

desk in the House of Commons, on this majestic hill to conjure them up. Let me see—it was in the year 185—. But why be too precise? A day comes when people do not care to fix epochs. The young and the very old indulge in doing so, but for those who have crossed to the shady side of forty the retrospect of nearly half a century of their life's brief span without achievement of profit or brilliancy is not very inviting! Let it suffice to say that upon the memorable occasion to which I refer there was no Parliament House on this hill, nor did towering Departmental buildings shoot their spires heavenward thereon. The boiling waters of the Chaudiere might be contemplated from this spot, you could look down at the Rideau Canal, the Sappers and Miners bridge was then a monument of military solidity reuniting the two parts of the town temporarily divided by the aforesaid canal, but apart from this and the trim little suspension bridge thrown across the big kettle chasm everything on this spot was in the same condition as when the red Indians met here upon their camping ground to hold their great pow-wows, smoke their pipes of peace, or determine upon relentless war. Poor old Colonel By had been discarded and disowned, By-town was no more, the city of Ottawa had taken its place. Just then Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Toronto were all battling for the seat of Government in old Canada, but the day had not yet dawned when the magician whose wand has performed so many political miracles succeeded in convincing an amazed Canadian people that Her Majesty Queen Victoria would never smile again if Ottawa of all places were not chosen as the capital of Canada! Confederation was not even a dream in those days and the fool-hardy prophet who would have foretold that statesmen from Cape Breton and their colleagues from the Island of Vancouver should meet in 1889 and legislate on this hill for a united Dominion, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific would have been put down as a fit subject for a commission *de lunatico*. On the day I fyled my first appearance in the halls of Ottawa college there was a howling wilderness where your spacious edifice stands. Old St. Joseph's occupied the modest building now the Christian Brothers' Academy on Sussex street. There the late G. O. M. of the institution, the Rev. Father

Tabaret presided. His name will ever be associated with the rise and progress of the Ottawa University. It only seems like yesterday. St. Mary's College in Montreal I had left behind me. Do not be startled! it is quite true I had been for three whole years a pupil of the Jesuits and despite the speeches of Messrs. Charlton and McCarthy recently delivered in the Canadian House of Commons on the total depravity of the S. J. and their unspeakable teachings, I was not a moral wreck!!! I held in my hand a certificate from good old Father Martin (*requiescat in pace*) making known to all whom it might concern that I had gone through Latin elements and syntax (*avec beaucoup de succès*,) may the Lord forgive him! and that I presented to Father Tabaret, who having eyed me from top to toe with that scrutinizing glance so well remembered by those who were confided to his pastoral care, ushered me into a class room where the first boy I chummed in with was "le petit Thomas" whom we now delight to honor as His Grace the Archbishop of the Canadian capital. We were always fast friends, we figured as *Angels* together in the Shepherd scene on Christmas eve. We sang together in the passion services of Holy week when by a trick I have not yet forgotten I startled and scandalized everyone but the late bishop Guigues by crowing like a veritable rooster at the inauspicious moment for the chief of the Apostles. His Lordship saved me from penitence dire by kindly interjecting *pour une fois passe*. As ill luck would have, just about the time I entered the institution an epidemic of practical jokes broke out, most if not all of which, were unjustly charged against me but I magnanimously forgave my accusers, no malice rankles in this bosom against them. Never were jokes more keenly relished, for their perpetrators observed most strictly the eleventh commandment, viz: "not being found out." There was no *cuisine* attached to the old establishment and the boarders were marched for every meal to the "Hotel Champagne" where the complaints usually levelled at College fare were never heard. There must have been enormous profits from the other guests in the house to enable mine host Champagne to satisfy the hungry appetites of that voracious band and not go into insolvency, but he struggled along bravely, poor man