

sigh of relief would hail Father Barrett after the departure of Father Balland.

After a very few days I was interested in the studies: the subject matters were attractive, the teachers were able men, and the class mates were excellent fellows. Moreover, studious youths easily become accustomed to College life, as even a casual observer can notice. This I say with all becoming modesty. Apart from the attractive interest in study itself, the fact that opportunities for play and wholesome amusement were plentifully afforded and interspersed with serious application, made College life most pleasing. True, it is, we had not the advantages and conveniences of the present students, their field, their dramatic hall, etc., etc.; yet we were satisfied and amused ourselves to our heart's content. For want of a field of our own we would trot off, a score of us, to Sandy Hill, and there have a good old game. There those who spurned the publicity of the entire body of students, tried their feeble powers in presence of equals, and craved their ever ready loud applause. Speaking of the play ground, many new students will be surprised to hear that the greater portion of their actual court yard at the College was in my time a garden where grew delicious fruits and vegetables. That they were delicious, many a one learned at his own expense. Old Johnny was always on the look out. What a scene there would be! What a deluge of words in English, French, German, Belgian came unintelligibly down in a hail storm, when he saw a form gliding on all fours to some enticing spot of the garden. Quite a character, this 'Johnny.' What stories could not be told of his exploits! but this would bring me too far, and every old student, every new one even, knows this hero of many battles. I hear that he is alive yet, and as whimsical as of old. Let us come back to our amusements. We held our theatricals in the study hall or gymnasium fitted up for the occasion. Some amongst us almost became stars in the College firmament. At one time, I think it was on the occasion of the presentation of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, almost every one was stage struck.

In winter we had our rink and slide. The attraction of the rink was very great. This was probably due to the fact that it cost us so much labor. We had no hydrants near the College, and I remem-

ber well how we would first drain out the well in the garden in sprinkling the snow, then about fifty of us would tramp over this to make it level. Barrel by barrel the water would be slowly hauled up from the canal, and thrown one after the other on the space to be covered. As the water froze gradually it presented the ruggedness of stalactite formations. Yet there was fun. The winter, though long, would seem short and when the May sun had dried up the court-yard, the summer sports, such as base-ball, hand-ball and cricket would be indulged in with renewed earnestness. When the heat of the sun made these games rather uncomfortable at home, on the sand, a short walk would bring us to a spot where all could find attractions. This was the old College farm. The cool shade of the magnificent grove sheltered the most philosophic of us, those who delighted in the *dolce far niente*. The green meadow stretching along the placid Rideau formed a cool and soft campus for those who could allow their muscles no rest. Others would retire to the country house, where they indulged in the various games, such as hand-ball, billiards, etc. A goodly number plowed the Rideau with skiffs and flat boats, and with their songs frightened the sleeping echoes from their silent haunts. However tastes may have differed as to the games, all agreed that the waters of the river afforded a most refreshing bath. Hours passed rapidly in this beautiful resort, and the call for home would always sound too soon for us. What a jolly, noisy crowd we were on our homeward march! The afternoon in the country had given all of us a new life. The College with its sterner aspect had been out of sight for a few hours, and when we returned thither refreshed and invigorated we found it more pleasant. Happy, happy College days! how quickly you sped by! Never shall you return with your innocent pleasures, but your recollection will sweeten the memory for many days to come.

As I sit now musing on those delightful days that I spent at College, many a face rises up before me. Dear Father Tabaret is now, we all trust, in the enjoyment of his everlasting reward. Many a generation had passed under his eyes before my arrival and after my departure, and for all he had a fatherly solicitude and all bemoan his loss. Father Paillier was considered to be a very kind man, and judging from