A Garland

of

Lectures and Poems

BY

DR. J. K. FORAN, K.C., LIT.D., LL.B.

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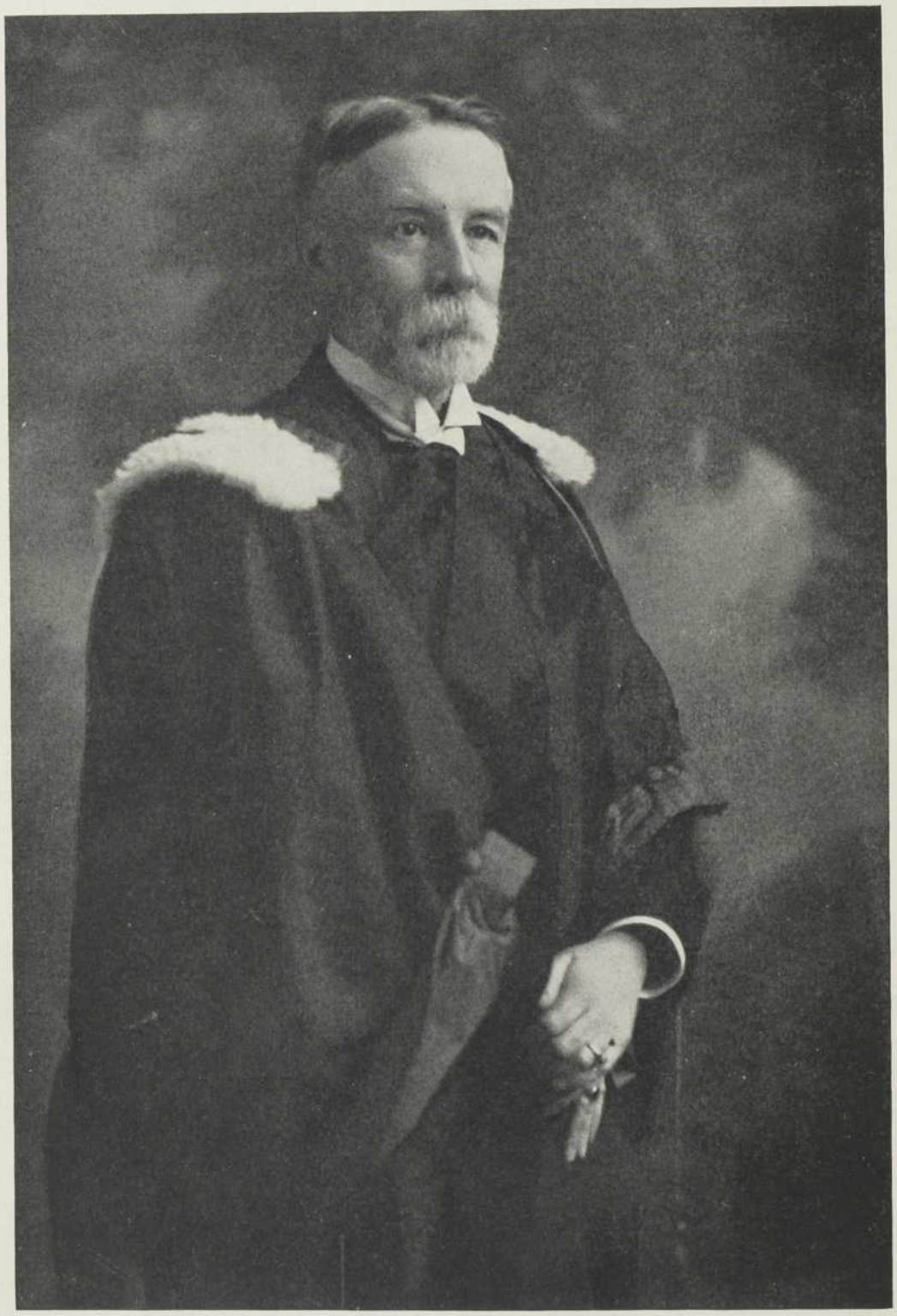

DR. J. K. FORAN, K.C., LIT.D., LL.B.

"Husband fondest, father dearest—
hand the warmest for a friend,
Little know we all the beauties,
in that spirit wont to blend."

(*Taken from* "Poems and Lyrics")

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Lectures and Poems

By

DR. J. K. FORAN, K.C., LIT.D., LL.B.

Author of

"JEANNE MANCE OR 'THE ANGEL OF THE COLONY'"
"IRISH-CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES"
"CANADIAN ESSAYS" "OBLIGATIONS"
"THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE"
"SIMON THE ABENAKIS"
"POEMS AND LYRICS"

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Dedication

This volume is affectionately dedicated
to the memory of late . . .
DR. J. K. FORAN, K.C., LIT.D., LL.B.

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The Preface

BEFORE referring to the contents of this volume I desire to renew the late Dr. Foran's acquaintance with the older people of our country, and to introduce the Author to the younger generation. For half a century Dr. Foran employed his pen and voice in defence of the Catholic Church; for the advancement of education, and the union of races in Canada. Catholic first and always seemed the true motto of his literary and public career. Providence endowed him with the rare gift of writing poetry and prose with equal facility. These talents were to Dr. Foran as wings are to the eagle, thus enabling him to soar far above the materialistic issues of modern life, and encircle the lofty summits of literary thought and achievement.

Dr. Foran was born at Aylmer, P. Que., in a picturesque residence, called " Green Park," on the 5th of Sept., 1857. His father was John Foran who belonged to an old and distinguished Irish family of French origin, which gave many priests to the church and nuns to the cloister. Right Rev. Nicholas Foran, late Bishop of Lismore and Waterford, was his Uncle. Mr. John Foran was born at " Deer Park," the beautiful family estate near Carrick-on-Suir, where he spent his early years. The hand of oppression fell upon thousands of the people in that land, and under its weight his father saw his hopes crushed. The consequence was that Mr. Foran was forced to leave his home and cherished associations to seek a brighter future across the Atlantic. His success in the New World was phenomenal, and for years he was considered the best lumber merchant of the Ottawa Valley. He became partner of the late John Egan, and after the death of that pioneer merchant he took control of the whole Estate.

He was identified closely with every enterprise in the Ottawa region for forty years.

It was through his generosity that the first Catholic Church was built in Aylmer.

Dr. Foran's mother, Catherine Frances Kearney, belonged to a noble family who became Roman Counts by the revival of an ancient title in their favour. The Kearneys were the hereditary keepers of St. Patrick's crozier which was given to the Archbishop of Cashel in 1849 and was incorporated in his crozier—they have a pedigree which stretches far back into the early history of Ireland. Dr. Foran's mother was a lady of pronounced literary talent and in her younger days was on the staff of the " Dublin Nation."

Dr. Foran received his education at the Ottawa University, graduating with the degree of B.A. He entered Laval University at Quebec to study law, and after passing a brilliant examination was admitted to the practice of the Legal profession, in his twenty-first year. While he was a student at Laval he became active as a writer of poems, essays, and also commenced to acquire fame as a lecturer. His addresses have always been marked not only by a rare eloquence, but by a spirit of

toleration that made them most acceptable in all assemblages. As a lecturer upon literary, historical and national subjects Dr. Foran has won a reputation the continent over. He preached the gospel of national unity in a style which charmed both English and French alike. He could make the most ordinary topic interesting and he was so thoroughly versed in literature that he has been called a walking encyclopedia of French and English literature.

On leaving Laval University he practised his profession in Aylmer till 1883 when ill health compelled him to spend three years in the woods of the north. In 1886 his strength was sufficiently restored to return to civic conditions, and for the following two years besides his legal work he acted as Secretary to Speaker Ouimet at the House of Commons, Ottawa.

During the years he practised his profession he was engaged in most important criminal cases, and conducted them through the tribunals with distinguished success. In 1890 he was elected honorary member of the Historical Society of Dallas, Texas, in recognition of the value of his contributions to the American press on Canadian historical subjects.

In 1891 he became Editor of the "Montreal True Witness," which won him a high place in journalism by the literary distinction of its contents and the breadth of its outlook. In 1894 the University of Ottawa conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Letters, and in July of the same year he was the first Canadian to lecture at the Catholic Summer School, New York. At this period he founded and edited "The Pen," a literary and historical paper, and had already published the following volumes: "Obligations," a legal work; "Poems and Lyrics"; "Simon the Abenakis," a Canadian Novel; "The Spirit of the Age," an historical and philosophical Essay, and "Irish-Canadian Representatives," a work that the late Sir John Macdonald and the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier were equally enthusiastic in calling the "most uplifting piece of literature ever published on the Irish people in Canada." In 1896 Dr. Foran was made a King's Counsel, and in 1902 he entered the service of the Law Branch, at the request of the late Sir John Bourinot. Besides his important duties there, he rendered valuable service to Sir John Bourinot in the compiling of his historical work. In 1912 he was made Parliamentary Counsel and in 1914 Commissioner of the High Court of Ontario. It has often been asked why Dr. Foran never aspired to a seat in the House. The answer is simply that he preferred what he believed then to be the path of duty. On three occasions he was offered the candidacy for St. Anne's division in Montreal, when Editor of the "True Witness," once for the Local House, and twice for the Federal. Those who heard his speech on the occasion when he stepped aside for the late Sir William Hingston never forgot the delicate and beautiful expressions that charmed his audience that night. Although his health had been poor for some years past, still it was only in 1922 that he was forced to retire from all activity.

At the close of the year 1930 he underwent a serious operation, and after long months of suffering which he bore with patience and resignation he died a peaceful and holy death on March 8th, 1931, fortified by the consolations of the Church, and surrounded by his family.

On the 22nd of January, 1892, Dr. Foran married Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Edwin Davis, a well known Government contractor.

Mrs. Foran is as well educated in French as in English and has been of great help to her husband in his varied work. They had four children, two died in childhood, and Mr. Herbert P. Foran (chemist) and Miss Ethel U. Foran survive. In the social circle Dr. Foran's genial and upright qualities endeared him to all who knew him, and amongst his family he was the object of the tenderest devotion.

Contemplating his life from its glittering dawn to its noonday splendor and tracing its course to the hour when amidst clouds of purple, gold and saffron his orb sank below the horizon of Time, we behold a glow of peace-creating beauty left to the world. The hill-tops were afire in the contact of those parting rays while the shadows rolled thicker in the valley below. Nor did that sun go down into unending night, rather did it sink from the gaze of all who loved him on earth to arise in the morning splendor of a day that knows no ending. It would require many volumes to contain the Author's unpublished works. The following are only a few flowers which I gathered from the wayside of his long literary path.

I have woven them into a Garland, and offer them to the reader in their original freshness and purity.

E. U. F.

Montreal, August 15, 1931.
Feast of the Assumption.

Dr. Foran's Contributions to Literary Magazines

The following are the names of the literary magazines to which Dr. Foran so generously contributed:

The North American Review:

1890—December.
1891—June.
1892—January, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.
1893—January to December.
1894—January, February, March, April, May, July, August, December.
1895—January, March, April, May, July, August, September, October, November, December.
1896—January to April.

Magazine of American History:

1892—January, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.
1893—January, February, March, April.

Donahoe's Magazine:

1893—February, March, April, May.
1894—January, March, April, May, June, October, December.
1895—January, February, May, June, September, October, December.
1896—January, February, April.
1898—July.
1899—June, July, September, October.

The Canadian Magazine:

1894—March, April, May, June, September, November, December.
1895—January, February, March, May, June, July, September.

The Californian Illustrated Magazine:

1892—March, April, May, June, July, August, September.
1893—February, March, April, June, September, October, November.
1894—January.

Pall Mall Magazine:

1893—May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.
1894—February, March, April, June, July, August, September, November.
1895—March, July, September, December.

New England Magazine:

1892—January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, December.
1893—January, February, May.

The Catholic World:

1891—June, August, October.
1892—February, May, June, July, August, September, October, November.
1893—May and June.
1894—January, May, June, July, August, October, November, December.
1895—February, May, June, July, September.
1896—November to April 1897.

The American Catholic Quarterly Review:

1891—January to April.
1892—January, April, July, October.
1893—January, April, July, October.
1894—January, April, July.
1895—July to October.
1896—January.

The Nineteenth Century:

1892—April, May, June, July, August, September.
1893—February.
1894—August.
1899—May to November.
1901—June.

The Arena:

1891—November to December.
1892—February, April, May, June, August, September, October, December.
1893—January, February, March, April, June, July, August, September, October, December.
1894—January, February, March, April, June, August, October, December.
1895—January, February, March, September, October, November.
1896—January to April.

The Globe Quarterly Review:

1889—First volume, December.
1892—October.
1893—January, May, September.
1894—January, May, September.
1896—July.

During Dr. Foran's long literary career he delivered over two thousand lectures in English and French. Some of the Addresses that are published in this book are copies of the original, while others are the résumé of the Lecture, both being accompanied by the remarks of the literary critics and the press. I may add that many of the speeches delivered by some of the most remarkable men in the political arena of Canada, as also some of the finest sermons given by prominent members of the Catholic clergy, came from the brain and the pen of Dr. Foran.

The following address was delivered by Dr. Foran on St. Patrick's Night, at a Concert in the Music Hall, Quebec. The Doctor was a law student at that time, and it was his first lecture in English. His first public address was in French and entitled: "Promenade Littéraire à Travers le 16ème Siècle." He was in his 18th year when he delivered it.

THE EMERALD ISLE

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Once I read a grand old poem composed by Martin McDermot and in it I find a fitting comparison for the Irish people of Canada, collected upon such an occasion as the present one.

"The scene is beside where the Avonmore flows,
'Tis the spring of the year, and the day's near its close,
An old woman sits with a boy on her knee,
She smiles as the evening, he as the lea,—
'Come, granny', the boys says, 'you'll sing me, I know,
The beautiful Coullin so sweet and so low—'
And she sings, he listens, and many years pass
And the old woman sleeps 'neath the chapel-yard grass."

And the boy would often ask his mother, at evening, to let him stray off to the old woman. And there, while dreaming of the time when she would sing to him the soft notes of the Coullin, he would pluck a flower to her memory, breathe a prayer for her soul. And the mother would rejoice on seeing her son thus go forth and she would say: "He loves the memory of the dear old crone. I am assured that when my turn comes to go down to the tomb, there will be one affectionate soul left to preserve my memory fresh." Thus in the heart of the mother the spring of love for the child would gush forth with a redoubled force.

Friends, is it not thus with us in Canada? This land, be it the land of our birth or the land of our adoption, is a glorious soil, vast in its proportions, endless in its resources, boundless in its liberties. Canada is a good mother for whom we should labor and to whose interests it is our bounden duty to consecrate our energies and our talents. But out of the length of a whole year, placed at her disposal and employed for her advancement, honor and glory, is it naught but just that one day should be taken to go back to the grave of the old mother Erin? One day to return to that sacred shrine of a constant devotion and there to breathe a prayer, pluck a flower or drop a tear. I have learned to love the "sea-girdled, silver stream, lake-jewelled Isle"; and I know she is grand and beautiful. I know that from where the fairy-gun booms in her cavern shore, to where the waves of the Atlantic lash the windings of Tramore; from where the eagle's scream is repeated from his eyries on Mullagh, to where the silver Suir laves the feet of Slieve-Samon; from where the sun rises in morning grandeur o'er the hill of Howth, to where he sets in crimson splendor beyond the church Connamarra—all is beautiful. Do you want the picturesque?—seek out Killarney, Gaugane Barra, the Munster Blackwater, the Avondhu or the broad flowing Shannon. Do you love mountain grandeur?—her passes of Glenmal and Barnsmore are

deep as Chamouni, her Carn Tual and Sliene Donard are as near the lightnings as Mont Blanc.

But of Ireland as the verdant land, as the " Emerald gem of the Western world," I cannot speak. She has been called the " Isle of Saints and Martyrs," " the home of heroes and patriots," the " Land of Song." Let us for a moment consider her as such and I doubt not but our few reflections will suffice to bring back to your minds many a tender recollection of the home of your forefathers. " The Isle of Saints and Martyrs!" Ireland's Druidism was grand when compared with the Paganism of other nations. While the sons of other lands adored their gods, amidst debauchery and the hundred crimes that disfigure the fair face of humanity, we find her white-robed Druid standing in her sacred grove and pointing ever to Valhalla—the heaven of the ancient Celt. The universal nations have admitted that no land on the face of God's fair creation has sent forth more apostles and given more saints to heaven than has the land of St. Patrick, of St. Bridget and St. Brendon. From the moment St. Patrick set his foot on her soil,—from the moment he plucked the triune leaf to illustrate the mystery of mysteries—as from the rock at the touch of Moses, a stream of religion poured out, pure and sparkling. It was seen through the ages, coming along from generation to generation; now slowly moving, now leaping in cascades down the hills of time, again gliding under the shadow of a cloud of centuries and finally gleaming 'neath the full noontide splendor of an approaching emancipation. In every land, wheresoever an Irish Exile is to be found, that light of faith is seen.

It followed in the wake of the emigrants' barque and upon every quarter of the earth it has shed a halo of beauty around the children of the " Ancient Race." And Ireland is the " home of heroes and patriots!" In the columns of the " Nation " appeared a poem entitled "The Celts,"—a poem due to the pen of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. In it we find a description of the ancestors of the Irish people. There is much mythology in the poem, but we love the delusion, for it is a glorious one:

> " Long, long ago beyond the misty space—
> Of twice a thousand years,
> In Erin old, there dwelt a mighty race,
> Taller than Roman spears;
> Like giant oaks they had a stalwart grace,
> Were fleet as deers."

In their hands was the " Celtic Sword " that won many a day for " Con of the hundred fights." The sword that Brian of Thomond held as he put to flight the Raven of the North on Clontarf. The sword that Sarsfield wielded at Namur. The sword that inscribed on the prison wall the names of Tone and his companions. The sword that carved on the adamantine walls of Limerick, the names of a hundred heroes. That sword has been seen to the North, almost to the frozen circle; to the South, almost to the torrid line. It has been seen in the East over the fields of Europe,—at Salamanca, Badajos, Waterloo and above all on that great occasion, when under the Standard of the cross, embellished with the " fleur de lys " and the shamrock, the warriors of Erin rushed to death and glory on the blood-stained slopes of Fontenoy. That sword

was found in the West, wheresoever the flag of liberty led the Vanguard of a nation the "Celtic brand" was to be seen. And, methinks, it is tonight suspended from the willow boughs that kiss the yellow waves of Missouri as they wail an endless requiem for the immortal "Meagher of the Sword."

Ireland was the "Land of Song." Have you read that poem of Keegan's on "Cooch the Piper"? It gives a good picture of an Irish bard. At one moment he is tuning his harp to the peasants' ear, at the next it is heard in the banquet hall of the chieftain—again the pibroch of the land is loud over the clashing of spears as the clansmen come down from their hills at the voice of the battle. In 300 we find Ossian with his weird imagery, chanting the praises of Fingal and of Cona. Long silent on Tara is the harp. Carolan takes it down and re-tunes it. Moore, years later, finds the secret of the Irish bard and from "Wicklow to Bermuda" he sings the glories and sorrows of Innisfail. But what were they all to that host of bards and poets that came forth from '42 to '49 through the medium of the "Nation"? Like a galaxy they spanned the sky of Ireland's literature from horizon to horizon, and foremost amongst the first was the "Minstrel of Mallow"—Thomas Osborne Davis. Then Mangan of the bitter life and poet's soul; McCarthy of the Irish heart; Griffin of the minstrel's soul; Richard Dalton Williams, Duffy, John Keegan, Jeremiah Callahan, and a host of others.

But I have been too long, I have gone beyond my allotted time and I feel that I owe you very much for your kindness and indulgence. Yet, I must not forget a portion of my audience. If Ireland had her men, she has had her women! If she is the "Isle of Saints" we must not forget St. Bridget—we must not omit Nano Nagle. If she is the "Land of Heroes"—it is because in the hour of victory her men were cheered on by her women and in the hour of misfortune her men were encouraged by the patience and fidelity of their mothers, wives and daughters. If Ireland is "The Land of Song"—she had a Speranza—an Eva Kelly—an Ellen Dowling—yes, she had the grandmother of our last Governor, Lord Dufferin—the authoress of the "Irish Emigrant's Lament."

Twin stars twinkle in the sky of Ireland's past—through the vistas of ages we see them—Fidelity and Patriotism—see that no bloody meteor can ever arise to hide for a moment their rays! Deluge after deluge have desolated her provinces—the monuments of art that escaped the barbarism of one invader have fallen beneath the savage civilization of another. But alone amidst that solitude her temple stood like a majestic monument in the desert of antiquity. Gaze upon that grand token of the past, contemplate its saints, its martyrs, its heroes, its virgins, its bards. The day of Ireland's greatness has not vanished. She was great in her ages of strife and sorrow, she will be greater still in the days of her coming regeneration.

Guard that light of faith—it is a light from heaven—follow it through all the perils of your journey and like the fiery pillar of the captive Israel it will cheer the desert of this world's bondage and guide one day to the land of your promised freedom!

CONFERRING OF DEGREES AND DIPLOMAS AT OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

Lord Aberdeen Receives the Degree of LL.D.—Mr. J. K. Foran, Editor of the "True Witness," Created a Doctor of Letters—Account of the Proceedings—Dr. Foran's Address.

The following appeared in several Canadian papers:

On Thursday night, the 21st June, 1894, the annual commencement exercises took place at Ottawa University. In addition to the usual proceedings of conferring of arts and other degrees upon the students, the occasion was marked by His Excellency the Governor General receiving the degree of LL.D. as a recognition of his worth in the eyes of the faculty of the University. The honorary title of M.A. was also conferred on Dr. Gibbons, of Syracuse, and Rev. Father Duhaut, O.M.I., and Francis Joseph Curran, of New York. Mr. J. K. Foran, Editor of the "True Witness," received the title of Doctor of Letters.

The conferring of this honor upon Lord Aberdeen was the first item of the exercises, and upon receiving it, His Excellency made a reply, expressive of his gratitude to the faculty for this mark of distinction which they had been pleased to bestow upon him.

