

see the Rev. President, he jerked his head into a spasmodic nod, smacked his lips and walked out. Presently I heard the ringing of a gong. A few minutes elapsed and in came with a light, brisk step, an elderly priest who welcomed me. This was the Rev. Father Paillier, superior for that year. My letters of recommendation were presented to him; he looked them over and seemed satisfied. After a pleasant conversation in which he told me that I would later on be presented to Rev. Father Tabaret, director and prefect of studies, he brought me into the court yard. The boys had just come down from class, and the scene was now an animated one.

Here went the foot-ball, there flew the base-ball; boys were running, tumbling, shrieking. This was rather attractive. Masters in black gowns were enjoying the sports as well as the students, and this feature pleased me not a little. I soon got acquainted with the Prefects of discipline, and was taken in charge by them.

In the evening, as I was seated in the study room, my head leaning on my hand musing to myself, I know not on what, I felt a light tap on my shoulder. Looking up I beheld a man towards whom I was immediately attracted, and for whom I ever afterwards entertained a most filial respect and confidence. His keen but paternal look that seemed to read my innermost thoughts, rested upon me and seemed to speak to me. He leaned towards me and said that I was to follow him. Tall, a little corpulent, not yet old, his great head and shoulders somewhat bent, as weighed down by cares, he walked slowly and his whole bearing impressed me with the idea, which I afterwards better realized, that he was a man of deep thought. To this every old student that knew Father Tabaret can give ample testimony. If anything was striking in this priest, it was his grave thoughtful bearing, yet he was affable and often in conversation his face and whole frame would shake with the most cordial laugh. The work which he has accomplished and which is the result of his untiring efforts, the College as it now stands, and which attained its present vast proportions before he expired; the successful working of the curriculum which he had given it, and the staff of professors whom he had gathered around him, and whom he inflamed with his own ardor, all speak highly of his in-

tellectual capacity and the energy of his will. However great the ability of his intellect and the strength of will may have been, I dare say that he possessed another quality which penetrated more deeply into the hearts of students. That quality was the paternal kindness with which he won the affections of all at the very outset and kept them attached to him forever. With his large fascinating eyes resting upon the new student, a very few words from his lips sufficed to create in the young man an unlimited trust towards him. Every one felt that in this noble priest he had found one that could understand him. This was my feeling when he spoke kindly to me, and enquired into my preparatory studies and intentions. With his encouraging words and blessing, I began my life at Ottawa College. My prospects were bright, and I must say that I always felt happy and pleased with my new home. It would have been ingratitude had I felt otherwise, for all, superiors, professors and prefects were devoted men, and were bent upon one thing only, and that was our improvement. My first night in the dormitory helped to initiate me into College life. Sleep, as well as study, and play was to be taken in common, and good example from snoring companions drew into slumber even the most wakeful. The next morning—class! Before I entered I wondered what it would be like. When along with my companions I sat on the old worn benches, we were treated to an introductory study of Latin, or rather, to a lecture on the facilities and advantages of learning that language. Was it my freshness, was it my dreamy imagination, was it the attraction outside; the trees looked so beautiful, the birds chirped so gaily, or was it the professor's...? but I must stop. Whatever may have been the cause, I looked distracted, and was recalled from my reverie by: "Come, come, boys, attention!" The admonition surprised me a little, but I was consoled that others, no doubt new comers, were also in a dreamy mood. Was it the "blues?" Not so with me, I warrant, whatever it may be with the others. After a while the bell rang and a new professor was ushered in. This change of professor is an advantage, and I remember now how I often wished that the change would occur, especially when the mathematics lesson was very hard, and when an easier matter would follow. A