

## MAX O'RELL.

ON Sunday evening, 18th ult., Rev. Father Fillatre, O.M.I., with two of the students called on the distinguished author and lecturer, Mr. Paul Blouet, (Max O'Rell), and invited him to visit the College.

Mr. Blouet received them courteously and kindly consented to come and address the students, amongst whom he has many admirers.

On Monday morning the students assembled in the Academic Hall to receive him, and Mr. J. T. Foley on their behalf addressed him in the following words :

*Mr. Paul Blouet,*

In the name of the students I desire to bid you welcome to Ottawa College, and to thank you for the honor of your visit.

We, the students of this College, whatever our nationality, feel that as a Frenchman, you are not altogether a stranger. For to your compatriots, who, for the love of education and the love of us exchanged fair France, for this "far land of snow," we owe the existence of our beloved Alma Mater.

As a teacher yourself, you have another claim on our sympathy and respect. But as the eminent author Max O'Rell, you are an old and loved friend.

It is given to few men to be able to tell others their virtues without flattery and their faults without offence.

It is a task of extreme delicacy to point out national defects without wounding the susceptibilities even of the most phlegmatic. That you possess this talent in a pre-eminent degree, is acknowledged by half the world.

You are familiar enough with the United Kingdom to know that Friend MacDonald and Paddy can enjoy a joke on John Bull with as much zest as can Jacques Bonhomme. Their descendants in America are in this respect very like their cousins across the Atlantic.

Our Scotch fellow-students like all Scots, proud even of their foibles think "ye're no bad ava."

The Englishmen seem to have taken to heart, Pope's advice,

"At every trifle scorn to take offence  
That always shows great pride or little sense,"  
and bear you no enmity.

Our French friends, proverbially sensitive, are pleased to be told that in some respects they can learn from their English neighbors when the counsel is so good-naturedly given by one of themselves.

Even "that delightful loveable race of young scamps from eleven to fourteen. —the *genus* boy" so largely represented here if they did not know you before to-day have at least a claim on your affection, for I can solemnly assert that there is not one of them who has not "a redeeming fault or two."

The Irishmen to which class of students I belong, at first felt disposed to be indignant at your neglect of Ireland; but as your books would in a great measure lose their spiciness if there were no *faults* hit off in your own inimitable way, we came to the conclusion that you did not wish to risk your reputation by writing of Irishmen.

Now in conclusion allow me once more to welcome you most heartily, and again to thank you most sincerely for the honor you have done us.

Mr. Blouet was received with hearty applause. He said it gave him infinite pleasure as a teacher, to meet the students of Ottawa University and to see so many smiling faces before him. He assured the "boys" that he liked them all the better on hearing that they had a redeeming fault or two. He then spoke of his experience while in connection with one of the great public schools of England, and illustrated his remarks with several humorous anecdotes. What he said we shall give as nearly as possible in his own words.

The English are very fond of teaching their boys philology. It does not matter whether they put French words together so as to make sense if they know the Latin or Greek or Sanscrit word from which the