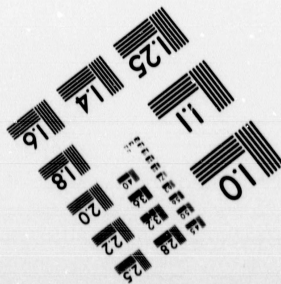
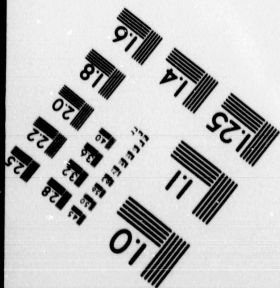
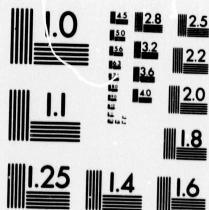


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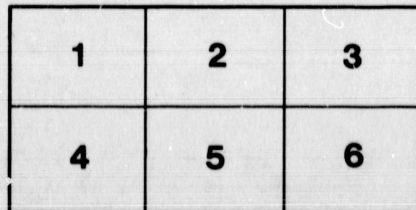
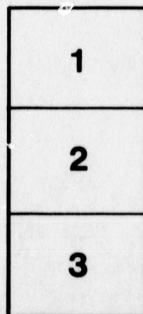
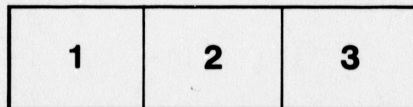
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A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. FATHER JOSEPH HENRY TABARET,

*Oblate of Mary Immaculate, Doctor of Divinity, Founder
and Superior of the College of Ottawa.*

DIED IN OTTAWA, 28th FEBRUARY, 1886,
AGED 58 YEARS.

OTTAWA :

PRINTED BY MACLEAN, ROGER & Co., WELLINGTON STREET.

1886

1886
(85)

THIS MEMORIAL SKETCH
IS DEDICATED TO
HIS LORDSHIP
THE RT. REV. J. J. DUHAMEL, D. D.,
BISHOP OF OTTAWA,
AND TO THE
STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE.

Dolendum est quod nobis cito raptus
sit; consolandum quod ad meliora
transierit. (*St. Ambroise.*)

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE LIFE OF THE
REV. JOS. HENRY TABARET.

Our filial affection would be, to a certain degree, satisfied, were we able to offer to his many loving children and friends, a complete biography of the Rev. Father Tabaret, whose loss we feel more keenly from day to day, but at the present we have at our disposal neither the time nor the requisite notes; besides, we are still too much affected by his death, to give ourselves up to the work, as we should do in order to feel we had done our best. Our own personal recollections for the time being are sadly confused.

Our readers will kindly pardon us and find some compensation for the present brief notice, in the assurance that in the near future an abler pen, if not a warmer heart, will do ampler justice to the memory of our much loved Father.

He whom all Canada was to revere under the name of Father Tabaret, was born in the small city of St. Marcellin (Dept. of the Isère Dauphiné) on 10th April, 1828.

He was christened Joseph Henry. His parents were richer in the gifts of heaven than in the goods of this world. Theirs was a thoroughly christian family, whose chief glory lies in the fact that it gave several distinguished priests to the church of God. Two uncles of the deceased left undying souvenirs of their virtues and their zeal among the people of Valence. One of them, after several years of parochial services as Parish Priest, spent the last years of his ministry in the honorable and onerous position of Vicar General. The other uncle, after some years spent in fulfilling his duties as Canon of the Chapter of the Cathedral of Valence, was made Chaplain of a large community in the same city.

The blessings of these venerable relatives were breathed upon the young Henry while he was yet in the cradle. A younger brother,

named Philip, was also to devote his life to the ministry of the altar of the Most High.

Needless to say, these pious influences, added to the careful training he received from his christian parents, contributed largely to mould his heart and his mind to trace out his course in life.

One of his sisters became a nun, and still leads a life of heroic self-immolation for the good of others in a convent in France. Christian charity seemed contagious in this family—a cousin of his founded and endowed an orphan asylum in the city of *Romans*. This excellent woman is still the active principle of every work of benevolence in the Parish of St. Nicholas.

In such a school, where labor, virtue and devotedness were so practically taught, Joseph Henry, at an early age, resolved to walk in the footsteps of his venerable uncles ; but to attain his noble end a college education was required, and his parents were not able to meet this expense. Providence came to their rescue in the person of an aunt, who had been strongly and favorably impressed with the character and appearance of her nephew. Thanks to her generous aid, the youth set out for the College of *Bourg du Péage*.

What effect was produced upon him by his sojourn in this house of study? What impressions did he make on those with whom he dwelt there? Let us learn from one who, undoubtedly, knew him better than anyone else here below—his life long friend, the Rev. Father Tortel—at present Superior of the House of Mary Immaculate, in Lowell, Mass. Father Tortel says: "In this school, numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred students, two-thirds were frequent communicants. They received as often as two and three times a week. The pious Henry was at home here ; it was the atmosphere his soul most relished ; he loved the place." This fact goes far towards explaining why Father Tabaret was always solemnly in earnest whenever he spoke on the subject of preparation for communion. He wanted the pupils to be most exact in all that concerns the reception of the sacraments, but he was no rigorist, and his greatest joy was to see them receive often. This consolation was one of those that marked his last day on earth. The students had all been to communion on the morning of that sorrowful day, in preparation for the devotions of the month of St. Joseph. In his counsel to the young men, who went to him for spiritual direction, he always urged them to frequent communion as the surest safeguard in the difficult path of virtue. It was during his sojourn at the College of

Bourg that his after life dawned upon him. All his efforts, from the moment the project had been settled in his mind, tended towards realizing his high ideal. His worthy and venerable school-fellow is still our informant. "We frequently, in our conversations, spoke of the future career to be run by each of us. Rev. Father Dassy, an Oblate, from the House of N. D. de l'Osier, preached a retreat at our college, that made a deep impression upon both of us. We often, after that, assured one another that we would become Oblates. As for myself, said Henry, I have but one desire; that is, to find a place where I may give myself up to the education of youth. How little did either of us then dream that Ottawa was the place marked out by God, in which this desire was to find its fulfilment."

It was a spiritual retreat that had revealed to him the particular state of life he was to choose. He was to be a religious in the Order of Mary Immaculate. His college life had been his training school for the great work of education he was to adopt as his special mission. He felt the greatest veneration for the worthy superior of the college where he had been so happy. This same master and this same college later on, when he would be at the head of a house of studies, would suggest many good points, which to this day characterize his work here in Ottawa. It was always with evident delight that he reverted to those earlier years of study; he always spoke with enthusiasm of the venerable Superior of his college, who, as he loved to repeat, "knew how to win both the affection and the respect of the pupils by maintaining authority and dignity." Did not the loving student learn this lesson well from his teacher?

If Joseph Henry Tabaret loved his masters, we know from an unquestionable source that he was warmly loved by them in return.

During the serious and fatal illness of his beloved superior, young Tabaret was chosen by the invalid as his bedside companion. His discretion, his adroitness, and his devotedness, entitled him to this distinction. The death of this venerable Father came near inducing the young man to change his mind, relatively to the order of which he had determined to become a member. The institution, whose venerable founder had just died, had negotiated affiliation with the Dominicans, and several of the young men studying there had joined the third Order of St. Dominic. Joseph Henry had been received as an aspirant, when some unforeseen difficulties occurred which thwarted this project and confirmed him in his first design. We

cannot doubt that his early studies were serious and crowned with brilliant results. The success of his labors amongst us speaks loudly of the solid preliminary work that must have been done. Had we not this convincing proof, his serious tasks, his habits of reflection, so well known to us, would more than convince us that his early studies had been deep and eminently practical. At all events the summer vacation of 1845 found him setting out for the novitiate of N. D. de l'Osier. He was obeying the voice that had called him during that retreat a few years before. His dear college friend had preceded him here and was the warmest in welcoming him to this new home, where he was to perfect himself in the way of self-denial and of all the higher Christian virtues. Each day the ardent novice discovered new beauties in his vocation, and when the happy day of oblation came it was an unreserved sacrifice that was offered up for the good of his fellow-men. The Rev. Father Vincens received his vows. From this day to the very last Father Tabaret's love and labors were given to his religious family; its joys were his joys, its sorrows his sorrows. He had no personal interests; they were all for his adopted community. To make that community loved more and more by each of its members was the effort of his life.

The quiet life of his novitiate was broken by two events that gave the young Brother Tabaret undisguised pleasure. They were marked down as memorable days. One was the reception extended to the students and professors of his former school, who had come on a pilgrimage to the shrine of N. D. de l'Osier, to venerate a miraculous statue of Our Lady. This meeting of old friends he considered an event in his life. His whole heart was in the courteous hospitality he gave them. He did all the honors of the occasion, and joined them in their acts of devotion performed at the shrine. It was with real delight he pointed out to them the charms of his beloved seclusion.

The other happy incident referred to was the election of Pius the IXth to the Pontifical Throne. The young religious, who was to be so strongly characterized by his love for the Church, entered heart and soul in the rejoicings of the whole Catholic world. The Rev. Father Burfin, his superior, at the time, gave the novices and students in philosophy, a great holiday in honor of the event, and no one took a larger part in the celebration thereof than Brother Tabaret.

When the first years of probation were over, he pronounced his vows. The Rev. Father Vincens, by whose side he now sleeps,

and whose tragic death he so bitterly deplored, received them. After this decisive step had been taken, he bade farewell to the peaceful sanctuary of N. D. de l'Osier, and proceeded to one of the other houses of the Order in the south of France. On his way he stopped at the Trappist Monastery of Aiguebelle. To gratify his piety, the Rev. Father Prior gave him a pledge of his right of participation in all the communions and works of the Order for the rest of his life, with the further right of applying these merits to his soul after death.

His new abode was to be the Scholastic House at Marseilles, the birthplace of the Order, the Episcopal city of Mgr. de Mazenod, the venerable founder of the Oblates. The young novice had often been there in spirit. He was overjoyed at the prospect of spending a few years in this city, most deservedly dear to every member of the congregation; but scarcely had he arrived, when he was told he must forego this consolation, owing to a marked change in his health. The doctor feared a fatal pulmonary disease. He furthermore received orders from his superiors that he must continue his scholastic course of study privately, in some healthier locality. This was done, partly at N. D. de Lumière, and partly in his first religious home at N. D. de l'Osier. During this period he had frequent intercourse with one of the Fathers of his Order, who exercised a remarkable influence over him. It was the Rev. Father Charles Barret, a man of whom his community is justly proud, distinguished no less for his eminent virtues than for his brilliant and varied talents. He directed the philosophical studies of Brother Tabaret, whose health, notwithstanding the change, was improving but slowly. God's will was manifesting itself in favor of the removal to America.

