

I felt brave this time, and I answered : " You did not use the word ' yes,' but when I asked you if we might GO to the Farm for our match (and that meant a Grand Congé), you said ' GO' "; and after a pause I added " and we obeyed you and went."

He placed his hand on my head and smilingly said : " If you are never a priest, you will be either a lawyer or a politician." Till this day I cannot tell whether he intended that as a compliment or otherwise—all I know is that Father Tabaret was prophetic in that instance as he was in all matters of graver and greater moment that interested him.

Thirty years, I said, have passed away since that afternoon in October ; and those years have carried off almost all those who were full of life and hope on that day. God's rest to them now. Father Tabaret is no more, but his life work remains as the most glorious monument that could be raised to the devoted priest, the great missionary, the grand educator. He was one of the *elect* in the world beyond. Last summer I beheld his statue amidst the ruins of the glorious institution that his master-hand had been so instrumental in building. Like Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage, that statue seemed to weep over the ashes and debris at its base ; but unlike Carthage, that city of science and faith is destined to arise again more magnificent than ever, and consequently more in accordance with the ideal University that Father Tabaret had pictured to himself in his dreams of the future.

Of the members of our class, three entered on the holy avenue that leads to the altar,—two of them, Burns and Cole, have passed from the ranks of the Church Militant to those of the Church Triumphant. The third is none other than that zealous, pious, beloved priest Father Sloan, of the diocese of Ottawa,—long may he live to walk the pathway of his selection and to carry out in practice, for the glory of God, the lessons learned from Father Tabaret in the days long gone. Of the remaining members of that class, Lajoie is now a leading light in the legal circles of the great city of Montreal, and the writer is an humble scribbler, who rejoices in the prosperity of his boyhood's companion, and whose only merit is to have never forgotten the scenes of his youth and faces and voices of those who also cherish them.

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