

DR. J. K. FORAN'S ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, ON RECEIVING THE DEGREE OF
DOCTOR OF LETTERS.

Your Excellency, Your Grace, Very Rev. Rector, Ladies and Gentlemen:—



HE signal honor conferred upon me this evening by the University of Ottawa, awakens feelings of sincere gratitude and legitimate pride. It were impossible for me, in my inexpressive language, to convey any adequate idea of the sentiments that animate me. Therefore, I conclude that the less I attempt in that direction the more am I likely to accomplish.

Standing in this splendid hall, under the sacred roof of our *Alma Mater*, and amidst surroundings such as you behold here this evening, it seems to me as if it were all a dream, that the curtain of intervening years had rolled up, while memory, with magic wand, had summoned before me scenes long vanished and actors long since disappeared.

As if it were but yesterday, I recall that hour, in September, 1876, when I entered, for a first time, the old St. Joseph's College. Good Brother Cooney—God rest his soul!—met me at the door. He handed me over to Father Morois, who, in turn, began by threatening to pull my ears until they were as long as his arms, and to place me beside the weather-cock that twirled above the cupola on the old edifice. Prophetic was the witty *econom*! For to-night I feel as if some mysterious influence had raised me to that dizzy height, and left me there to twist and to turn with every breath of surprise that sweeps around me.

Comparatively humble was the college in those days; but all great institutions and all important human events have had humble origin. "Rome was not built in a day." The foundation was laid by wolf-suckled twins; it took centuries to

accomplish the work; but once the construction was completed, Rome became the Eternal City. Already had the venerable and ever-to-be-lamented Bishop Guiges organized the vast diocese of Ottawa; already had his missionaries gone forth to evangelize the Indian tribes and carry the consolations of religion to the whitemen, scattered in groups throughout the forests of the north; already had the grand work of education been commenced—they sowed, in fertile soil, the seeds that have since taken root, grown up, expanded, fructified, and the harvest of which we all reap to-day. Beneath the purple of episcopal dignity that great and good man carried the insignia of his deep humility. The work he accomplished can only be thoroughly understood by his noble and worthy successor. In the year 1844—half a century ago—the Oblates of Mary Immaculate arrived in Bytown, and, from that day to the present, they have carried on a two-fold work for Faith and for country. They carved out paths through the wilderness; with one hand they planted the Cross of Christ amidst untrodden wilds, while, with the other hand they beckoned on the advance guard of civilization.

The year 1850 beheld the ordination of a man destined to play an important part in the history of this city and of this section of the country. At the name of Father Tabaret I pause! Well do I remember that gloomy day in mid-winter, 1886, when His Grace, the gifted and eloquent Archbishop of Ottawa, pronounced the funeral oration in the Basilica. In one phrase he summed up the life, the labors, the virtues, the characteristics of the illustrious dead. In an ecstasy of eloquent sorrow he cried out, "*Quel homme d'élite!*" Yes, truly was