

loftier planes, in widening the scope of her activities, in giving an impetus of enthusiasm to her vast potentialities. "Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo."

Amid the arduous labors and manifold cares of your high office, you may, dear Father Rector, count always on the loyal and earnest cooperation of the student body. We pray the Lord of Knowledge that He may ever direct your hand, that He may long preserve you to guide aright the destinies of our Alma Mater, so important an asset of Canadian nationhood.

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

Replying to the dutiful expressions and kind words of welcome of the student body, the Rev. Rector replied as follows: My dear friends,

On more than on one occasion, during my uneventful life, it was my most unhappy lot to feel much embarrassed, out of sorts and not entirely in my native element; and to-day, boys, is one of such occasions. But, I pray, why should I not feel completely at home in an institution where, as you say yourselves, I have spent the best years of my life? Why? Oh! you are too wide awake not to surmise at least, the cause of my predicament.

Well, for the benefit of those who may not guess rightly, I may state at once that it is the first time in my life that an address as read to me. Now, candidly, boys, is it not enough to set any man's thinking machine out of gear? To answer one's first address is very much like preaching one's first sermon; and those who have had to experience that nerve-racking ordeal, know and may appreciate the position in which I am just now.

Before leaving my room to greet you, dear young friends, I was presumptuous enough to nurse the belief that I would have something in touch with the occasion, to say to you; but to my profound dismay I beheld everything vanish out of ken and grasp at every step I took towards you. So now that I am forced to face the fiddle, I fear very much that my tongue will refuse to dance to the tune of my thoughts, and deny me fair assistance in giving adequate expression to my feelings.

In fact, in answer to your most generous, considerate and well-worded address of welcome, thoughts-galore rush to my mind, but so unruly is the stampede that they will come out much like theatre goers, when the ominous word "Fire!" is heard.

At any rate, boys, I must, first and above all, thank you most sincerely for the soul-rejoicing words spoken to me this day: words which convey to the innermost recesses of my heart, much