number of lumbermen employed on the Ottawa assures the farmers of a ready market for the products of their fields.

Moved by these and other considerations a number of Ottawa gentlemen decided in the autumn of 1884 to form a society for the colonization of the country around Lake Temiscamingue. The society was organized in November of that year and two months later received its charter from the Quebec Government.

The greatest obstacle of the society was the difficulty of reaching Temiscamingue. From Mattawa, the nearest station on the C. P. R., to the head of the lake was a distance of 120 miles, only to be passed over by a waterway along the Ottawa broken in several places by rapids. To obviate this difficulty a railway was necessary. A company was formed, subsidized by the Federal Government and soon four pieces of railway were completed making together with the steamers on the river an unbroken line of transit. The journey from Ottawa to Baie des Peres, 300 miles, can now be performed in twenty-four hours, twenty-five years ago it took thirteen days.

From a pamphlet issued by the colonization society it is learned that on Dec. 21st, 1887 there were one hundred and twelve families of colonists residing in the Temiscamingue region; and the projectors of the enterprise seem to be well satisfied with the results so far attained. Every member of the society by subscribing \$100 to be paid either at once or in annual instalments of not less than \$20 receives a lot of 100 acres of land. In return the society engages to purchase the land from the government, and to clear ten acres in every lot taken by the subscribers.

The officers of the Society for the Colonization of Lake Temiscamingue are elected annually. At present they are as follows:—

President: Rev. P. E. Gendreau O. M. I.,
Vice-President: Chevalier F. R. E. Cam-
peau.

Directors: Judge L. A. Olivier, Rev. P. U. Poitras, O. M. I., F. X. Valade, M. D., P. H. Chabot, Chas. Desjardins.

Sec-Treasurer: J. L. Olivier.

EXCHANGES.

The value of an exchange department is a topic frequently discussed by college editors, and the OWL man feels an exaggerated idea of his own importance gaining such strength within him as to induce him to add his quota to the general contribution. He declares strongly in favor of devoting a reasonable portion of space in each journal to criticism of contemporaries. By criticism, however, is not meant

fault-finding, although some writers seem to consider them synonymous terms. On the contrary, every exchange editor should endeavor to give a just and generous appreciation of the paper he selects for review, never using harsh language without grave reason. The system adopted by newspapers in reviewing magazines would suit admirably here, that is, an epitome of the contents of each magazine with comments upon the ideas set forth therein. If, as frequently the case, a certain paper should never contain anything worthy of notice, a severe silence might be a means as efficacious as any of letting its conductors know that such was the case. Another course, such as informing the slighted ones bluntly, that they are not worthy of associating with their brethren is somewhat calculated to provoke angry rejoinders and disturb the harmony of feeling which the interchange of college journals should promote. Certain it is that a knowledge of the estimate in which we are held by those of our neighbors whose opinions is worth something is not of little assistance in forming a correct view of our own position. Friendly arguments, moreover, on questions which allow a difference of opinion, cannot but serve a good purpose, they broaden the views of those who take part in them and cause them to look at both sides of the shield before pronouncing an opinion. And since we are all students, all moving towards the same end, a mutual exchange of ideas on the best manner of attaining that end will be of great benefit, and this exchange can be very well effected through the medium of our journals. Nor is there any reason why we should not discuss matters not bearing directly upon educational life. The reproach is made and too often with reason that men come out of college unable to offer a suitable opinion upon any of the questions of the day. Why is this so. If not because we delude ourselves into believing that while in college, only our immediate studies should occupy our minds? Let us not confine ourselves then to abstract disquisitions on educational theories and philosophical principles, while neglecting to look at the practical effects of literature and science in the world. There must be many deep thinkers among the students of our colleges, and their ideas briefly stated in the columns of college papers would form a symposium which

our elders might not disdain to approve. It has been used as one of the strongest arguments in favor of inter-collegiate games that they bring together the students of the country, and make them acquainted by giving them for the time being a community of interests. Of how much more profitable nature is not that mental intercourse in which different bodies of students may meet in the exchange columns of their college papers.

These reflections however might not have been written were it not for the fact that but few exchanges have reached us during the past month, while the editor of this department yet feels that something is expected of him. However three commencement numbers have not yet been noticed.