In 1850, Mgr. Guigues, the first Bishop of Ottawa, was called to France to take part in the General Chapter of the Order of the Oblates, of which he was a devoted and distinguished member. He was also in search of recruits to labor in his new and struggling diocese. The college he had just opened gave him great anxiety. The venerable Mgr. de Mazenod, head of the Order, had learned in his intimate communications with Brother Tabaret of his desire to give himself up to the cause of education. It occurred to him he was the right man to send out with Mgr. Guigues to Canada, but the delicate health of the young religious was a serious obstacle. The Council, very prudently, deferred the case to the attending physician. The latter, on being called in for consultation, declared that the young man's health was jeopardized by remaining where he was,

while a complete change, such as would be secured in the foreign missions, offered a chance of improvement, but it was only a chance. The Council hesitated no longer, but permitted Brother Tabaret to sail with Monseigneur Guigues. Before leaving he was raised to the deaconship by the venerable and worthy founder of his Order. From the moment of his landing in Quebec, he made himself a true citizen of his new country, without in the least relinquishing his love for his dear motherland. He determined to make himself all things to all men for Christ's sake. It has been truthfully said, were it not for his name and his accent, no one would have been able to say to which country he belonged, so nobly did he emulate the great apostle of the nations. He loved Ireland, which he visited at one time, rather as a pilgrim than as a tourist. He was sincerely devoted to all the interests of French Canadians. He respected all the national elements that go to make up the population of this country. With all, and at all times, his aim was to be a Catholic missionary, and such he truly was, in the fullest sense of the words. He was ordained priest on the 21st of December, 1850, by Mgr. Guigues, and his first duties as such were performed at the mission of L'Orignal, whither he went by order of his superior. This mission was then rather extensive. It included the parishes of St. Charles' Bay, Alfred, Caledonia Springs, Vankleek Hill, East Hawkesbury, Hawkesbury, North Hawkesbury, Chatham, Grenville, the several concessions depending on Grenville, Bonsecours (now known as Montebello), and Papineauville. His spirit was equal to the task, always even tempered, no matter how many difficulties there might be in the way. Always ready at the first call of duty, always devoted to the interests, spiritual and temporal, of his parishioners, he won the love of his brothers in religion and the gratitude of the souls confided to his care. His memory is still revered by those kind souls after a lapse of 34 years. The priests now acting as pastors of the several parishes of which he, at one time, was one of the administrators, hear him often spoken of with love and respect. Father Tabaret spent but two years in this active ministry, but short as the term of labor was, it sufficed to give him the measure of the wants of the Catholics in those sections, both French and Irish, and to inspire him with the right idea of the direction he had to give the young clerics, who, under his guidance, were to fit themselves to minister to those people. His practical talents served him well in devising the means best calculated to further the interest, moral and material, of these new parishes.

As early as 1848, that is to say from the date of his episcopal consecration, Mgr. Guigues had purposed to establish a classical college in Ottawa. "He had a double object in view," says Father Tabaret in the few notes he has left us concerning the beginning of his great work, "to secure ecclesiastical vocations, and to give society and religion able defenders." A wooden building on Church street, opposite the Bishop's residence, was the first scene of labor. The opening took place on the 26th of October, 1848. Each in turn the Rev. Fathers Chevalier, Mignault and Gaudet had acted as director. But in September of 1853, the Bishop of Bytown, having erected the building now known as the Christian Brothers' Day School, at the corner of Sussex and Church streets, appointed Father Tabaret superior of the institution. Since that time Father Tabaret was so perfectly identified with his work that the history of the work is the history of the man. We will endeavor to make a rapid survey of the principal events of these thirty-three years of total self-sacrifice and devotedness. When Father Tabaret was appointed superior of the college, the only professors were a few seminarians. The students numbered but fifteen boarders and about forty day scholars. "The finances were not in a promising condition," Father Tabaret says in one of his notes. "From September, 1853, to August, 1856, the college had no other means of support than the small revenue coming from the students. This would scarcely cover the expenses of keeping one servant, of lighting and heating the house and of procuring the most urgently needed books for the library." In fact, out of the one hundred and fifty students frequenting the college in 1856, over forty were gratuitously educated, and the terms for the others were so low as to be out of all proportion to the wants of the institution. But Father Tabaret was not disheartened; amidst these trying circumstances he was patiently resigned to wait a brighter turn of affairs, but this was not without causing him much pain. The lack of professors compelled him to forget his own sufferings and to do the work of teacher and superior; he gave himself out with almost indiscreet generosity. So indefatigable was he that evening often found him so harassed and tired as to make it impossible for him to sit up in his arm chair. About that time he was honored with the title of Senator of the Toronto University; he willingly accepted the honor, hoping to be thereby enabled to promote the interests of Catholic education, but when he saw there was little chance of any real advantages accruing to the good work he had so much at heart, he contented himself with an occasional attendance at the meetings of the Senate, and with exercising a salutary but

most discreet influence over this honorable body. In the meantime the population of Ottawa was rapidly increasing ; it had already reached the number of 10,000 souls. Mgr. Guigues saw that the time had come to open up a larger field for the combined works of the college and the ecclesiastical seminary. An edifice, 84 feet by 40, was erected on a site that had been kindly donated by Mr. J. T. Besserer, between Cumberland, Wilbrod, Waller and Theodore streets. The work of construction, begun in 1855, was, by the month of August, 1856, well nigh finished. St. Joseph's church was erected the same year, and by an agreement signed by Mgr. de Mazenod, the Superior General and founder of the Oblates, and Mgr. Guigues, the college and the church were to be held as the property of the Order. During the summer vacation of the same year Father Tabaret caused the furniture and all the movable goods of the college to be transferred to the new building, and had everything ready to open in September, 1856.

The faculty consisted of Father Tabaret, President, Father Trudeau, recently deceased at Lowell, Mass., Father P. A. Soulerin and Father Burtin. There were sixty-eight students, fifteen of whom were boarders, three half boarders and fifty day scholars. Father Tabaret speaks at length in his memoirs of the good-will and devotedness of his brothers in religion, and of the young clerics who labored with him. He says nothing of himself ; but what we could readily surmise, having known him so well, we learn from one of his zealous co-laborers, who tells us in a letter written recently : " Father Tabaret was the first everywhere ; he was the life and soul of the work. He often taught nine hours a day, looked after the students in the intervals of class and study hours, directed the studies and attended to the wants of his religious community. This was superhuman labor, replete with all kinds of annoyances ; yet in the midst of all these trials I do not remember ever to have heard him complain or show the least sign of discouragement. On the contrary he took delight in cheering us and bidding us look forward to the time when the college would have attained its fullest development ; when the city, having grown also in wealth and population, would be better able to appreciate the institution. My friends, you now enjoy the realization of those hopes, but you must never forget what they cost him whom you so justly mourn."

Although no increase was noticeable during the first two years in the new abode, Father Tabaret was undaunted, and so sure was he of the future prosperity of the college that he undertook a voyage to France

in the month of July, 1858, to solicit from Mgr. de Mazenod some Fathers to increase his staff of professors. He returned in October of the same year, bringing with him the Rev. Fathers Tortel, his old friend, Dédébat and Pian, with a young Irish gentleman whose acquaintance he had made on the way. He was greatly cheered by this successful issue of his voyage, and especially by the emphatic assurance he received from the venerable superior that the work of the college was indeed in perfect harmony with the works adopted by the congregation as its own. Thus cheered Father Tabaret resumed his laborious task with renewed ardor. In 1861, thanks to the kindly efforts of the Hon. R. W. Scott, who was that year member for Ottawa, an amendment to the Act of incorporation was granted to the college. The same year the wing facing on Cumberland street was completed and the organ put up in St. Joseph's Church. In 1862 Father Tabaret was nominated Vicar-General and one of the administrators of the diocese, to act as such during the absence of Mgr. Guigues. The same year he was chosen as first Superior of the Convent of the Grey Nuns. His noble humility made him look upon these marks of favor on the part of the Bishop as a testimonial of His Lordship's approbation of the work he was so anxious to promote: the same humility blinded him to his own personal merit. Those additional responsibilities did not, in the least, diminish his interest nor his efforts for his first charge.

The large share he took in Father McGrath's labors, in St. Patrick's Parish, and in various other sections of the diocese, was prompted chiefly by his great desire to advance the cause of Catholic education. In 1858 he chose to be called Joseph, instead of Henry, marking out to himself the duty of filling the place of *Joseph*, relatively to the work confided to his guardianship. Father Tortel tells us: "He saw in his title, as head of the family, a strong motive for choosing St. Joseph as his special patron. Thanks to his varied abilities, he was, indeed, worthy to be entrusted with the interests of a vast family. His attention was not confined to the moral and intellectual advancement of the college; he was equally solicitous about all that might enhance the beauty of the buildings and their surroundings. It was about that time he began setting out the trees, which he cultivated with so much care, and which, at the present day, are one of the principal attractions of this part of the city. How distinctly cannot the old pupils, as well as the people in the immediate neighborhood of the college, recall his daily morning inspection of these well-loved trees, during the spring and autumn seasons!

Certain it is that, after his students, there were no objects upon which more loving looks were bestowed than his trees, none received more assiduous, more tender care. In spite of Father Tabaret's supreme hopes for the future, in spite of the energy with which the present laborers devoted themselves, the development was tardy, in fact, the college was growing but slowly.

"During these long years of waiting," says one of our Fathers, "we were often on the point of giving up the attempt, so many and almost insurmountable were the obstacles that lay in our way. Our devoted superior, in some of his moments of anguish, moved us to tears; yet he was always foremost in resuming the project, and with touching emotion, urged us to adore the will of God. St. Joseph had not been adopted in vain as the patron of our house. We were often able to testify to his timely rescue. In some of our most despondent moments, when we appealed to our celestial purveyors, a change for the better occurred, which forced us to acknowledge, on our knees, that our prayers had been heard." In the summer of 1863, Father Tabaret sustained a great shock in the death of the Rev. Father Vincens, the Visitor General, who was drowned at the Desert. His sorrow was proportionate to the joy he had felt in welcoming this kind Father to Canada. The few short notes he has left us referring to the sad event, give but a slight idea of his intense sorrow. We quote only a few words to show how he associated every event with the welfare of his work. He says: "The Rev. dear Father Vincens, who was so interested in our undertaking, was drowned in the Upper Gatineau. What a terrible loss we have sustained!"

It is impossible, in this very condensed biographical sketch, to follow the beloved subject of our study, from year to year, as we would like to do, to note with him the vicissitudes of the college as well as the signs of the better times coming, but in order to show how unerring were his provisions, our readers will bear with us while we quote a few lines from his journal, relatively to the plan of studies he had laid down, in which his great concern was to secure equally the advantages of the Irish and of the French Canadian students, he concludes thus: "This double element presents some difficulties, but they are not insurmountable, otherwise one must needs conclude a man can master but one language, and that all modern nations have erred in adopting the study of languages, both living and dead, as the great educational means. Have not all the best writers of every

nation been conversant with several languages beside their own? Granted, that a man loses somewhat with regard to his style by this multiplicity of languages, does not *the wider range of thought thus afforded him more than compensate the loss*. Has not some one said: 'A man leads as many lives as he speaks languages?'

"At any rate can we question the absolute necessity of a thorough acquaintance with French and English in this part of Canada? Next year Ottawa will be made the Capital of the country. What chances of official positions then for those who cannot speak English?

"Besides, by thus bringing into closest contact from their very youth, those who, later on, will have a voice in public matters, we will contribute largely to the cementing of the union that ought to hold together all Catholics, irrespective of national considerations; petty susceptibilities will thus be stifled that otherwise might alienate from one another two peoples so well calculated to harmonize, to understand each other; we will help thereby those two nations that both venerate the same Mother, and kneel side by side at the same altar, to know and respect each other."

These words of wisdom were written on the 3rd and 6th of April, 1864. A few days later he was called by his superiors to fill the honorable post of Provincial for the Canadian section of his Order. This promotion compelled him to leave the field in which, for the past twelve years, says Father Tortel, he had sown broadcast the good seed; the field in which he had so generously labored; had borne, without fainting, the heat and burden of the day; the field whose every furrow bore the mark of personal sacrifices, of ceaseless combat, of untired energy.

We will not follow him in all the details of his new duties. We must mention, however, that he it was whose cordial encouragement enabled the venerable Father Durocher to overcome the difficulties attending the opening of our house of St. Sauveur, in Quebec. Needless to say his feet as well as his heart often turned towards his cherished college. Needless, also, is the assurance that when his term of duties as Provincial expired, in 1867, he resumed his labors in Ottawa, with a gladness equalled only by that which welcomed him back. In the interval the college had been incorporated, under the name of "University of Ottawa." Thanks to the efforts of Mgr. Guigues, of the Rev. Fathers Ryan and Lavoie, and to the influence of some influential friends, the Parliament had unanimously granted the charter by which the institution might assume a promi-

ment place in this Dominion, as a Catholic educational centre. Father Tabaret, with his wonted prudence, did not at once avail himself of those privileges, but bided his time until he could use them with more advantage. We may say that the whole of the interval between the years 1867 and 1873 was spent in gradually raising the institution from the college to the university. The number of students, although not very large, was steadily increasing. There were, as there had always been, ups and downs. Some of these years were better, some worse, but the work was waxing strong. The faculty was improving, both in numbers and in learning. The reputation of the college was being secured.