Next followed the conferring of degrees, and then the distribution of medals and diplomas took place.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S REMARKS

His Excellency then addressed the assemblage, lauding the faculty of the University for their wonderful efforts in the cause of education, and exhorting the students to profit by the chances a University course afforded them to become useful members of the community, and more than an ordinary power among their fellow-men.

Archbishop Duhamel, much to the disappointment of the audience, announced that he would not himself make a speech, but would call upon a gentleman whose eloquence had elicited the applause of distinguished admirers, Dr. J. K. Foran, of Montreal. And certainly Dr. Foran's speech was a masterpiece of poetic oratory. His remarks dealt especially with a sketch of Ottawa University, and the labors of the Oblate Fathers throughout Canada.

DR. J. K. FORAN'S ADDRESS

Needless to reproduce all the eulogistic comments of the press upon this address, which Lord Aberdeen considered a masterpiece of eloquence, both in form and delivery.

Your Excellency, Your Grace, Very Rev. Rector, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The signal honor conferred upon me this evening by the University of Ottawa, awakens feelings of sincere gratitude and legitimate pride. It were impossible for me, in my inexpressive language, to convey any adequate idea of the sentiments that animate me. Therefore, I conclude that the less I attempt in that direction the more am I likely to accomplish.

Standing in this splendid hall, under the sacred roof of our *Alma Mater,* and amidst surroundings such as you behold here this evening, it seems to me as if it were all a dream, that the curtain of intervening years had rolled up, while memory, with magic wand, had summoned before me scenes long vanished and actors long since disappeared.

As if it were but yesterday, I recall that hour in September, 1867, when I entered for a first time the old St. Joseph's College. Good Brother Cooney—God rest his soul—met me at the door. He handed me over to Father Morois, who in turn began by threatening to pull my ears until they were as long as his arms, and to place me beside the weathercock that twirled above the cupola on the old edifice. Prophetic was the witty *econome!* For to-night I feel as if some mysterious influence had raised me to that dizzy height and left me there to twist and to turn with every breath of surprise that sweeps around me.

Comparatively humble was the college in those days; but all great institutions and all important human events have had humble origin. "Rome was not built in a day." The foundation was laid by wolf-suckled twins; it took centuries to accomplish the work; but once the construction was completed, Rome became the Eternal City. Already had the venerable and ever-to-be-lamented Bishop Guiges organized the vast diocese of Ottawa; already had his missionaries gone forth to evangelize the Indian tribes and carry the consolations of religion to the white men scattered in groups throughout the forests of the north; already had the grand work of education been commenced—they sowed in fertile soil the seeds that have since taken root, grown up, expanded, fructified, and the harvest of which we all reap to-day. Beneath the purple of episcopal dignity that great and good man carried the insignia of his deep humility. The work he accomplished can only be thoroughly understood by his noble and worthy successor. In the year 1844—half a century ago—the Oblates of Mary Immaculate arrived in Bytown, and, from that day to the present, they have carried on a two-fold work—for Faith and for Country. They carved out paths through the wilderness; with one hand they planted the Cross of Christ amidst untrodden wilds, while with the other hand they beckoned on the advance guard of civilization.

The year 1850 beheld the ordination of a man destined to play an important part in the history of this city and of this section of the country. At the name of Father Tabaret I pause! Well do I remember that gloomy day, in mid-winter 1886, when His Grace, the gifted and eloquent Archbishop of Ottawa, pronounced the funeral oration in the Basilica. In one phrase he summed up the life, the labors, the virtues, the characteristics of the illustrious dead. In an ecstasy of eloquent sorrow he cried out: "*Quel homme d'élite!*" Yes, truly was Father Tabaret of those whom the world calls the *élite;* and just as truly is he, to-night, amongst those whom God calls the *elect.* Outside yonder door is a statue that affection has raised to his memory; but this magnificent institution, with its ever expanding proportions and increasing influences, is the monument *par excellence* that shall transmit his name and his fame to posterity. Grand in his humility, childlike and meek in his power, poverty only enriched him, years made him grow younger, obstacles strengthened him, difficulties encouraged him, and a lowly spirit and a life of obedience constituted him an organizer of institutions and a com-

mander amongst men. The impress of his zeal is left upon the diocese of Ottawa; the mark of his handiwork you behold in this University; and the seal of his strong personality is indelibly stamped upon the spirit of a whole generation of men. Suddenly, one day, God's hurried ambassador came to him with a summons: but the Angel of Death found him ready to lay down his burden and to go, with his works, before the Creator.

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

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

Up amidst the picturesqueness of the Gatineau and Desert the spire of Maniwaki's Church flings a shadow upon one of their pioneer establishments. Off by Timagami and Nipissing they are literally " turning a wilderness into a garden." Away by the Red River, and over the rolling prairies of the Northwest, in the footsteps of Archbishop Tache and his companions, are the evidences of their presence. Yes; Archbishop Tache! As I speak to-night the " Angel of Shadow " hovers over St. Boniface and that great and noble spirit flutters between time and eternity. The frame is shattered but the soul is even more glorious in the herald rays of an anticipated unending glory. Up amongst the stupendous grandeurs of the Rockies have they planted the cross. Beyond, where Fraser and Mackenzie leap, in wild fury, down the granite stairways of their white cascades, to the ocean, have they labored. In far away Alaska, where

the foot of summer scarcely ever treads, with Bishop Clut and his associates, do we behold their work. And, to-night, in that section of our country rendered historic by deeds of heroism, beneath the shadow of the Cypress Hills, on the wild shores of Aiekesegahagan, there stands a colossal cross; its summit points to heaven, and at its base are two mounds that contain the ashes of the Oblate martyrs, who, leaving this institution at the voice of obedience, went forth in the livery of Christ to die at the post of duty—Father Marchand and Father Fafard.

And while this work of evangelization was going on, here, in the capital of our country, they have been building up this home of learning and this shrine of sanctity. Look over Canada to-day and you will behold students of this institution in every sphere of life—in the Church, in Parliament, at the Bar, on the Bench, in the Medical profession, in engineering, literature, science, commerce, and industries—clinging to the topmost round of the ladder of success. Not only in Canada, but all over the great Republic to the south of us. In that land of consecrated freedom, so many of whose sons have come to drink at this fountain source of knowledge, there is scarcely a city that does not contain one or more hearts that beat in gratitude to our *Alma Mater,* and with love and veneration for the men who moulded their young lives.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that I should feel proud to receive, to-night, the degree of Doctor from the University of Ottawa. I accept it in the hope that Providence may grant me the opportunity, at other times and under other circumstances, of proving, by means more emphatic than words, how deeply and how truly I appreciate the honor. It would be an intrusion on my part to detain you any longer this evening. It would be presumption to further monopolize your time, and check the flow of harmony and enjoyment. In concluding, to the University of Ottawa, to the faculty of this institution, from the fulness of my heart I cry out, "*Esto Perpetua;*" may your triumphs be great, may your success be unending! Go on in your glorious mission and you will yet be a powerful factor in raising your country to her rightful position amongst the nations. Under the safeguards of our matchless constitution, the head of which is represented here to-night in the person of the deservedly popular and universally beloved Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, you will behold this Dominion a queen upon the western continent, a home of good principles, a shrine of the civilization of the Gospel, with the scintillations of God's ineffable majesty shedding their radiant glories on the pathway of her future. Yes, you will aid in making her the realization of the Canadian poet's picture:

"The northern arch, whose vast proportions
Span the sky from sea to sea,
From Atlantic to Pacific,
Home of unborn millions free!"

"EARLY EDUCATORS IN CANADA"

LECTURE BEFORE THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA

Third Session, July, 1894

Rev. President and Friends:—While politicians, statesmen and diplomatists are puzzling their brains about the future possibilities of our respective countries, thank Providence, we have a field of common interest upon which we can meet and enjoy an "unrestricted reciprocity" of ideas and sentiment. In the vast arena of Catholic Education the giants of intellect wrestle for supremacy; the contest is one of emulation, not rivalry, and no matter to whom the honors may belong the spoils of victory must fall into the lap of a rising generation and the garland of triumph be twined around the brow of our Holy Religion. While the American eagle, symbolic of your glorious Republic, soars higher and higher in the atmosphere of national greatness, our Canadian beaver, with his characteristic industry and perseverance, is steadily cutting down the pillars of "the forest primeval" and laying the foundations of an edifice calculated to resist the strongest floods of adversity. Side by side America and Canada are moving along the highway of material progress; but in the midst of all the commercial and political improvements, it is necessary to pause and contemplate the rainbow of promise that unites our destinies—the great, all-embracing arch of Higher Education. To-day I come to speak to you of the early history of Canada, of the first missionaries, the martyrs, the men and women who sowed the seed from which have sprung the admirable institutions of education and religion that are at once the pride of that young country and the glory of our Church.

Canada is young in years, but old in the experience of the trials and obstacles with which the great nations of Europe have, during long centuries, contended. We have pages of history as glowing as any that tell of Greece or Rome; we have monuments as sacred to us as are the debris of ancient splendor to the inhabitants of the old world; all we would require are ruins that might eloquently speak of our heroic past.

One day, in the summer of 1877, I stood in front of the old Basilica of Quebec and I watched a score of men with axes, picks, powder and dynamite, working to demolish the walls of the first Jesuit College. Day after day, during that summer, and again the following year, I returned to note the progress made by the instruments of, what I considered, a modern vandalism.

It had been reported that these walls were dangerous, and might at any moment fall on the heads of the passersby; on this pretext, permission was obtained to destroy the most precious landmark in Canadian history. Yet, the cement was as solid as the stones, and it required months, yes, three years—the most powerful explosives being used—to tear the edifice to pieces. It told a story of two centuries and a half of

struggles in the cause of Catholic education; but that element of barbarism, that clings to purely material interests or commercial advancement, swayed the decisions of those in power and the result was the final destruction of the Jesuit College of Quebec—an institution founded in 1635, one year before Harvard, and consequently the oldest educational establishment on this continent. At last young Canada had ruins; and ruins of historical importance.

Standing upon the shattered walls, that were built to last for centuries, I recalled—not without a pang of sorrow and a sense of humiliation—the words of the Poet Priest:—

> "Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
> And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
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> * * * * * * *
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> Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
> There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;
> For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
> As after the night comes the sunrise of morn."

Yes, out of the night clouds of paganism and barbarism that hung round the cradle of our country, out of the misty shadows of persecution, misery and suffering that enshrouded the early labors of Catholic pioneers, educators and missionaries, have come forth the noble institutions that dot the land to-day, and from which, like stars on the sky of our history, flash the beams of promise that illumine the country's future.

Standing again, but this time in imagination, upon the broken pillars and battered remains of the Jesuit College of Quebec, and looking down into the grave of almost three centuries, I summon up the shadowy forms of scenes long vanished and actors long since disappeared. Lo! at my mandate the picture changes; the cities of to-day are lost in the wilderness of trees, and the events of our early history unroll themselves before my vision. I invite you for half an hour to that interesting theatre. You will perceive how like the old walls of the present ruin are the institutions, religious bodies and grand organizations of the Church; yes, how like their story except in the accomplishment of their destruction—is that Church herself. The thoughtless, the irreverent and the wicked have said that she is but a human institution, destined to one day crumble, and to crush in that fall the men who confided in her stability; but the axe of the infidel, the pick of the iconoclast, the powder of the innovator, and the dynamite of the secretly organized enemies of Truth, have failed to detach from each other stones that were laid by the Hand of Divinity and cemented by the blood of ten thousand martyrs.

There are two questions of vital importance connected with the origin of our early educational establishments and the labors of the first missionaries, that I will ask you to consider. The first regards the intentions and aims of the French Kings, who sent out explorers, traders and colonists to Canada; the second refers to the grand and all-important obstacle that stood in the way of the Early Educators and teachers of Christian Truth amongst the Indians. On the first point there are many false impressions which historians have taken very little pains to dispel, on the second, by means of suppressing evidence, writers, like Parkman,

Bancroft, Lescarbot and others, have succeeded in keeping in the foreground facts of minor importance and covering up—for one reason or another—events and circumstances that are calculated to cast an entirely different light upon the labors and sacrifices of the heroic missionaries of that first century.

We are too often led to suppose that the grand object of the French monarchs was to secure more territory and consequently greater revenues, as well as increased power; but history proves, beyond a doubt, that from Francis I. to Louis XIV., every one of the French Kings entertained a desire of advancing the cause of religion, and that any considerations of conquest or material gain were merely secondary and in the majority of cases absolutely *nil*. By the letters-patent conferred, the edicts promulgated, the conditions set down in the grants of lands, the communications with ecclesiastical and civil authorities concerning the missionaries, and, in a word, every document that connects French royalty with Canadian history, all prove most conclusively that the thought of Christianizing a new world was uppermost in the minds of the monarchs and that the idea of great material gains never swayed their councils. (A.) As we proceed with the history of that epoch you will observe how strongly the documents, and other evidence adduced, refute the oft-repeated assertion that Canada was first colonized through mercenary motives.

On the subject of the obstacles with which the missionaries had to contend there is ample opportunity afforded by the principal historians for misconceptions of the actual state of affairs. Parkman, that accurate historian, when it suits his own purposes, goes out of his way to praise the Jesuits for deeds that could not be ignored without risking entirely his own reputation; but he is very careful to counteract whatever effect his truthful statements might produce, by holding them up to ridicule, as men of little minds and victims of an overwrought enthusiasm. So it is in the case that I wish to analyze. We are told that these pioneer educators had to contend against the severity of the climate, the disadvantages arising from imperfect means of navigation, the long winters and months of separation from Europe, the famines that consequently menaced their little bands, and finally against the ferocity of the Iroquois, the treachery of the Huron and ignorance of all the savage tribes. It did not require Mr. Parkman nor Mr. Lescarbot to tell us these things. They are obstacles so natural to the situation that to ignore them would be entirely impossible. But these writers, who claim the high post of accurate historians, neglect to mention the real and all-important obstruction that blocked the way of civilization and Christianity—particularly Catholicity—in the first years of our history. Intentionally, or through lack of knowledge, they suppress what seems to me the most important evidence of the difficulties to be overcome by the founders of our educational institutions.

Yes; the grand obstacles in the path of the missionaries was the opposition created by the members and employees of the different commercial and trading companies. These organizations, from time to time, received certain privileges, and were granted the monopoly of the fur-trade in the colony. The special agents of De Mont, of de Caen, and those of the

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A—Abbé Faillant, Introduction to "Histoire de la Colonie Française au Canada."

company of " One Hundred Associates," the company of " New France " and the company of " Montreal " made it their business to create distrust in the breast of the Huron, enmity in that of the Iroquois, and to retard, by every imaginable means, the cause of religion and instruction. Through these monopolies they were building up colossal fortunes in Europe at the expense of the Indian's enlightenment and Christianity. They knew that the more domesticated, or civilized, the tribes became the more were they liable to neglect the hunting fields, and a consequent loss to the dealer and adventurer would follow; they knew, also, that the more enlightened the Indians became the more likely were they to know the value of the furs that they had been so long selling at a sacrifice. The result was that the agents, factors, interpreters and other employees of those companies cast every conceivable impediment in the way of education and civilization. They went so far as even to refuse to teach the missionaries the Indian languages; and, as a rule, when called upon to translate their sermons, these unscrupulous mercenaries interpreted the words of the priests in the very opposite sense to that in which they were used. The result was untold miseries and sufferings on the part of the missionaries, unnecessary wars between the Indians, unprovoked massacres of colonists, and (as the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation wrote), " had it not been for the vileness of the company's agents and the treachery of the paid servants of the traders, perhaps Fathers Lallement and de Brebeuf would never have been martyred by the irritated Iroquois." (B.)

These are two points that I wish particularly to emphasize in the course of the few remarks that the limited time at my disposal will allow me to make.

Long before the days of Cartier the shores of Canada were known to the Basques; and the Norman and Breton fishermen, who chased the whale into the straits of Labrador and supplied the markets of Europe with cod from the banks of Newfoundland. (C.)

When the Florentine adventurer, Jean Verazzani, wrote from Dieppe, in 1524, to Francis I. that he had discovered Indians who had neither temples nor altars, and seemed to possess no religion, but who were of a nature calculated to accept the mysteries of our Faith, he fanned into an all-consuming flame the smouldering embers of royal fervor, and the King determined on sending out explorers and envoys to rescue the savage tribes from the night of ignorance and infidelity. "What," cried out Francis, " the Kings of Spain and Portugal calmly divide the New World between them? I would like to see that portion of Adam's will in which he creates them heirs to America." Again he said: " Am I a ' most Christian King,' and yet careless of the Catholic cause? If old France be

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B—Faillant, " Hist. de la Col. Franç. au Can.", vols. 1, 2 and 3.
" Premier établis. de la Foi," by Father Sagard, p. 10.
Champlain's voyage of 1615, Paris, 1627; 2d edit., 1615.
Relations des Jésuites, 1626.
Ven. Marie de l'Incarnation, Lettre du 15 Juin, 1660.
Father Leclercq, vol. I, pp. 300-313.
Champlain, 1632, 2d part, pp. 78 and 84, also pp. 218-220.
Le Père Sagard, pp. 867, &c.
Archives de la Préfecture de Rouen; Régistre de N. D. de Rouen, le 7 & 8 Déc. 1627.
Prem. établis. de la Foi, vol. I, pp. 172, &c., 368, &c.

C—Davity's " Description du monde," 1660, vol. V, part 3, p. 27.
Lescarbot. Edit. of 1618, p. 228.

the ' eldest daughter of the Church,' then New France must become the youngest one." (D.)

In 1540 Jacques Cartier received letters-patent whereby he was instructed to " execute the King's will in New France, and establish the Catholic religion in the colony." Lescarbot suppresses many of Cartier's beautiful letters that illustrate his great faith and the object of his mission. But happily these documents are conserved in manuscript at Paris. (E.)

The wildest flights of fancy and the most extravagant pencillings of romance are tame compared with the true history of those early days. The *Compagnies Marchandes* had obtained the monopoly of trade in New France on the condition of establishing, at their own expense, colonies, and securing the establishment of the Catholic faith amongst the tribes. But to the members of the companies fur was more precious than souls; sailors became merchant traders; and a regular post was established at Tadousac. Jacques Noël, a nephew of Cartier, was the first to receive a royal commission to execute, at his own expense, the plans conceived by Francis I., and was therefore the one to open that commercial avenue along which hundreds found fortunes and thousands met with ruin.

To conciliate contending parties in France, after the edict of Nantes, and the expedition of the Norman Calvinist, Saint Chauvin, Henri IV. granted a commission to a young, but brave and tried soldier, Samuel de Champlain, of Brouage. He it is whose name has been given to yonder lake. His character was as pure as the mirror-like waters of that historic expanse; his zeal was as restless as its surface in autumn; his courage was as irresistible as the western hurricane sweeping over its bosom. He bore with him an important mandate, " to carry out the intentions of the Catholic monarchs of France, and establish the Faith in Canada."

In 1603 we find Champlain, with Dupont Grave, teaching Indians at Tadousac. In 1610 several Indian adults were baptized at Port Royal, in Acadia, without having received the required instructions. When the news of this event reached France, the Jesuits went before Marie de Médicis, and begged to be allowed to go to Canada. The Queen granted the request, and expressed the desire that Fathers Biard and Massé should be the first to go. She gave them from her private purse 500 ecus, the Marquise de Verneuil gave them sacred ornaments, Madame Sourdis contributed altar clothes, and the Marquise de Guercheville added provisions.

The Queen and the young King—Louis XIII—both sent autograph letters to Poutrincourt, the Governor, recommending the Jesuits as special envoys of royalty. Another evidence of the Catholic aims of the French monarchs.

Now that we have the missionaries fairly started upon the long and difficult path of Catholic evangelization, we will skip details and simply take a bird's-eye-view of those adventurous times.

D—L'Art de vérifier les dates, Edit. 1783. Vol. I, p. 635.
Lescarbot. Book I, ch. I, page 3.

E—His. de la Colonie Franç. Introduction, p. 6.
Complement des Ordonnances, &c. Quebec, 1856, p. 5.
" Relations de la Nouvelle France," by Père Biard, 1616, p. 23.

It was 1615 before Quebec had any priest. At that period C. Sieur Hanel—a brave soldier and true Christian—became a member of the Company; soon he forced his associates to accept the missionaries, and in answer to an application which he made to the Provincial of the Récollets, Fathers Jamay, d'Olbeau, Le Caron and du Plessis were sent out to Quebec. They also came with letters from Louis XIII., who confirmed their mission in Canada.

The Récollet Fathers were the first missionaries in what was long known as Canada proper; but if we refer to the country, according to the geographical limits of the present Dominion, the palm goes to the Jesuits —for as early as 1611, Fathers Biard and Massé planted the cross on the shores of Acadia. In fact, in 1604, Rev. Nicholas Aubry and a companion priest came to the place called Port Royal.

On their arrival Mass and a *Te Deum* were chanted to the accompaniment of artillery; but the reception they got from the Company's agents was of another kind. The interpreters refused positively to teach the Fathers the Indian language, thereby preventing them from beginning the work of evangelization and instruction. In vain they appealed to France for help; the Indians had become furious on account of the Company's excessive charges, and were incited to deeds of violence by the stories circulated regarding the priests. Despite all this the cornerstone of Notre Dame de Grace, at Quebec, was laid, and the Récollet Convent was built. Champlain began the fortifications, but the Company's men refused to help; de Mont's private company got in trouble; de Caen's was formed; they both amalgamated and both opposed the Catholic missionaries.

The Iroquois Indians had become so excited under the lash of the Company's agents, and so prejudiced against the priests by the false interpretations of sermons, that they sacked the Récollet convent, and brought Père Poullain to the stake. By a Providence of God the good priest escaped the torture, but the lesson was not lost on the colony. Champlain and Father Irenée went to France and asked the Jesuits to come to the rescue. The consequence was an amalgamation of the two orders and the return of the Jesuits to Canada in 1625.

The first of the new band to cross the Atlantic were Fathers Charles Lalemant, de Brebeuf, Ennemond Massé and two Brothers of the Order, François Charton and Gilbert Buret. With them came a Récollet of illustrious parentage, Father Joseph de la Roche d'Allion. They were received not only discourteously, but even in a hostile manner by de Caen, who claimed that since they had merely verbal authorization from the King, he could not lodge them at the Fort. He ordered them to return by the vessel that brought them. But the Récollets gave them half of their convent and for two years and six months they remained there until they were enabled to build for themselves. They wished to live and labor amongst the Hurons, but owing to the opposition of de Caen, the deception of the clerks, the tricks of the interpreters, and the plots formed against them by the agents, they were forced to confine their exertions to Quebec and the immediate surroundings. (N.)