The *Catholic Review*, of New York, in its issue of August 19th, contained the following highly laudatory reference to Rev. Father Van Laar:—Rev. Father Van Laar, O. M. I., late of Ottawa, Ont., left Quebec on the 4th inst., for Paris, to report at the mother house of the Oblate Fathers, who have charge of the new magnificent Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, now building in Mountmartre.

The Rev. Father has labored in the United States these twenty-three years past with unbounded zeal, whether as assistant pastor in Willimantic, Conn., or as first pastor of the new parish of Baltic. In this last place he built a magnificent convent, academy and parochial schools, which he placed under the care and management of the Sisters of Charity, of Tilbury, Holland. The people of that parish, as well as his fellow-laborers in the Hartford diocese, knew how, in spite of most direful calamities, the good Father kept everything pertaining to the church in the best order, fulfilled most scrupulously the manifold duties of a faithful pastor, and undertook for God's glory and the salvation of the little ones of the flock, what far wealthier priests would have feared to attempt. Accustomed already as a secular priest to the practice of the greatest mortification and self-denial, he must not have found it very difficult to offer himself entirely to his Master's service by joining the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, whose devout and faithful child he had always been. His hidden life in the novitiate at Lachine—his labors in Lowell and in several parish missions—his almost over scrupulous at-

tending to duty in Ottawa College and Scholasticate denote everywhere the zealous priest, the most humble and most pious religious. May his future career be blessed with success wherever he goeth!"

The *College Whim* contains an excellent synopsis of the orations delivered on Commencement Day. It was with a slight feeling of surprise and also of pleasure that we read the appreciations given of the characters of Cardinal Richelieu and Napoleon Bonaparte. The fact that both of these statesmen accomplished great things for civilization in France is too frequently overlooked, while on the other the injurious effects of their ambition are viewed through a microscope. It would seem that the students of Baldwin University are taught broader principles of history.

The *Critic* presents a very pleasing appearance, the engraved headings for the different departments being an excellent feature. Several brief editorials, prize lists, and the prize essay on "Tennyson's Quest of the Holy Grail" constitute the principal portion of the contents of the June number.

It must be an exceedingly prosperous school that is able to publish such a creditable monthly as the *High School World* of St. Paul, Minn. The issue of July contains a lengthy history of the proceedings of Class Day. The authoress of the prize essay on "The American Girl" bravely upholds her sex's rights to college education and a profession. Though not agreeing with all the sentiments expressed in the essay, we must admit that it is written in a charming style.

The students of "Old Niagara" deserve credit for the enterprise which has published two numbers of the *Index* before most college editors have settled down to work. The exchange editor of the *Index* seems to be the terror of the evil-doers in the college press. His method of dispensing justice even if possessing some of the rude elements which in civil society go to constitute lynch law, yet results invariably in an even distribution of rewards and punishments. The castigations which he administers, if given with a heavy hand, are always well deserved.

The Owl, as representative of the Ottawa University of the East sends greeting to the *Campus* which is the organ of the Ottawa University of the West. The

September number of the *Campus* contains a paper on "Morality of Politics" full of suggestions which are very apt at the present moment when the exigencies of two great parties are leading them to borrow the aid of a violent demagogism.

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

A long felt want has undoubtedly been satisfied by the recent organization of the Scientific Society. Against the method at present in use for the studying of the sciences—that of the ordinary class recitation—we have nothing to say, but we contend there is no better way to become conversant with scientific questions than by submitting them to public discussion and investigation.

It seldom occurs that the exposition of any subject, through the medium of a carefully prepared essay, fails to convey fresh knowledge, even to the most instructed and when an opportunity for mutual advancement is afforded, it is to the best interests of all who can, to take advantage of it.

Of course the Society will deal only with those sciences which are studied in the university course. This however is by no means a little. The mineralogist and geologist will have an opportunity of making known the result of their researches, the astronomer also will be enabled to ventilate his ideas upon the phenomena of the heavens, finally physics and physical geography will, we are sure, prove an ample ground work for many an interesting and instructive paper.

The society has been reorganized [this year, with unusually fair prospects. Rev. Father Dontenville has been chosen as its Director, and the following gentlemen have been elected to fill the various offices.

President, - Mr. David V. Phalen.
Vice-President, " A. J. E. Leonard.
Secretary, - " Felix M. Devine.
Treasurer, - " J. P. Donovan.

