

this death is precious, because this good Father expired in the arms of his brethren after receiving holy absolution and extreme unction, for which he had consciousness enough in that supreme moment to ask. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." (Apoc. xiv, 13.) Death in the Lord is the last and crowning blessing that can be wished for on earth, for, as the sacred text has it: "From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors." (Apoc. xiv, 13.) Well, indeed, may we claim that Father Tabaret was worthy to hear this word of sovereign delight. Well may we claim that he, an indefatigable servant of the master, has won his rest and refreshment, and having borne the burden of the day, has entered into the bosom of Abraham. But it is for you, Reverend Fathers, to prosecute his work to the end—for the Spirit of God hath said: *Opera enim illorum sequuntur illos*—their works will follow them. (Apoc. 13.) You have his work in hand, the work of his heart, his life, and of his death. Now there is left me but one word to say, the word of sadness and of sorrow, the last sad good bye. O, Father! leave you now we must. In the name of all you loved, farewell; in the name of Holy Church for which you labored, farewell; in the name of the diocese of Ottawa, farewell; in the name of the noble and generous congregation of the Oblates of the Immaculate Mary, for which you were in Canada a veritable pillar, farewell; in the name of the students of the College of Ottawa, present and past, farewell; in the name of all who have here gathered to render you a parting homage, farewell. Farewell—farewell—not forever, but til we meet above.

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