

Father Tabaret of those whom the world calls the *élite*, and just as truly is he, to-night, amongst those whom God calls the *elect*. Outside yonder door is a statue that affection has raised to his memory; but this magnificent institution, with its ever expanding proportions and increasing influences, is the monument *par excellence* that shall transmit his name and his fame to posterity. Grand in his humility, childlike and meek in his power, poverty only enriched him, years made him grow younger, obstacles strengthened him, difficulties encouraged him, and a lowly spirit and a life of obedience constituted him an organizer of institutions and a commander amongst men. The impress of his zeal is left upon the diocese of Ottawa; the mark of his handiwork you behold in this University; and the seal of his strong personality is indelibly stamped upon the spirit of a whole generation of men. Suddenly, one day, God's hurried ambassador came to him with a summons, but the angel of death found him ready to lay down his burden and go, with his works, before the Creator. To him might I apply the words of Denis Florence McCarthy, in his poem, "The Vale of Shanganah":

"Like a brave man, in fearless resistance
He had fought the good fight on the field of
existence:
A crown he had won in the conflict of labor,
With Truth for his armor, and Thought for his
sabre."

Friend of my youth! If your spirit hovers in this hall to-night, it will smile upon the men who are so nobly carrying on the work that you commenced. If, in the communion of souls between the living and the dead, my humble voice can reach you beyond, ask of God to look down upon the University of Ottawa, to guide its directors along the highway of success, to strew their path with the choicest of blessings, that they may be enabled to carry to a grand realization the fervent dreams and the lofty aspirations of your life of sacrifice, of your life of love! Graduates and pupils behold your model!

Two important works have the Oblates accomplished during the last half century: the evangelization of one generation and the education of another. The night of paganism obscured the world, the dark

clouds of infidelity and barbarism hung over the intelligences of men, when, in the far off East, in the land of Prophets and Patriarchs, the Star of Salvation twinkled at Bethlehem and the gorgeous Sun of Redemption flashed upon Calvary. The rays of that Sun penetrated the groves where the Druids taught the mysticism of the stars, they tipped with splendor the monuments of ages and crowned those storied works of a buried time with the chastening light of heaven, they descended into the catacombs and came forth from that city of the dead to fling their radiance upon the cross above the dome of St. Peter's, they shot athwart the darkness of centuries, crossed the furrowed face of the Atlantic, penetrated the primeval forests of the New World—and, wheresoever they fell, their warmth imparted spiritual life, and their brilliancy shed a lustre around the souls of men. The religious and educational institutions of our country are the *foci* to which those rays converged, and from which they again separated to light up newer and broader horizons. This University of Ottawa is one of the great conservatories of that light. From out its treasure-house the members of the Oblate order have carried the choicest gifts. The monuments of their zeal and devotedness dot the Dominion from ocean to ocean, from the line forty-five to beneath the fringes of the Aurora Borealis.

Up amidst the picturesqueness of the Gatineau and Desert, the spire of Maniwaki's Church flings a shadow upon one of their pioneer establishments. Off by Timigami and Nipissing they are literally "turning a wilderness into a garden." Away by the Red River and over the rolling prairies of the Northwest, in the footsteps of Archbishop Taché and his companions, are the evidences of their presence. Up amongst the stupendous grandeurs of the Rockies have they planted the cross. Beyond, where Fraser and Mackenzie leap, in wild fury, down the granite stairways of their white cascades to the ocean, have they labored. In far away Alaska, where the foot of summer scarcely ever treads, with Bishop Clut and his associates, do we behold their work. And, to-night, in that section of our country rendered historic by deeds of heroism, beneath the shadow of the Cypress hills,