Moreover any work presented to the society upon any subject of a scientific nature, will be previously revised by a committee composed of the president, one of the students and the professor of that science to which the work may appertain. Mr. M. F. Fallon has been elected to the committee upon papers re-

lating to Physics. Mr. Rodolph Paradis represents the sixth form upon the committee for Astronomy, and Messrs J. C. Moriarty, F. L. French and J. P. Collins are, respectively, the members of the boards for Geology, Physical Geography and Mineralogy. Its members are already numerous including nearly all the students of the higher classes, and from the enthusiasm at present manifested in the society, we feel safe in bespeaking for it a flourishing existence. The meetings will be held every Friday evening.

COLLEGE CURRENCY.

Cornell has established a chair of journalism.

Harvard spent \$25,000 on its various athletic organizations last year.

The students of Columbia College are now obliged to wear caps and gowns.

Harvard's pitcher, Bates, struck out forty-five men in the three games with Princeton.

Cornell has raised its standard for passing examinations from 60 to 70 per cent.

More than thirteen hundred members of the University of Cambridge are opposed to the admission of women.

Amherst has sent out two hundred college professors and presidents, and twenty judges of the Supreme Court.

Prof. Arthur J. Stace of Notre Dame has been appointed by President Cleveland scientific expert to the Paris Exposition.

John J. McHugh a member of the commercial course in '73 is now Dominion Lands Agent at Carlyle, Assinaboia, N. W. T.

Hon. Edward Blake has given the sum of \$2,500 to be expended in scholarships in the department of political science in Toronto.

St. Andrew's University, Aberdeen, has conferred the degree of L. L. D. on Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario.

The four most important female colleges in America are Wellesley with 620 students, Smith with 367, Vassar with 283, and Bryn Mawr with 79.

Maurice F. Egan, late editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal* has accepted the professorship of English Literature in Notre Dame University.

Crom, of Oxford University, England, recently beat the English amateur record by running six hundred yards in one minute, twelve and four-fifths seconds.

Queen's University has two new professors, Cappon of Glasgow in English Literature, and McGillivray, a Canadian graduate of Leipsic, in Modern Languages.

The Canadian College, Rome, was opened this month. It is under the superintendence of Father Wm. Leclair and under the auspices of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal.

At its anniversary the University of Bologna conferred degrees on Gladstone, Spencer, Huxley, Lowell, Renan, Jebb, Max Müller, David Dudley Field, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Profs. Cayley, Adams, and Agassiz, and many others.

Charles Dudley Warner in the October number of *Harpers Magazine* has some good words to say of Catholic education in the West. The work done by the Christian Brothers' College and St. Louis University seems to have impressed him very favorably.

The most important Catholic educational institution in Great Britain, save perhaps the Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst, was opened at Tooting on September 21 st by Cardinal Manning, in the presence of the Bishops of Southwark and Portsmouth, many priests, and a great concourse of people. Tooting College is the chef d'œuvre of the Christian Brothers. It has a claim on American interest from the fact that it owes its existence to two Americans. Its president, Brother Patamqua, is a New York city boy, better known to the world of science as Dr. O'Reilly, and the provincial of the order in Britain and Ireland is Brother Clementine, a native of Baltimore.

The total cost of the college to the present time is about \$400,000. The site is on the land confiscated when Merton abbey was suppressed, over three centuries ago, and, all in all, this is probably the most important Catholic foundation in England since that time.—*Canadian Freeman*.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES.

The juniors should be highly commended for the very business like manner in which they have always conducted their Athletic Association. It is modeled after the senior society and nothing goes further to show its great success than the perfect harmony which ever exists among its members. At the annual meeting which was held on Saturday, September 22nd, exceedingly great interest was manifested by the hundred students present. The Director of the Association, Rev. Father Emard, in calling the meeting to order dwelt for a short time on the present flourishing condition of the society. He spoke at some length on the many advantages to be derived by the members, and particularly impressed on them the importance of their choosing for the various officers, those most suitable for such positions. The results of the nominations for the positions were as follows:—

<i>President.</i>	- - - - -	M. Shea.
<i>1st Vice-Pres.</i>	- - - - -	D. St. Pierre.
<i>2nd "</i>	- - - - -	P. Brunelle.
<i>Secretary.</i>	- - - - -	E. Baskerville.
<i>Treasurer.</i>	- - - - -	P. Batterton
		} O. Paradis.
<i>Councillors.</i>	- - - - -	} E. Capbert.
<i>Manager.</i>	- - - - -	L. Dandurand.