N—Champlain, 1632, 2d part, pp. 85, &c.
Le P. Leclercq, vol. I, p. 332.
L'Hist. de la Col. Franç. au Can., vol. I, pp. 215 to 220.

The *Compagnie des Associés* having failed to fulfil the obligations imposed upon it, was suddenly suppressed, and, in April, 1627, the Duke de Montmorency established the "Company of New France." This company consisted of one hundred members, who agreed—in 1628—to send 200 to 300 men to Canada for the purpose of Catholic colonization. (o.) The King, in his anxiety to establish the Faith, gave exceptional powers to the company; at the same time he withdrew those accorded to de Caen—allowing him in compensation, at the request of Cardinal Richelieu, one year of full control over the fur trade.

At that juncture a wealthy nobleman, René Rohault, eldest son of the Marquis de Gamache, entered the Jesuit order and dedicated his fortune to the establishment of a College at Quebec. But the taking of that city by David Kirke, an adventurer from Dieppe, in the service of England, and the long train of difficulties that followed, rendered impossible, until 1632, any attempt at the grand work. When the Jesuits landed, with Champlain, they found the Governor's residence destroyed, the mission house in ruins, and scarcely a place of shelter for their travel-tired bodies. But they were not discouraged, and before the summer of 1635 they had laid the foundation of the grand old college, whose destruction I witnessed in 1878. Father Lejeune wrote home, in 1632: "I have become a tutor here in Canada; at this moment I have two pupils, learning their alphabet. After so many years of teaching I have come back to A, B, C, and with so great a delight that, believe me, I would not give up my two scholars for the finest audience in France." The following year he added: "Last year I had two pupils; I have grown rich, for now I possess more than twenty of them." (P.)

On Christmas Day, 1635, the noble soul of Champlain went to its certain reward. His was a saintly death, as his life had been one long obedience to the will of God. He was succeeded by Charles Huoult de Montmorency. (Q.)

It was a strange and striking coincidence that at the same moment God inspired, in Paris, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon to erect a Hôtel Dieu for Indian children in Canada, and Madame de la Pelterie, in another part of the country, to establish a seminary for female Indian children at Quebec, and under the direction of the Ursulines. And although neither knew of the other's designs, the Hospital Nuns and the Ursulines crossed the ocean in the same vessel with Madame de la Pelterie. (R.) The superioress of the Ursulines was from Tours—the venerable Mother Marie Guyard de l'Incarnation; and the directress of the Hospital Nuns was sister Marie de St. Ignace. (S.)

Here we have reached the foundation after twenty years of unexampled and factious opposition, of the first educational establishments in

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O—Cours. d'Hist. du. Can. Vol. I, p. 222.
Mercure Français, vol. XIV, p. 233.
Archives des Affaires, Etrangères à Paris, vol. "Amérique," 1592 to 1660, fol. 55.

P—Pamphlet on Hist. of the Jesuit College of Que., pages 4 and 5.
Letters of P. Lejeune, 1632 and 1633.
Relations des Jésuites, 1663.

Q—Abbe Faillant. Hist. de la Col. Franc. au Can., vol. I, pp. 283 to 290.
Chroniques des Ursulines, Vie de Mde. Champlain.

R—Relations 1639, p. 6.

S—Archives de la Préfecture de Rouen; fond. des Ursulines de Dieppe, 21 Ap. 1629.
Relations, 1639, p. 6, &c.
Evêché de Québec. Reg. B. fol. 13 and 16.

Canada—the Hôtel Dieu, the Ursuline Convent and the Jesuit College of Quebec. The new company gave the Jesuits six acres of land in the heart of the city, and thereon they built the historic edifice so often spoken of in this lecture. The men who taught there had occupied the most important positions in the largest colleges of France, and the names of Lejeune, Lalemant, Rogvenan, Chastelain, Vimont and de Quen are associated with the histories of the leading educational establishments of the world. It was men of that high calibre that commenced the glorious work of Catholic instruction in Canada. And that college had sheltered Louis Joliet; it was inside its walls that Marquette drew the plans of his famous voyage of discovery to the Mississippi; under its roof lived and labored the now immortal martyrs Naue, Jogues, Daniel, de Brebeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, Chabanel, Buteux, Garreau and Pierron. A number of these men met death while seeking recruits, amongst the Indian tribes, for the classes of the grand old college. Is it any wonder that I characterized as an act of vandalism the wanton destruction of such an historical relic? (T.)

I have dwelt principally upon the fact that the opposition, the neglect or indifference of the monopolist companies was the most formidable obstruction to the way of these pioneers of education, because the historians seem to ignore this phase of the question, while the correspondence and other documentary evidence, both of a public and a private nature, which I have been fortunate enough to secure, establish beyond the shadow of a doubt that, had the early missionaries only to contend with the climate and the Indians, their path would have been much more pleasant and their successes proportionately more numerous and earlier.

Gladly would I unfold the story of the prodigies performed in Quebec and Sillery, in the interest of the Indian children, by the Ursulines and the Hospital Nuns; but the career of venerable Marie de l'Incarnation, alone, would furnish subject matter for a dozen lectures. We must rush on to the establishment of the first institutions in Montreal; leaving the Hospital Nuns with their thousand Indian converts—poor forest-children who accepted the faith because it was that of the brave women who came to them during the epidemic of 1639. (U.)

The aims of the French Kings received the first approach to realization when the *Compagnie de Montréal* was formed; an institution destined to play an important part in the history of the colony, but equally destined to final suppression. On the Feast of the Purification, 1636, M. de la Dauversière conceived the idea of planting a Catholic colony at Ville Marie, and establishing a community of priests for that purpose. (V.) The first to feel the inspiration of the grand vocation was a young country priest—twenty-eight years of age—Jean Jacques Olier, the subsequent founder of the Community and Seminary of Saint Sulpice, in Paris. Although M. Olier never visited Canada, he may well be called the

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T—See Father Larcher's pamphlet, composed in 1875; 2d edition published for the Montreal Gesu in 1887.

U—Relations, 1641, p. 24.
Letter of Sister Sainte Croix, 2d Sept., 1639.
Hist. of Hôtel Dieu of Quebec, p. 16.

V—Hist. de Montréal, par M. Dollier de Casson, 1640 to 1641.
Relations de 1637, p. 74.

founder of Montreal. (w.) He always had a wish to end his days in a new country; but such was not the will of Providence. He once had a vision of a pillar on which were erected two churches—one old, the other new. (x.) These extraordinary signs confirmed the young priest in his purposes and to his grand project is due the existence of the Sulpician Order. (y.)

It would seem as if the Almighty had special designs upon the mission of Montreal, for almost at the same time did the three great communities, destined to lay the foundations of religion and education on that island, spring into the attitude of organized bodies. At Paris, the Order of Saint Sulpice; at La Flèche, in Anjou, the Institute of the Daughters of St. Joseph; and at Troyes, the Congregation de Notre Dame, the creation of Marguerite Bourgeoys. Wonderful are the ways of God. (z.)

The " Company of Montreal " resolved to send out a detachment of well-trained and reliable men who could keep the Iroquois Indians in check and save the missionaries and teachers from the trials and dangers that had harassed the early educators in Quebec. In Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, was found the man best calculated to lead the little army of pioneers. Previous to accepting the honorable, but dangerous post, de Maisonneuve held several consultations with the Sisters at Troyes. (a1.) He, however, explained to those enthusiastic ladies that it would be useless for them to go out to Canada until the country was more settled and colony more securely established. It was then that the devout Sister Louise de Sainte Marie penned the beautiful prayer:

" Sainte Mère de Dieu, pure vierge au cœur loyal,
Gardez-nous une place en votre Montréal."

A prayer that was heard and granted; and which might thus be translated:

" Holy Mother of God, Pure Virgin of the loyal heart,
In Montreal's great work, reserve for us a part." (b1.)

In February, 1642, a solemn service was held in the Metropolitan Church, of Paris; Mass was sung by M. Olier and the Island of Montreal was consecrated to the Holy Family—Jesus, Mary and Joseph. (c1.)

On the 6th of January, 1643, de Maisonneuve, amidst imposing ceremonials, planted a cross on the summit of Mount Royal; at its base an altar was erected, Père Duperron said Mass, and Madame de la Pelterie

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W—Autograph mémoires of M. Olier, vol. I. p. 96.
Life of M. Olier, by Père Giry, part I. ch. VI.

X—Memoirs of M. Olier, vol. IV, p. 169.

Y—Hist. de Mont. de 1640 à 1641.
Les véritables motifs, &c., p. 27.

Z—Relations de 1640, p. 4, &c.
Vie de Melle. Mance, Vol. I, p. XXV.
Vie de la Sœur Bourgeoys, vol. I, pp. 6 and 7.

A1—Hist. de Mont., par M. Dollier de Casson, 1640-1641.
La Conduite de la Providence dans l'établissement de la Congrégation. Toul. 1682, vol. II, p. 198.

B1—Ecrits autographs de la Sœur Bourgeoys, et vie de la même. Vol. I, pp. 26, 27, &c.

C1—Hist. de Mont., par Dollier de Casson, 1641-1642.
Premier établiss. de la Foi, vol. II, p. 48.

was the first communicant in that isolated, but glorious spot. (D1.) The pilgrimage to the mountain, the goodness of Melle. Mance, the heroism and generous character of de Maisonneuve, all served to produce a wonderful effect upon the Indians, and the prospects of the colony correspondingly brightened. (E1.)

At last the monopolists were stricken down; the builders up of fortunes at the expense of religion and civilization beheld their day of triumph decline; young Louis XIV., under Anne of Austria and the Prince de Condé, took up the noble work that Louis XIII. had laid down at the summons of Death's Angel; the mighty giant of commercial opposition, with which the early education had to wrestle, was forever paralyzed.

On his return from France, in 1653, de Maisonneuve brought with him the famous Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys. During five years that noble lady labored alone amongst the children of the colony and the children of the forest. Her only habitation and schoolhouse was a stable which the commander gave her. Therein she suffered from the cold of winter, the heat of summer, the rain of spring, and the frost of autumn. Yet it was a glorious commencement. It was in a stable that Our Blessed Lord began His tremendous work on earth.

Later on, when the Seminarians had arrived, and the governor felt his position fortified, he secured from the *Associés de Montréal* a stone house, 36 feet by 18, situated near the hospital, and surrounded by 48 perches of land, which he gave to Sister Bourgeoys, " for the purpose of the instruction of girls in Montreal, otherwise Ville Marie, during the lifetime of the said Marguerite Bourgeoys, as well as after her death, in perpetuity."

On the 4th August, 1658, this saintly woman had the first Indian child baptised and called *Marie des Neiges*—for it was the feast of Notre Dame des Neiges. Her zeal extended, not only to children, but to the whole colony, and even before the arrival of the Fathers of Saint Sulpice, she had conceived the idea of a chapel to Our Lady of Good Help. Already in 1657 had she stirred the colonists into activity, and all contributed—in one way or another—to the work. The following year de Maisonneuve, in person, took part in the construction. A pious legend tells that angels built portions of the edifice while the colonists slept. But the angel hands were those of willing Catholics who appreciated the grand work and wished to have a share in the honor of laying the foundation of a country's first institutions.

I have sought to show in the brief space at my disposal that the Récollets, the Jesuits and Ursulines, the Hospital Nuns and the Sulpicians, had all to contend with the great enemy—the monopolists. But despite the terrors of Indian warfare, the severity of the climate, the long months of isolation, these missionaries succeeded in laying the foundations of the institutions that are the country's most priceless treasures today.

They sowed the seed in soil dampened by the blood of martyrs; we of this generation enjoy the fruits of that precious tree. No sooner was one great obstacle overcome than another arose. The introduction of liquor

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D1—Ecrits autographs de la Sœur Bourgeoys.
E1—Relations, 1643, pp. 53, 61.

amongst the Indians by d'Avaugour brought down a curse upon the colony. Drunken Indians threatened to destroy the colony with war and massacres; women were no longer secure against the brutality of human tigers; chapels were destroyed, confessionals deserted, and New Year 1668 beheld the blackest cloud that ever hung over the community lower upon church, college and convent, educators and people. But the Almighty had a glorious mission in store for that young nation; and even, as in the days of Israel, He stretched forth His Hand, and seizing the earth, shook it until the people awoke from their stupor, and recognizing their errors, turned back to God and faith. From the 5th of February, 1663, until September of that year, the earthquake that convulsed the country was terrific. This wonderful event was rendered more exceptional on account of the length of time the danger lasted, and the extent of country over which it was felt, and the miraculous fact that not a single human being was injured. Were it not that accounts given by Fr. Lalemant, Marie de l'Incarnation and the Jesuit Relations correspond so exactly, one would feel inclined to believe that the story was an invention of Jules Verne. In the woods there was a regular battle of trees, so much so that the Indians said, " the streams ran firewater and the forest was drunk."

Mountains were torn asunder and buildings of the strongest class were demolished. Fr. Lalemant says: " We saw fiery phantoms with torches in hand and lances of fire flash through the heavens, and burning brands descended on our houses, without consuming them." " The Hand of God is upon us " was the cry heard on all sides. During that fearful period the nuns were kept busy instructing the thousands who flocked to them; the priests were so occupied in the confessionals that they had no time to devote to any other work. Colonists and Indians, good and bad, all rushed to the missionaries, prayed pardon for their sins, vowed repentance for all the harm that had been done. Maisonneuve conquered; the liquor traffic was killed; the instruction of the Indians commenced anew.

The obstacles, of greatest magnitude, were overcome, and the early educators proceeded to build up the sacred institutions of the land. Two hundred and thirty years have rolled away since the last shock of that earthquake was felt, and with the picture of those days of sacrifice and trial before me I gaze with admiration upon the distant mountain peaks of those past centuries, and behold at the dawn of our history the mists of paganism slowly ascending from those lofty summits. Grand, sublime and brilliant arose the Sun of Eternal Truth. Its rays flashed across the vast expanse of this favored land. Penetrated through the leafy arches of the virgin forests, touched with brightness the purple hill tops; and the silver lakes and rivers reflected its golden beauty. Today our institutions remain the true and devoted guardians of this celestial light, and will continue their sacred duty through the coming ages. Let our Canadian people unite their voices in a grand " Te Deum," its notes of triumph will vibrate from end to end of our glorious Dominion, and the breeze of memory shall waft its echoes down the valley of the Future till the Sunset of Time.

While the names of our early missionaries and educators will forever remain the purest and most precious gems in the crown of our Canadian nationhood.

"CITIZENSHIP"

LECTURE

Delivered Before the St. Ann's Young Men's Society and a Large Audience of Representative Citizens—The Privileges, Advantages and Rights, as Well as Duties and Obligations of Citizenship—September, 1894.

The lecturer of the evening, who met with a most enthusiastic reception, spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, Reverend Fathers, and Gentlemen—When I received from the Reverend Director and officers of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, the invitation that came to me last week, to deliver an address in this hall, I need scarcely say that with feelings of gratitude and pride I accepted. To me it is an inexpressible pleasure to meet the people of this important section of Montreal, and, although I may not have the privilege of a personal acquaintance with each one here to-night, yet, as I look around me, I behold in the face of every stranger the features of a friend. Standing upon this platform and recalling the many fond associations of the past, I can say, like Rob Roy, when he had crossed the Grampians, " My foot is on my native heath and my name is McGregor." I have not come this evening, as in the past, to speak to you of poets and patriots, to recall the stories of the bygone and to revive the memories of names we all revere. In this stern age of cold realities we must face the great problems of the present, and while we may be pardoned if we seek inspiration at the fountains of the past, we cannot forget that a future will look to us for something more tangible than delightful visions and for a heritage other than mere poetry and romance. Consequently, I have chosen to address you to-night upon the all-important subject of Citizenship—that is to say, the privileges and rights, the responsibilities, the obligations and duties, that are attached to the proud title of " Canadian Citizen."

When I contemplate the story of Canada as a nation, the words of Denis Florence McCarthy, the Irish patriot and poet, flash upon my mind:—

" Yes, the Past shines clear and pleasant,
There is glory in the Present.
And the Future, like a Crescent,
Lights the deepening sky of time!
And that sky will yet grow brighter,
If the worker and the writer,
And the sceptre and the mitre,
Join in sacred bonds sublime;
With the glories shining o'er them,
Up the coming years they'll climb—
Earth's great evening as its prime."

With the " clear and pleasant " history of our young country's Past, I would have no time to deal this evening. Her present—in which there is real glory—dates from the day of Confederation, and constitutes a wonderful epoch of transition, from the cradle of nationhood to the full flush

of the country's manhood. The Future is for us to shape and mould, and as the poet sings, the sky of the coming years will take on a brilliancy in proportion to the union of effort and the harmony of action between the "worker and writer," and the "sceptre and the mitre." In other words, the mutual understanding between labor and capital, between the Church and the State, and the harmonic action of each element in the sphere created for its existence by an all-wise Providence.

The first question I ask myself is, "Who are the workers?" Every man, who, imbued with a sense of his responsibilities, labors by honest means to build up a home, is entitled to the noble distinction of worker, and has a claim to citizenship. Each home, or each family, is a stone in the great edifice of our nationality, and no man can afford to underestimate his own worth or to consider himself insignificant in the country. The drone, the parasite, the creature of the hour, who lives by his wits, is not a worker. I will again quote the words of the same true poet:—

"Ah! little they know of true happiness,
They whom satiety fills;
Who flung on the rich breast of luxury,
Eat of the rankness that kills;
Ah! little they know of the blessedness
Toil-purchased slumber enjoys,
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence,
Taste of the sleep that destroys.

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But blessed the child of humanity,
Happiest man amongst men;
Who, with hammer, or chisel, or pencil,
With rudder, or ploughshare, or pen—
Laboreth ever and ever, with hope
Through the morning of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities,
Love-worshipped children and wife.
Round swings the hammer of industry,
Quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings
That stir not the bosom of kings.
He the true ruler and conqueror:
He the true lord of his race,
Who nerves his arm for life's combat,
And looks a strong world in the face."

It is by such men I am surrounded to-night, and to them let me enunciate the great principle that "Order is heaven's first law." From the day of Creative miracle down to this hour, in all the universe, that mighty system of perfect order, has existed. From the highest mountain-top to the smallest grain of sand on the sea-shore; from the most remote orb that rolls in the realms of space, to the humblest light that flickers in the cottage of the indigent, each object—inanimate as well as animate—proclaims one grand, harmonic order that is guided by the laws that emanate from the source of all authority and that permeates the world.

Before I touch on the more practical application of the principles I purpose laying down to-night, allow me to glance rapidly at the great systems of law that govern the universe. There are the Divine laws; the natural laws; and the what I may call the constitutional laws, or those made by men for the government of temporal affairs—political, municipal, statutory, social, educational and otherwise. No matter before what altar we kneel, or between what four walls we adore, we all adore the same God, and the same God thundered the fundamental principles of Divine Law from the summit of Mount Sinai, and in the form of the Decalogue they have gone echoing down the vestibule of centuries. The *imprimatur* was given to those laws nineteen hundred years ago, when the clouds of Paganism made way for the sun of Christianity. And the mightiest Legislator of the world, a Divine and human Legislator, with a nail through His hand for a pen, and with crimson blood for ink, inscribed His precepts upon every page of human history, from the dawn of Redemption to the twilight of Time.

In harmony with those Divine laws, and emanating from them are the natural laws, or the principles that govern all created nature. We behold their application in the regularity of the seasons, in the movements of the tides, in the action of the million orbs that people the wilderness of space; we behold their effects in the animal kingdom, in the instincts of self-preservation, of propagation and of association that are developed in the brute creation; we behold them more strikingly exemplified in man. It is in obedience to the natural laws that the parent cherishes, feeds, clothes, educates the child; that the child clings to the parent for protection; that man seeks to better his own condition and thereby increase the happiness of his family and augment the prosperity of the State.

The third category of laws are those that I designate as constitutional, that is to say, laws made by man for the government of temporal affairs. Man is fallible, by nature, and his enactments are subject to error and correction; but the Divine laws and natural laws—both coming from the infinite source of all right and truth—cannot be changed and cannot err. Human laws, in order that they may be just, equitable, and durable, must harmonize with the laws of God and those of nature. Any other measures or enactments are a violation of right and an infringement upon the liberty and dignity of citizenship.

In order that the laws by which we are to be governed should be in accord with the higher and grander principles that regulate the universe, it is necessary that the men who become legislators should be possessed of principles in harmony with the requirements of their position. They should, both in precept and practice, acknowledge the three-fold duties or obligations that are a consequence of all laws.

Firstly, the legislator must acknowledge the Divine law and have the will to perform his obligations towards God; secondly, he must have sufficient intelligence to understand the laws of nature and to appreciate his obligations towards his family; and thirdly, he must have that force of character sufficient to put into practice the principles just laid down, and to fulfil his own obligations to the State. Any man, no matter what his political predilections may be, who has that strength of character, that sufficient knowledge of his duties, and the evident will to carry to

their logical and practical application the laws that must govern all good states and all prosperous communities, is a fit and proper person to become a legislator for the people. And, on the other hand, no man is worthy of support who cannot stand the test of this fair and honest rule. So much for the qualifications necessary in the legislature; we will turn now to the privileges and rights of citizenship and the duties and obligations that correspond with them. I may be asked, to-night, upon what authority I come here to lay down principles of citizenship. I answer that my only mandate consists in the fact that I am a Canadian citizen and a resident of Montreal. It is my duty to make use of every means at my disposal for the welfare of our country, for the prosperity of our city and for the happiness of my fellow-countrymen.