Father Tabaret was equally determined upon the material enlargement of the college. The eastern wing was extended, another wing added, which to-day forms the main part of the building. A beautiful farm, situated on the picturesque banks of the Rideau, was purchased, to serve as the country house and holiday resort. It is now the scholastic house of the Province. Father Tabaret spent much time and care in embellishing this spot, already so beautiful. He was equally zealous in laying out and adorning the grounds adjacent to the college. When all these external improvements were on the high road to completion our indefatigable laborer, who never forgot the main object in the pursuit of details, came forward with the plan of studies, with which our readers are already acquainted. Everyone was surprised at the bold move of the superior. This plan was nothing less than a real revolution in the system of Catholic teaching. Where was he going to find men willing and daring enough to help him carry out this design? How was he going to get the conservative public to understand and accept the change? Will he not have to register a complete failure? To the few who ventured to remonstrate he gave such decided assurances of success that they ended by warmly sharing his views. He grandly ignored those who persisted in auguring ill of the undertaking. He could wait. And we know that before his death he had twelve years' experience of his work that not only confirmed him in his convictions, but by far surpassed his most sanguine expectations. He had, moreover, the pleasure of seeing nearly all who had most objected to the system not only acknowledge its merits, but adopt it as far as their circumstances would permit.

We are loath to break our narrative, but we feel bound to digress now a little, in order to show Father Tabaret's outside action. We have seen that he was named Vicar-General by Bishop Guigues. This

was not a mere nominal honor. He, during the whole time of his appointment, took the liveliest interest in all the affairs of the diocese.

The Grey Nuns can never forget the invaluable services he rendered them in their efforts to attain a high standard of education. After the Bishop, he was the principal worker in establishing the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Ottawa. He always gave them a large share of his devotedness. He was one of the most zealous and enterprising in the work of the colonization of the Ottawa valley; and if we may dare say it, the first Bishop of Ottawa had no more trusted, nor more worthy counsellor than Father Tabaret. There is not one of the priests who knew him who would say otherwise than that he had always found in him a warm friend, and a kind father.

Father Tabaret mourned the death of Mgr. Guigues as a son mourns a dearly-loved father. Until the very last years of his life there was no subject of conversation to which he reverted with more feeling than to the various incidents in the life of his first Bishop, of whom we may truly say, he departed this life "full of days and of good works." A life-size bust of the Bishop has been reverently kept in the room of the college that had been set apart for His Lordship's use when he came amongst us. Nor did Father Tabaret ever miss an opportunity of recalling his memory. The same respect and devotion was extended to the Right Rev. Joseph Thomas Duhamel, who was raised to the Episcopal Throne as successor of Mgr. Guigues. Father Tabaret remembered that Mgr. Duhamel had been his pupil, he could therefore love him as in the days of his boyhood; but he never forgot that the youth was now his Bishop, and to him was heartily given all the veneration due to a successor of the Apostles.

The nomination occurred just at the time when Father Tabaret, owing to fatigue and illness, was compelled to temporarily resign his duties as Superior of Community, and to confine his attention to the college proper. At no time, perhaps, could we better have sounded the depths of his true religious worth. From the day of the change of position, he was conspicuous as the most humble and obedient subject. Full of thoughtful attentions for his superior, he seemed to have but one aim, that was to be lost sight of, that he might not stand in the way of the new superior. These three years were not by any means idle ones. His plan of studies was being tried. Both professors and students were earnestly putting it into practice, and Father Tabaret was the soul of the effort. His days were spent in the different class-rooms, taking notes of the work done; always ready

with the right word at the right time, to assist both teachers and students. How often during that period did we hear him insist on the importance of making a careful study of the character and aptitude of the young man; on the necessity of finding out all that might in any way contribute to the facilitating of the work of his education; whatever resources the young man possesses should be brought to act in his favor. He must be made to see this as well as his teacher. Let all the lessons be directed to the heart you are moulding, to the mind you are enlightening. Exhortations in general do not suffice; let private interviews make the youth understand you are in earnest in his behalf. He pointed out the necessity of constant intercourse with those we are educating; we want to strengthen both their principles and their finer feelings. Such were the counsels he never ceased to repeat, and we, who knew how earnest he was, how nobly he practised what he enjoined, found no difficulty in heeding his desires. Resistance was out of the question, so delicately did he always present his views one could not help adopting them. It was, indeed, during those three years, from 1874 to 1877, that Father Tabaret gave the college its characteristic stamp, its peculiar tone.

In the vacation of 1877, he resumed, with renewed vigor, the full control of the Institution. The eight years which have since elapsed, may be called the *summer* of his life, rather than its *autumn*. His health, which had never been very robust, was at its best during this period; his energy was what it had always been; his devotedness, his religious spirit became from day to day more manifest. His great heart seemed to grow with the hastening years, and to impart to his labor all its ardor, all that was best calculated to insure success. These last years were not without their bitter sorrow. God seemed to be disengaging him from this life, by the surest of means; but the trials were intermingled with unquestionable joys.

Thanks to his Lordship, Mgr. Duhamel, the Holy Father, Leo XIII had deigned to give a personal approbation of the plan of studies Father Tabaret had drawn out. Mgr. Duhamel testified, from day to day, his interest in the success of the college. The higher authorities of the Order, and his brothers in religion, showed that they better understood and better appreciated his designs. The best thinking men of the country assured him that they shared his views. The confidence of parents was more and more marked. The students were increasing in number from year to year. Finally, he had now at his command, a staff of professors, whom, for the

most part, he had trained himself, and who gladly submitted to his wise guidance. All this more than sufficed to convince him that his work was well established, it might henceforth face the storms. He was heedful of whatever might be interpreted as a sign of future good to the college. As such, he looked upon the Alumni gathering of 1879, in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding, but what he tried not to see was that the old students had really come together to congratulate their venerable Father Superior. The honors of the doctorate, which were conferred upon him at the time, by his pupil and bishop, proved to him beyond a doubt that Mgr. Duhamel was truly solicitous for the welfare of the institution. He rejoiced at his honors because they were the honors of the college. Nor must we fail to put on the list of his latest joys, the opening of the novitiate at Tewkesbury, Mass., which he had so often and so ardently solicited.

When on account of the rapidly increasing prosperity of the college, he heard that the higher authorities advised a further extension of the buildings, his fatherly heart swelled with the joy of a parent who beholds the child of his sorrows stepping out from the bounds of childhood into perfect manhood. His pleasantest pastime consisted in calculating how this immense house could be made more commodious and more comfortable. He foresaw everything, how this hall, this room, should be laid out and furnished; to what purpose such and such a part of the buildings might be adapted under such and such circumstances. The extension of the main building, now being constructed, was all laid out beforehand. Let his ideas be carried out. Let his plans for the laboratory he had purposed fitting up, be realised as well as the cabinets of natural history and physics. Let the same good taste he has always shown, be exercised in completing and furnishing the college, in extending the library, and there will be no institution that can outrival the College of Ottawa.

He was delighted to have the eminent apostolic delegate, Mgr. Smeulders, preside at the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new edifice. His faith told him that this special blessing would ensure to his work that Catholic spirit to which he had always attributed its existence and undeniable prosperity.

Let us not forget the trip to the North-West that the Rev. Father Tabaret made in 1884, at the desire of the Superior General of the Order of the Oblates and of Rev. Father Soullier, Visitor to Canada.

This trip left in his heart the best souvenirs, and His Lordship Mgr. Grandin, the venerable Bishop of St. Albert, told us with tears in his eyes, on the day of the funeral, that all the missionaries of his diocese looked upon the deceased father as their best friend and their most wise adviser.

Father Tabaret, like every other experienced educator, was in favor of games. He took real pleasure last summer in superintending the levelling and sodding of an extensive piece of ground, which, thanks to a former student, the college had secured for athletic sports. Three and four times a day he visited these grounds to make sure that everything was being properly done. This year's students can never forget the intense interest he took in their games and the fatherly pleasure with which he heard them relate their victories. May they never forget the lessons of manly energy and Christian courage these achievements suggested him to give. He knew how to draw a lesson from everything.

We must bring these few remarks to a close. Were we to let our pen flow at the bidding of the crowding memories of this last year we would overstep the limits we reluctantly imposed upon ourselves. It is a noted fact that since the month of January Father Tabaret had become communicative and demonstrative of his affection for his brethren in religion far beyond his wont. He spoke freely of his hopes and plans, of the difficulties we would likely meet with, and of the means to be used to overcome them. We were, in this too short period, often witnesses of confidential disclosures that astonished without, however, surprising us. Had he any presentiment of the end so near? Ten days before his death he went to Montreal to see the Rev. Father Provincial, to whom he confided some important secrets. On the Retreat Sunday, 14th February, we were all startled at his words. In the course of the ordinary exhortation he said: "Tomorrow I shall be no more. The work must go on, and it is your duty to see that it does. Bear in mind that in union lies strength; stand united."

These counsels, so similar to the last injunctions of the founder of the Congregation of the Oblates, were coupled with most practical and most fatherly advices. Yet not one of us thought our father's death was so near. During the last days of February he seemed to be quite unwell. We all thought, however, it was his ordinary complaint. He observed that he had never felt so before, but as he was remarkably improved on Saturday, 28th February, no one was

alarmed. That same day he spent a long time in the confessional, hearing his dear children. He had urged them in a most earnest manner to prepare for the morrow's communion.

A friendly hand wrote the following account of his death in the *Canada* of Monday morning's issue: "All the clouds were dispelled, and for a long time Father Tabaret had not seemed so radiant. With health and good spirits this, his last day on earth, was, though not run out, to be well filled. He arose at half past four, and at five he had celebrated his mass in the college chapel. His spirit of faith, always so marked, was particularly manifested while he was waiting on His Lordship during the ordination service, which took place that morning at the college. He showed no signs of the fatigue these ceremonies always caused him. He breakfasted with the Bishop, and was unusually cheerful all the morning. He went about the house, taking a personal interest in a number of details. At ten he was present at the students' high mass, after which he spoke to them about the devotion to St. Joseph that should mark the month of March, and notwithstanding the long time he had already spent in the chapel, he lingered there for some time after the students' mass. A quarter of an hour before dinner he again repaired to the chapel with the community for the particular examination of conscience. He seemed to be in his full vigor. But alas! who could have believed it? This day so well begun was not to end here on earth. His noble, his beautiful soul, was giving out its brightest light, its warmest fires. The last picture of him was to be the truest. We were to see him on his last day as he had been all his lifetime.

He was at the table, entertaining in his own charming manner, a priest who was our guest, when suddenly those nearest him noticed that he was sinking in his chair. They rushed to his assistance, but he was already unconscious. He was taken at once to his room. Physicians were sent for, and Drs. McDonnell, Prévost and St. Jean, were at his side in a few moments. As soon as consciousness returned he was observed praying earnestly, while his brethren in attendance gave him absolution. He then begged to be placed in his arm-chair; he seemed somewhat relieved when a sudden convulsion told us all too plainly there was no hope. He was hastily administered the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and in a few moments, surrounded by the doctors, who were powerless to assist him, and his afflicted religious family, equally powerless, who, with broken sobs, were saying the prayers of the dying, his soul took its flight.

The Rev. Father Tabaret died, with his weapons in his hands, like a soldier on the field of battle; he bore away with him, in his triumph, the love of his students; of his religious congregation, whose ensign he had so nobly borne; the respect of the whole clerical body and the admiration of all Ottawa.

A fortnight only before his death he said to us: My dear father, some men are destined to start a work; as far as I am concerned my "race is run;" some one else must complete what has been begun.

The material work of the college will, with God's help, be completed by next year. There now remains but the chapel to be built. It was Father Tabaret's great desire that it should be beautiful, and, as far as we could make it, worthy of St. Joseph, its patron. Divine Providence had, indeed, so far blessed our enterprise. We trust that, our Father will, from his heavenly home, continue to preside over this his cherished work, that his last desire will be fulfilled. St. Joseph, whom he so well represented here below in our behalf, will always be our special Protector.