These with the Director, Rev. Father Emard, compose the committee, which directs athletics in the junior department. Shortly after the election of officers the newly appointed committee held its first meeting with the following results:—

Two baseball teams were organized the first to be called the Nationals and the second the Maple Leafs. The following compose the Nationals:—L. Nevins, pitcher; P. Brunelle, catcher; E. Gleeson, short stop; J. A. Bourgeois, first base; M. Shea, second base; J. McNamara, third base; T. Riley, right field; A. Plunket, centre field; P. Clancy, left field. The members for the Maple Leafs were not decided upon. Four teams of football were also organized. The Wide-Awakes, the Quick-Steps, the Beavers, and the Gems to be captained respectively by E. Capbert; P. Batterton, A. Vallerand, and W. Murphy. The Wide-Awakes and the Quick-Steps will play a series of games, the winner to be known as the first team. On Wednesday, October 3rd, the Beavers and the Gems had their first match.

After a very spirited contest the Beavers won, the score being 5 to 0.

Those who have of late observed the Nationals on the diamond, expect that they will by the end of the fall season show themselves to be equally as good as was ever any former first team of the small yard. This is saying a great deal as any one knows who has seen some of the former first teams playing. For example that team will certainly have a bright record which shows itself equal to the Maple Leafs of last year. The Nationals on the whole are much lighter than were the Maple Leafs, but that only goes to demonstrate the fact that weight is not the essential quality in a good player. The first game of the Nationals, on September 21st, was against the St. Joseph's School boys. This team has quite a reputation, having for their battery the famous Murphy Bros. The battery of the Nationals were L. Nevins and P. Brunelle. The playing was very good on both sides particularly by the batteries. The Nationals won the match, the score being 10 to 5.

Many of our small boys are giving much of their recreation time to hand ball and the consequence is that quite a few among them are becoming real experts in the game. There would certainly be great interest taken in some hand-ball matches. Why not form teams and let it be decidedly known who are the best players?

It must be an agreeable change from the former state of things for the juniors to have occasionally singing in their study hall. This certainly is a pleasant relief from monotonous study and should be frequently indulged in.

Among the most promising of the small boy footballers are the McGee Bros., H. Leveque, L. Christin and H. Beauchmin.

On Saturday afternoon, October 6th, the Nationals played with the Unions of the city. The Nationals had their regular team with the exception of pitcher and first baseman, which positions were filled by A. Provencal and E. Paradis of last year's Maple Leafs. For the Unions the Murphy Bros., and A. Slattery played well, but the interesting feature of the match was the pitching of A. Provencal. He delivers a swift ball and his curves are

very deceiving. P. Brunelle as catcher played his accustomed brilliant game. The match was won by the Nationals, score being 10 to 17.

The May Flowers played their first game of the season on Wednesday, October 3rd, against a team composed of externs. The May Flowers were composed of the following students:—F.A. Lamoureux, catcher; O. Allard, pitcher (captain); A. Vallerand, 1st base; L. A. Le Duc, 2nd base; A. Brunet, 3rd base; R. Robidoux, short stop; W. Murphy, left field; H. Cameron, right field. The externs although having for a battery the Beaulieu Bros, failed to make anything like a successful stand against the promising young redoubtables. The game resulted in an easy victory for the May Flowers, score being 20 to 60. H. Cameron and A. Vallerand made some heavy hitting while O. Allard and F. A. Lamoureux formed a very effective battery. Scorers:—H. Beauchemin and E. Vallerand.

The following are the names of those leading the rank lists in the commercial classes for the month of September:—

1st grade:—M. Mellon, P. Ryan, R. Beaulieu.
2nd grade:—W. L. Murphy, A. Christin, J. A. Bourgeois.
3rd grade (2nd div.):—J. Rigney, A. McDonald, A. Vallerand.
3rd grade (1st div.):—R. Letellier, E. Gleeson, P. Clancy.

