

dition to Hull, a trial to test our skill in the practical science of Trigonometry. It proved a success so far as our ingenuity to anticipate was concerned. The next week we were to start for Hull. Another class missed! Another congé! How our hearts leaped for joy as we arose from our beds at 4:30 and were favored with a special breakfast on that beautiful May morning. The College wagon was prepared, the instruments put aboard, and the more favored ones took their places on the seats; while others sat where they could, a few of us with Father Gendreau and Brother Marsan wending our way to the ferry on the Ottawa river behind the Parliament hill. We knew we were going to Hull, but how far distant was the scene of our labor; was this ride in the ferry to compensate the walk we had before us? the thought of congé prevented the rise of similar questions, and we were happy. We paid a visit to the Oblate residence in Hull where we were kindly received. One of our number confiscated an extra large lump of maple sugar, but which proved to his disgust and to our delight, well seasoned soap. This was the subject of a minstrel joke at our next performance. Our objective point was distant about three miles from the residence, in a very thickly populated district near the mountains. We "cut up" the land into lots 66x99, ran streets through, etc., whilst old men, women and children gazed with wonderful eyes upon us, as we steadied the theodolite, set the flags and measured distances. One of the residents threatened to shoot the entire party if we attempted to interfere with his property which, in his eagerness to obtain his own, and according to the measurements, he had extended three feet into the public road. We wanted justice but our justice so riled this defender of the rights of personal property that we found it safer to leave him in possession of his *three feet*. Martin and Owen guarded the lunch basket, and if ever mortal did justice to the inner man, it was done by them on this occasion.

Father Gendreau had well provided, however, for the wants of our country appetites, and I must say, those wants were anything but small. We visited the country store and bought ginger ale; a dozen bottles of ginger ale! we ordered various delicacies, but the demand proved too great for the supply. Martin volunteered

to talk French to a young lady clerk but here again the demand proved too great for the supply, so Walter Herckenrath was called on to release Martin, to the amusement of us all.

The Third Form of '82 were admirers of nature, and this accounts for our weekly trips to the country, and that notwithstanding all the inducements which were extended to us by the students to join them and make things lively, we preferred to survey and view nature as she is in the country around Ottawa. My memorandum lies open before me and I see a rough plan of the country we surveyed on this expedition, and the names of those who took part in it. Our work was a success, or at least we thought so; and when we arrived home the students gave us a hearty welcome. They were a sympathetic crowd in those days. Professors at times were wont to praise our practicalness, much to their own disadvantage; for if there is anything calculated to inate self love it is the praise of a superior or a professor.

I remember on one occasion after an expedition we were told we had done a good day's work, that our measurements were correct, and that we would shine in the course of time as excellent first-class surveyors. We were free to believe that *Deo Gratias* in class should be ours, but we knew with certitude that it could not be had for the mere asking, 'though we had done a good day's work.' How could we get it? An idea was suggested and immediately put into execution: one of our number wrote an address beaming with flowers and figures of every description, the painting was the work of an artist; an address that was calculated to move the heart of any teacher, which showed our tender love for him, and how much we appreciated the sacrifices he was making daily for our sakes. A green ribbon was wound around it, and a beautiful bow showed the taste of a convent girl. Class time arrived and we repaired to the classroom. Father V. entered, and, after the *Viani Sancte Spiritus* was recited and all were seated, O'Gara arose and with a profound bow, began "Reverend and dear Father".....The Rev. Father immediately called upon John for the lesson, but again "Rev. and dear Father"..... amidst the uproar of the class. We got no "*Deo Gratias*" from Fr. V.

The next hour brought Fr. M. to the class-