

pened to see him, and said, "That is not my husband, take him away, I will not pay for the funeral." They had to take away the costly casket and rich clothing, and he was buried as a pauper in a \$5 box. As the corporation undertaker came along, he said, "If you had kept your mouth shut you would have got a decent funeral." (Laughter). Now when I hear those eulogies, I say to myself it is better for you to go to a quiet corner; if you open your mouth, you will get the \$5 box. At the same time, I am very glad to be here. I cannot help feeling, of course, though almost a quarter of a century has rolled by since I first entered the Ottawa College as a student, that not a single thing has changed in me with regard to the student body. I have been one of the boys from the beginning, and I dare say will be one of the boys to the end. (Cheers). There is nothing that I ever regretted more than having to leave the class room. Of course, the reverend professors may say that is nonsense, but I tell them it is true. There is nothing I regretted more than to be obliged to leave the class room. I loved the work, and I got along fairly well with the students, and I think perhaps the work done for them was not altogether to their disadvantage. However, it has pleased God to so fix my place that I am what you see here to-day. I do not like to be the subject of these demonstrations — I really do not. It is embarrassing. When I am as old as some of the older Bishops of the country I might put up with it as they do, and are expected to do, but at present it is only embarrassing. I want, however, to express my gratitude to the rector and the faculty of the University, and to you its students, for your kind reception. I am not going to make any promises. I do not think a graduate of an institution ought to be expected to make promises. I think he has no backbone if he has to make promises. Unfortunately, it is true of this institution, as it is true of all the Catholic colleges of Canada and the United States, that their graduates do not support them as they should. Their graduates do not give them either the moral or the material assistance that they could easily render and, as a consequence, I know of no work that is more disheartening than the work of the professors of the faculties, who are endeavouring against criticism, against coldness, against a spirit of hostility where it should not exist — who are endeavouring by day and by night, for no salary, for the bit they eat and the rag they wear — who are endeavouring to keep up the cause of Catholic education, and that is the greatest cause in the world. I should like to have you young men meditate sometimes upon the sacrifices that are made for you. I should like to have you think sometimes of what it means for the religious congrega-