A band which, considering the difficulty of keeping it up steadily owing to the coming and going of the members, many of whom can only be counted on as temporary players, is the band of the College. Still, the reverend fathers of the College always keep it up to a high degree of efficiency and when it entered in the second class competition at Montreal Musical jubilee in 1878, the judges unanimously concurred in the opinion that it was fit to rank as a first class band. The founder and father of this band is the veteran musician Rev. Father Balland, who always took a warm interest in his student players. It has some of the finest pieces in its repertoire, always supplies the music at college entertainments and gatherings and numbers some twenty-one instrumentalists who rehearse every Sunday afternoon at the college.—*Free Press.*

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

Messrs. P. J. O'Malley, Ronald J. McEachen and Thomas P. Murphy of the class of '88 have commenced their theological studies in the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

John L. Chabot of the class of '89 has entered McGill, Montreal, where he intends studying Medicine.

Daniel Healy '75 is pursuing a course of Theology in the American College, Rome.

Adrien Desrosiers '87 is studying law in Victoria, Montreal.

Joseph Masson and D. Crevier, who were in the College last year have passed their entrance examination to the study of medicine in Laval University.

Peter Gibbons who was here in '84 has an extensive medical practice in Scranton Pa.

Edmond Moras '86 and a late medical graduate of Harvard, has located in Chicago Ill.

Jas. T. Foley '88 is in the Diocesan Seminary attached to the College.

Charles F. Kennedy '87 has entered the Harvard school of Medicine.

Joseph Roach at one time a member of the class '88 and a former resident of "The Corridor" now occupies a professorial chair in All Hallows College, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Rev. T. J. Cole, '88, has been appointed pastor of Osgoode, Ont.

Rev. Wm. Holland, '80, has been appointed pastor of Cantley, P.Q., succeeding Rev. T. J. Cole transferred to Osgoode.

Most Rev. J. T. Duhamel, D. D., '57 Archbishop of Ottawa sailed for Rome, on Wednesday Oct., 10. His Lordship will be absent for six months.

J. K. McDonald of last year's civil engineering class, and for some time an energetic worker on the staff of the defunct "Busy Bee" is now in the employ of the Temiscouta Railway Company, at Edmonton, N. B.

OBITUARY.

Death at any time brings with it mourning and sorrow, but when the light of a young life is extinguished just at the opening of a prosperous career the affliction is doubly heavy, doubly difficult to bear. Deep indeed must have been the sorrow of the class-mates of Leon Herckenrath when they learned that he who but a few years ago was with them full of life and hope, had been snatched away from the busy scene of this world by the hand of death.

Leon, when quite young, entered the preparatory course of Ottawa College in 1879 and having completed it and the commercial course obtained his commercial diploma in 1886. He began the study of classics, but left college in '87 to accept a position in the Herzog Telephone Co., New York. His intelligence and strict attention to business soon brought him to the notice of his employers, and he was given the charge of a branch house in Chicago. Success marked his career, but that dread disease, consumption, had secretly fastened upon him and chose him as an early victim. Unwillingly he was obliged to resign his charge and return to his home. All that a loving care could do was done, but he was not to remain and he died at Mamaroneck, N. Y., on the 3rd inst.

Three times within a year has death visited this family removing one by one three loved members. We sympathize with those remaining, in their affliction, and trust they will receive that consolation which makes trouble lightly borne. The class-mates of Leon Herckenrath, as well as all those who knew him in college, will certainly join sincerely in our *requiescat in pace*.

ESTO VIR!

I heard a voice within my soul,
Cry out in accents clear,
I felt a thrill all through me roll,
At these words—Esto Vir!

I felt a cool breeze softly sigh
Around my aching brain,
I felt a spirit through me fly
Like sunrays after rain.

As when a heavy cloak is thrown
From shoulders stooped with care
I raised my head, so weary grown,
To breathe a new-born air.

A new-born air of freedom pure,
That filled my heart with joy,
Spurred to the hardest fate endure,
A man! no longer boy!

A man, no longer walking on
In childhood's foolish fear,
But guided by my light! my sun!
The adage—Esto Vir!

J. N. D.

ATHLETICS.
OTTAWA COLLEGE VS. OTTAWA.

The championship football match of Thursday, Oct. 11, is the great topic of conversation, and every member of the first team is as much a hero in the eyes of the students as were the conquerors of the ancient Olympic games in the eyes of the Greeks. And why should it not be so? Never did any individual or any body of men better respond to the confidence that was placed in them than did the members of the 'Varsity team on the occasion of this memorable game. With only seven of last year's champions on the field the most sanguine of our supporters might well feel despondent and pray that at least defeat might be averted. No one could hope for the result that was attained.