Look, for a moment, at the Great Roman Empire, in the golden era of its sway. All outside the charmed circle of Roman citizenship were called barbarians. And not even the Cæsars could deprive a Roman citizen of his rights and privileges. St. Peter, the Fisherman from Galilee, the first Vicar of Christ, had never adored the idols of Rome, yet his Christianity was his doom, and in that fearful period, when the fires of persecution blazed from the battlements and the blood of a bleeding faith bedewed the soil of the Flavian Amphitheatre, St. Peter was dragged before the tribunals, condemned to the most ignominious death, and was executed on a cross, with his head downward. Yet we would naturally suppose that the hatred for St. Paul would be greater. He had abandoned the gods of the Pantheon; he had become the apostle of the Gentiles; he had preached Christ from the Hill of Mars in Athens; he had flooded the cities of Asia Minor, and even Rome itself, with his epistles. Yet, when brought before the judges of the pagan tribunal, when condemned to death as a renegade to the gods and as a Christian agitator, when the full vials of their wrath were to be poured out upon him, they dared not crucify him. Paul stood in presence of the Cæsar and he could proudly say: *Civis Romanus sum*—"I am a Roman citizen—I defy you." And his citizenship entitled him to a death in accord with the dignity of his title.

If such were the power, the influence, the magic of citizenship in the days of the pagan emperors, what must not be the value of that same glorious title in a young, a rising, a free and a magnificent country like ours? Here we live in a land that is vast in its proportions, endless in its resources, boundless in its liberties, majestic in the sweepings of its rivers, gorgeous in its scenic panorama, with the fringes of Atlantic washing its Eastern slopes and the mirror of Pacific reflecting the shadow of its Western Hills. As rivers roll into Atlantic and blend in its immensity, so streams of nationalities flow into the great ocean of a Canadian nationhood and should combine to swell the might and importance of the Dominion. While each race is striving to lead in the march of progress, it is for us—for you the young men—to strain every nerve to bring every fair effort into play, that we may take our proper place amongst the others; that we may be able to bequeath to those to come after us a glorious heritage of national health, comfort, weight in the community and importance in the land.

With the privileges and advantages of citizenship we must not forget the duties that we have to fulfil. We have the protection of the laws,

freedom of conscience, of worship, of speech, of action; we have Home Rule, in its broadest and truest acceptation. But we must not forget that we have our rights and we are under the binding obligation to exercise those rights.

One of the first, the greatest, the noblest rights of citizenship is the franchise. Here I pause for a moment. Before I proceed to unfold the importance of a man's franchise and the principles which should guide him in its use, I desire to state most emphatically that I have no party, no individual, no policy, no special measures in my mind. I am taking the subject on the larger basis of right and wrong. I mean to show you that political principles, which must be respected in every man, are subordinate to the higher and grander principles of national and religious importance. Governments will come and go; parties will rise and fall; policies will be inaugurated, will be tried and will fail or succeed; great men, and good men, in both parties, will come, will govern, will lead and will disappear; but through all these mutations and necessary changes the race lives on, the country progresses, and the torch of faith is inextinguishable.

While the different races, that go to make up our Canadian population, are emulating each other's efforts on the highway of progress, I desire to ask the men, and especially the young men, of my own nationality, to not allow themselves to fall behind in the race. Remember that it is your duty to yourselves and your fellow-countrymen to make every effort—provided it is not detrimental to the just rights of others—to hold a foremost place in the contest. Lord Dufferin once said that all should strive to the utmost of their power, and no matter which race secured the greatest amount of success, " the spoils of victory would fall into the lap of Canada and the garland of triumph would be twined around her brow."

I will go further to-night, and say that no political party in Canada, no matter what its principles or who its leaders, has any consideration for us, except in proportion to the degree they fear our influence or require our help. The very moment that, by indifference to our own interests, disregard for our obligations, disunion in our ranks, or want of interest in public affairs, we become weak, unimportant or unnecessary, no political party has any use for us. And if we allow such a state of affairs to come around we will simply be transmitting to those who are to come after us a heritage of national, social and political ostracism. And weighty, therefore, is our responsibility. The national influence, strength, happiness and prosperity of our race are in the hands of the very men who listen to me to-night. I again repeat that of all the rights that citizenship confers, the most important, the most sacred, the most honorable—and often the least understood—is that of franchise. A man's right to vote is a power that raises him to the level of legislators and governors and makes him the dictator of the laws that are to regulate his own life and his family's prospects. The proper use of that franchise must be in harmony with the Divine laws, the natural laws, and the interest of the State. We are told of men who value their votes at one, two, three, or more dollars, or a cigar, or a drink, or a promise of some kind. The man who thus estimates his glorious right of franchise is less useful to society than the horse that draws him to the poll; he " sells his

birthright for a mess of pottage"; he barters his manhood, his freedom, his citizenship, for a few cents that vanish in an hour; he pawns his family's health, comforts and happiness for a miserable pittance; he violates the Divine laws; sins against the natural laws and he breaks the constitutional laws; he degrades himself, he offends God, is criminal in the eyes of nature, destroys his own interests and those of his race, and is a traitor to the State.

It is the duty of every right-minded citizen, not only to personally refrain from such a course, but to use his every influence—in private and in public—to bring other men out of the morass of corruption. In each good man here there are ten and twenty men; each one of you is worth that number to the State, if he only exercises his influence to cut down the poison-tree of corruption—a tree that, like the Upas of Java, sinks its roots into the earth, spreads its branches to the sky, but wilts, and blasts, and withers the soil that gave it birth.

I would now ask you to follow me, for a moment, into the domain of municipal government. Visions of a building near the Champ de Mars arise; I behold the stately stairways, granite columns, and architectural beauty of the exterior; I also detect that it is a huge "white-washed sepulchre," where the remains of municipal strength lie mouldering. Great Heavens! will ever a new Samson arise to "shake the Gaza pillars" of that "Mammon shrine"?

A lady once sent a Christmas wish to a friend in these words:

"A little health,
A little wealth,
A little house and freedom;
And in the end,
A little friend,
And little cause to need him."

Good municipal government means the fulfilment of that wish: it means health, wealth, freedom, friends, and a sufficient independence to not require their assistance.

Proper municipal government means health; that is to say, the decrease of the death rate of the city, the increase of comforts, the opening out of congested districts, the clearing up of refuse—encumbered lanes, the energetic enforcement of sanitary regulations, the wiping out of germs of disease, more air for the young, pure water for every person, and a general improvement in the appearance of the whole city. Our death rate is very high; it goes on increasing; amongst children it is appalling; and I could demonstrate from statistics—had I time to-night—that Montreal loses 2,500 lives per year more than would be lost were our death-rate the same as our Canadian average. By false economy, unjust expenditure and general maladministration we are adding 2,500 graves to the city of the dead and robbing the city of the living of that number of useful citizens. An alderman, elected for a ward, is a representative of the whole city and he should consider the interests of *all* the city in every act he performs and every vote he gives.

According to a lecture given by my friend, Mr. H. B. Ames, before the Y.M.C.A. a week ago, by force of good and intelligent, as well as

honest municipal administration, Birmingham, in fifty years, reduced its mortality from 30 to 20 in a thousand; and Glasgow, in twenty years, reduced its death-rate from 30 to 24 in a thousand,—the latter city thus saving 4,000 lives per year. Under the pure sky of Canada, with our broad St. Lawrence before us and our Mountain Park behind, similar results can be easily obtained. The money that is spent in unnecessary expropriations and decorations of the wealthier and more thinly populated sections would suffice to supply health and comfort to the more congested and thickly populated wards.

The wealth—that is to say, the honest money—of the citizen would augment in proportion to the degree of proper administration secured. Taxes would go down; rents become cheaper; living would be more easy. The real estate man would have no mortgage on his property, and the tenant would not have an increased rent—beyond his means—to pay the interest on the proprietor's mortgage. Men could live in comfort within their means if the city's money were only judiciously and properly distributed. No workman has a right to squander his health and strength, for he owes it to his family and all who depend on him, that he receive just remuneration for his work. If he earns two dollars, he is wrong to accept one dollar; if his day's work is eight or ten hours, he has no right to kill himself by working twelve or more hours. And when he is obliged to do extra work, in order to make up for increased expenses, he is robbing his family of his own strength and is committing moral suicide. And the men who maladminister the finances of the city are responsible for all these evils. Were they but to reflect upon the thousand ills and miseries that arise from their incapacity—to use the words of the poet Tomson—

> "Vice in its high career would stand appalled,
> And heedless, rambling, impulse learn to think."

I have not time this evening to enter into all the details of this most important question. But some other day I may have the opportunity of showing, from data and statistics, that the freedom of the citizens, the wealth and comfort of the individual and the health of the community, all depend upon proper municipal government. It is therefore your duty to stand together, to become active as well as passive exercisers of your franchises, and to secure as civic legislators only men who are imbued with the principles that I have enunciated to-night. Otherwise our future is gloomy in the extreme. Goldwin Smith said the other day in Toronto that the Canadian city which would first free itself of municipal maladministration was destined to become the city of America's future. Why should that city be any other than Montreal?

If to-night I were able to say that a new and effective movement were set on foot, that the men of this city, and especially my own Irish-Canadian fellow-countrymen, were to rise to the necessity of the occasion and inaugurate an era of municipal and political reform, I would feel I had done one good deed, I had performed one patriotic action, and I would be happy in the knowledge that the good fruits of the seeds sown here this evening would be reaped by thousands that will bless our memories long after my ashes shall have mouldered in Cote des Neiges, long after the voice you hear to-night will be silenced forever.

THE CELTIC LANGUAGE

POETIC APPEAL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE GAELIC

May, 1902

The following brief but remarkable address which was delivered in Montreal by Dr. J. K. Foran, secretary to law branch of the House of Commons, will be read with great interest by scores of people. It is an evidence, in itself, that the quiet of official life has not dulled the vivid imagination nor quenched the old-time fire of the doctor's eloquence. It is certainly unique of its kind; and all who have heard Dr. Foran on former occasions will not fail to recognize the style. He spoke as follows:

On the deck of a steamer, out on the broad bosom of Lake St. Peter, when silence reigned on flood and hill, broken only by the plash of the prow through the waves and the labored puffing of the great engine, I recalled those lines, penned in the years now dead, by that gifted poet and careful historian, T. D. McGee:

" 'Twas but last night I traversed the Atlantic's furrow'd face;
The stars but thinly colonized the wilderness of space—
A white sail glinted here and there, and sometimes o'er the swell
Rung the seaman's song of labor, or the silver night-watch bell;
I dreamt I reached the Irish shore, and felt my heart rebound
From wall to wall within my breast, as I trod that holy ground."

Something like the spirit of the dead bard came o'er me, and visions such as he beheld, when dreaming of the " Ancient Race " and conjuring up scenes from " beyond the misty space of twice a thousand years," floated around me. Soon the picture changed and I beheld, as it were, rising out of the misty distance where lake and sky blended dimly, a panorama of Celtic history. The peaks of the far away past towered grandly skyward and were radiant in the sunlight of fame, and away down the declivities of the years the mists hovered thickly around the mountain's breast; and below the valleys were dark, for the stray beams from above, that stole at intervals through the few rifts in the clouds, were dimmed by distance, broken and feeble. Yet those rays tipped with splendor the summits of the Round Towers, gilded the shattered remains of a Nation's desolate grandeur, and imparted to the valleys and streams a faint lustre sufficient to tell the people of the land, that away beyond the blackness of the storm-shrouds there were flashes of a light calculated to illume a whole continent—a whole world.

In the ages long gone, when the full floods of learning and of freedom flashed upon the hill-tops of Irish history, there was a sublime grandeur about the race. The Island was the refuge of science, when it was driven by barbarism from Europe; it was what Dr. Johnson called " the quiet home of sanctity and learning "; it was the conservatory of great deeds, noble records, just laws, sublime poetry and wonderful religion. The

laws were written in a language, soft, harmonious, powerful, exact; they were chanted by bards filled with all the combined genius of the improvising poet and the inspired musician; the teachings of the masters were embalmed in the Celtic tongue and transmitted from tribe to tribe and generation to generation. The "Senchus Mohr," compiled in the fifth century, was the embodiment of the lofty principles that came down from Druidical times, and the grandeur of which—even though pagan in origin—was such, that they dove-tailed into the precepts of Christianity.

Civilization, bleeding and crushed upon the continent, fled for refuge to the saintly asylums of Erin. And from out those houses of piety and erudition the missionaries and educators of Europe went forth to instruct the nations of the then known world. "From the peaks of the Alps to the banks of the Loire" they travelled; they snatched up the torch of Christian Faith from beneath the hoof of the barbarian's charger, and before he could trample it in the dust, they waved it aloft in the cities of the Old World. From Iona to Bobbio, from Oxford to Paris, they taught—and the great ones of the age bowed before them and their science. That was the glorious period, when the sun shone grandly upon the higher summits of Irish history, when the language of the Celt was the medium of education, and when the lord and the peasant, the priest and the bard, the lawmaker and the law-expounder, all spoke and wrote the sweet, soft Celtic tongue.

But as we descend the slopes of Time we meet the gathering mists on the brow of the hills, and the clouds of the Pale collect around the breast of the mountain. Century after century, and still the storm-wreaths cling to the declivities of the past, and darkness falls upon the valleys of the Future. The few stray beams that come through the fog are broken and scattered almost as soon as they flash upon the scene below. They are but shafts of the olden Celtic light that have penetrated the gloom of years; but they suffice to show us what a brilliant flood there is beyond, were we but able to drive away the clouds and allow the full glow of the Past to stream down upon the Present, and to light up the Future.

At times it would seem as if the Irish race were destined to behold the disappearance of those dark and fierce tempest clouds and to live again in the enjoyment of that daylight of learning and greatness. Governments may rise and fall, party may succeed party, political enactments may be engendered, legislative changes may come; but the race cannot assume its rightful position if deprived of its literature, its history and its early laws; no more can it form a solid nationhood if dispossessed of its own language. It is in the revival of the Celtic tongue that we behold the rejuvenation of the race. Already a few beams from that far away source of national light have flashed upon the men of the present; by increasing those rays, by multiplying them, eventually the mists on the breast of the mountain will become absorbed, and the greatness of the Past will come to them in an uninterrupted flow.

This applies equally to all races, all literatures and all languages. Imagine the loss the world would have sustained had the Ancient Greek been effaced, or the Latin completely forgotten. The stately ruins of the Parthenon might preach eloquently from the summit of the Acropolis, or the gigantic fabric of the Coliseum might astound the traveller in the City of the Seven Hills; but the epics of Homer and Virgil, the orations

of Demosthenes and Cicero, the writings of Sophocles and of Cæsar would slumber for all time beneath the crumbling dust of their respective nations.

Here in Canada, even in a modern way, have we a striking example of the necessity of a language to preserve the literature of a people. Efface for one decade the French language, and what would eventually become of that vast field of letters that is so rich in poetry, in historic memories, in lofty prose, in philosophic works, in splendors of thought and expression—that constitute an education in themselves? As well take the vast collection of French literature and cast it into the furnace; the burning of the great library of Alexandria was not a more barbaric deed than would be the destruction of the medium whereby the children of the future are enabled to draw inspiration from the noble works penned by the French literati, the drying up of those fountains whence flow the thoughts of the gifted ones of a race, or the abolition of the means whereby we may associate in thought and in spirit with the thinkers and the writers of the past. The language is the life blood of the nationality, and naught but evil is that which would check its free course through the veins and around the heart of a people.

There are a few people in Ireland and America who are working hard to revive the study of the Celtic language. Theirs is no easy task; in this age of rush and electrical movement men find little time to devote to such a grand purpose, but that need not discourage them. It may take years, generations, perhaps, to awaken the olden tongue; but once the work accomplished, the world will reap a greater benefit than is now imagined. There are mines of literature the rarest, the richest, the grandest—buried away in the sarcophagi of the past and embalmed in the Celtic language. When the time comes that the olden medium will be revived there will be a true resurrection of the race; its spirit will again walk abroad, as of old, inspiring the peoples of the world with ideas, sentiments, and conceptions little dreamed of to-day. The clouds will roll off the mountain-side of Irish history, and from the far away heights will descend the unbroken light of an almost forgotten erudition; the hills and valleys of the land will grow radiant in the contact; the ruins of a former greatness will glow—like the walls of Muckross at sunset—and the Guebre Towers will proclaim lessons, drawn from the distance of ages, for the edification and glory of the future Celts.

This is not mere imagery; nor is it the pencillings of the imagination. Let us encourage, each according to the means at his disposal, those who seek to rescue the dead language from its tomb of centuries and the world at large will be blessed in the possession of a million treasures that are to-day buried under the debris of antiquity.

In rising to-night to say a few words I had no idea that I would detain you so long; but my excuse must be the charm of the subject. When a mountain torrent is stayed in its headlong course by an obstacle, the waters fret and toss and boil over; and when the obstruction is removed they flow on again with more force and more grandeur than ever. So it is with me; if, with my rudely inexpressive language, I have stopped for a few moments the flow of your enjoyment; in removing myself, as the obstacle, it will rush on the brighter, the clearer, the stronger than before. Above us all; above all peoples; above all centuries, there is a

Providence that guides. It is the same Power that reaches from end to end, that flashes in the lightning and speaks in the mighty volumes of the thunder, that whets the patriot's sword and guides the prophet's pen. Trusting in that all-governing Power, I am confident that the ancient glory of the Celt will yet make itself manifest in the world and that the world will derive from the gifts of science and lore that the race will scatter abroad, through the medium of the olden tongue, such a benefit that the echoes will repeat the praises of that buried literature while the peaks of the future will be kissed with beams that, like the light of the stars, will have flashed down unreckoned ages.

MORE LIGHT ON THE IRISH QUESTION

(The remarks at the beginning and end of this lecture are from the " Citizen " of Ottawa, February, 1903.)

The following address was delivered on St. Patrick's night, at Ottawa, before the Anglican Young People's Association, in the Parish Hall of St. George's Church.

We give it to our readers, not only on account of the unique circumstances under which it was delivered, but also because it was so well received in high Protestant circles and was so unanswerable, as far as the fanatical elements are concerned, that some very mysterious influence was brought to bear with the result that there was absolute silence in the press regarding the event. The pastor of St. George's Church in proposing a hearty vote of thanks, qualified the address as splendid from an oratorical, historical and logical view and expressed the hope that Dr. Foran would come again to continue for them like subjects, which tend to the creation of a higher citizenship. It was the first time that ever an Anglican Church Association thus celebrated the occasion of the Irish national feast in Ottawa; there was patriotic music and singing, and a magnificent treat for all present; yet, despite the fact that reporters were there, that they took down the whole address, the leading papers of the next day did not even mention the fact. Is this because the arguments of Dr. Foran are absolutely unanswerable? Judges of the Supreme Court were there; French-Canadians and Irish Catholics, who came to see how the speaker would come out of the position into which he had placed himself; a very large audience of Protestants; not a few very pronounced Orangemen and all representative people.

Dr. Foran had declined invitations from Halifax, Montreal and various other places in Canada, in order to seize this opportunity of speaking out frankly to the Protestant element on that occasion. All, without exception, pronounced it a revelation to them. It threw such a new light on the issues. This must have been why it was purposely ignored and the public was deprived of its benefits. We know that the " Orange Sentinel " considers Dr. Foran a dangerous demagogue, and that its friends, while professing personal friendship for him, would not be sorry to hear of his disappearance from the public platform. Exceedingly strong must be the light when it blinds even the ordinary secular press of the non-Catholic and anti-Irish class.

Leaving aside the introductory remarks, which were of humorous kind and which placed the speaker in harmony with his audience from the very beginning, Dr. Foran spoke as follows:

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I must begin this evening by a confession of my own lack of knowledge. I am not sufficiently conversant with the under-currents and the different situations on the actual chess-board of Irish politics, or rather of Imperial politics, to be able to speak intelligently upon the details of the present situation. Moreover, it changes, day after day, with the

rapidity of a moving picture show. I doubt if any one in this hall, any more than myself, is in a position to discuss, with a knowledge of the conditions and the men, the interests at stake and the means made use of, in the political field of the State of New York. And yet that is a neighboring state; not three thousand miles away, as are the British Isles.

It will be necessary, therefore, for me to treat the subject from a general constitutional standpoint. I do so without any bitterness and with a desire to be fair to all connected with the Irish question, be they the advocates of Home Rule or be they its opponents. The great trouble to my mind seems to be the desire from motives of a selfish and a prejudiced character of certain enemies of the Home Rule cause to seek, through thick and thin, to impress on the world the idea that it is a religious struggle. Apart from these extremists, whose interest it is to foment religious differences and distrust, every honest student of the question must see in it a constitutional question. You may call it political, or national, if you so desire, but in its last analysis it is a constitutional problem. It is no more a religious one than was the question of the Canadian Confederation, prior to 1867. We then saw men of the highest standing in the ranks of true patriotism fighting tooth and nail against the proposed confederation of the provinces. Men like Joseph Howe and others, in the maritime provinces, devoted all their energies to defeat the proposed uniting of the different sections of what is now our Dominion. In their hearts these men feared that their provinces would lose their prestige, their self-government and their best interests and that a central Government, then at a distance that was made greater by lack of communication facilities, would absorb all power and leave them deprived of the rights and privileges that they cherished. No sooner was the machinery of Confederation in working order than these very same men came in and became ministers in the Government; their provinces began to reap the immense benefits of the united legislation and they grew to be the very strongest friends of the new system. And so will it be with the Ulster leaders, who to-day fight so bitterly against the Home Rule Bill. But we must take facts as they are presented to us by history and by actual events. These people would have you believe that the aim is to have one church, that of the majority, dominate the entire country and its adherents take vengeance for long past injustices upon the descendants of the perpetrators of such wrongs. It is a false cry; a false, a shameless pretence.

From the days of the earliest struggles around the tottering Irish Parliament down to the advent of Redmond as a leader, with the sole exception of Daniel O'Connell, almost every man who devoted his talents, his means, his liberty or his life to the cause of Irish freedom was an Irish Protestant. On the long chaplet of Irish patriotism the decades of Irish Protestants are many; and what Ireland owes to them is incalculable.

In Bodenston churchyard sleep the remains of Theobald Wolfe-Tone, the great and immortal patriot who died in prison the victim of his own heroic endeavors for Ireland and of the cruel laws that crushed his country; and he was an Irish Protestant. Need I enumerate them? Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Flood, Curran, Plunkett, Henry Grattan, and that one of undying fame, whose speech from the dock has wafted him to

immortality and whose epitaph is yet unwritten, Robert Emmet—all of them Irish Protestants. What was Edmund Burke, the most trenchant and powerful of orators? A Protestant. What was Dean Swift? An Anglican clergyman. What was Charles Phillips, the most flowery and effective of speakers in the Irish cause? A Protestant. What was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the most striking example of the meanness of party and of the coldness and ingratitude of Government? Another Irish Protestant.

