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OTTAWA'S ALUMNI.

(From Charter Day Address Delivered in University Chapel, 1906.)

W. B. Wilson.

There are no aged people among the Alumni of Ottawa University. On the occasion of the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of our alma mater two years ago one of the speakers said, "There are no forty-year-old alumni of Ottawa University." He was approximately correct at least. Even our beloved institution has not laid by her youthful garments and everything around her, even the commonwealth herself, possesses the mark of the vigor of youth. We have reached an age, however, when it is fitting occasionally to make an inventory of the past, view the way we have traveled hither, and call up memories of scenes and faces out of the lengthening past.

The first graduate of Ottawa University was J. W. Stocks, from Colorado, a man of blessed memory to those who were so fortunate as to know him and to count him as a friend. When the writer was "only a little Junior Ac," as Dr. Chandler would say, Stocks was the great and only Senior collegiate. He never was anything else but a Senior, having entered at the beginning of that year. Think of the destinies of a class resting in the hands of one member! Stocks was the entire class of 1886; president, poet, orator, debater and athlete. It is safe to say he encountered little opposition. No petty class

jealousies, no romantic class love affairs and no strivings for valedictory, or salutatory honors. But his graduation was an occasion of unusual interest not merely because he was the first graduate, but especially because he was a creditable son of his scholastic foster mother. Long may the memory of the first graduate be cherished in the annals of Ottawa University.

Then came the "Dove Class" of "'88;" two young ladies as earnest and gifted as ever graced our baccalaureate occasions. One has given her life to bearing the sweet story of the cross to a foreign land; the other is an honored college professor in a western institution.

From small beginnings our number grew with each successive class until we reached the period of class organization in the usual modern sense, with athletic and intellectual rivalries, class functions and, of course, class scraps. It is true we had not yet learned to

Fry the Freshman fry,
And tie the midnight spy,
Or paint the dome so high.

But we did bury bottles containing class legends in strange hieroglyphics only to find them in the hands of the enemy within the next week. We did take midnight rides on hay wagons, drawn by traction engines, sometimes to experience the delightful sensation of having the wheels roll off their axles in the most mysterious way. These incidents will serve as samples of the many youthful ebullitions of that period of our adolescence. Viewed through the ever-lengthening vista of years they lend enchantment to the scene and furnish a pleasant topic of conversation wherever alumni chance to meet.

The records in the office show the following interesting facts: The total number of graduates is about three hundred forty. Of these thirty are ministers, eleven college professors, eight superintendents of schools, eighty-five teachers in various lines, five journalists, six or seven lawyers, seven doctors, six foreign missionaries, and eight deceased. The remainder are engaged in business pursuits of various sorts. There are one hundred eighty-five men and one hundred sixty women. It ought to be of interest to note that of the latter fifty-eight are married, which goes to show that Ottawa University girls at least

can and do get married. This is all the more impressive when we remember that all are still young, as was said in the beginning.

These alumni have scattered to the four quarters of the globe, and are to be found in almost every state of the Union and every country of the earth. Most of them are now actively engaged in the world's work, helping to solve the world's problems, and doing no small part in redeeming this earth from error's chain.

The time is near at hand when we shall embrace another generation of successful aspirants to alumni membership. The older members always heartily welcome those who, by dint of hard work, and sharpened talents, are able to pass the examinations, and whose courage will permit them to face a graduation ordeal and get their degrees.

It is with renewed pleasure that many of us look forward to another reunion on the campus in June. This season it is planned to hold the various alumni meetings in some college hall, or in the chapel amid the scenes made sacred to the heart of every alumnus by the experiences of undergraduate days. And even if it shall not be the privilege of some ever to return again we can all join in the following sentiment of our college hymn given us by our beloved ex-president, Doctor Franklin Johnson:

Sweet Alma Mater,
Long may thy halls abide,
Amid these meadows wide,
My Ottawa;

* * * *

May thousands to thee flow,
And thousands from thee go,
To heal earth's sin and woe,
My Ottawa.