The weather was as favorable as the greatest football crank could desire—a clear bright sky and a warm sun, slightly disagreeable, perhaps, for the players, but just what spectators require on Oct. 11th. At 3:50 p.m. the referee, Mr. P. D. Ross, placed the ball, a moment later the stalwarts lined up as follows:

Ottawas—Back, J. A. Seybold; Half-backs, W. C. Little, B. T. A. Bell and A. P. Lowe; Quarter-backs, G. S. Bowie and F. Cummings; Forwards, F. C. Anderson, E. Hubbell, W. McKay, R. Taylor, F. S. Grant, A. McMillan, C. H. MacNutt, A. Barnhart, A. Trudeau.

Ottawa College—Back, F. M. Devine; Half-backs, J. Murphy and D. A. Campbell; Quarter-backs, W. F. Kehoe and M. Guiller; Forwards, W. McCauley, O. Labrecque, F. French, D. McDonald, T. Curran, A. McDonald, M. Fitzpatrick, E. Leonard, D. R. Macdonald and N. Cormier.

Mr. P. B. Taylor captained the Ottawas; Mr. M. F. Fallon, Ottawa College.

A glance at the players as they stood in their positions waiting for the word revealed two sets of men with scarcely any physical qualities in common. Indeed there were not two sets of men; the College players were boys; the Ottawas, old, well developed, heavy and seemingly confident in their superior weight and strength.

But for those who wore the garnet and gray there was that in the clear bright eye, the compressed lips, the features slightly paled, and the clenched fists which betokened a determination not to be overcome by mere weight. Then and at every subsequent moment to the end of the game, the hot impulsive Celtic blood told against the sluggish Saxon stream. 'Twas only in the few scrimmages that occurred that the Ottawa team showed themselves at all equal to their opponents. They never seemed to warm up to their work; their forwards merely *went* from place to place because the ball had preceded them there; the College forwards *dashed* and carried the ball with them.

When Bell kicked off for Ottawa the ball fell into Kehoe's arms. A short run and a magnificent punt drove it in touch well into Ottawa territory. Before it could be thrown out McCauley, Labrecque, Cormier and Macdonald were on it and they bothered Little until their rushers came up. This throw out, as almost every other, resulted in a gain of five or more yards for the College by D. McDonald getting it, wriggling through the line and dropping his full length (6 ft. 2½ in.) on the ground. A scrimmage ensued and when the ball emerged Macdonald by an exceedingly quick play, picked it up and dashed across the line. First touch-down for Ottawa College in six minutes. No try at goal was allowed. Ottawa kicked off from 25 yards' line; Murphy returned it to within ten yards of the goal line and on the throw out an Ottawa forward passed the ball across the goal line to Lowe. Labrecque was on him like a shot and a safety touch resulted. From a touch-down obtained a minute later Kehoe raised the ball beautifully over the tape for a goal, but shortly after he missed an excellent chance from a run in by Cormier. A rouge raised the College score to 19 for the first half. The ball had not been three minutes in the College territory during the whole forty-five minutes. Devine looked lonesome and dejected as he walked to the dressing room. He consoled himself by fondling the ball during the interval for rest.

The second half opened with a determined rush by the Ottawa forwards and this, aided by rather loose play on the part of the College rushers, allowed the ball to come right down upon the College goal line. "This far and no farther"

say Curran, Fitzpatrick, Leonard, French and the McDonalds in one breath, and with a mighty rush they sweep everything before them. Anderson, MacNutt, Hubbell, McMillan and Bowie endeavor to arrest their course, but merely check their speed. The scrimmage breaks and the ball comes out on the left wing; Murphy seizes it and sends a sky-scraper which falls into Seybold's arms. A very long kick transfers the sphere over the College goal line and Devine runs for it. With what an expression of pleasant surprise the little fellow takes it in and welcomes it with a momentary embrace; then bids it a lasting farewell and retires to a place of rest near the goal posts. Devine's punt was the finest in every respect ever seen on the Ottawa College grounds. The ball pitched in touch was thrown out, scrimmaged and passed back by Kehoe to Guillet, who dropped a beauty between the posts and the champions' score went up six points. Brilliant open play followed in which the College backs showed up grandly by kicking well and tackling faultlessly. Little returned one of Campbell's punts and Guillet got a free kick. The ball went about two inches under the tape; a mighty cheer went up but did not affect the result—no goal. All this time the play was within thirty-five yards of Ottawa's goal. The points now rolled up rapidly. A touch-down by Cormier, a rouge from Fitzpatrick's free kick, and another goal dropped from the field by Guillet followed in rapid succession. The dusk prevented the referee from seeing this last goal and he gave the Ottawas the benefit. Some more rouges and the fastest though most unequal game of football that Ottawa College ever played was ended by a score of 39 to 0. The victors had made a goal from a try, a goal from the field, four touch-downs, a safety touch and seven rouges.