Come down to the middle of the nineteenth century. Who was it that established the Dublin " Nation " and gave Ireland the motto: " Educate that you may be free?" What was he, that little man whose mighty pen disturbed the House of Lords and made Governments quake? What was he the one whom O'Connell designated as his successor and called " our prophet and our guide "? Thomas Osborne Davis. A Presbyterian. When the famine swept the land and the evil ghost of misfortune stalked all over Ireland, who led in that justified rebellion against the conditions that were crushing out the life of the nation? William Smith O'Brien, brother of Lord Inchiquin, an Anglican; John Mitchell, the author, journalist and patriot exile; John Martin, the editor of " The Felon," all Protestants. And when these men were on trial for their lives, who defended them? James Whiteside, Sir Colman O'Laughnan and Isaac Butt, the founder of Home Rule. All Protestants.

Take up the columns of the " Nation " in these days of literary output unequalled in the annals of any country. Who wrote some of the most stirring ballads and songs that cheered the people on their desperate cause? Francis Davis, the Belfast weaver; Speranza, Lady Wilde, Lady Dufferin, Samuel Ferguson, and a host of other Irish Protestant poets. When Ireland wanted a Marseillaise hymn that would galvanize the nation into life and activity, who wrote " The Memory of the Dead "? John Kells Ingram, a Protestant professor of Trinity College, and uncle of the famous Anglican Bishop of London to-day, Bishop Ingram. When there was an avenue open for constitutional endeavor to carry to a triumphal issue the cause of Ireland's self-government, who led, as a general in the ranks? Charles S. Parnell, another Protestant.

Need I go over that long list and indicate any more of the Protestants of Ireland who fought her battles for constitutional freedom? I ask you to-night; is it rational to suppose that all these men had labored and combined in order to bring about the domination of a Church to which they did not belong? The very mention of their names and deeds ought to convince you that Ireland's cause is not a mere religious struggle; it is a constitutional one.

The policy of the Irish Nationalist Party is not destructive; it is constructive, its aim is not to dismember the empire, but to place another column of strength in the edifice—a column that no political Samson can ever shake.

In 1848 three men were condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered and their heads spiked on the gaol, Smith O'Brien, Thomas D'Arcy McGee and Charles Gavan Duffy. What became of the three? O'Brien became one of the most influential of parliamentarians, and left as an authority to the British House his " Principles of Government." McGee came to Canada and became one of the Fathers of Confederation, and

his lectures on the Constitution prior to Confederation are the most masterly exposition of that magnificent system that has ever been made. Duffy went to a penal colony as a felon, and became Prime Minister of that colony, and was, twenty years afterwards, knighted by the Queen for his services to the country.

Were these men contending against constitution? No. It was against the maladministration of that constitution in Ireland that they fought. For eight hundred years has that constitution been in process of formation, as Tennyson describes it, "broadening down from precedent to precedent." Wherever its beams have fallen they have imparted the light of legislative liberty and the warmth of patriotism. Be it over the forests of Australia or the veldts of South Africa, the jungles of India or the plains and mountains of Canada, everywhere there is freedom of self-government. In all that vast extent of Empire Ireland alone is excluded from the benefits of that constitution; Ireland alone constitutes a black spot on the sun of British freedom. And it is this, and this alone that is the cause of the struggle; and it is to rectify this anomaly and this alone that is sought by the advocates of the Home Rule cause.

We all admire patriotism; we all feel keenly the right of every man to love the land of his forefathers. But there are times when one may carry his love of the old land to inopportune lengths. A Scotchman once emigrated to New Zealand. In his loneliness for the "Land of Brown Heath and Shaggy Wood," he asked to have a few Scotch Thistles sent out to him. He planted them in his garden. Next year the thistles overran the whole section of the country and the people were going to lynch the Highlander for the manner in which he sought to express his love for the old land. We must ever cherish the memories of Ireland, her traditions and her glories, and celebrate also her misfortunes; but let us take a lesson from the fate of the Scotchman's patriotic efforts in New Zealand, and leave the weeds and seeds of faction, hatred, prejudice, bigotry and disunion on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not want them here to spoil our fine crop of Canadian citizenship.

We may add that the vibrating appeal and poetic peroration of this address were heartily applauded and that it did much to open the eyes of the Protestant element to the manner in which Orangeism is trying to associate itself with Protestantism in order to excuse its unreasonable attacks on Ireland's cause. No wonder that Dr. Foran is so dreaded by that element and that it moves heaven and earth to nullify his work and influence.

THOS. D'ARCY McGEE AS AN EMPIRE BUILDER

Address Delivered by Dr. J. K. Foran Before the Empire Club of Canada at Toronto, February 8th, 1906

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—It is needless to detain you with any lengthy expression of my deep appreciation of the honor conferred upon me in being thus permitted to address the Empire Club of Canada. The name of your association and the patriotic spirit which animates its officers and members would suggest a subject in accord with the splendid ideals that your principles represent, but time and the limited acquirements of the speaker make a less ambitious effort more obviously necessary on this occasion.

"Thomas D'Arcy McGee as an Empire Builder" is the subject I have selected for this brief address. It might possibly be made more entertaining were I to speak of that many-sided child of genius as the historian of his native land, for nothing could be more interesting than a detailed account of all his conscientious researches and his unflagging zeal in the perfecting of his greatest historical achievement—those were days of great exertion and of labor, when men had neither stenographers nor typewriters, nor any of the aids that we enjoy, when the pen had to trace every line of composition and the lively imagination and quickly conceived ideas had to be curbed and bridled while the mechanical task of transcription was being accomplished. It might also be made more brilliant and enthusiastic were I to speak of him as a poet and to quote from his splendid volume of historical, patriotic, sentimental and Canadian poems—a veritable casket of glittering gems, each one of priceless value in the storehouse of English literature. Again, it might be more attractive and powerful were I to dwell upon McGee as an orator, and giving samples of his logical, polished and eloquent lectures and speeches, show how in a transcendent degree he possessed the sublime gift of silver speech. But all these phases of his personality are, to a degree, merely accidents in the great purpose of his well-filled career. They are the sparkling ripples that add picturesqueness and beauty to the stream of his life; beneath them, broad, deep and powerful, flows on the great current of his almost prophetic statesmanship; and it is to this seer-like gift that he owes the deserved title of an Empire Builder.

I simply seek this afternoon to raise a corner of the curtain that has long hung between the eyes of the great public and the secret of McGee's wonderful career of less than forty years, and to afford to the men of our day a glimpse of the real principles that actuated him, in common with other gifted souls of the same nationality and of the same school in the work they had set so determinedly before them.

Misjudged by some, misunderstood by others, McGee at one time was the victim of prejudices as unreasonable as they were blind, and at another period he was the victim of a blindness that was as irrational as it was prejudiced. The better to appreciate his career and the presence of the same all-embracing principle that accompanied him through all its vicissitudes—it is necessary to divide his life into two parts, his early

years in Ireland and America, then his closing years in Canada. And that we may see how McGee was no exception among the men of his generation and of his country I will have to ask you to come for a few moments, in spirit, to the early " forties " of the nineteenth century, and to glance at the remarkable lives, and still more remarkable aims, of some of his associates—the men with whom he studied and labored at the dawn of his strangely varied career.

It was in 1842 three young men—Davis, Dillon and Duffy—sat down in the Phoenix Park in Dublin and there, studying the unfortunate condition of their country, decided to establish a paper that would infuse a new and more life-inspiring spirit into the Irish people. They saw the absolute need of higher and broader education, and the motto of the new organ was " Educate that you may be free." The success of " The Nation " was immediate, it was phenomenal. No longer, after its first year, was the Irishman painted with impunity in caricature, or sung in burlesque; no longer could the wily politician seek out a precarious living by the plagiarism of his slander. These men, and the host of writers who sprang into existence with poems, essays and works of deep thought as prolific as flowers on a river bank in summer, devoted themselves to the study of political economy, of the science of government, and especially of the British Constitution. The sudden death of Davis, the prophet and guide of the party, in 1845, brought their grand schemes almost to ruin. The blow was severe in the extreme. To add to their misfortunes fresh batches of coercion acts were launched, which only seemed to goad the people, whom they sought to divert into an opposite pathway. Then came the famine of 1847. It would seem as if the very elements had conspired with the prejudiced section of humanity to frustrate their noble designs. From the winter of 1846 to the summer of 1848 the wing of an avenging angel swept their sky and soil; the fruits died as the shadow passed, and men who had nurtured them into life saw, in the withered leaves, that they too must die, or else leave their homes and betake themselves into exile.

McGee was at this time an American editor; he had fled from Ireland in the dark hour, and already was he deeply occupied with the study of the American system, its constitution and its principles. In Ireland an insurrection had broken out, led by William Smith O'Brien, and that gifted and noble student of political science has left a monumental work, his " Principles of Government," as an evidence of his deep appreciation of British institutions and his honest sorrow that they could not be extended in all their perfection of freedom to his own country.

" The Nation " was seized, Duffy was arrested, accused of treason felony and tried in Dublin. By some technicality he escaped the utmost penalty. With all his brightest hopes and aspirations shattered, he left his native land and made his way to Australia. But he took with him into that distant colony the same principles that actuated him at home. There he found a soil congenial to sow that seed, and soon he began to ascend the ladder of power. Finally he reached the post of Premieministership, and then he brought all his past experience and all his more mature energy to bear in an effort to combine the Australian colonies in one great commonwealth for their own protection and for the stability of the Empire. He laid the foundations of the confederation that is to-day

a reality in that section of the world. And the same grand principle animated him and the same ideal beckoned him on—whether he stood an accused rebel in the Dublin dock, or he bent his knee as the hand of the most queenly woman—Victoria—who had ever wielded the sceptre of royalty, placed the sword of Imperial authority on his shoulder, and for the services he had rendered the Empire, commanded him to arise Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

The principles imbibed by Davis, Dillon, O'Brien, Duffy and their associates, animated Thomas D'Arcy McGee, both in Ireland and in Canada, and the grand aim of solidifying the British Empire by transforming Ireland—from a mill-stone around its neck to a key-stone in its arch of greatness—permeated the lives of these men. McGee, I repeat, was no exception; he was of the same school, and with gifts far more numerous and more brilliant than his contemporaries, he never found play for his talents, nor opportunity for his aims, nor a shrine wherein to set up his ideal, until he came to Canada. Once here, all his deep study of the British constitution, in theory, became illumined by contact with that constitution in practice, and at once he bent all his energies in the direction of raising Canada to her rightful position and making her the polished buckle in the belt of Empire engirdling the world.

It was in 1863, just at the outbreak of the American conflict, that McGee delivered—here in Toronto—a remarkable lecture on "The Future of Canada." His own words will illustrate better than could any language of mine the character of his aspirations and the magnificent plans for the upbuilding of the Empire, through the medium of this grand colony, that he had conceived, and I may add that he never lost sight of his Irish hopes and aims, for he believed that the example of Canada's prosperity and happiness under the full and unrestricted freedom afforded by the constitution would become a most powerful factor—an irresistible one—in the advocacy of like liberty and like autonomy for the land of his birth. On that occasion Mr. McGee said: "It may be said that it is rather strange for an Irishman who spent his youth in resisting that government in his native country to be found among the admirers of British constitutional government in Canada. To that this is my reply—if in my day Ireland had been governed as Canada is governed, I would have been as sound a constitutional Conservative as is to be found in that land. But, although I was not born and bred in the best school to see the merits of the British constitutional system, I trust I am not going to quarrel with the sun and the elements because of late it has rained 200 out of 365 days on the particular spot of earth on which I was born. I take the British constitutional system as the great original system upon which are founded the institutions of all free states . . . I take it as combining in itself permanency and liberty —liberty in its best form, not in theory alone, but in practice—liberty which is enjoyed in practice by all the people of Canada of every origin and creed."

It was not with the constitution that McGee quarrelled in Ireland, but with the violation of it, even as did Papineau and Lyon Mackenzie in Canada. Standing upon the hilltop and gazing out upon the future Dominion, his eagle-eye taking in every detail of the scene to the horizon's uttermost rim, the prophetic statesman then exclaimed:

" Though theoretical to-day, our future will be practical to-morrow. I never posed as a preacher of loyalty; I preach security, I preach precaution, I preach self-preservation." Then pointing out that the governments of the old world were then nearly all monarchies, while those of the New World were principally republics, he began a deep analysis of the two systems, and a selection of that most adapted to the present and future needs of Canada.

" Some monarchies," he said, " in all but name, might be considered republics, while some republics partake largely, if not of monarchial, certainly of an oligarchial character. We can only appeal to two teachers—contemporary events and the voice of history." Let me quote another passage and then we will come to the irrefutable logic of McGee's political reasoning:

" British precedent and American examples," he said, " are the landmarks for us; by and beyond them we must go, but it is still in our power to say on which shore we shall sacrifice, and under which auspices we shall elect to prosecute our destined course. The American example has, for me, the fatal defect of instability and inconstancy." Be it remembered that McGee was then fresh from a lengthy and close study of the workings of the American constitutional system in all its phases, and that he was speaking in Canada, while the first shots of the great struggle between the north and south resounded across the line. " As to the other original of a free state," he said, " the British Constitution, it at least will be allowed, even by its enemies, the merit of stability. As it exists to-day it has existed for 800—for 1,000 years. Here, then, is a form of government that has lasted, with modifications to suit the spirit of the age, for a period of 800 years; and here is another that has lasted 80 years; one has a career of eight centuries, and the other a life of two and a half generations. In this country there are no ancient ruins, no time-honored relics of antiquity—mementos and grand indications of the past—to influence the minds of the people, give tone to their morals and manners and remind them that they have something to preserve—here, therefore, do we need an olden, a time-defying, a liberty-imparting constitution, that has been in process of preparation for us through all the changes and improvements of the centuries that are gone."

Were I to quote further it might be said that my entire address consisted of McGee's great lecture; these passages suffice to indicate the trend of his ideas and the solidity of the principles that fashioned his course. If you look closely into it you will find that the British constitutional system is a powerful unity composed of reciprocally necessary parts that form a trinity of powers. Tyranny is rendered practically impossible by the fact that all legislation must either emanate from the people through their duly elected representatives in the Commons, or be concurred in by them. Anarchy and revolutionary tendencies are held in check by the necessary passage of that legislation through the crucible of the House of Lords—exponents and representatives of vested rights. And all danger to the social edifice is obviated by the veto power of the monarch, who is the highest and final tribunal and whose power is consecreated in the olden legend that " the King can do no wrong." Thus the monarch cannot impose a law on the people that the latter section of that trinity has not accepted and even originated, while the masses can-

not undermine constitutional authority, nor shake the fabric of the state without the co-operation of both the representatives of the classes and of the sovereign of the realm. Thus evenly balanced, that constitutional system is perfectly adapted to a free people and especially to a young nationhood such as that of the Canadian Dominion.

McGee saw the legislative freedom guaranteed by that constitution, " broadening down from precedent to precedent " through all the vicissitudes of eight centuries, and with his seer-like gift, he beheld it as the principal element in the accomplishment of that great millennium of peace and happiness, foretold by the immortal Laureate:

" When the war-drums beat no more,
And the battle-flags are furl'd,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

To attain that grand and general federation he saw that it was necessary to solidify the world-engirdling Empire of Britain, to have each section of that Empire contribute to the construction and permanent stability of the whole edifice, it was necessary to confederate the various provinces in one great bond of political wedlock, in the premier colony—the colony destined, in the order of things, to become the store-house of the civilized world. And he saw in the confederation of this Dominion the assurance of untold progress and prosperity, of boundless freedom and happiness, and in that grand consummation he beheld the most powerful example and most irrefutable argument that men of the coming generation could present, when asking for Ireland like political liberty and like legislative autonomy. Thus his principles in Canada were in perfect harmony with his aims in Ireland, and his attitude in Ireland (like that of Duffy) merely pointed towards the same ideal that loomed so grandly before him when he devoted his talents and energies to the cause of British constitutional greatness in this young country.

In his early days his motives were misunderstood by the political opponents of his country's cause, and as the victim of that misunderstanding he was driven into exile. In his later years his aims were misjudged by men who had not his keen vision and he fell the victim of his own great honesty of purpose and perhaps the too frank expression of opinions that time has fully justified, but which were beyond the capacities and comprehensive powers of certain men of his own day.

I am not going to rehearse the tragic story of his untimely end. Scarcely had the echo of his last eloquent plea for confederation, for harmony, for tolerance, died away amidst the Gothic niches of the new parliament house at Ottawa—on the sadly memorable morning of April the 7th, 1868, than the calm of a glorious night, disturbed only by the roar of the distant Chaudière, now broken by a sharper and more deadly report, and the great, good heart of the gifted statesman had ceased forever to beat, the magic tongue of the noble orator was silent for all time, and the patriot soul of Thomas D'Arcy McGee stood amidst a more awful silence, in the scintillating glory of God's presence.

" It is not Death alone, but Time and Death, that canonize the patriot," said Duffy in speaking of Thomas Davis. Well might we apply the same truthful expression to Thomas D'Arcy McGee. We are yet

too near to see his proportions truly. When all the great designs he had conceived shall be brought to accomplishment, when his wonderful visions concerning Canada's future shall be realized—and many of them have already been fulfilled—the future historian will be in a position to assign him the deserved place that he must occupy in the Valhalla of Canadian statesmanship. Until then we must be content with gleaning from the fragments of his works—his poems, lectures, speeches, essays, histories—whatever idea of a truly great man can be derived from books and the products of a fertile and well-balanced brain.

However, we can draw for our guidance and for the benefit of the future citizens of Canada, lessons of tolerance and patriotism from his precepts and his practice. In 1866 he predicted that before the 20th century would have run the quarter of its course this country would have a population of twenty millions, that the vast plains beyond the Great Lakes would be the granary of the world, and that the whistle of the steam-engine, heard on the seaboard at Halifax, would scare the eagles from their nests in the Rockies. Forty years have gone past, the twentieth century has yet two decades to run before it reaches the quarter of its course, and already—save as to the population—those predictions have been fulfilled. And every national indication now points to the entire fulfilment before 1925. Then we may have three, four, yes five, transcontinental lines of railway, while to-day all the greatest achievements of the navigators and the travellers of past centuries are cast into insignificance, by a single Canadian company (the C.P.R.) sending the son of its president completely around the world, without once leaving, either by land or by sea, the line of that all-British-Canadian company.

(Here the lecturer gave some striking examples of the great progress made in the uprooting of national, social and religious prejudices in Canada, all of which is but the carrying into practice of McGee's splendid toleration and broad-minded principles.)

Sir Charles Gavin Duffy, in his "Young Ireland—1840 to 1850," says of McGee: "In Canada he became the leader of the Irish immigrants, a great parliamentary orator, and one of the founders of the new Dominion. As the Minister of a free state, he developed unexpected powers and was universally recognized as a gifted and original statesman. Success did not wean him from his early labors. While he was a Canadian politician, he produced a careful and sympathetic history of Ireland, and constantly wrote verses as racy of the Irish soil as while he was a contributor to 'The Nation.'" Then Duffy adds: "His resistance to a Fenian invasion of a country where Irishmen were generously received and fairly treated, was not an offence, but a merit. There was no leading member of the party, from Davis to Meagher, who would not have done the same. No man ever had distinguished services more grudgingly admitted. He had gifts which placed him on a level with the best of his associates, and for years he applied them exclusively to the service of Ireland. As a poet he was not second to Davis, as an orator he possessed powers rarer and higher than Meagher's—persuasion, imagination, humor and spontaneity."

I may not be able, like McGee, to cast the horoscope of the future with the certainty of almost preternatural inspiration; but I can look up

in confidence to the Providence that rules the destinies of nations. I can ask that Providence to look down upon our fair Dominion, to inspire her rulers with wisdom and patriotism, that they may conduct her along the highway of progress, peace and glory. And when the day comes that McGee's prophetic utterance shall find a complete fulfilment and Canada shall take her rank on a footing of equality, amongst the nations of the earth—the fairest jewel in this diadem of Empire—I would ask Him to raise up a poet-historian, a great lyrist in the land, that he may worthily chant a deathless anthem of gratitude for the boundless privileges, the freedom, prosperity, contentment and happiness enjoyed by the citizens of this fair land under the glorious safeguards of our matchless constitution.

THE EDUCATIONAL ASPECT OF THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS MOVEMENT

(This lecture was delivered in Quebec City in the year 1908.)

Dr. Foran spoke as follows:

"Educate that you may be free" was the significant motto of the Dublin "Nation." The same advice is as applicable in Canada today as it was in Ireland seventy years ago. In fact it has found its application in all lands and in all ages. Education has ever been the keystone of national greatness from the time of Pericles down to the present hour. "Without it," says Charles Phillips, "man is but a splendid slave, a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God and the degradation of passions participated with the brutes." Without it this world of our habitation is but a dark, desolate and dreary cavern, without wealth, ornament or order. But light up the torch of knowledge and behold the transition! The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, earth enfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand, animate spectacle of nature arises before us, with its mysteries resolved and with its secrets revealed.

Cast your eye upon the monumental map of ancient grandeur, once studded with the stars of Empire and the splendors of philosophy. What was it that raised Athens to the enviable position that she has held in the eyes of the generations, placing in her hand the sceptre of power and twining around her brow the chaplet of literary fame? What was it that made ancient Rome, once the home of banditti, the queen of the known world and the shrine of a literature that has served as the classic basis of the education of almost every nation since her time? What, but the spirit of research that animated the peoples of those immortal nations, the knowledge of their own history inculcated by every imaginable means of private tuition and of public initiative.

When Rome and Athens were at the noontide of their glory this young land of ours was quietly sleeping in the arms of Nature, awaiting the appointed hour when Providence should awaken her and send her forth upon her mission amongst nations of the earth. In three centuries Canada has performed what older nations have required five times as many like periods to accomplish. The history of this country is filled with romance as wild and exciting as ever the imagination conceived, with poetry grand and elevating even to inspiration, with deeds of valor that should be embalmed in the memories of her sons, with wonderful sacrifices that should serve as examples for the imitation of millions yet unborn.