CHARACTERISTICS OF REV. FATHER TABARET.

After having ventured to portray the Rev. Father Tabaret in his life and work, there yet remains a duty to be fulfilled, a difficult duty, though it be replete with a sad comfort. It is to delineate the dear Father with the finer pencil of intimacy, to delineate him so well that all those who have known him and loved him may say, at a glance, it is he.

Our filial love would find, in this portrayal, a sort of relief, did we feel in the least capable of giving satisfaction to those who wish a true picture of their beloved Father and friend, too soon lost.

Father Tabaret may be said to have possessed, in an eminent degree, a practical genius. At an early age he was assigned the position of first president of the college of Ottawa.

While struggling to organize the work he had ample opportunities to fall back on his innate powers. He was, in every sense of the word, the *founder* of the institution with which his life was indented. He did not set out blindly in his great undertaking, satisfied with adopting the methods and systems of European colleges. No; he, with a boldness of decision that was strongly characteristic, endeavored to bring his work into harmony with the needs of those it was destined to benefit. Without adopting, as we have said, any of the systems followed elsewhere, he selected judiciously from them whatever he thought best suited to this particular institution. He saw that the English language would be absolutely necessary in Ottawa. He wanted the language perfectly taught in the college. Owing to the mixed religious and social elements in this country he realized the obligation for every Catholic to whom educational advantages were extended, to fit himself for daily intercourse with non-Catholics; he must not only aim at equality with Protestants in knowledge and social polish, but he should be superior to them. This was the tenor of his exhortations to his students; they should not only aspire to the highest range in religious and philosophical studies, but in all other branches of knowledge as well.

Not later than a year ago he conceived the design of providing the city with an industrial school, hoping, by this means, as he said, that

many of our young men would find ready employment in the various manufacturing houses that must, within a few years, be opened in Canada. They would thus not only secure comfortable livings, but they could more assuredly claim their share of influence in the country.

There were many obstacles on the road to the realization of this plan, but Father Tabaret was a man who was spurred on, rather than deterred, by obstacles. He cherished this scheme up to the last, as was strongly evidenced in the care and zeal with which, during the last few weeks of his life, he superintended the fitting up of the chemical laboratory at the college. This was a partial fulfilment of his favorite scheme. Those who knew him well need not be told that time and space were as nothing to him. This industrial school would have been set afoot, even though ten years and more were required to complete the work. Had heaven spared him he would surely have carried out his generous design.

He was a close observer, he followed the political and social events; from day to day, he noted carefully the various symptoms of good and evil. He literally was awake to "the signs of the times." The great American and Canadian questions were especially studied. He made a practical use of these notes and observations, embodying them in his lectures to the students on Political Economy. His attention was constantly directed towards whatever in the great current of events had the least bearing upon the church. He entered warmly into all that might tend to her glorification. He watched every good movement, speculating upon the results with real enthusiasm; on the other hand, whenever facts compelled him to acknowledge a disloyalty or a lack of zeal, he was visibly depressed. He was very earnest in exhorting both professors and students to study these matters. He knew how to draw profitable lessons from an adverse as well as from a favorable turn of affairs. We have often heard him deplore the lack of unity, among Catholics at large, as well as a lack of devotion to the great cause.

He was naturally wide-minded and greeted cordially every useful work, every real progress, no matter from whom or whence it came. No one can say that he was ever in the least influenced by personal or national considerations in settling any question laid before him. Right was always right, and whoever he might be who labored for it, he was sure of finding in Father Tabaret encouraging approbation.

He read much, but his reading was confined to matters of the highest religious and social import. During the last years of his life he made an almost exclusive study of the following works: Monsieur Le Play's "Social Reform," Charles Perrin's essays on "Riches and Society," the masterly work of the learned Benedictine Dom Benoit, "La Cité Anti-chrétienne du XIX Siècle." The essence of these studies he communicated to the students in his course of lectures. He found both in Canada and the United States sufficient illustrations of the theories of these writers. He showed, however, that things were not yet as bad as they might be. "The church *here*," said he, "has not yet felt the stings of the hydra, whose name is Revolution, to-morrow she may; it is our duty to show the timid how the monster is to be encountered and overcome."

But far above these noble qualities of mind, controlling them, and prompting them, soared his Christian spirit, Christian in all the solemn meaning of the word. In his earlier years, it was held out to him, as a reproach, that he leaned towards Liberalism. If he ever had such tendencies, we fearlessly assert, during the last ten years that we have known him, he unreservedly disavowed all that might, in the least, be interpreted as favoring the so-called Liberal principles of our day.

The Papal Encyclical letters were always a real comfort to him. "That is just what we wanted," have we often heard him exclaim, after a careful perusal of some of these authoritative missives; he often anticipated these warning voices from Rome, in the remarks he made on the world at large. It was his unerring Christian sense that prompted him in all his decisions and projects, nor was he ever known to falter in the execution of these projects, or to change the decisions which had been dispassionately but seriously nurtured in the shadow of the Holy of Holies. The most provoking obstacles found him inflexible and impassible when the time for action had come. In the world of politics, Father Tabaret could have filled, with distinction, the position of Prime Minister. He was a prime minister to the manner born.

Such was the gifted man we have lost, the dead Father we mourn: a peerless educator, still more remarkable for the unerring wisdom of his views than for his lofty mental endowments, a model priest, thoroughly conversant with all that was going on in the great outside world, whether of political or social significance. He possessed the rare talent of availing himself of all that occurred to further the most useful and Christian principles.

But all these features, admirable as they are, do not give us the whole man. There are still finer lines to be drawn, which stamp him indelibly as "a man upon whose like we shall not look again."

If his mind was broad, his heart was deep. We were all at home there. And how did that great heart reveal itself? Let those tell who know. It is each one's secret consolation to record the manifestations of his love. We will merely say here, he had a winning smile none could resist. Let him look upon one with that kind fatherly look he knew so well how to give, and nothing seemed too difficult that he might ask. And how well he knew how to show his pleasure at a generous response. One of the former students, in a letter written a few days after our father's death, says: "When he would come into our midst, the most refractory were subdued, not by the majestic lignity of his carriage, but actually won by the look of kindness and mercy beaming on his countenance." This was his ordinary expression when with his young charges. What a touching sight it was to see him at some turn in the corridors, or in some remote part of the play ground, take apart in a fatherly embrace, some one of the younger students, inquire earnestly into the cause of the isolation, cheer him with a few words coming straight from his great, tender heart, soothe the child and send him "on his way rejoicing." His room was always open to all. There have taken place some never-to-be-forgotten interviews between him and his children. They went to him with implicit confidence. How often within these walls have resolutions been taken, at his suggestion, that must have had lifelong effects. Nothing pained him more than to meet a boy who seemed heartless and stubbornly rebellious. More than once have we traced the marks of tears on his manly face at the thought of the pain to be inflicted on parents by the expulsion of a student. If Father Tabaret had a fault it was excessive kindness. His ideal college was a home, and we may say he was the joy and the light thereof. His was a paternal heart if ever there was one. However, his indulgence never degenerated into weakness. It cost him much to resort to rigorous measures. He was visibly saddened whenever he had to reproach or censure anyone. He administered these admonitions, however, as often as necessary, but always with that father's tone and manner that led the admonished to shed tears of repentance and to reform. The students knew well who suffered most on these occasions, nor was it often that he was compelled to use these painful means of correction. A single word, a look, a gesture, was more than enough to recall the

wayward. Nor can we wonder at the outburst of sorrow from these well-loved sons when the awful tidings reached them of their father's untimely death. How eloquent the tears shed in silence as they lingered around all that was left them of him whom to know was to love, and to be the better for their loving. "He is dead, but he speaketh still."

Were we writing for strangers, we would feel compelled to state more facts; but, as these few pages are to be perused by those who enjoyed his acquaintance, some his intimacy, their memory will more than supply all omissions. Let it be well known, however, that his interests were not so centred in the college as to leave him indifferent to the good being done by others, or to the wants of many, outside the college, who claimed his sympathy, his guidance, and at times his material aid. He was ready for all. If the sacred seal of the cleansing tribunal could be broken, many pathetic tales might be told. If he had let his "right hand know what his left hand did," a long list of generous deeds might be drawn up in his favor.

It is easy to infer how deeply religious his soul was, from the revelations he unconsciously gave of his inner life. His piety was manly, broad and earnest. It found readiest embodiment in self-sacrifice and prayer. We were often moved at the simple faith with which he deposited the crosses, inseparable from his position, at the foot of the cross of Christ; our crosses, indeed, seem very small there. He had a child's faith in prayer. He could not understand how any one, who prayed well, could murmur at suffering. No one among us remembers ever to have heard him speak of what he had to endure, either morally or physically. His great pre-occupation was to avoid giving pain to others; in fact, at the very hour of his death, this is what seemed to trouble him most, that he was bringing sorrow to his household. During the few moments of dreadful illness, that took him from us, he begged, as soon as consciousness permitted him to realize his condition, that he might be taken from his bed-room to his study. "There he murmured, I will cause you less trouble." These were almost his last words; but what a revelation they are, how powerfully they speak to us of the great care of his life!

Complete disinterestedness was surely another of the prominent features of our Father. He sincerely rejoiced in the triumphs of others. It was with evident reluctance, and only when unavoidable,

he would speak of himself or of his family. His delicate regard for others, those best can tell who have lived in closest intercourse with him. He was always ready to step aside to bring others forward; his modesty was unfeigned; no sign of personal regard could ever be detected in his words or manner, yet he was keenly sensitive.

The former students can never forget the confusion he experienced when, on the occasion of the first Alumni gathering, the honors of the Doctorate were conferred upon him, and he was made the recipient of congratulatory addresses accompanying the gift of a fine oil painting of himself. To see him essaying to control his emotion for the purpose of responding, one would have thought he really were convinced there had been an error of names in the whole affair.

Shall we venture to enumerate his virtues? Let us rather be satisfied with a mere mention of a few of the most noteworthy. His discretion was proverbial. He was the depository of many secrets of importance, not only from his superiors but from those who appealed to him in moments of trial and sorrow. Never could any one have surmised what burdens he bore beside his own. He considered a secret a sacred trust; he was often subjected to serious annoyances rather than betray in any manner what had been confidentially communicated to him. Nothing shocked him more in others than a lack of delicacy in these matters. In his moral lessons to the young men under his charge he insisted strenuously on the importance of discretion. He was eloquent indeed when he portrayed for them the *trustworthy* man, he pointed out this virtue to his eager listeners as the one best calculated to make life a success.

Another virtue no less requisite in the perfect ruler is *prudence*. Will any of his friends be surprised to hear us say Father Tabaret was eminently prudent? He did not compromise his great work by too sanguine anticipations. Over wrought enthusiasm has sometimes jeopardized the best aims. He was on his guard against this danger. He was far-sighted; he saw not only the results of his designs, but he plainly saw as well the difficulties to be encountered in their execution. Hence, at times, his slowness of action, or what those who did not know him, termed slowness, was but prudent waiting.

In this rich crown of virtues let his great charity shine forth as the brightest gem. Filled with deferential regard for his superiors, with fatherly kindness towards his inferiors, his charity towards

all tended to heroism. He was skilled in finding excuses for the faults of others, had no ear for evil reports, was slow to believe in the wickedness of any one. It remains to be surmised if such a man was sometimes deceived. We cannot testify to this, but what we are sure of is that he never regretted having erred from too much charity, rather than from too little. Is not this the precept of the Divine Master ?

As we glance over this rapid sketch of our deceased Father's character and virtues, we have to acknowledge the incompleteness of the portrayal, but we trust that however imperfect our work may be, it will be found of some comfort to those who mourn his loss.

REV. FATHER TABARET'S WORK.

