

to break the monotony of my ministerial duties with the diversion of a stroll among the neighboring streets of the University. More than once before the calamitous fire of December, 1903, I found myself passing through the great gate of the play-ground and straying along the alleys, where of yore other students and myself used to walk away the recreation hour. I know nothing more refreshing than this silent communing of the soul with the things of the past, than this rereading of the eternal poem of the heart, which brings back the happy days of youth, when many voices, some grave, and some youthful, confusedly mingle in the memory. In the shade of the tall trees, where, by chance or habit, were usually grouped masters and pupils, it seems that I am going to see and hear them all. But, alas! this is a delusion. They have dispersed—some are gone forever.

Far from me be the thought of casting a sad note into this concert, where fresh and youthful voices already strike up the joyous Cantata of the holidays. But you will not mind if your senior in the field calls back, with tenderness, the young days which you suggest. Rather bless your star for this, that, notwithstanding the Conciliation Act, after a long strike against the Muses, I have not attempted to put before you my humble prose in rhyme.

This naturally leads me to say a few words as to the excellence of the teaching which you get at the University of Ottawa. I am proud to loudly proclaim, in the presence of our separate brethren, the respect and esteem of whom it is always wise to deserve, that here, in this great Catholic Institution, which, fortunately, was able to rise again from its ashes, higher instruction is in no way inferior to that given by any of its rivals.

Yes, Rev. Rector, you make of our sons Christians, mindful of liberty, strong in purpose, generous in soul, and enlightened in conscience. The principles which form the basis of your teaching kindle and develop in the student a liking for initiative, the spirit of solidarity, and the sense of dignity.

Erected on the border of the two parent provinces of Confederation, grouping in its teaching staff the elite of the two nationalities, the University of Ottawa sends forth over nearly the whole Canadian territory youths strongly armed for the battles of life.

The course of studies is, here, at once classical, and—if I may use the term—utilitarian. So that, while inspired by the great