On the whole the game was a grand, though one sided, exhibition of Rugby football. The Ottawas played pluckily but poorly. They were inferior to their opponents in speed, agility, endurance, and in all the qualities that go to make football scientific. On not a single occasion did any Ottawa man give any evidence of design in his play. Merely mad rushes that were met and foiled by cool courage and skill. No running, no kicking, no tackling, no passing—nothing save individual play to oppose the faultless game played the College forwards and backs. It is no wonder then that the score was the largest ever made in a championship match in Canada. Our team is fast and with proper attention to training can shut out any team in Canada.

Mr. P. D. Ross is an excellent referee, and gave the most thorough satisfaction, deciding every point evidently with the greatest carefulness and impartiality.

RAHS!

Who is that running down the field with his hat in his hand? That's the captain of the subs, J. C.M. He's getting in condish.

With only seven of last year's players on the team the score of 39 to 0 is not at all discreditable.

The game is only half won by the players. Those lusty 'Varsity cheers do the rest. Keep it up, boys.

Six of the members of Thursday's team were on the third fifteen two years ago. Reflect, Managers French and Campbell, and captains Paradis and Gaudet. See that you educate your men in true principles.

Pa, who is that hugging the Ottawa man over there on the other side of the field?

Oh! That's Willie McC —. He's not hugging him. That's a tackle.

Well, pa, Willie must like him awful well. Yes, my son, he's exhibiting football affection.

ULULATUS.

Thun—der—a—tion!

Why, how do you do?

O—h! please let go!

What day did *con j fall on*?

Sept cents! sept cents!! sept cents!!!

All right! *Allez!* There's no one behind you.

Was Balbus really sick, or was it only a feint?

The "sprig of Clan Ronald" is still king of the scrimmage.

The conductor and the alderman have returned from Pittsburg.

No. 2 dormitory possesses a bed that is longer than a *furlong*.

Never allow anything *white* on the football, it is liable to burst it.

It is pretty hard for a wing "to cover two men with Jimmy between."

Caius, the hero of Arnold's Latin Prose, knows when he is not in class.

"Please may I step out" is a *tony* way of asking permission to leave the study-hall.

We hope that the new football pants will partake of as many victories as did the old.

A *new man* should not get discouraged with football after the first few scrimmages.

The town of St. Catherines is well represented in the college; we have more than *nihan* from it.

When a third form student hears any thing strange, he asks "would that be injurious to a free government?"

Caius and a friend were intently examining a tree in the yard the other day. A third form student being asked what they were doing replied "I suppose that they are studying zoology."

That this is true, is evident to all, Especially to the students of the large study-hall. The best of men are oft replaced, when gone; As you all know well how Jerry replaced John.

A certain gentleman of '91 who "meals" in the city should invest in a mackintosh and a barometer. He would thus avoid the unpleasantness, on rainy days, of being requested to bring back that coat.

Prof. (to student of Botany) Mention some of our common trees."

Student, (from Skenetcetera, rapidly.) "Ash, maple, oak, elm, birch, poplar spruce, pine, horse — (stops for breath.)

Prof. (prompting) "Chestnut."

Student, (shocked) "All right, sir, if you've heard 'em before, I'll stop."

As the sporting editor entered, his thoughts on football centered,

He noted not the creature perched upon his easy chair.

And he sat him in the corner *a la* little "Jackey Horner."

Oblivious of the foreigner who knew that he was there.

Yes, the bird of sapient visage knew full well that he was there.

Of this he was aware.

The editor heard a muttering, and he saw before him fluttering.

A form whose cry derisive struck terror to his soul.

Quaah! quaah ha! it uttered and the editor be stutted.

And a cry for mercy muttered to this fowl with eyes of coal.

Of grey and brown his plumage and his eyes were eyes of coal.

For the creature was an owl.