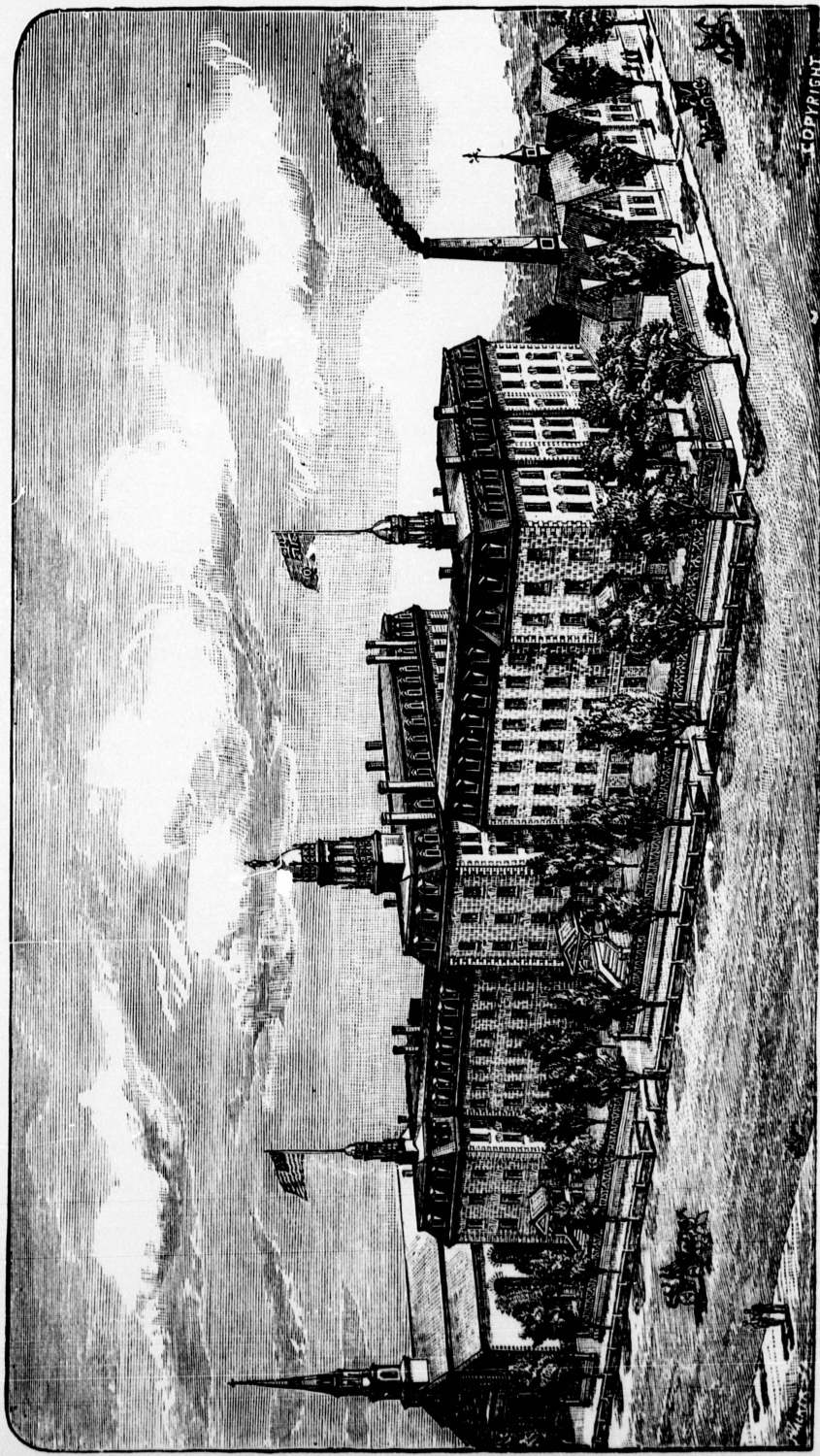
The tree is known by its fruit ; the workman by his work. Father Tabaret leaves the College as *his* work.

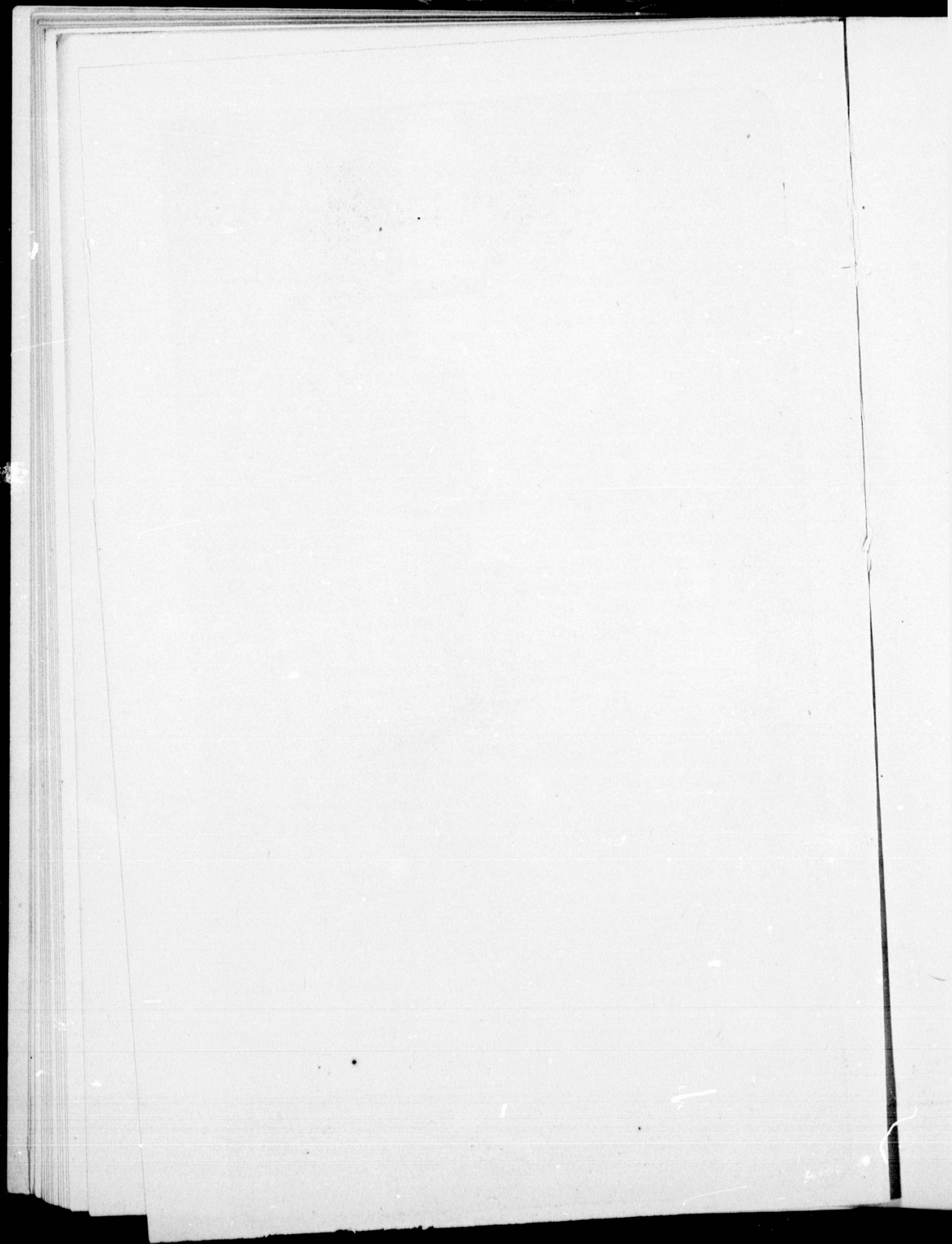
In a few words we will endeavor to give an idea of the principles on which this work rests. Our readers may judge for themselves. The following is taken from an article that appeared in the *Missions of the Congregation of Oblates of Mary Immaculate*, published in June, 1883, at the suggestion of the venerable deceased :

The College was starting out on its existence at the same time as the new city. It grew with the city, and passed through all the vicissitudes of a first undertaking. It needs must suffer the weakness of infancy, and survive the troubled period of youth. The students were few in number ; books, scientific apparatus, the location of the college, all were unsatisfactory. Money, the only remedy to these inconveniences, was wanting. Nevertheless, the college grew with the growth of the city, but not so its resources ; scarcely had it mastered its first difficulties than a new danger appeared. In the first place there were already several well-endowed French colleges in the country, while the English Protestant colleges were thriving. Adverse circumstances made it a difficult problem to maintain the new institution. The Fathers must, without abandoning the idea of being of service to the French Canadian element, endeavor to attract the English-speaking Catholics and all those French Canadians who intended fitting themselves for political and commercial pursuits, which pursuits necessitated a thorough knowledge of the English language. The Fathers thought that, by this means, they would more surely attain the object they had in view, that of the greater good of the population in whose midst their work was centred—a work aiming at extending the glory of God and of His Church. The Fathers engaged in the college at that time were nearly all French, or Canadians of French origin, and they had to deal with a population composed of two very distinct elements, who, for divers reasons, were rather unfavorable.

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The English speaking portion of the people were too much absorbed in the work of settlement, to devote much time to the question of classical education, and if they had willed to give it thought, they would have raised the objection that English was not the mother tongue of the majority of the Fathers. The French speaking people could easily find what they wanted in the numerous colleges of Lower Canada, where French is the official language, and where the method of teaching is quite different from ours. The Fathers were not discouraged however. By intelligent and tireless efforts they succeeded in proving the utility and the many advantages of their plans to the ablest and most influential men of the country. They began recruiting their students at home first, and afterwards with most gratifying results, in the United States. Since that time the college has steadily progressed from year to year. The students now come from all parts of Canada and the United States, and the college to-day enjoys an enviable reputation. All that was designed, however, has not yet been realized, but, judging by what has been achieved, it is safe to say that, before very long, the college will compare favorably with the best institutions, not only in America but even in Europe. If we were asked to account for this sudden success, for this change in the opinion held of the College of Ottawa, we would attribute it to three principal causes: First, to our method of teaching; secondly, to our plan of studies, and, in third place, to our system of education. It may be interesting to the Fathers belonging to the other Provinces of Canada to see the principles upon which we base our work.

METHOD OF TEACHING.

The most prominent feature of our age is a tendency to reason so-called, on everything. Every one is convinced of the fact that false philosophy has possession of the minds of men now as it had in the 18th century. It is in the name of reason that every thing is assailed to-day: faith, tradition, the principles of natural law, in a word, reason itself. Was not Joseph de Maistre right in saying "that the syllogism makes known to us the man." In view of the state of affairs our choice of a plan of teaching lay between the two disputed by the Catholic teaching body. We adopted the method that is based upon *reasoning*. We aim at developing all the faculties of the young student, thus fitting him to meet the enemy on his own ground, on matters of faith and science, to contend with him face to face, and fearlessly. But to attain this proficiency, masters and guides were required, they were on hand, some already skilled in

high art, others, men of "good will" and energy, ready to carry out the ideas of their elder co-laborers. The task grew easier from the time it was decided that each professor would confine his attention to the special branch he was best fitted to teach, instead of attempting to do equal justice to the seven or eight subject matters taught in a form. By this means he must needs perfect himself in some particular study. The last ten years' experience has more than satisfied us that the move was in the right direction. Instead of sending out young men whose highest qualifications consisted in quoting a few lines from Shakespeare or from Corneille, or in declaiming stilted imitations of O'Connell or Lacordaire, we have graduated from the college, students, who can discern the "true inwardness" of an author or an orator; who can distinguish the false from the true, and clothe their own ideas in fitting style. So much for the literary qualification. We may assert as much for their merit in every other line of study. Thus—well equipped—those of our young men who have sought to utilize their education have been rewarded with most cheering success, some of those choosing professional careers gained ready admittance to the various ecclesiastical seminaries of Montreal, Baltimore, Boston, others to the medical schools of New York and Montreal, to the law schools of Quebec, Toronto and Harvard, while those who have turned to political, commercial or industrial pursuits have been no less successful. They have found it a great advantage to have been so well prepared for these avocations. Some have already reaped well-merited honor. We have not the slightest doubt that, if God continues to bless our efforts, the work will continue to develop, waxing stronger with each year's growth, until whatever remains in the minds of the few who refuse to acknowledge the merits of our system, will have completely given way before the stubborn testimony of facts.