But ours has been an age of labor, of great enterprises, of vast schemes of development and material progress, and in the electric rush of the times men have had but scant leisure to pause, to reflect, to study, to delve into the past and to learn the history of their own land.

Since, however, the twentieth century has dawned upon the world, Canada seems to have received a special impetus in the higher and wider direction of universal recognition. It would encroach too much

upon the very limited time at my disposal were I to attempt the illustration of this assertion. Our Canadian voyageurs upon the Nile, our Canadian contingents in South Africa, our commercial relations with the great nations of the Old World, our very friction with the Orient, our litterateurs in the wider fields of Great Britain and of France, our stupendous railway system forming a highway across this Dominion, between Europe and Asia, our representation at Imperial conferences, at The Hague Peace conference,—in a word, all our wonderful signs of development have served to focus the eyes of the civilized world upon Canada.

At such an opportune moment, I might say such a critical hour, in our history this grand movement—the tercentenary celebration at Quebec—comes to accentuate our country's importance, draw to our shores the representatives of the great powers of the day and to make Canada known to hundreds of thousands who might otherwise have gone on for years to come oblivious of her advantages, her possibilities and her worth.

There is, however, another result—one of a very far-reaching character—that must flow from this grand movement: I mean the creation of a desire amongst all classes of Canadian citizens for a deeper and more detailed knowledge of the history of their own country.

Since the first day upon which mention was made of a special celebration in honor of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain, on down through all the changing phases of the grand project, until the Governor-General proposed the magnificent scheme of nationalizing the battlefields around the Ancient Capital, thousands of people, in all spheres of society, have become interested in the story of the early discoverers, the founders of cities, the explorers of vast regions, and the heroic sons of two great races who, after struggling for the possession of the territory, united in peace and noble emulation to construct a great Canadian nationhood under the safeguards of a glorious constitution.

The project has been launched: with enthusiasm it has been taken up from Atlantic to Pacific; governments, corporations, banks, schools, institutions of all kinds as well as individuals have subscribed—and more subscriptions would now be timely; success seems guaranteed; Canada will be able to lay claim to one of the most remarkable historical pageants in the annals of any nation in the world. The memory of that series of receptions and displays will linger long in the mind of the country. But when it will be all over, when men will look back to it as to a dream of the past, when the flame of enthusiasm will have died out and the calmness that always succeeds great events will fall upon the old city of Quebec, the educational results of the entire movement will still be felt and the children of the next generation—and those of succeeding generations—will enjoy the abundant harvest of Canadian historical lore the seeds of which have been sown in this memorable year 1908.

For all time to come the study of Canadian history will be more complete and more general; no person will feel content without some detailed knowledge of the events and the actors that flitted across the stage of the past; every spot of Canadian soil that can be associated in any way with the achievements of olden times will become sacred; the

school children of the East will know of all the deeds performed by the streams and hill-slopes so familiar to them—be it at Grand-Pré or Quebec, at Louisbourg or Hochelaga; the school children of the West will be able to trace the pathways followed by Marquette, in one direction, or by de la Verendrye in another. What a magnificent panorama unfolds itself for our contemplation as we conjure up visions of the educational effects of this more than national movement! I can merely call attention to it and leave to others the pleasant and useful task of developing the subject and tracing the gigantic project to its logical and infallible results. Without, however, claiming any gift of prophecy, I feel confident in predicting, as one outcome of the movement and of the celebration, a better and more thoroughly educated population—therefore a higher and more imposing grade of citizenship—for this fair Dominion.

The nations of the Old World have all their monuments and memorials, but Canada is too young to have ruins. Still she also must have her monuments, and of these Quebec is, in itself, a stupendous one. Thanks to the bright conception of Earl Grey, the children of the future may contemplate the Genus of our Canadian nationhood symbolized in the colossal statue of the Angel of Peace on Cape Diamond—tall, stately and grand, solid in its foundation, majestic in its proportions, sublime in its associations, with its arms extended to welcome the children of all lands, and with the electric light on its brow shedding a radiance on the hills and valleys of this Dominion, where constitutional freedom, religious liberty, peace, happiness and prosperity will move side by side down the incline of the Future, until the last hour shall ring from the Clock of Time.

ROBESPIERRE:

HIS ROLE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR

A Lecture by J. K. Foran, Lit.D., LL.B., Delivered on 14th April, 1908, Under the Auspices of the Ignatian Reading Circle, Montreal

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(These remarks are taken from The Montreal Gazette.)

The following lecture, which we have much pleasure in publishing, was delivered under the auspices of the Ignatian Reading Circle, Montreal, by its talented author. So well did he treat his interesting subject that the French Consul-General asked the Faculty of Laval University to have Doctor Foran repeat the lecture (in French) next fall at the University. The Doctor has kindly consented to do so. We omit his opening remarks, which were of local interest only. Coming to the subject proper, Dr. Foran spoke as follows:

The first and great French Revolution began with the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes; it ended with Napoléon's coup d'état of the 18th Brumaire. These two events constituted the Alpha and Omega of that terrific upheaval. But between these two extreme points of the mighty convulsion there were two years of indescribable fury. These two years formed the great storm centre that has not unfittingly been called the "Reign of Terror," and the storm god that ruled, directed and originated that chaotic period was Maximilien Robespierre. During these two years of his unlimited sway the world looked on with breathless astonishment; speculation was powerless to predict the outcome; no age was considered, no station respected, no institution reverenced, throne and altar rocked at every breath of the tempest; the king, the royal family, the nobles, the clergy, the great, the good, the talented, the bourgeois, the artisans, the laborers, the poor, all were swept away, and (to use the graphic words of Charles Phillips) "when these were exhausted the mob-executioners of to-day became the mob-victims of to-morrow. And all this they did in the sacred name of Liberty. But Providence, that they openly defied and publicly denied, had not disappeared. Impiety might prosper, blasphemy might enjoy impunity, passions might be fanned into a very conflagration; it was only for a most brief time, and, in the very banquet of his triumph, 'the Almighty's vengeance blazed upon the wall' and the usurped diadem of unbridled tyranny fell with the head of the Dictator."

Lamartine, in his "History of the Girondists," says: "Never, perhaps, were so many tragical events crowded into so short a space of time, never was the mysterious connection which exists between deeds and their consequences developed with greater rapidity. Never did weakness more quickly engender faults—faults, crimes—crimes, punishment. The retributive justice which God has implanted in our very acts, never manifested itself more unequivocally; never was the law of morality illustrated by a more ample testimony, or avenged more mercilessly."

"Green Park" on the Aylmer Road, near Ottawa

(The birthplace of the poet)

"At the home of my childhood I have linger'd all day,
I was anxious to muse for awhile
On scenes that I knew when my bosom was gay,
In life's early hours, as the first golden ray
Shed over my future a smile."

(*Taken from* "Poems and Lyrics")

Mirabeau was dead. His genius could no longer impart inspiration to the audiences that his eloquence had electrified, nor hold in check the rising tide of discontentment of the one side and the fluctuating decisions of the king on the other. Already, before the tomb had closed over him, his star had paled its fires before that of the Revolution. As yet, however, the people had not bowed before the goddess of Reason, and the Reign of Terror was still below the horizon. The infidel philosophy of the eighteenth century had paved the way for changes in the institutions of the land, in the spirit of the people, in the schools, in the homes, in the public assemblies and in the private circles. The perverted genius of Voltaire and the deistic spirit of Jean Jacques Rousseau had worked in different directions, but towards the same end. And from both sprang the so-called philosophy of the Revolution. Robespierre had so deeply drunk at the fountain of Rousseau's theories, that they became in time a faith, a fanaticism. In the quiet of his college days at Arras, in the solitude that he loved or affected so much, he brooded over the confused thoughts of a renovated social world, a remodelled religious one, as a dream which unavailingly beset his youth. He was in this peculiar state of mind—without faith in anything, yet believing himself inspired with the loftiest of ideals, when the Revolution came as an opportunity. He seized upon it; and he did not allow it to slip from his grasp until its strength was exhausted and in its tottering hour it came down with a crash—crushing beneath its stately but unstable columns the Samson whose strength had both erected and destroyed it.

From the very commencement of his public career, after he had been elected Deputy of the Third Estate, in the States General, there was nothing to mark him as an exceptional—much less an extraordinary man. He had neither birth, nor genius, nor exterior. He was the son of humble, but honest parents. On his father's side he had a share of English Puritanic blood, which may account for one phase of his character in his earlier years. A few speeches at a provincial Bar, and a few pieces of cold, formal verse that scarcely deserve the title of poetry, were all that he had ever achieved. Physically he was insignificant, small, slight, feeble of limb, irresolute of steps, affected in gesture, harsh, shrill, discordant in voice, with eyes of a soft blue, a glance " like a steel reflector on which light has flashed "; his complexion was yellow, livid, like that of an invalid, or one worn out by long vigils. The prevailing characteristic of his countenance was a fearful and continuous tension of brow, eyes, mouth and facial muscles, his whole being—mind as well as features—seemed to be concentrated upon some vague and invisible object—even as if the reality were before his eyes. He was the enigma of the Revolution and no man could read him.

Such was the character destined to absorb all the men with whom he lived, contended, fraternized, or struggled, and to make them his victims after he had used them as his instruments. He was of no party; he belonged to all parties. Men paused, changed views, turned back—but he never did. He placed his ideal as an objective point before him, and marched towards it with Barnave, the Lameths, Brissot, Petio; and when it was reached and his companions stopped, he removed it several degrees beyond their desires, and again marched towards it with Vergniaud, Gensonné, Condorcet, and the whole band of the Girondist party—

and when they began to pause, feeling that the goal was attained, he once more placed his ideal of the Revolution a stage further on, and again marched towards it with Marat, Hébert, Desmoulins, Carra, Prud'homme, d'Herbois and the minor men of the same category; but even some of these hesitated at last, and Robespierre left them behind to rush forward with still greater recklessness in company of Danton, Saint-Just, Couthon, and monsters of similar wickedness, but unequal talents; finally all of these dropped behind, were swept into the human shambles, and he was left alone to pursue his ideal—and to fail, the last victim of his own unholy régime, just as his hand touched the object of his ambition.

"There are abysses," says Lamartine, "that we dare not sound, and characters we desire not to fathom, for fear of finding in them too great darkness, too much horror; but history, which has the unflinching eye of time, must not be chilled by these terrors, she must understand while she undertakes to recount."

It is no easy task to fathom the character, or to analyze the dispositions of Robespierre. I am perfectly willing to grant him the benefit of every doubt, and yet, even with that, it seems absolutely impossible to find a single redeeming quality in the man. The only plausible palliation that could be advanced would be that he was a maniac—or, at least, a vicious monomaniac. Did he, from the very commencement of the Revolution, foresee the results that subsequently were felt by the whole French people? If so he was the incarnation of Lucifer. Was he merely drawn into the vortex, from which he was eventually unable to escape, and whirled around by the power and attraction of circumstances, until he finally disappeared in the gulf of that political maelstrom? If so he was an irresponsible monster. It has been argued, in excuse for his terrible excesses during the years 1793-1794 that he was the most tender hearted of men and humane of legislators in 1791-1792. It is true that he pronounced in favor of the abolition of the death penalty, on the ground that no man, and no human law had the right to take away that life which could not be given back. But in this early abhorrence of public execution and capital punishment, Robespierre merely displayed the same inclinations that were remarkable in Nero and in almost every sanguinary tyrant from his day down to the present. It is likewise true that when Vergniaud—the sublimest orator of the age, and the leader of the compact body of the Girondists, pronounced the fatal word "death," thereby sealing the fate of Louis XVI., Robespierre was silent and brooding, giving no indication that the fearful consequences of the Girondist's decision had any other effect on him than the awakening of a grim pity. It is equally true that while the king was being taken to the Place de la Révolution, Robespierre locked himself up in his room, paced the floor like a man distracted, and was heard muttering to himself: "It is awful. A terrible deed."

These few facts have been cited by admirers and apologists of the future dictator as evidence that he was not cruel, nor ambitious, nor resentful; rather that the fearful necessity of wading through a sea of blood to the shore where the genius of Liberty awaited him was the result of popular frenzy and of the ever rising tide of popular vengeance which carried him along upon its breakers. If he really was from the

commencement the tigerish reveller in human blood that he subsequently became his whole course was one of the most subtle hypocrisy. Beneath the carefully arranged garments, the exterior of more than feminine neatness and the placid demeanor of the "incorruptible one," there must have lurked a score of demons chafing with impatience to be let loose upon mankind. However, all this is mere speculation. No person—not even those most intimately acquainted with him—could possibly go down into the depths of his soul and tell what was therein taking place. But if, above all at this distance, we cannot possibly sound the workings of that heart, at least we can take the facts as they occurred and draw logical conclusions from them.

In the early days of the Revolution—before the downfall of the monarchy—three factions contended for supremacy in the National Assembly. Behind Mirabeau, Barnave, the Lameths, Cazales, Maury, Malouet, Clermont-Tonnerre, and the less conspicuous deputies, almost unknown and totally disregarded, Robespierre began to move. He seemed to be agitated by some spirit of unrest; he spoke on all occasions and attacked all other speakers. Driven from the tribune, he ascended it next day, overwhelmed with sarcasm, coughed down, disowned by all parties, lost amongst the eminent champions who fixed public attention, he was incessantly beaten, but never discouraged. Did some inward and poetic genius reveal to him the vanity of all the talent opposed to him, and the omnipotence of his own firm will and unwearied patience? Smarting under the insults that were heaped upon him, stung to the quick by the ridicule of which he was the general object, it was only natural that he then and there secretly vowed that he would not pause until all these men who despised him would feel his vengeance and that all the changes of the Revolution—which they would not deign to consider, or look upon him—should eventually terminate in him and through him.

Immediately after the king's return to Paris, Robespierre delivered a speech before the Jacobins, in the nave of the old convent Saint Honoré, which proved to be the first cry of the Revolution; it was the trumpet call which awakened passions which were destined not to subside, until the same voice, of the same man, would deliver the last speech with the peroration of which the "Reign of Terror" was to terminate. The words of that first harangue were so artfully combined that they awakened suspicions and were hailed like the last speech of a martyr for liberty. "We will die with you," cried out Camille Desmoulins, extending his arms as though he would fain embrace Robespierre. Eight hundred people rose en masse, and individually swore to defend the orator's life; Danton was of the number. Little did any of them dream that before two years each of the eight hundred—including Desmoulins, Danton and the other leaders—would march to the scaffold, condemned and executed on warrants signed by Maximilien Robespierre. Little did they dream that the very death which he cunningly pretended to expect was awaiting him at the close of the bloody reign he was about to commence.

Fanatical to his ideal, his fanaticism was ridiculed; revenge for the ridicule suffered; the opportunity of gratifying that vengeance, suspicious of a counter vengeance against himself; intoxicated by the blood of even friends; he murdered first for satisfaction, then for ambition, finally for self-preservation.

"Order is Heaven's first law." The reduction of all order to chaos was the grand object of the Revolution. Confounding authority with tyranny, the first apostles of this mighty movement determined to sweep away all representatives and all signs of authority in every sphere and to make way for a phantom of Liberty, that immediately degenerated into unbridled license, and to substitute three or four score of tyrants for one ruler. On the walls of the Bastille were posted, in flaming red characters, these words, "Fraternité ou la Mort." Under them a philosophic wag most aptly wrote, "Sois mon frère, ou je te tue." The "Reign of Terror" actually was due to the mad rivalry of men who struggled to prove their patriotism by excesses of language and still greater excesses of action. Each one sought popularity for himself, and through popularity he anticipated preferment and power.

While denouncing all form of authority, denying God, and consequently seeking to overthrow His altars, detesting royalty and therefore attempting to pull down the throne—each individual expected to become, in some mysterious manner, the ruler and prophet of the nation. Thus no sooner did one leader appear to have gained a remarkable degree of popular favor than he was accused by his rival, or rivals, of being ambitious, of not giving all he could to the Revolution, of aspiring to dictatorship, of false sentiments, and finally of treason. To prove his patriotism each one exaggerated his own deeds, his suspicions, his excesses, his crimes. Barnave accused Mirabeau; Brissot accused Barnave; Robespierre accused Brissot; Danton accused Robespierre; Marat accused Danton; Hébert accused Marat; Desmoulins accused Hébert; Vergniaud accused Desmoulins; then every one, not of their party, accused Vergniaud and the Girondists; finally Robespierre accused all of them—from first to last—and his accusing meant arrest, arrest meant death multiplied a thousand fold, and became the ultimate accuser of Robespierre—through the voice of Tallien.

On that eventful day, when Robespierre proclaimed a Supreme Being to the assembled masses on the Champ-de-Mars, he sealed his own fate. The position of command which he assumed and the pride he seemed to take in being the first to dare call the people back from the lower depths of infidelity to the vague idea of a God, caused loud murmuring and dissatisfaction. Eyes flashed deep threats, gestures bespoke hatred, whispered phrases indicated the true sentiments that he had awakened. "Look at the man," exclaimed one, "he believes in God already and desires to accustom the republic to adore some one, that he himself may be adored by and by." He has invented God, because he is the supreme tyrant," cried a second. "He desires to be the high priest—he may yet be victim," shouted a third. And thus it was that the Infidel philosophy which guided his early ambitions, the abominations of sacrilege and blasphemy which he—in common with the originators of the Revolution—had encouraged, the hatred of all legitimate authority which had been instilled into the people, became the very sources of his own downfall and the annihilation of all his vision. Fouché, Tallien, Barrère, Collot-d'Herbois, Lecomte, Leonard-Bourrdon, Billaud-Varennes, Vadier and Amar seized upon this increasing opposition to the dictator to sharpen resentment and to urge the convention to revolt against the one who had reached his present commanding position upon the stairway of

human heads. " Robespierre lost his prestige and popularity on the very altar on which he had restored the Supreme Being," says one of his biographers; rather did the mask fall from the tyrant's face when he dared pretend to offer a nation such a compensation for the overturning of real altars, the murder of the hierarchy and the abolition of religion. Death had reigned supreme during almost two years. One of the most terrible lessons that history affords may be read in the fate that befell the most sanguinary, the most violent, and even the most cool and calculating of these monsters of inhumanity. Not one escaped; male and female alike perished by the very instruments that their insane enthusiasm had destined for the destruction of others. If the guillotine drank the blood of Marie Antoinette, equally did it drink that of Madame Rolland; if Marat had advocated the dagger as an additional means of spreading terror amongst men in general, that same weapon in the hands of Charlotte Corday cut the thread of his own life in the midst of his murderous schemes; if Vergniaud's lips pronounced the vote that turned the scale of decision against Louis XVI., the knife that sent the monarch into eternity was the same that severed the great orator's head from his shoulders; if the Girondists gave the grand impetus to the carnival of death that lasted for two years, every one of them came to a terrible end, either on the scaffold, or as fugitives, starved, wounded, destitute; if the dashing Pétion once smiled on the hunger of those made destitute by the Revolution, his own body was devoured by wolves in the woods of his native department as he attempted to escape from the decrees of the Paris tribunal; if Guodet, Salles, Barbaroux and Buzot were instrumental in quenching the flame of domestic happiness in a thousand homes, they perished miserably, homeless and hunted like wild beasts, in the forests of St. Emilion; if Desmoulins wrote, in his nervous eloquence, in favor of immediate execution after trial, he one day ascended the scaffold and died an hour after he had been denounced to Robespierre; if the terrible Danton believed in his own omnipotence and in his power to escape all consequences of his public crimes by retiring quietly to his country villa, he was none the less dragged from that retreat by the minions of the man in whom he had confided and whom he had assisted in the work of destruction, and left his head in the fatal basket on the Place de la Grève. The Revolution, like Saturn, devoured its own offspring. Robespierre was the embodiment of the Revolution; he was the incarnation of the " Terror "; by learning the true story of his tragic end, we likewise learn that of the ending of the Revolution. He had hoped that the last murderous decrees of July 27 would have ended all rivalry, all opposition, all struggle; he believed that the hour had come when the last aspirant had fallen, and that the supreme power was about to drop into his hands; he had even planned out an elaborate scheme of peace-restoring measures, and he was confident that the memory of all the blood he had spilt, all the lives he had taken, all the friends he had deceived, all the companions in crime he had crushed, would be forever obliterated in the enjoyment of a tranquillity for which the people of France prayed and hungered, and that his omnipotence would be affirmed by the suffrages which his popularity would create.

No remorse for the past, no sorrow for the wrongs done, no thought

of the sufferings inflicted, no conscience to summon up the spirits of his countless victims; cold, hard, calculating, prayerless, heartless, he was equally the personification of that hollow, soulless, withering infidelity which was the first cause of the " Reign of Terror " and which has been, ever since, one of the baneful consequences of the Revolution. One hundred and ten years ago (on the 29th July, 1794) at 6.30 in the morning on the Place de la Révolution, the blade of death dropped upon the neck of Maximilien Robespierre, and the vast and fierce murmur that ascended from the spectators of that final scene in the greatest tragedy that history records was the solemn " de profundis " of the first French Revolution.

Robespierre, like the Revolution, had the genius of destruction but lacked the power of construction. With iconoclastic hand he could tear down what had taken centuries to erect; but his activity stopped when the ruin was accomplished. He would have restored order—were it only as a means of self-preservation—but he had undermined and levelled all authority, human and divine. He was impotent to check, even for an instant, the lava tide of destruction that he had long labored to let loose upon the country. Call the principles that he advocated philosophy, or call them by any other name, they remain still the practical antagonism of all that is certain, stable, unchangeable and true in the moral, the social, the political, and even in the material order of things.

Wherefore, the glorification of Robespierre is the glorification of the Revolution; the glorification of the Revolution is that of anarchy; the glorification of anarchy is that of vice, in all its forms, and in every acceptation of the term. The presenting of Robespierre as a model for the imitation—no matter how feeble or distant—of others, as an object of admiration for the enthusiasm of the younger generation, is simply defying all authority, rejecting all morality, and insulting Omnipotence.

