

board, and have been swept away by the current, and are forgotten : a score, or may be more, remain ; and if any of them read these lines, they will probably recall many another reminiscence of the dear old *Alma Mater*. The great, large, fond heart of Father Tabaret has since become dust ; Father Faford fills a martyr's grave in the wild North-West ; Brother Cooney sleeps in the quiet of a holy grave ; James Burns — afterwards a priest, whose cord served to tie the calf, has years since gone to the bosom of God ; several of the students that took part in the nightly procession, are

with the silent ones beneath the sod ; and with mingled feelings of pleasant recollection and sad souvenir, the writer recalls their names and their faces. If anyone doubts the authenticity of this hurried account of a memorable event, there is yet living a witness whose mind has surely not lost the impress of that wonderful night : Rev Father Chaborel can vouch for it all.

J. K. FORAN,  
Class of '77.

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Knowledge is proud that he has learned  
so much ;

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