Let us now devote a few lines to the plan of studies. This is our second power, and thank God, it is an irresistible power.

PLAN OF STUDIES.

We have always regretted that, in most Catholic colleges, so small a space is allowed the natural and practical sciences, especially in this age of so-called learning. We would wish every educated Catholic to be prepared to meet this proud and false boast with real knowledge. He must know how to handle, as deftly as the loud-voiced scientists of the day, the various instruments of scientific demonstrations. In this age, ruled by gold, when *success* (?) is the

sole aim of life, when the compass and square and the pick-axe are the signs of power, it becomes the conscientious duty of Catholics "to take in the situation," and concert measures to cope with the evil of the age, meeting it with its own weapons. For this purpose our colleges must need enlarge their programme of studies; without, in the least, discarding the classics, we must leave more room for the practical sciences. This seems more urgent in America than elsewhere. In a new country like Canada, it is often necessary to be one's own architect, to do one's own civil engineering. Besides, there are few, indeed, who can afford to lay aside all pre-occupations about the future. Then, again, would it not be unpardonable for a Catholic young man, to leave a classical college, for the purpose of taking his place in this busy world, and, yet, be ignorant of all those practical things that the young boys, and even young girls, learn in the non-Catholic elementary schools? We have, therefore, endeavored in our plan, to show there is no incongruity in teaching simultaneously the sciences and *belles-lettres*, only pre-conceived notions could hold the contrary. Thanks to our venture, the student may read the name of God on every leaf and flower, on every rock and crystal, in the wave of solar light, in all the varied phenomena subjected to his analysis, as plainly as in the inspired Book, or the works of the Holy Fathers. These studies, by their very nature, are profitable unto eternal life; and, in the meantime, are eminently profitable in the present life. By this means, a young man may the more readily secure an advantageous position wherein his power of doing good is vastly increased.

The opening of a commercial course was another of our *innovations*. We had many laudable reasons for doing this. What is the use of giving a boy a Latin or Greek grammar before he knows the construction of his own language? How can he make a comparative study of foreign or dead languages unless he have a standard of comparison? Many of us remember too well the weary time spent in an eighth, seventh or sixth classes, trying to find interest in grammatical formulas, all dull and dry as the categories of Aristotle. Thanks to such injudicious systems, we think we can account for the habits of idleness and the loss of time so much complained of in some colleges.

Besides, it often happens that a student beginning a classic course is not able to pursue it. Illness, reverse of fortune, the death of a parent or a protector have caused some, who were surest of going to the end of the course, to relinquish the hope. What will be the use,

to such a young man, of a few notions of Greek and Latin, a knowledge of Roman and Grecian exploits, if he be but poorly instructed in his own language, especially if he be, as often happens, totally ignorant of the simplest arithmetical operations? He cannot turn to the great world of business, for there those only make any headway who know how to help themselves. Equally rejected by society, where they cut sorry figures, they have simply to go to increase the numbers of those who depend on the "world's tender mercies," or eke out a miserable existence in some office in the delightful position of copyists, and all this, in spite of the energy and intelligence God had given them! A thorough commercial course is the great safeguard for such as these. Each year we have had special reasons to congratulate ourselves upon the innovation. Even should the student, later on, choose to enter the church, or any one of the learned professions, he will have no reason to regret the time spent in acquiring such practical knowledge. Every man in this age needs to be a thorough business man.

We have been able, during the present scholastic year, to introduce many improvements in the commercial department. We feel assured many of our fathers would enjoy seeing our young bankers and brokers of fourteen and fifteen years of age gravely at work. They learn by this means the true value of money; and the knowledge of its value goes far towards insuring the good use of it.

With such a course of commercial, literary and scientific studies by way of preparation, the abstract speculations of mental and moral philosophy are more easily grasped, in fact are actually attractive to the mind that has been fitted to appreciate them. The lofty principles of social and political economy are more replete with meaning to the young man who, by the solid preliminary studies he has pursued, sees their application and their *raison d'être*, than for him upon whom they are inflicted in the ordinary "high and dry" manner. The previous practical study is what is needed. We do not wish to judge rashly, but may we not venture to ask if, for a certain number, theoretical treatises on law and justice have not been "sealed books?" And for what other reason than that they had no practical interpretation of these theories? And has not the price too often paid for this lack of experience been too great?

It would be necessary to write a book in order to give a fully developed analysis of our plan of studies. We feel no more like

writing such a book, after four or five hours' daily teaching, than our readers would feel like reading it. Let it suffice to say that we have endeavored to follow out the suggestions of St. Thomas Aquinas on "mental development," and by acting on our own observations we feel proud to say that each year's results have gone towards proving we were not mistaken. Those who would wish to see with their own eyes have only to come and do so.

EDUCATION.

A mighty word, but still a mightier thing. Thanks to the books of travel written by those who have visited the United States, we see some smiling incredulously when they hear us speak of education as a "mighty thing." But be pleased to wait; in order to count among "the well bred," does it suffice to be a mummy in an arm chair? To be a statue in some drawing-room niche? To be an automaton well wound up, strutting along the street, bowing to the right and left? If all this means being "well bred," we admit such are not the fruits of our labors. Neither do we pretend to educate our students up to the degree of moral sublimity (?) to be burned to death at an assigned post, because the professor's voice did not bid them come away. We would not ask our young men to go so far as that, even if they were willing to do so. But there is little likelihood of our ever having to check such devotedness, it is not the spirit of the age. But if to be "well bred" means to respect one's self, to give God His true place in all one does, to make Him the beginning and the end of all the acts of self-denial he performs for the good, and even for the pleasure of his fellow men, our Catholic Canadians and Americans can vie with their European friends. All this means our aim is to keep up all the energy and the initiative of the young man, although we oblige him to follow necessary rules, we try to be fathers rather than masters, but fathers without paternal weakness. We have the assurance that all our efforts in this direction are not fruitless. It has often happened that boys coming to us wild and seemingly unmanageable, become quite altered after a few month's intercourse, and feel quite at home with us, speaking to us with an openheartedness almost indiscreet.

Our former students, as a rule, love their *Alma Mater* with the warmest love. By means of the correspondence we carry on with most of them, we are enabled to ascertain that they generally escape the first seductions of the world and the dangers of absolute liberty;

dangers to which those are exposed who have not been prepared for life as it is. Let it not be urged either that our method is calculated to lessen the number of ecclesiastical and religious vocations; on the contrary, the calls to these higher states are frequent and nobly responded to. Several have already gone to swell the ranks of those whose ensign is Mary Immaculate, while many more yearly increase the battalion of the secular clergy.

All too soon has the author of the system been taken from us. But his work will last; it will be what he said it would be—a pioneer of Catholic education in Canada, he marked out the way, too broad and too certain to permit any one to forsake it, and we are willing to pledge ourselves as guarantee that the College of Ottawa will always deem itself, in honor bound, to carry out the traditions of piety, of good morals, and of vigorous studies, which, thanks to its devoted founder and first president, it may call its special notes.

THE FINAL TRIBUTE.

Amid the tears of a vast assemblage of those who had known, loved and respected him in life, the mortal remains of the late Rev. Father J. H. Tabaret, O.M.I., D.D., President of the College of Ostawa, were yesterday deposited in their final resting-place. Seldom, indeed, in the history of the city of Ottawa, has there been such a large gathering on a like occasion. Every class of the community was represented around the bier of the dead priest, and there was one universal sentiment pervading all—respect, deep and profound, for his memory. The enormous mass of men and women, who filled every corner of the Basilica yesterday morning, was not a congregation attracted by curiosity, nor one which came *pro forma*, to exhibit the outward signs of a grief which was far from real. It was a congregation of hearts bowed down with grief, a congregation of people who came, not to parade their sorrow, but to relieve it by paying the last tribute of respect to one whom they had held dear in life and whose memory they revered in death. It was a congregation of faces bearing the stamp of earnestness, of reality, of truth. It meant that a king among men had departed, and that they who had enthroned him in their hearts were gathered to pay homage to his life and works among them. It was a congregation of children who had lost a father, of strong men who had lost a friend, of feeble women who had lost a counsellor and a guardian. As the emotional tones of their Bishop's voice echoed along the aisles of the Basilica, quivering under the influence of the scalding tears which filled his eyes, the mighty congregation was strangely moved, and not a man had cause to be ashamed of his emotion. It was genuine sorrow which flowed from every eye as Bishop Duhamel spoke of the many virtues of his dead instructor and friend; the grief experienced by the preacher found an echo in the heart of every hearer, and never had speaker a more sympathetic audience. Simple as the life of him whose name was on all lips and in every heart, the funeral ceremonies were grand in their simplicity and imposing in their grandeur.

AT THE COLLEGE.

From an early hour yesterday morning the reception rooms at the college were thronged with the alumni and the public, who came to

take a last look at the well-known features of the dead president. The body lay in state, surrounded by choice floral offerings from many organizations, and not a few individuals. As the hour for the funeral ceremonies approached a *De Profundis* was sung over the remains by his Lordship Bishop Grandin, and amid the sobs of the students and professors who stood around, the lid of the casket was closed, and the procession to the Basilica was formed, under the direction of Rev. Father Balland. The casket was carried out of the college and placed in the hearse by the following clergy and laity, who officiated as pall-bearers:—Rev. Fathers Michel, P.P., Buckingham; Bourassa, P.P., Montebello; J. J. Collins, P.P., Mount St. Patrick; H. Chaine, P.P., Arnprior; J. Foley, P.P., Almonte; George Bouillon, P.P., and Whelan, P.P., Ottawa; Hon. R. W. Scott, Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., Dr. Duhamel, M.P.P., Dr. P. St. Jean, Wm. Davis and J. A. Pinard.

THE PROCESSION.

In a marvellously short time the immense procession was formed, and started on its way to the Basilica in the following order:

The Seminarians.
The Scholastics, O. M. I.
His Lordship Bishop Grandin.

THE HEARSE.

Bearers of the Insignia—J. Farrell, J. Gascon and Willis Davis.

Reverend Father Provincial and the members of the Provincial Administration.

The Faculty of the College.

The Rev. Fathers of the Order of Mary Immaculate.

The Rev. Gentlemen of the various Dioceses.

The Alumni of the College.

Members of the City Council.

The General Public.

The route of the procession was through Cumberland and St. Patrick streets to the Basilica. All the stores along the route were closed, and large numbers of people lined the streets and stood with uncovered heads as the hearse slowly passed. Arrived at the Basilica the students filed into the galleries and the clergy entered

the sanctuary, while His Lordship Bishop Duhamel met the body at the doors. Then, while a solemn funeral march was being played upon the organ, the casket was slowly borne up the aisle and deposited upon a catafalque erected within the sanctuary. The cathedral was heavily draped in deep mourning. Within a few minutes after the procession arrived and the doors were thrown open, the Basilica was crowded in every part and hundreds of people stood in the aisles. It was indeed a notable gathering and one which showed better than mere words can express the deep respect in which Dr. Tabaret was held by the community at large. The following is a list of

THE CLERGY PRESENT.

Rev. Father Antoine, O. M. I., Provincial; Rev. P. J. Lefèbvre, O. M. I.; Rev. P. Provost, Montreal; Rev. Fathers F. Grenier, Quebec; J. Mangin, Scholasticate; E. Cauvin, Superior, Hull.

From the College of Ottawa.—Rev. Fathers Pallier, Froc, Bennett, Balland, Gaudet, Gendreau, Nolin, Fileatre, Gladu, Paquette, Forget, Guillet, Duhaut, Ferron, Vaillancourt, Marsan, Leyden, Griffin, Sexton, F. Harnois, A. Marion, J. B. Granfils, F. Forget, and others.