The sun has grown older by a century and more since its beams fell upon that symbol of death and disorder, the guillotine; to-day its rays, undiminished in splendor, flash their glories upon that symbol of Life and Order, the Cross; the former plied its crimson work in the Place de la Révolution; the latter looks down upon a very different scene, from the silent shrine on Montmartre. The pulpit of Notre Dame has held princes of Christian eloquence—Dupanloups, Felixes, Lacordaires, Monsabres—even as if Chaumette had never thundered his blasphemies from the same elevation; the eternal Te Deum has, year after year, awakened the echoes of that olden temple, just as if the " Goddess of Reason " had never polluted its altar, or the vaults had never resounded to the licentious notes of the " ça Ira." The tempest of the Revolution gathered, rolled zenithward, burst and swept over church and throne, leaving behind it an apparent desert, strewn with the ruins of old and venerable institutions. Yet scarcely had the last rumblings of the hurricane sunk into silence than the temple of Faith lifted its head and appeared as ever " immutable amidst change, magnificent amidst débris, the last remnant of earth's beauty and the last resting-place of heaven's light."

Robespierre—that is to say the Revolution—sought to free the nation from the hand of despotism. Instead of remodelling the monarchy he merely destroyed it; and he thus made way for an imperial despotism that surpassed in its iron rule the worst oppression that fanaticism could have attributed to the Bourbons. Empire, Kingdom, Republic, Empire,

Republic—in rapid succession these followed the Revolution. It aimed at reconstruction and it ended in annihilation. And all this was due to the character, combined with the opportunities which he enjoyed, of one man. Ruin, desolation, misfortune, death were the universal results of the Revolution. These results in the logical sequence of facts are directly traceable to the principles of Robespierre; and those principles were the outcome of his moral training; and that moral training was due to the infidel teachings of the Encyclopedists and atheists of the eighteenth century. Therefore, be it by means of the stage, or otherwise, to present Robespierre in his true character to the men—especially the young men—of our generation would be a work deserving of all praise and encouragement; while the surrounding of that man with a fictitious halo of unmerited glory is calculated to awaken admiration for him and his principles. Admiration engenders imitation; and imitation in this case would menace the very fundamental bulwarks of the State, as well as the underlying basis of society.

HISTORY AS ILLUSTRATED BY MONUMENTS

December, 1909

Delivered at the Congregation of Notre Dame, Ottawa.

On Wednesday night the large audience that filled the hall of the Gloucester Street convent enjoyed another most instructive and cultured lecture by Dr. J. K. Foran. This time the lecturer spoke on History as Illustrated by Monuments. It was a vast field and gave ample opportunity for that display of poetic diction, beautiful illustrations and eloquent delivery to which so many who have attended these lectures have become accustomed. If the lecture on the Study of History was styled the masterpiece of Dr. Foran's repertoire, certainly his lecture on Monuments was a fitting companion for it.

Dr. Foran opened with a quotation from the Poet Priest on "The Land of Ruins," in which were these lines:

> "Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
> And the living tread light on the graves of the dead;
> Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
> There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom,—
> For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
> As after the night comes the sunrise of morn."

Dr. Foran then proceeded to follow Sir Joseph Thompson into Masailand, to the foot of the great volcano of Kilimanjaro, and to the ruins of the temples at its base. He then went with Sir Henry Layard to Baalbec, and through the ruins of the seven cities of Asia Minor, unfolding the story of the countries whose debris speak so eloquently of their peoples, the habits and customs and knowledge they displayed. Then came the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. But more wonderful than all these are the stupendous pyramids of Egypt. After quoting Horace Smith's address to "A Mummy in Balzoni's Museum," Dr. Foran turned to a study which is wonderful in its newness and research.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

After pointing out that Piazzi Smith's method of using a "cord" as an instrument to test measurements was improper, especially when correct results were expected, Dr. Foran showed that the expansion and contraction of a cord are far greater in range than either glass, wood or steel, and therefore it is an unsafe standard. He then quoted from Dugald Macdonald's famous work to the effect "that weights and measures of the present day are founded on standards derived from the supposition that the earth is a globe 25,000 English miles in circumference." If this be so, a state of civilization is inferred amongst the nations who peopled the world at that remote date not inferior, if not superior, to the civilization of today. As further evidence illustrative of the skill and scientific knowledge possessed by the founders of the pyramids, it may be remarked

that the base of the great pyramid is a precise square—that its stonework was probably the finest masonry ever constructed, the joints of it being so thin as to be, according to Herodotus, invisible, and according to Colonel Vyse's account, " of the thickness of a sheet of tissue paper," and that the pyramids are placed at right angles to the meridian and their faces precisely opposite to the cardinal points.

HISTORICAL TESTIMONY

Dr. Foran then proceeded to say that according to Herodotus the pyramids date from about 900 before Christ. Looking back over the vast desert of years that preceded their supposed date of construction, we find almost another 900 years of learning and the science of recording knowledge.

Cadmus is generally credited with the invention of letters. But from Herodotus, as well as from his contemporaries, Empedocles, Hellanicus, Euripides, Herodicus, Charondas and Artimores, we learn that Cadmus was merely the first to introduce letters into Greece. He came to Greece from Phoenicia in the year 1493 before Christ. The alphabet he brought consisted of sixteen letters, to which Palamedes added four, and later on, Simonides of Melos added four more. But one hundred years before Joseph was sold into Egypt, and fifteen before the reign of Phoroneus, Memnon, the Egyptian, invented letters and writing. This is the Memnon who took part in the Trojan war, and to whom the melodious statue was erected. Anticlides, mentioned in Pliny, tells of the Memnonian alphabet. Thus, when the pyramids were built the world had been 900 years in possession of the art of reading and writing—for Memnon flourished about 1822 before Christ.

The constructors of the most wonderful buildings of our age, said Dr. Foran, know absolutely nothing about the contrivances that must have been used in the erection of the pyramids. Not only must the builders have been possessed of wonderful engines to convey such blocks as are found in those structures over the distances separating them from the Arabian quarries whence it is supposed they were taken, but equally wonderful contrivances to hoist such masses to such formidable heights and to place them with such mathematical preciseness in position. Moreover, they must have been possessed of untold knowledge of astronomy, geometry, trigonometry, conic sections, arithmetical science, physics and mechanics. Nor is it at all likely that the human race will ever disinter all the scientific secrets that lie buried beneath the debris of remote antiquity.

A MORE STARTLING THEORY

" All this I base," said Dr. Foran, " upon the supposition that, as the priests of Memphis told Herodotus, the pyramids were built by Cheops, Cephernes and Mycernius, which would mean that they were built all about the same time, as these three (two brothers and the son of one of the brothers) succeeded each other within a few years. But Herodotus, speaking of Cheops and Cephern (or Cephernes), says that ' the Egyptians so hated these royal brothers that they publicly reported that the pyramids had been erected by a shepherd.' Who was that shepherd?

Almost all men of remote antiquity were shepherds. If it can be shown that these present pyramids—known as the pyramids of Gizeh—were not built by Cheops, his brother, and his brother's son, but that they are antediluvian, a still more wonderful conclusion must be reached, namely, that the deluge not only effaced all animal and human life—save the contents of the Ark—but that its waters also buried for all time more scientific attainments than the world, with all its inventions, can ever again possess.

THE PURPOSE OF THE PYRAMIDS

"The kingdom of Egypt was begun under Misraim, the son of Ham, in the year 2188 before Christ. Forty-six years before that date celestial observations were first made at Babylon. Fourteen years earlier took place the confusion of languages and the building of Babel. This was just one hundred and one years before the deluge. All the authorities indicate two classes of pyramids: (1) pyramids to chronicle scientific discoveries and erected before the deluge; (2) pyramids to serve as tombs and erected after the flood. The testimony of Josephus, and that of the Arabian chronologers mentioned by Greaves, refer to the former, while Herodotus and Pliny allude to the latter. If it can be shown that the three pyramids of Gizeh chronicle, among other things, the dimensions of the earth, the sun, the moon, Mercury, Venus and the other planets, these facts would corroborate the statement of Josephus and of the Arabian chronographers, and thus establish the conviction that the three pyramids of Gizeh are of antediluvian construction.

"If, then, Dugald Macdonald, Greaves, Ibn Abd Alhokin, the Arabian, and others prove that they were built by a king who reigned 300 years before the flood, it results that Cheops, Cephernes and Mycernius built other pyramids which the hand of time has levelled. This would prove what is still more astonishing, that prior to the flood there existed a civilization possessing scientific acquirements that have been lost to the race of man."

THE MEXICAN PYRAMID

"If it be true," said Dr. Foran, "that whoever built the great pyramid of Cholula, in Mexico, must have been acquainted with the length of the sides and of the base of the great pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt, we are face to face with a three-fold problem: When was the Mexican pyramid built? How was communication between Egypt and Mexico obtained? What effect must such facts have upon all existing theories regarding the original people of America? If all this be true"—and Dr. Foran proceeded in a most astounding and scientific manner to prove it—"neither Cadmus, nor Memnon, nor anyone since the deluge, could be credited with the invention of letters. They but found a portion of that which was lost generations earlier—even as the antiquarian discovers a fragment of a precious mosaic in the ruins of Pompeii, but leaves beneath the lava bed the most important parts of the original masterpiece."

The Gueber Towers of Ireland were also eloquently described.

Dr. Foran, in closing, said: "Just look at the Sphinx! For four, five, or even six thousand years has that stony monster crouched by the Nile

and gazed out, in its silent watchfulness, upon the undulating sands of the desert. Centuries have passed over it without adding a wrinkle to its brow of adamant. There it rests and gazes, as if waiting with infinite patience for some wonderful advent. Its eyes of stone have seen the armies of Darius, Cyrus and Cambyses march past and vanish; they have seen the battalions of Alexander the Great pass on to the Indus; they have seen the legions of Pompey, the triumphs of Sylla, the disgrace of Mark Antony; they have seen the Crusaders rushing Jerusalem-ward to wrench the Holy Places from the turbaned adorers of Allah; they have seen caravan after caravan of Mahometan pilgrims moving off to Mecca and disappearing in the purple and roseate haze of the desert distance; they have seen Napoleon laying the first stone of the stairway up which he was to scramble to empire; they have seen Canadian 'voyageurs' portage boats up the cataracts to Tel-el-Kebir, Gordon advance to Kartoum and Kitchener stretch out his lines of railway as he crept up to Omdurman. All these things those mysterious eyes beheld, and yet the Sphinx still crouches and waits and gazes out over the wilderness of sands. And the twenty-fifth, the thirtieth, the fortieth century may come, and that silent watcher will still be there, inimitable and inscrutable. In presence of that witness of the ages, how insignificant the achievements of any race, how small the life of any man! A tiny span from cradle to grave; a mere dot on the unmeasurable line connecting the origin of that stony watcher with the date of its possible destruction. How mean, how humble, how little, man should feel himself to be in such a presence. Centuries after we shall have gone down to oblivion and dust the unchanged Sphinx will look out upon the desert.

"No! not so! How proud, how great man should feel! The time must come when the Sphinx will pass away, and centuries after its fragments are reduced to dust the immortal soul of man will live on, in all the glory and beauty and harmony of an unending life, throughout the endless cycles of eternity."

HISTORY STUDIED IN MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

January, 1910

(The Ottawa " Free Press.")

Once more the hall of the Gloucester Street convent was thronged with a select audience to listen to another of Dr. Foran's eloquent lectures. In December he spoke of History as Studied in Monuments, and this time he lectured on History as Studied in Music and the Musical Instruments of different nations and ages. If it were possible this last one was even more brilliantly attractive than its predecessor; that is saying a good deal. The subject was most suited for the play of those faculties evident in all the Doctor's lectures—imagery, sentiment, harmony of diction, action and ideas. We might here remark that what seems to give the charm to all these lectures is the fact that Dr. Foran uses neither notes nor manuscript, and yet it is evident that he has no set phrase of speech prepared; he simply talks on, gliding from link to link of his chain of ideas without any apparent effort, bringing in any matter that suggests itself as an illustration on the spur of the moment, suiting his tone, gesture and expression to the humor of the audience, and invariably holding his hearers spellbound from the first to the last word. There is no monotony; in fact the variety is only less surprising than the memory that can retain such a mass of interesting material. This is what caused a great Canadian critic to say that " Dr. Foran stands in a class by himself as a lecturer."

At the close of the address Mr. McGee, clerk of the privy council, proposed a vote of thanks, stating that Dr. Foran was the most brilliant lecturer he had ever listened to:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the investigation of this most interesting and instructive branch of History the English or the French student, unacquainted with the other languages of Europe, is at a great disadvantage, as the most important works are not translated and are very difficult, even for those who can read them in the original, on account of their technical character.

W. S. Rockstro, who has written admirably on the subject, tells us that Dr. Burney, in 1786, made a tour of all Europe to gather data. As far as I can learn the earliest writer on music was Giovanni Battista Doni. He published a work in Florence, 1647, and sought to prove that the Greeks had made great advancement in music.

In 1732, Johann Gottfried Walthers published, in Leipzig, in a more practical work, with short biographies of great musicians.

In 1740 other biographies were written by Johann Mattheson.

Again, in 1751, we find the works of Friedrich Wilhelm Marpurg.

In 1774, two volumes, marvels of musical scholarship, were compiled by Martin Gerbert von Hornau, Prince-Abbot of St. Blasien, in the Black Forest.

Dr. Burney's work came out in 1776, as also did that of Sir John Hawkins. Eight years earlier Sir Thomas Busby published a volume on

music that corresponded in date to the "Dictionnaire de Musique" of Jean Jacques Rousseau. In 1852 de Coursemaker, and in 1868 August W. Ambros imparted, by their researches and published works, considerable information of a practical character. Hermann Mendel, in 1870, contributed his fund of musical erudition. In 1879, Sir George Grove published his "Dictionary of Music," based very much on Rousseau's. Very few of the German, Italian, Spanish and even French works have found their way into English.

In our study, therefore, of the subject we will have to deal with works in foreign tongues and glean what we can from the profusion of books that treat, in one way or another, of music and musical instruments.

MUSIC OF THE GREEKS (500 B.C. TO 130 A.D.)

The earliest musical system, of which any record has come to us, is the one invented by the Greeks. Like their letters, their paintings and other arts, they borrowed this system from some older scheme of Phœnician or Egyptian origin. But of that older method, or methods, all regular trace is lost.

We must depend greatly on legend and tradition when we have passed beyond the year 500 before Christ.

There is a legend of immemorial antiquity which ascribes the first idea of the Lyre to Hermes Trismegistus. This worthy, while rambling along the banks of the Nile, found a tortoise shell, dried in the sun. He used it as a framework to construct the first instrument. He fitted it with three chords made from dried tendons of the dead tortoise.

In Thebes the tombs of the kings afford evidence of the Egyptian origin of the first instruments. Bruce, in his researches, found in their recesses a picture of a Harper playing on a 13-string instrument. With great attention to detail, in marvellous bas-reliefs, on those walls, are found Lyres, double and single Flutes, and the Sistrum. These carvings also depict the lives, public, private and domestic, of the buried kings.

"These ancestors of the later Pharaohs," says Rockstro, "were intellectual giants. They were jealous of their learning and rarely communicated it to the people." Whatever the Egyptians knew of music, it was the Greeks first cultivated it as an art; taught it to their children, used it in Temples, made it a feature in public games, and consecrated it to the service of the drama.

THE GREEK DRAMA

We travel miles to hear a grand opera or to assist at the performance of some world-famed prima donna. Just think of those Greeks journeying for days on foot to Athens, taking their seats the evening before the performance in the great Lenœan Theatre, and sitting there all night in order not to miss the performance of the following day. One festal representation cost Athens more than the Peloponesian War. Compare the Grand Opera of Paris with a theatre that held 50,000 spectators. On account of the falling of a temporary stage at the performance of Æschylus' first tragedy, this theatre was planned and commenced in 500 B.C. and only completed in 340 B.C. Two thousand years ago and more it had scenery that could be instantaneously changed, and was fitted with

machinery beside which the best we possess might serve as toy models.

Every word of the Greek tragedy was sung. What they called Tragedy we call *Dramma per la musica;* what they call Comedy we call *Opera buffa.* The Alcestis of Euripides, in 438 B.C., foreshadowed our Romantic opera.

Æschylus composed music to accompany his Tragedies; Sophocles accompanied, at least, one of his plays on the Cithara; Euripides wrote the verbal text of his tragedies and left the music to others.

No genuine Greek musical composition has been preserved to us. All we have left are three Hymns to Apollo, Nemesis and Calliope, and the First Pythian Ode of Pindar. Quite a number of Greek theorists wrote about music and the scale; but Euclid, the great mathematician, has left us the most practical writing of all. His treatise is called " The Section of the Canon "—[KATATOPN KAVOVOS]. This treats of the various sounds derived from proportionate divisions of the open string of the Monochord. Of course this system of Euclid was far away from the perfection of the modern scale and remote from our Octave. Still it shows how music and mathematics were closely allied even in the days of the Greeks, and we will see, later on, an evidence of a similar alliance in the fifth century of the Christian era.

MUSIC WITH THE EARLY CHRISTIANS

It is true that the Romans derived their music from the Greeks, but they were less enthusiastic in regard to that (and all other arts) than their Hellenic precursors. In fact the Romans were too busy conquering peoples and building up a material empire to while away time in the study or practice of music. It was not till A.D. 365 that it was introduced as an accessory to the Latin Drama.

We are told that Nero " fiddled " while Rome burned; he did no such a thing, for the good reason that fiddles did not exist, in any form, for several hundred years after his time. Unless he played the " Rebec," an ancestor of the violin. But of this we will speak when dealing with instruments. For the present, we are talking about music.

In the first years of the Christian era, Jewish converts to Christianity fled from their own land to escape persecution and took refuge in Rome. They brought a form of music new to the western world, but to which they had been accustomed in the old Temple of Jerusalem.

During the Ten great Persecutions in Rome this music was confined to the Catacombs. On account of the secrecy enforced on them these early Christians handed down their melodies orally and thus did the original texts become corrupted and in many cases extinguished. It was only after Constantine's victory, which freed them from the rack, the torture-chamber and the horrors of the Flavian Amphitheatre, that their ancient music came forth into the open air.

On account of such confusion in this music, that was specially used for ecclesiastical purposes, St. Ambroise—Bishop of Milan, in 384 A.D.—made a general collection of the melodies, reduced each to the purest obtainable form, and fabricated a code of technical laws that were expected to prevent any further deterioration.

In 590, two centuries after this, St. Gregory the Great made another collection. His was more complete and was based on a more comprehensive musical system.

He admitted eight, if not nine notes—our scale—to replace the four notes sanctioned by St. Ambroise. St. Ambroise's collection consisted of Tones (Tunes) to the Psalms and olden Hymns of the Church.

St. Gregory's collection—called *Antiphonarium*—included new Hymns, the Antiphons for the entire ecclesiastical year, and other Ritual music. All these are expressed in a Notation or Semiography which he invented. Now, the combination of all these melodies was called " Cantus Planus " (Plain Chant). The older collection is known as the Ambrosian chant and the more recent one the Gregorian chant. The latter is, today, really the only kind of music authoritatively commanded by the Church. These Psalm-Tones (or Tunes) are really the oldest form of ecclesiastical music we possess; tradition claims some of them to have been sung in the Temple of Solomon.

Of course those eight Psalm-Tones have not been conserved in their original purity—it could not be expected. But the Ninth Tone—called Tonus Peregrinus, sung in the *" In exitu Israel "*—was (says tradition) the Tune sung by Christ and His Apostles, to the Hymn which followed the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament and preceded the departure for Gethsemane.

MUSIC IN THE MIDDLE AGES

At the close of the 4th century St. Ambroise performed his work, at the close of the 6th century St. Gregory the Great completed his; but midway between them, about the year 500 A.D., a very strange event retarded for a long span the progress of Art, and yet it was a circumstance that, under ordinary conditions, should have helped it. Boëtius, the statesman, compiled a work on music. Of music he knew absolutely nothing; he merely treated it as a branch of arithmetic. His material he drew entirely from the Greeks and so mistook their meaning as to have even taken the lower sounds of the scale for the upper ones.

As Greek was not studied at that time, a lack of any knowledge of the language prevented his contemporaries from being able to criticize him. Hence, for centuries, his book was a standard authority and every candidate for Academic Honors in music had to know it by heart. And so it was until the worthlessness of the work was discovered. It was the 9th century before any serious attempt was made to introduce a more national system.

Some time about 870 A.D., Huchbaldus, a monk of St. Amand, in Flanders, proposed a new division of the Tetrachords, made a rude attempt at arranging vocal music in Parts and invented a more explicit system of Notation. He died about 930 A.D.

Notkerus, Abbott of St. Jall, St. Odo of Cluney, and St. Remi of Auxerre were his most important musical contemporaries.

The greatest of all his successors, however, was Guido d'Arezzo, a Benedictine monk of Pomposa. To him we owe the Solmisation, the Stave, the Hexachords, the Harmonic (Guidonian) Hand, the Monochord and the Clavier.

In 1025, writing to Brother Michael, Guido pointed out that the six sections of the Hymn *" Ut queant laxis,"* sung on the Feast of St. John the Baptist, begin with six different Notes of the Scale. The syllables sung to these notes are the well known Ut (Do), Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.

Later on, in Italy, "Do" was substituted for "Ut," as being more sonorous; and after the completion of the modern scale, the syllable "Si" was adapted to the 7th degree. With these changes we have today the syllables as they were 800 years ago.

Ut (Do) queant laxis.
REsonare fibris.
MIra gestorum.
FAmuli tuorum.
SOlve polluti.
Labii reatum.
Sancte Joannes.

TROUBADOURS, MINSTRELS AND MINNESINGERS

In every Christian country, from remote ages, ecclesiastical and secular music went hand in hand. The former, cultivated by the Clergy, found its expression in Plain Chant, Antiphons, Hymns, Introits, Graduals, Offertoria. Secular music was cultivated by the Laity.

The Art of Minstrelsy originated at Toulouse, where from the 11th century the Troubadours were in honor. From the south of France and the confines of Spain it spread into central France, across the English Channel and again northeasterly into Flanders. From Italy it went to Germany, and the Troubadours and Minstrels were generally nobles and kings.

