

ory the monument was erected. On behalf of the Alumni Association he handed it over to the keeping of the University authorities.

His Grace, Archbishop Duhaime, read telegrams and letters from several bishops who were prevented from attending, congratulating His Grace upon the auspicious occasion, and sending their best wishes for the future of the University. A letter was also received from Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, expressing regret that a previous engagement precluded him from being present. He could say that all who knew the Rev. Father Tabaret, and who were conversant with his devotion to duty and the splendid services rendered by him to the cause of sacred as well as secular education, would ever hold his memory dear, while the monument unveiled that day will ever stand a silent mentor to those who seek to emulate his great example.

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., was then introduced by Judge Oliver. Mr. Curran met with a hearty reception. He said: May it please Your Eminence, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Your kind greeting gives me courage to undertake a labour of love I am painfully aware of my inability fitly to perform. The task is as difficult as the ceremony that brings us together is imposing. But a few years ago and we were summoned to weep over the great loss that had befallen not only the University of Ottawa, but the Church and the country as well. We stood beside the bier of our departed and dearly beloved friend and guide. Our grief was too keen for words, and we were mute in presence of so overwhelming a calamity. To-day all that is changed. The scene is not of mourning, but of gladness, sorrow has made way for joy, and in hearts that were bowed down with weight of woe, there beat pulsations of delight that cannot be controlled. We see in the vast concourse, where princes of the Church are mingled with statesmen of the land, in honour of the memory of a good man, whom for years we fondly called father, the augury of the consummation of the noble work to which his life was devoted, and we no longer grieve over the lost friend, but pride in the tribute justly paid to his great name and manifold services. Daniel Webster, in one of his speeches, said: "A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a passing flame, burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as a radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind, so that when it glimmers in its own decay and finally goes out in death no night follows, but it leaves the world all light and all on fire from the potent contact of its own spirit." How true are those words as applied to the founder of the institution. He was a great man whom heaven vouchsafed us, his intellect was superior, but it was not a mere temporary flame, which, passing away, left nothing but darkness behind; its fervent heat vivified his work during his too short life, and his spirit flashes its radiant light into futurity, illumining the path his successors are to follow. The theme to be dilated upon is so vast, the considerations it offers are so numerous and fruitful of reflection, that we must be content to mark but the outlines of its significance. This ceremony has a meaning far beyond the precincts of our Alumni Association. Attended by such distinguished marks of sympathy, it inspires Christian teachers throughout the land, and infuses into their breasts redoubled courage to carry on the good fight they have so gallantly waged up to the present time. It offers guarantees of security to the State. It gives the greatest promise of future intellectual development of the people, and away across the seas, far from our fair and free land of Canada; it wafts consolation and compensation to the august Head of the Church, so lately afflicted and humiliated by an inauguration, at the very portals of the Vatican, so different from that we are celebrating to-day in the capital of our new Dominion. There a statue was unveiled in honour of the supremacy of human reason, as a protest against authority, as a tribute to one who, discarding the teachings of Christian morality, became the slave of human passions.

Could the Holy Father but witness the ceremony we are now participating in, beneath the shadow of the legislative halls of our country, would it not be balm for his wounded

heart and cheer for his spirit, so much in need of consolation? The master hand of His Grace, the Archbishop of Ottawa, has already traced the early life and subsequent labours of our illustrious founder. I shall not attempt to emulate that brilliant effort. Let me but mention one little incident in his earliest career as a missionary, which will reveal to thoughtful minds the secret of his great successes. The parish, if we may so call the vast territory assigned to him in the Ottawa district, was but scantily supplied in those days with clergymen of any denomination. Father Tabaret had too great a soul, and sympathies too embracing, to confine his labours solely to those of his own creed. His genial disposition had won the love and confidence of those outside the pale of his own congregation, and whilst he said Mass and preached for the members of his Catholic flock on Sunday morning, in the afternoon of the same day he, not unfrequently, spoke words of the broadest Christian charity to a congregation composed of men of many sects. In that mission he was beloved by all, and more than once was he called to the bedside of a dying Christian, who had sent for him, not because he belonged to his church, but because he felt comforted by the presence of one whom all knew was the embodiment of many Christian virtues. He was assigned to take charge of the College, then in its infancy. It seems but as yesterday, and now what a mighty change! The education of youth had for him an indescribable charm. He loved his calling, and no sacrifice was too great for the fulfilment of its manifold duties. Why speak of the obstacles he surmounted, of the trials and tribulations that would have broken down a less ardent and indomitable spirit? They are fresh in your memories. Let us consider the intellectual grasp he brought to the work. He admired all that was good and sound and solid in the systems he had followed, but thrown as he was in contact with fine intellects of other denominations in charge of educational establishments, he never failed to note and even to speak approvingly of the many good points he found in their methods. He was retiring, and dreaded display; but the many volumes he wrote for the guidance of his associate instructors in the management of this University show how zealous and indefatigable a worker and keen discernor he was for the cause of Catholic education. An ardent lover of the land of his adoption, how often in his exhortations to the students did he point out that this Dominion was to be the happy home of a united people? How often did he not preach the doctrine of toleration for each others weakness? Educating youth of different races, on how many occasions did he not point out, whilst praising the noble qualities of all, the blemishes of each which we should strive to remove, yet fortifying these virtues which blended together would, in God's own time, make of Canada a great nation. These were the lessons he taught, and that great teacher, his life and his labours, were the gifts of France to our new country. I am tempted, because I feel the occasion justifies it, and certain events now taking place in more than one province of our Confederation call for it, to say one word of what we owe to Frenchmen and their descendants in our midst. To-day we honour Tabaret, and future generations will continue to honour him, as they will honour Laval and Brassard, Girouard, Decharme, Labelle and Painchaud. Do those who appear not to realize what we owe to those men understand what the history of Canada would be were it despoiled of the glory that race has shed upon it? Why have recourse to historic lore when contemporaneous history furnishes more than sufficient material? What a void there would be in our statesmanship could we not point to Lafontaine, Cartier, Dorion and Langevin? Deprive popular eloquence of Papineau and L. S. Morin, of Chaveau, Laurier and Chapleau, and should we not lose its brightest ornaments? Strike from amongst our historians Gameau, Bibeau and Ferland and Sulte, how many indefatigable workers and faithful chroniclers would remain? Let me ask you to consider what has been done for poetry and for art by Cremazie, Frechette and Lemay, by Falardeau, Bourassa and a host of others, and tell me who are their rivals? Lord Lyndhurst once said that the Irish were aliens in blood, in language and religion, and every schoolboy has memorized the crushing reply of Richard Lalor Shiel; but if the loss of