From the Scholasticate.—Rev. Fathers J. Van Laar, P. Fayard and J. Goyet.

Revs. A. Tortel, F. C. Bournigalle, Lowell; A. Dazé, Montreal; J. Poitras, Mattawan; J. M. Pian, Maniwaki; A. M. McDonald, Kingston; M. McCarthy, Brockville.

From the Diocese of Ottawa.—J. O. Routhier, Vicar-General; Geo. Bouillon, L. N. Campeau, R. Prud'homme, J. Sloan, J. Beauchamp, A. M. Bourrassa, M. Whelaln, Ed. Stenson, F. Michel, S. Philippe, P. McCarthy, P. Agnel, I. Champagne, J. B. Sauvé, O. Cousineau, J. Langlais, J. Caron, J. Guay, Francœur, Chatelain, Rochon and Lombard.

From the Diocese of Montreal.—Very Rev. Vicar-General Maréchal, Rev. A. Turgeon, S.Y., Superior of the Ste. Marie College; Rev. A. Nantel, Superior of the Ste. Thérèse College; Rev. E. Desjardins, S.J., J. Singer, S.S., C. Maillet, S.S., and Maréchal, P.P.

From the Apostolic-Vicariate of Pontiac.—Revs. A. Chaine, H. S. Marion, J. J. Collins, A. Rougier and P. McCormack.

Among the prominent laymen present were: Hon. J. A. Chapeau, Secretary of State; Hon. A. P. Caron, Minister of Militia; Hon.

John Costigan, Minister of Inland Revenue; Hon. Senators Scott, Trudel, Lacoste, Armand, Poirier and Chaffers; and Messrs. Tassé, Curran, Royal, Vanasse, Daoust, Bourbeau, Duhamel, Bain and Dugas, M.P.'s. The corporation was represented by Aldermen Desjardins, Durocher, Germain, Laverdure and Heney, and many other prominent citizens occupied seats in the Cathedral.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

The body having been deposited within the sanctuary, a solemn requiem mass was celebrated by His Grace Archbishop Taché, of St. Boniface, who was assisted by the following clergy:—The Very Rev. Vicar-General Maréchal, of Montreal, assistant priest; and Rev. Fathers Nilles, O.M.I., deacon, and J. Langevin, O.M.I., sub-deacons. The choir was composed of the united choirs of the Basilica and St. Joseph's Church, augmented by the brothers and students of the college, the whole being under the direction of the Rev. Father Chaborel. Mr. P. Boulay presided at the organ. After mass, a *Libera* was sung by His Lordship Bishop Duhamel, who then ascended the pulpit and delivered the funeral oration.

After the Bishop's eloquent and touching oration, the service was concluded and the procession re-formed. It proceeded by way of Sussex, Rideau, Waller and Wilbrod streets to St. Joseph's Church, where Bishop Grandin chanted a *Libera*. The casket was then lowered into the vault prepared to receive it, which is beneath the centre of the sanctuary. The church was draped in black. After the casket had been deposited it was viewed within the vault by a large number of those who had followed the remains.

The funeral throughout was a striking demonstration of the esteem in which Dr. Tabaret was generally held. All along the route taken by the procession from the Basilica to St. Joseph's Church stores were draped in black and closed as a mark of respect.

FUNERAL ORATION.

DELIVERED BY HIS LORDSHIP MGR. DUCHAMEL, BISHOP OF OTTAWA.

"Amicus noster dormit....mortuus est.
Our friend sleepeth.....He is dead.
(John xi, 11-14.)

My Lords,

Reverend and Dearly Beloved Brethern :

Our friend sleepeth in the Lord. *Amicus noster dormit..* He sleepeth there before us...he is dead. *Mortuus est.* These are the words of saddest import which Jesus pronounced in speaking of Lazarus, his friend. These are the words that fell from the lips of the good Oblate Fathers, as I hastened to meet them at the very first news of the calamity that had stricken them. *Amicus noster..... mortuus est.* These are the first words that broke from my heart in the presence of the mortal remains of him whom I had ever called Father, and who, for many years was to me a valued counsellor and trusted friend. "And Jesus wept." (John xi, 35.) Let us commingle our tears with those of the Master, it is the duty of friendship, the homage of love.

Prematurely touched by the hand of God, our friend has gone to rest suddenly, and sunk forever into the silence of the tomb. No longer in truth is he the same, to whom we were bound by ties of esteem, of gratitude and of affection. For three days have we mourned over him, but, thanks to God, the gloom of our sorrow is not so dense as to shut out every ray of consolation. At sight of these rare and well-deserved honors decreed to his memory, this funeral procession almost like unto a triumphal march, this whole city moved and saddened ; in the presence of these honorable senators, these representatives of the people, these bishops come from afar, we feel that our sorrow is partaken of by many, aye, and by all. This is indeed a first consolation. And have we not every reason for holy and consoling hope? Yes. If while adoring the will of God, we deplore the stroke that has fallen on a life so grand, and yet so modest, our hope assuages the grief of this transitory but painful separation.

What, my brethern, shall I say to give expression to your sorrow, your tears, your memories? What, but these words: He is there, he is dead: *Mortuus est*; but yet, however, He speaketh to us: *Defunctus adhuc loquitur*" (Heb. xi, 4). What, my Lords, shall I say in gratitude for the honor and the consolation of your presence? Who will inspire me to hold fitting speech to you who belong to the same religious family, to console you in this mournful moment when your congregation most acutely feels its great loss? You, who were his pupils, you all his friends, I give you praise for rendering so grand a homage to his memory, and crowning his life and his death with such incomparable glory. O Father! for the first time I have claim to apply to thee the term glory. Never before did I use such a word to thee. Had I done so, your paternal voice would have imposed silence on me. But I cannot now be silent. I feel, indeed, that to do honor to him whom we shall not see more till the day of resurrection, there is called for, a voice, if not more authoritative, at least more chastened by reflection and preparation than mine. But I bear with me here the devoted heart and the broken speech of filial attachment. I reckon and rely on your indulgence. . . . Your own memories of the dead will supply that which will be wanting in my discourse. I will make every effort to control my emotion and begin at once.

He whom we mourn was born on the 10th of April, 1828, of an independent and respectable family, in the diocese of Valence, Department of Isère, France. Two of his uncles were priests, the one a canon and vicar general of Valence, the other chaplain of a religious community. One of his brothers, a priest, died young in the same diocese. His devout parents made no delay in presenting him to Holy Church for the regenerating sacrament of baptism. His heavenly patrons were St. Henry, King of Germany and Emperor of the West, and St. Joseph, foster father of Jesus Christ. By a happy inspiration were these holy patrons selected for him, who in time was to be king of a numerous youth, and father of a great family.

I will say nothing of the infancy and boyhood of the young Henry Joseph Tabaret, but that every day his intelligence acquired breadth and strength with a surpassing rapidity, and that his early studies were as solid as they were certainly brilliant.

Yet very young, in the very flower of adolescence, at the age of seventeen, he resolves to make choice of the state of life he is to

embrace, for already thoughtful and serious, he knows that life has been given him to do the will of his Creator. Soon he arrives at a decision, and like the Psalmist, declares: *Mihi adherere bonum est*. From this moment and forever, he belongs not to himself but to God. The religious life to him appearing worthy of a noble heart, he resolves to embrace it.

Entering the novitiate of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Notre Dame de L'Osier, he abandons all, like the Apostles of old, to follow his Divine Master. In this holy retreat he convinces himself more and more of the truth that the yoke of the Lord is sweet and His burden light, and he assumes both, to leave neither till at the peremptory call of God Himself. Happy days are these he spends in the solitude of the novitiate, and often does he cry out with the Psalmist: "*Melior est dies una in atris tuis super millia in tabernaculis peccatorum.*" (Psalm. lxxxiii, 11.) He waxes stronger every day in his vocation. Nothing will he suffer to stand between him and the movements of divine grace, and on the 14th day of September, 1846, he pronounces his vows in the presence of Father Vincens, Superior of the mission of L'Osier. This worthy father is the same who, having come to Canada in the quality of Visitor, also met with a sudden death, and whose mortal remains lie in St. Joseph's Church, where, too, on this day of sorrow, will be laid the body of the lamented Father Tabaret.

Immediately after his novitiate young Tabaret made his philosophy at Notre Dame de Lumière, in the diocese of Avignon; and thence went to Marseilles to pursue his theological studies. His upright mind, his thirst for knowledge, and his ceaseless assiduity, guaranteed success in these serious studies, and even at that time his fellow students loved to consult him on difficult and intricate points.

One of the most salient traits of his character manifested itself at the Scholasticate of Marseilles - I mean his deference, and entire submission to his superiors, happily accompanied with a remarkable charity and discretion towards his brethren. This great characteristic his superiors noted, and recognized at once that his superior talent, his varied knowledge, and his great tact would make him a truly precious subject. Already at that time Canada, where the harvest was white and the laborers few, called forth for dispensers of the word of truth and of the mysteries of God. This was particularly the case in the diocese of Ottawa, whose first bishop was him-

self an Oblate. The youthful Brother Tabaret, as yet only in deacon's orders, receives orders to leave for the far-off land. For him this is the command of God. The voice of his superiors is the voice of God, speaking into his soul, and saying: "Hearken and see, and incline thine ear; and forget thy people and thy father's house." (Psalm iv, 11.) Their voice is the voice of the God who, in the early days of the human race, said to Abraham, destined to be father of a great people, "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee." (Gen. xii, 1.) Without a moment's hesitation he bids farewell to his ancestral home and country. In this diocese he arrived in the autumn of 1850. Thenceforth his country is Canada, which he loved even as he had loved his beautiful France. Of this love his works, more than his words, stand in noble testimony—even as the Apostle St. John has expressed it: "Let us love not in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth." (1 John, iii, 18.)

To make himself at once useful, he received, on the 21st of December, 1850, at the hands of my venerated and ever to be lamented predecessor, the sacred order of priesthood. Of Bishop Guigues, he was a trusted counsellor, and became one of his Vicars-General. The diocese of Ottawa, its clergy, its religious community, and many of its faithful, the diocese of Ottawa alone enjoyed the blessings of his rare and unwavering prudence in the exercise of the holy ministry. For about two years he devoted himself to the work of the missions, and labored with zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those confided to his care. In this ministry he had experience of those difficulties which you, venerable clergy of the diocese of Ottawa and of the Vicariate of Pontiac, have had to overcome. In this ministry he acquired that practical knowledge and experience, of which he gave us so often the benefit, either during our stay in the seminary, or since we have had the care of souls, during pastoral retreats, or in private spiritual communications. When he had in a manner worthy all praise, for two years, fulfilled the burdensome duties of his missionary charge, he was called to the direction of the College of Ottawa, and at the same time to the professorship of theology for the young Levites destined for the priesthood. Of this college, Mgr. Guigues had, from the first days of his episcopate, understood the necessity. In fact, consecrated the 30th of July, he laid the foundation of the first college edifice on the 20th of August following, and the first entry of students was made in October of the same year. This first institution of learning was a plain wooden

building eighty feet long and three stories in height. Soon the need of a more spacious building was keenly felt. Accordingly, in the month of August, 1851, was begun the construction of a stone college on Sussex st., the very building now occupied by the devoted Brothers of the Christian schools. On the 15th of September, 1852, the pupils leaving the old entered with joy this new and commodious building. Many of the Oblate Fathers had, for a brief period, filled the responsible post of director of this youthful house of education, whose beginnings gave much hope of success in the future. In 1853 Father Tabaret assumed the office and functions of superior, to hold and exercise them for the rest of his life without other interruption than that made necessary by his being appointed Provincial of the Oblates in this country, an honor that the confidence and commands of his superiors imposed on him.

Meantime the population of the city of Ottawa multiplied every day, and it soon became necessary to commence on more extensive grounds new buildings to make room for the ever increasing number of students.

