

his youthful bearing then, although pretty well advanced in years, must yet be quite an active veteran of the University. But what face is this that shoots up now and lights up the scene and brings back with it a hundred amusing occurrences? Ye students of the olden times, can you forget Father Chaboret? Who does not now see him standing in the rear part of the study hall, with his arms folded, with his lips tightly set, not a quiver in his stern face, sending flashes of lightning from his commanding eyes upon the studious or rather unstudious youths around him? But behold him now. He moves as if upon springs and alights near some unfortunate wight daring to utter a word to his neighbor. Before the culprit is aware of his presence, three or four leaves of the book before him, whether Latin, Greek, English or French, Algebra or Geometry, Physics or Philosophy, prose or poetry, three or four leaves are turned down, and he hears the words: "You copy that." Behold him again sitting down, smiling placidly and enjoying the joke within himself, or humming the music of large folios before him, the music of the new Mass to be sung on the following holiday in St. Joseph's. This ever recurring rehearsal would give the boys a respite and soon they would repay his kindness by some well concocted trick that generally ended in the punishment of the non-culprits, the most sedate and studious, who had the boldness to smile at the roguery. Yet Father Chaboret had but friends, roguish friends perhaps, who could tell of many a escapade with the good Father, yet they were friends. Having visited the College lately, I saw him still vigorous and active, but he has given the care of the study hall to younger hands.

Another dear face appears now. Father Bennett was an old timer in the College. How innocent and candid he appeared to all! We considered him a worthy companion of the saints, whose glory he enjoys now that he has departed. How many an hour we whiled deliciously away, when instead of reciting the Greek or English lessons, we listened to his interesting reminiscences of Rome!

Father Balland, I hear is alive yet, and why should he not be? Judging from the fire that was in him then, there must yet

be a supply for many years to come. Many a student shall yet wince under his terrific glance, and shall not dare enter the class room without a perfect lesson. Many a boy shall yet appear on the stage under his management, and many a chorus and stirring piece of music shall be heard from the musicians under his baton,

Then the amiable Father Barrett! "Boys! boys!" he would say in a momentary flush of ire, when no one could answer his question. But no sooner did his impatience show itself than it vanished and we all enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Father Durocher is another one of the group of those that many an old student will be pleased to remember, when he thinks of the devotedness and self sacrifice of this good priest. The year of my arrival he was not in his accustomed post of head prefect of discipline. Owing to ill health he was replaced for a term by the Rev. Father Nolin. The present successful working of the games as recorded in the OWL, which success surprised old students most agreeably, must be largely attributed to the labors of the zealous Father Durocher, who planted the seed from which the flourishing athletic organizations of the College have sprung.

Not the least popular professor was Father Paquin. What experiments did we not try in the chemical laboratory over the old recreation hall! What explosions! Why, we delighted in explosions. His graphical epithets and commentaries upon the boys performing on the black-board in the mathematics class were always a treat. Some other very familiar faces come up before me now. To mention the names of Fathers St. Lawrence, Nolin, Smith, Fillâtre, is to recall well beloved professors of the Alma Mater some fourteen years ago.

It would be pleasant, indeed, to draw upon my memories and speak more at length of the time passed at Ottawa College, but I have already abused your patience, wise OWL. Let me conclude by wishing a long and prosperous life to my Alma Mater and to the OWL an equally long and successful period of usefulness in the interest of the College of Ottawa, and of its students, past, present and future.

Yours,

D. '82