



Vol. XIV.

OTTAWA, ONT., JANUARY, 1912.

No. 4

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

A Reminiscence.

“Fortasse et haec olim meminisse juvabit.”

SO far as I know, a reminiscence has only two requirements—that the events be of the past and that they be within one's personal experience. It need not be of any certain age, and yet I have hesitated to call these lines a reminiscence. Why? For one reason, they scarcely recall a single event. For another because eight years seem such an infinitesimally small portion of that vast tide of years that we call the past. There is a third reason. To invade the past seems to me almost a violation of a vested right of old age. It is meet that the old should write of the past and that the young should write of the future, for these look ahead while those look backward and night which brings dreams to the young can bring only memories to the old.

And yet I would write of the past for even the short space of eight years may lend a glamour to events such as the charm that vanished centuries lend to the dead chivalry of the past.

Eight years—so long to look ahead so short to look back; so many changes yet so much sameness; so much planned, so little done.

Changes, yes; there are changes. Eight years ago and a few weeks more, the splendid Arts building of this University was un-