In 1856 my illustrious predecessor devoted his every energy to the work of construction, but the Oblate Fathers, having entered into an arrangement with this zealous prelate became, in the month of August of that year, the proprietors of the grounds and of the uncompleted works. The noble congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, in taking definitive charge of the College of Ottawa, sincerely desired to take upon itself, as its own special work, the labors of this diocese and those of the whole country.

The success of the undertaking was thus assured, for the congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate is ever faithful to its obligations, and although it has done so much already for the country, it never fails to win new laurels by the devotedness of its missionaries, ever ready to face the greatest dangers, and meet death itself in carrying to the remotest limits of our land the light of Divine Faith. Ten years later the College of Ottawa was endowed with university powers. Then it was that Father Tabaret, even before the termination of his term of office as Provincial, reassumed his place as Superior of the College, a place he has just left for the home of his eternal repose.

Having thus rapidly sketched the different phases in the life of this truly superior man, let us pause a moment to reflect on the nobility of his character and the greatness of the work he established. Of

such reflection we all feel the need, for everything was dear in Father Tabaret, his person and his work. O man of God, of his model religions, of this enlightened director, of this priest after the Master's own heart, we will ever preserve the memory. By reason of the excellence of his exalted nature, of the rectitude of his will and his intelligence, he was first of all possessed in a remarkable degree of the natural virtues, such as prudence, firmness, moderation, integrity and generosity.

A man of lively faith, he, however, respected the claims of reason, and in this regard thought as does Leo XIII who has written an admirable encyclical to show that faith and reason may and should enter into alliance, faith aiding reason to raise itself to heights truly sublime. Every noble effort of the human mind filled his heart with joy, every useful and ingenious discovery received his plaudits. His was a passion for the true, the beautiful, and the good. His Christian piety was wide in its range, but eminently practical, and had its best realization in the discharge of well understood duty. This true piety proceeded from the clear good sense of his faith and the rectitude of his well balanced mind. From these two qualities sprang that impartiality, that freedom from personal preferences, that equity and justice, which lay at the foundation of his character.

But I must not lose sight of the fact that I have to divide my eulogies between the workman and his work. "Every great idea," says a wise man, "may be resumed in one word, every noble life is typified in one work. Find this word, name this work, and of him who conceived the one and realized the other you have the most beautiful panegyric." What, then, was the thought, what the work of this good religious whose memory shall of a truth never be forgotten by the hundreds of his pupils old and new that now crowd this sanctuary. The word that expresses his great and absorbing idea is education--the work of his noble life the College --or rather the University of Ottawa. How he did love his college, to which he had consecrated his talents, his heart and his life, from the very beginning he sought to secure for this institution all the advantages of an educational establishment of the first order, wherein the youth of the land might be adequately prepared for the duties of the various walks of life. His powerful mind widened his scope of view, multiplied and strengthened his fund of knowledge. This indefatigable superior studying more clearly and deeply the divers systems of education, arrived at a more exact acquaintance with the actual wants of the country. Of him may be said that which was affirmed

of another: "Literature and human sciences seemed to him to have a gravity, a grandeur and a utility of a superior order. He had grasped the Divine characteristics of their nature and of their mission. For them his mind was imbued with that same esteem in which Holy Church herself has ever held them." He well understood that education, especially in the land and in the times in which we live, should be essentially practical, since it has become one of the first necessities of life.

Knowing what relation youth bears to church and to state, his wish was to have it taught that which is just, that which is good, that which is praiseworthy; his design to give society men of learning, men of virtue, men, in a word, blessed with that self-control spoken of in Genesis: "If thou do well, shalt thou not receive? but if ill, shall not sin forthwith be present at the door? but the lust thereof shall be under thee, and thou shalt have dominion over it" (Gen. iv, 7). No doubt had he concerning the necessity of that form of education required in this age, when so many men seek the rehabilitation of matter, when the pursuit of pleasure threatens to absorb all others, and questions of natural well-being have cast sound principles into the shade. See, said he, how cities become beautiful, but man deteriorates. There must be prepared a generation, which, while in a position to assure the progress of the country, must, at the same time, be endowed with a virtue and moral force above mere human knowledge. What he wished and worked for was to instruct and strengthen our youth in virtue, to develop its intelligence for the purpose of making its heart the seat of goodness and truth.

In 1874 he succeeded in surmounting the grave obstacles that stood in the way of the realization of this vast plan of education that he had conceived. His programme of studies, closely followed since that time, has made the College of Ottawa a seat of learning in no way inferior to any in the Dominion. The system that with good reason he then adopted, I will term the university system—for under it each professor has some branch of learning in his keeping, and thereby bound to become a specialist. I had the advantage of explaining at some length this system to our Holy Father Leo XIII, and this great Pontiff that now rules with glory the Church of Christ was thereupon pleased to express an ardent wish for the success of the College of Ottawa.

This work, in its entirety, is worthy our admiration, and our approbation, for it realizes the grand ideas concerning the education of youth of him whom we now lament. In fact, in the curriculum of

this college, the object of his life-long solicitude, we find the elements of the sciences, the various branches of a commercial course well adapted to business exigencies; a classical course of a high order, and special course on the natural sciences, the necessity of which is felt in this country, where we need not only notaries, lawyers and physicians, but industrial operatives, engineers, chemists, mineralogists, etc., etc., and crowning the whole structure is the course of theology and ecclesiastical sciences. No fault is it of his that the college has not yet been enabled to open courses of law and medicine. Here in one establishment we have taught everything needed by church and by state. Father Tabaret has in this institution realized his design, for from it shall go forth citizens useful to the State, Christian men submissive to the Church, ministers of religion capable of instructing and edifying souls. No one, therefore, can be surprised that Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, who loves to recompense those who contribute to the diffusion of science, saw fit to confer on Father Tabaret the title, honors and privileges of Doctor of Theology. He had well merited this honor and this consolation, but it was not the only honor, not the only consolation that he enjoyed. The gratitude of the old students of the college ever strongly encouraged him, and for him there was something inexpressibly solemn and agreeable in the spectacle every year offered by the numerous reunions of young men sitting on the same benches, held captive by the same want and desire, that of being instructed; for him it was a happiness of no ordinary character to see every autumn a greater number of students coming to seek the sequestered shelter of Catholic education. To perpetuate and develop his work, he was happy in securing the aid of assistants animated with the same zeal and the same devotedness. He prepared and organized a teaching body that will never lower the standard of education. And here, for this is the moment to say it, here let it be declared that he was admirably seconded by his professors, generously aided by the entire congregation, to such an extent that the work of Father Tabaret is not his so exclusively as not to be that of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and that it was his only because these devoted Fathers had undertaken it. Enough, enough, our friend sleepeth in the Lord. *Amicus noster dormit*. Death has stretched forth his arm and arrested him in his career. *Mortuus est*. Why? Ah! I have not the right to enquire into the impenetrable designs of Providence. All that I have to say is this: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." (Psalm cxv, 15.) Aye, sudden as it was,

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.

MARKS OF SYMPATHY AND RESOLUTIONS OF
CONDOLENCE.

Before closing we may mention some proofs of the esteem and respect in which Rev. Father Tabaret was held.

Among these testimonies of regret from important representative persons, we have before us a copy of the letter to His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa from His Excellency the Governor General. This letter speaks volumes for His Excellency's goodness of heart and for the interest he takes in Canadian institutions.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, March 1, 1886.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—I have just read in the morning paper the sad news of Father Tabaret's death, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my sense of the great loss which the community has sustained, and my sympathy with those who are mourning him.

It is a real calamity to the college, the success of which was so closely identified with his enlightened guidance; and the blow has fallen with a suddenness which must render it, for the moment, quite overwhelming.

If you have any opportunity of making known to the authorities of the college my deep regret for their misfortune, and my regret for the chief whom they have lost, I know you will be kind enough to avail yourself of it.

I have the honor to be, my dear Lord Bishop,

Yours faithfully,

LANSDOWNE.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE PASSED BY THE GRADUATES OF OTTAWA
COLLEGE.

Immediately after Rev. Father Tabaret's death, the old pupils of the college hastened to the side of the mortal remains of their beloved father and passed the following resolutions:—

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty Author of life and death, whose ways are ever mysterious, to call to Himself the Very Rever

end Joseph Henry Tabaret, O.M.I., D.D., President of the College of Ottawa ;

And whereas, as students, we learned to esteem and admire him for his scholarly attainments, and for the virtues that shone so brightly in his unassuming life; and to revere and love him for his fatherly care and goodness of heart ;

And whereas, in subsequent years we ever found him a counsellor and friend, manifesting the same warm interest in our welfare rejoicing with us in our successes, and sympathizing with us in our reverses, thus increasing our affection and gratitude towards him ;

And whereas, while bowing in humble submission to the divine will, we deplore the great loss we have sustained in his death, and grieve with our *Alma Mater* in this our common bereavement and affliction ;

Resolved that, as a mark of our heartfelt sorrow and respect for his memory, we wear the usual badge of mourning during one month ;

And resolved, that we, as an association, take part in the funeral ceremonies on Wednesday next, and follow his remains to the grave ;

And resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Faculty of the College and to the papers for publication.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE OTTAWA CITY COUNCIL.

At a meeting of the council of the corporation of the city of Ottawa, held on Monday, 1st March, 1886, it was

Moved by Ald. Heney, seconded by Ald. Durocher,

“That this council has heard with regret of the sudden death of the Rev. Father Tabaret, for many years superior of the College of Ottawa, and take this opportunity to testify to the great services rendered by him in the cause of education and to his many other virtues.” Carried unanimously.

Resolutions of condolence were also passed by the following societies:—

Former students, now in the Montreal Seminary.

St. Patrick's Society of Ottawa.

L'Union Saint Joseph d'Ottawa.

L'Union Saint Joseph de Hull.
 La Société St. Pierre.
 La Société St Thomas.
 Le Club Frontenac.
 La Société St. Jean Baptiste.
 L'Institut Canadien Français.
 The Board of Separate School Trustees.

Ever since Rev. Father Tabaret's death the Faculty of the College of Ottawa has been receiving letters of condolence from all parts of Canada and the United States. Among the eminent personages who have given the deceased this token of respect, and to his religious family this proof of sympathy, we shall mention :

His Grace E. A. Tachereau, Archbishop of Quebec.
 His Grace J. J. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto.
 His Lordship Bishop Walsh of London.
 His Lordship Bishop Whaddams of Ogdensburg.
 His Lordship Bishop Fabre of Montreal.
 His Lordship Bishop Lorrain, Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac.
 Mgr. Raymond, formerly Superior of St Hyacinthe College.
 The Superiors of all the Catholic Colleges of Quebec.

A great number of priests and of former students, and many distinguished citizens, both of Canada and the United States.

These testimonies of regret are not the only ones the Faculty had to record. Whilst the body of Rev. Father Tabaret was lying in state, the entire city came hither. Around the remains was a profusion of flowers offered by the friends of the Rev. Father and of his institution.

A very rich cross with cushion, given by the former students of the College of Ottawa.

A cross of flowers, three feet high, by the present students.

A cross and crown by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Two crowns by the Grey Nuns.

A crown by the Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady.

An anchor, a cross, and a crown by Mr. W. Davis and his sons.

A crown by Mr. J. C. Roger.

A crown by Mr. P. H. Chabot.

A crown by Mrs. Ryan.

A crown by Mrs. Dufresne.

Did not space forbid we would have wished to quote the newspapers which have joined in the common grief, or rather, as many

of them said, "national grief," caused by the death of Rev. Father Tabaret. Suffice it to say that the press, both Protestant and Catholic, has been unanimous in its eulogy of the deceased, and in the sympathy expressed towards those who are to continue his work.

On the first of April, a "month's mind" was solemnly celebrated in St. Joseph's Church, in presence of the faculty and students of the college, of a large number of friends, and of the entire parish. On that occasion, Rev. Father Whelan, parish priest of St. Patrick's, Ottawa, pronounced the funeral oration of him whom he venerated as a father, and who in return loved him as a son.

Resquiescat in Pace.