Of the early Minstrels we have Guillaume de Poictiers, 1087 to 1127; Adam de la Hale; in England, Maklebit of Winchester, and Blondel de Nesle, page to Richard Cœur de Lion.

Richard I; Alphonso IV of Castile; Pedro III and Pedro IV; in Italy, Azzo d'Este, husband of Parisina.

Troubadours of high rank generally gave the composition of the music and words to inferiors; in France these were called "Jongleurs," in England "Gleemen." But in German the Minnesingers sang their own Romances.

Soon Minstrelsy descended amongst the people, and guilds were formed. Edward I had court minstrels, and John of Gaunt, in 1381, ordered the election of a "King of Minstrels." In France Jean Charmillon, under Philip Le Bel, in 1295, was "Roi des Menestriers."

In each country the style of national song or music was the reflex of the manners of the people.

The Folk-Songs of Scotland and Ireland are easily recognized and can be distinguished from those of any other country. Of these, as they are of a special and distinct character, we will speak later on.

In the time of the Crusades the Troubadours and Minstrels of all continental countries were brought into contact and there was a similarity in their music and Romances, based on the Laws of Chivalry.

With the Folk-Songs this contact did not exist, so they retained their distinctive characteristics. Their melodies are as much their own as are their styles of dress, manners and speech.

It is more difficult to gauge the antiquity of a national air than of a Plain Chant Melody. As to Irish melodies, the air may be of extreme

and measureless antiquity, but we can follow the process by means of which it has been clothed in appropriate and beautiful harmony.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC (OR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS) 13TH, 14TH AND 15TH CENTURIES

As in the case of vocal music so is it regarding instruments and instrumental music: the peoples of the East and of Continental Europe must be placed in a category apart from those of Scotland and Ireland—and especially Ireland. After dealing with the subject in connection with the first category we will turn to those of the second one and speak of them and their musical achievements in an entirely different section of this address.

In the Middle Ages instrumental music had little tendency to advance to even a moderate degree of perfection. Rockstro says: "While Vocal Harmony, thanks to the untiring zeal of the Monastic teachers, was daily developing new and unexpected beauties, the Instrumental Music played, even by Princes, was of more than rustic simplicity; and was performed on Instruments of the rudest possible construction." They had the Harp, Trumpet, Sackbut (parent of the Trombone), Flute, Psaltery and others of Egyptian, Greek and Hebrew origin—all primitive.

First of all we have the instruments of the *Violin* tribe: all descended from the *Rebec*. This instrument is only known to us through the mediæval paintings, illuminations and sculptural ornaments in the old Cathedrals; there are no specimens of it extant.

Allied to the *Rebec* were the early German *Geige*, the English *Fittele* (or Fiddle), the French *Vielle*, and the Cambrian *Cruth;* also the Italian *Rotta* (or *Rote*), long supposed to be a similar instrument, and perhaps the parent of the primitive Hurdy-Gurdy. The *Ribible*, mentioned in Chaucer, was a small *Rebec*.

It was only after the invention of the Monodic Style that Instrumental Accompaniments received attention and were deemed worthy of association with the vocal music of the period.

At the palace of Giovanni Bardi, in Florence, Caccini sang to the accompaniment of a Teorbo, played by Bardilla.

The hidden orchestra, first used behind the scenes, consisted of a Harpsichord, a double-neck Lute, a Lira and a Teorbo.

In 1620 Michael Prætarius wrote a history of early instruments in Germany. The plates in his volume (there are now only five or six of these books in print) represent *Trombones, Trumpets, Horns, Cornets, Flutes de bec, Hautboys* (Treble and Bass), *Bassoons, Sardoni*, various *Krumhorns*, the *Corna Musa* (or *Musette*) and a kind of *Bag Pipes*. These are all wind instruments.

At this period was composed the Christmas hymn which mentions two of these instruments:

> "Il est né le divine enfant;
> Jouez *Hautboys*, resonnez *Musettes*."

The *String Instruments* are those of the *Violin* tribe: the *Viol da gamba, Viol bastarda*, and the *Violone*. Then the *Harp, Lute, Theorbo, Mandolin, Lyre* and *Guitar*—all imperfect.

The *Keyed Instruments*—the *Harpsichord, Spinet, Clavichord* and finally the *Organ.* This last one traceable to the primitive *Regall* and was the largest instrument of the 17th century.

We will now trace each to its origin.

STRINGED AND KEYED INSTRUMENTS

The *Violin* we trace to the *Rebec* of the 12th and 13th centuries. It would take hours to tell of the modifications undergone. The Amati family, founders of the "Cremona School," in 1520 to 1570, gave the greatest impetus to the improvement of the violin.

The *Harpsichord* comes from the *Psaltery,* a shallow box covered with a sounding board, fitted with metal strings, and plucked with a Plectrum made of ivory, of metal, or of quill.

The *Spinet,* a precursor of the *Harpsichord,* was till lately used as a substitute for it.

The *Clavichord* (or French *Manichord*), known as the *Clavier* in Germany, was not unlike a small square piano. The keyboard was fitted with Ebony Naturals and Ivory Sharps—the reverse of our Piano, but like on the organ. Our modern piano, or *Grand Piano-Forte,* is a keyed *Dulcimer,* in principle, and a *Harpsichord* in form and mechanism.

ORGANS

The *Organ* is of far greater antiquity than all. It is the noblest musical creation, though its ancestor was the rustic *Syrinx,* commonly called *Paris Pipes,* or the *Mouth-organ.* Early in the Middle Ages the *Regall* existed, so small that angels are represented playing it with one hand and holding it with the other.

In 450 A.D. organs were used in Spanish Churches; Pope Vitolian, in 666, had one in a church in Rome. The first one in France was sent by Emperor Constantine Copronymus VI to King Pepin, who played it in the Church of St. Cornelius, in 757 A.D. In 811 Charlemagne had one made in imitation of it for Aix-la-Chapelle.

In England organs existed as early as 700 A.D. In the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries immense improvements were made in Germany, Holland and France. For long years the organ in the Church of St. Bavon, at Haarlem, built by Christian Müller—1735 to 1738—was the largest in the world.

In England, from Thomas Dollam's organ (in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, 1606) to that of Samuel Green (in Greenwich Hospital, 1789) improvements were many. The greatest modern organ-builders were Hill & Sons, in England; Cavaillé-Coll, in France; and Herr Schulze, in Germany.

SCOTCH AND IRISH MINSTRELSY

Angelo M. Read, writing in the *Musical America,* believes that he can trace a direct line of descent from the melodies of the early Scotch settlers in the South to the negro music of to-day. Sixty years earlier Dr. Charles Mackay, who visited America in the late "fifties," wrote a book entitled "Life and Liberty in the United States," in which he calls attention to the remarkable similarity to the old Scotch ballads he had noticed in the songs of the negro.

Read says: " In certain parts of the Southern States the early settlers were largely of Scotch descent. It is, therefore, natural that the negro should take kindly to the Scotch music, both major and minor. . . . Clever at imitation, the negro did not fail to appropriate this music to his own use, and by passing it along through generations, from parent to child, the original melody lost its contour entirely. . . . If we trace the source of the slave-songs, we find the pentatonic scale is used for many of the major, and the minor scale with a minor seventh for many of the minor songs. The Scotch music is constructed upon these same scales.

The Scottish music is essentially Irish; their ancient language was Irish; their kings, laws, books and poetry were all of Irish origin; all their musical instruments, except the bag-pipes, were Irish. The Scotch brought the bag-pipes to a great perfection. These were of Roman origin.

IRISH MUSIC

Having pointed out the great distinction between the airs and folk-songs of the Irish and the productions of the continental Troubadours—the former preserving their national characteristics unchanged by contact with the outside world, we will have to, now, devote our attention to Irish music and musical instruments—as a separate theme.

THE HARP

When the Melesians came to Ireland, from the East, they were led by three brothers, Heber, Heremon and Ir. It was the last of the three who gave his name to the country—Ireland. There was a fourth brother, Amergin, who was not a warrior but a poet and bard. When the three chiefs quarrelled and came to wage war upon each other, Amergin summoned them to meet him in conference. As David of old soothed the soul of Saul with his music, so did Amergin sing such a song of union and harmony, accompanied by such sweet music, that the three brothers ceased their feuds and joined hands. Each selected his own banner; but they invented a general national standard, to be raised against all foreign invasion, and, in gratitude to Amergin, they selected the Harp as the national emblem for that standard. It recalled to them the song of Amergin and was to be for all time symbolic of the peace, union and goodwill that should exist between the Irish chiefs. From that day to this the Harp has been Ireland's national emblem, and she is the one country on earth that possesses a musical instrument as the symbol upon her standard

Irish musical history is somewhat more definite than that of the Greeks. Going back into the remote period of fable we have, with the Greeks, the Myth of Orpheus going down to the realms of Pluto and with his lyre softening the heart of the monarch of Infernal Regions. It is different in the real life and clear history—even if legendary—of Irish music, of musical instruments, of performances, and of the influence of that music.

Mooney, in his History of Ireland, says that all the improvements in the Harp were made by the Irish. The Greeks got all they possessed from the Egyptians, and *Montfaucon* says: " The Greek instruments had no contrivances for shortening the strings." The ancient Irish understood

the *base, counterpoint,* and *harmony,* as can be seen in their construction and use of the bag-pipes.

In the 15th century the Irish Harp was greatly improved by a Jesuit named Robert Nugent. He enclosed the open space between the trunk and upper arm with little pieces of wood, and closed it up like a box, and then covered the sound-hole, on the right side (formerly open) with a lattice work—as in a clavichord—and then placed a double row of chords on each side.

The English had no musical schools and scarcely cultivated the science till the close of the 16th century. Sir Richard Phillips says: " The Roman occupation of Britain is an historical blank. They held the country 400 years, a period sufficient to change its character; but we have no evidences of their improvements, and *for twelve centuries after their departure civilization was in the lowest state.*"

The first time a tune ever appeared in printed notes in England, it was an old Irish air, " The Summer Is Coming," to which Moore wrote the beautiful words, " Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

When, in 1750, Handel first produced his " Messiah " before a London audience, it was condemned; but was received with rapture and applause by the more discerning and musically competent audience in Dublin.

Sir Wm. Jones remarked the advantage the Irish had over the Greeks in their *minor scale,* which enabled them to adapt their music to sad subjects.

EARLY IRISH INSTRUMENTS

The first instrument mentioned in Gaelic writings is the *Cruit,* or harp; we find the name in an account of a great battle won by the Teeotha Dé Danann over the piratical Formorians, in the year 3330 of the world (about 1800 B.C.) according to the " Annals of the Four Masters." The word *Coir* applied to the proper tuning or harmonizing of the harp.

Daghda, the first recorded Harper, played these harmonies on the *Galtraighe,* until the women shed tears; on the *Gentraighe,* until they burst into laughter; on the *Suantraighe,* until they fell asleep.

These are the three ancient musical feats of the Irish bards: weeping, laughter and sleep produced by them. They correspond with the three Greek musical modes, the *Dorian,* the *Phrygian* and the *Lydian*; and these are represented in the three accents, the *Grave,* the *Acute* and the *Mean* (or natural) ; our *Flat, Sharp,* and *Natural.*

From all accounts this *Cruit,* or early harp, was of a quadrangular form. Dr. Burney gives a plate of a parallelogram, with six strings, as represented in the hand of the Grecian Apollo, in the Capitoline Museum, in Rome.

BRIAN BORU'S HARP

Brian Boru's Harp, as they call the one in the museum at Trinity, College, is triangular, not square or four-sided as those told of in Annals of the Four Masters. The " bag and pipe " to which the Annals refer must have been an attachment to the ancient Harp. It is not at all probable that it could be the parent of our modern " bagpipe." There is a Harp in Scotland, described in " Gunn's Historical Enquiry," that

resembles the so-called Harp of Brian Boru, and is known as Mary Queen of Scots' Harp. It, like Brian's, has the I.H.S. carved upon it.

There are really no examples, in preservation, of the ancient Harps. That of Brian is of beautiful workmanship, small and of an age not very remote. Dr. Petrie points out that on it are the " Arms, chased in silver, of the O'Brien family,—the bloody hand supported by lions." This is fatal to its antiquity, says Moore, for the use of armorial bearings, or ensigns, was not introduced into Europe until the Crusades, and not established in England until the reign of Henry III.

O'Curry says that the arms on the Boru Harp represent the Red Hand of O'Neill and the animals are dogs, not lions, probably wolf-hounds.

Again it would seem as if this was one of the small Harps used by the monks to accompany their psalms; the I.H.S. would so indicate. In all this endless controversy, we must not forget that the monks in the great Abbeys of Ireland had hidden orchestras that accompanied their services, and even to the censers were attached a kind of castanets, that with the rhythmical sway and clash of a hundred censers made a grand accompaniment.

We can imagine the scene as described by Bartholomew Simmons:

" From Matins to midnight the faithful were praying,
From midnight to Matins the censers were swaying,
As a thousand Cistercians incessantly raised
Hosannahs, 'round shrines that with jewelry blazed;
And the Palmer from Syria, the Pilgrim from Spain
Brought their gifts from afar for this world-renown'd fane;
And in Holy Cross Abbey High Masses were said,
Through the lapse of long ages, for Donald the Red."

In some monasteries monks formed choirs with hundreds of singers. In the Abbey of *Benchoir*, founded near Carrickfergus, at the beginning of the 6th century, 3,000, in relays, kept up an unending series of hymns to God. Generally 300 at one time sang. *Ben-Choir* means *Sweet Music.*

Archdale says, " The Abbey of Mungret, near Limerick, contained 1,500 monks, of whom 500 were skilled in psalmody and served continually in the choir."

St. Patrick came to Ireland in 427 A.D., and introduced Church music. This could not be the music of St. Gregory, for it was only about the year 600 that the Gregorian music came into practice. It must have been the ancient Druid music adapted to Christian services.

Dubh-theach, the great bard of that day, gave up, at St. Patrick's request, singing to heathen deities and made use of his melodies to sing the praises of Christian martyrs.

St. Columbkill sent music and hymns to Rome, which were greatly appreciated by Gregory the Great, and embodied in the general church music.

Sedulius, the Irish evangelical poet, did the same.

It had recently been asked what was the Céis? In the elegy of Columbkill, by the poet Dallan Forgaill, we read the very first line:

" The *Cruit* without a *Céis*, a Church without an Abbot."

About the year 900, in the " Liber Hymnorum," and again at the time of Columbkill's death, the word was explained as representing a " means of securing the strings below." In other words some kind of a key for tuning the instrument—not necessarily attached to it.

Boru's Harp has thirty strings. Dr. Bunting, in his " Ancient Music of Ireland," says that this was the usual number of strings on the harps used at the Belfast meeting of bards in 1792. In 1621, a harp of 45 strings was made for Sir John Fitzgerald of Cologne.

" The Annals of Loch Cé " tells us, 1225 A.D., that attention was given very early to the improvement of this instrument. It also speaks of the *Rind,* music in full harmony, and the Leithrind (half-rind) as one or other of the corresponding parts which produced full harmony—base or treble.

THE TIMPAN

" The Yellow Book of Lecan " and the " Book of Leinster " refer to the *Timpan* of three strings. This is taken from the Psalter of Cashel.

What was the *Timpan*? Was it a wind or a string instrument? Certainly it comes next to the *Cruit,* or *Harp,* in antiquity; but the authorities differ. That it was not a wind instrument we must conclude from the following enactment taken from the Brehon Laws, compiled about the time of Christ:

" If the top of his finger, from the root to the nail, or above the black, has been cut off a person, he is entitled to compensation for his injury and a fine for his honor, in proportion to the severity of the wound. If the blood has been drawn while cutting his nail off, he is entitled to a fine for blood-shedding. If it be from the black out that his nail has been taken from him, he is entitled to the same fine as for a white (bloodless) loss; *and if he be a Timpanist, then there is a quill nail for him besides, by way of restitution.*"

Was this quill a bow, like for a fiddle, or a finger protector for the harp-playing, or like the *Plectrum* (of ivory, metal or quill) used in the Middle Ages to play the Harpsichord and earlier to play the Psaltery? I know not. Be the answer what it may, there can be no question as to the Timpan being a stringed instrument, and of very remote antiquity, since mentioned in the Brehon laws.

OTHER HARPS

Skipping over, for time will not permit of any other course, all the quaint Harps found, from time to time, in Ireland, we come to those made by Cormac Kelly, of Ballynascreen, in the County of Londonderry, " who," according to Dr. Bunting, " was long famous for his instruments."

The best preserved of these was in the possession of Sir Hervey Bruce; until his death, at the age of 112, in 1807, Denis Hennyson, the famed Harper of Magilligan, owned this Harp. Its sides and front are made of white sallow, and its back of bog fir, patched with copper and iron plates. On these plates are inscribed six queer lines, in the Irish characters, and the date of which is unknown. They are:

" In the days of Noah I was grown;
After his flood I've not been known,
Until, in Seventeen hundred and two, I was found
By Cormac Kelly, underground,
He raised me up to that degree—
Queen of Music they call me."

In the Royal Irish Academy there is an instrument called " the Harp of Carolan." It cannot be the instrument played by the famous blind Harper, because his was burned just shortly after his death.

The real Irish Harp has passed away. But the music remains and will remain. The framework, or body of the instrument, is no more, but the soul that gave life to its strings is immortal—and the music and melodies cannot ever entirely perish. O'Curry gives us a list of other Irish instruments, but he shows how both Walker and Bunting, on account of their lack of any knowledge of the Irish language, are unreliable in these matters.

OTHER IRISH INSTRUMENTS

In the old Irish Manuscripts we find record of twenty instruments. Some of them so much alike that we need scarcely bother enumerating them. The principal and most renowned are the following:

The *Benn-buabhaill* (*Benn*, a horn, and *buabhall*, an ox).
The *Benn-Choit*, a triangular *Cruit*.
The *Buinde*, a cornet horn, or trumpet like a horn.
The *Coir-Ceathairchuir*—great Harps of the Teeotha Dé Danann.
The *Corn*, simply a horn, or musical trumpet.
The *Musical Branch*, with its pendant bells.
The *Crotals*, like our cymbals.
The *Fédan*, a thin, slender musical pipe, described in the " Book of Lismore." The Fédan players are mentioned in the Brehon laws.
The *Pip*, or *Pipar*, just pipes, or bag-pipes. Pipers are also mentioned in the Brehon laws.
The *Grithbuinde*, mentioned in the Irish Life of Alexander the Great.
The *Céolan*, not a diminutive of *Céol*, but a tinkling bell.
The *Stoc*, mentioned in Irish paraphrase of the " Book of Genesis." Like the Roman *Buccina*.
The *Sturgan*—like the Roman *Litures*.

THE MUSIC OF IRELAND

O'Curry shows that in the Ancient days the wind instruments in Ireland were grouped in instruments of graduated scale and compass and that music was made to suit their united harmonies.

Céol was the term for music of any kind.

Céolclairecht meant " playing " music.

Abhraun (*Abh*, sweet, and *Raun*, a verse) was a song by any measure sung to a *Foun*, or Tune.

The different terms used by the ancient Irish for their music are so numerous and bewildering that one has no end of difficulty in selecting what might be the most generally used or applicable.

Aidbsi was a great chorus, such as, in 590 A.D., was witnessed at the grand assembly of poets, who sung in honor of Columbkill.

In Scotland the word *Cépoc* corresponds to this one.

The *Cronan* was a kind of guttural murmuring, hence *croning,* and again the word *Crone,* or an " old Crone," meaning an old woman who sits and sings lamentations.

Craun-Dord (*Craun,* a tree, and *Dord,* a humming), consisted of " an accompaniment produced by the slashing of spear-handles," says the Book of Lismore.

Dord-Fiansa, a kind of wooden gong accompaniment.

Duchaud, a dirge, a moaning air, or tune, or chorus.

In the Ancient Manuscripts we find, as the seventh kind of music, the Three Modes: weeping, laughing, sleeping.

The *Glim Druadh,* or Druid's shout, a kind of war-whoop.

The *Golghaire Bansidhe,* or Banshee's wail.

The *Gubba,* a lamentation.

The *Lagairecht,* a wild funeral wail.

The *Samhghotta,* or sea-nymph's, or mermaid's song.

The *Trirech* (both Scotch and Irish) according to the " Book of Leinster." The song known in Ireland as " Nancy, the Pride of the West," is the well-known Scotch song, " Tweed Side."

The ancient lyric verse was adapted to ancient airs. Some of these old lyric compositions have a structure of rhythm unknown to the musical history of any other country. Specimens are usually of four-lined verses, sung to simple, solemn airs, and are chiefly called Ossianic.

IRISH MELODIES

One peculiarity I wish to note concerning all Irish songs or melodies based upon genuine ancient Irish airs: you find the music thus divided: firstly you have the half of the air, then comes the third quarter of it, different from the first half and generally higher, then comes (as the last quarter) a repetition of the first quarter, or first half of the first half. Take the " Minstrel Boy," " The Last Rose of Summer," " The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," " Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," or any other of Moore's, that is based on ancient airs, and you'll note at once this construction.

EXPLANATORY

I am aware of my personal incompetency to deal efficiently with a subject that demands more or less technical musical education. Were I to attempt to detail to you the amount of bewildering information gleaned from 38 volumes consulted I would merely confuse you and lose myself. I make no pretense to any technical knowledge or any practical education in music. My aim is to show you how history may be made interesting and more easily retained, by studying monuments, music, art and such like subjects. In order to investigate these you must learn the history of the peoples to whom they belonged.

I can appreciate O'Curry when he says: " Why do not Irishmen cultivate, encourage, cherish, and hoard up the priceless treasure of never-failing consolation and delight afforded by their matchless music?

How unlike England and Scotland!" A work like Dr. Petrie's remains unencouraged, while the thrifty Scotch peasant hoards up every relic of his country's former greatness.

Even if you have no technical knowledge of it, yet you must have music in your soul. It is natural to man. It is part of the harmony of the universe. It is a portion of God's great plan.

POETRY, PROSE AND MUSIC

Poetry is the display of feeling; *Prose* the display of fact; *Music* is the more sublimated expression of human sentiment. Music, like language, delights in simple sounds; yet refinement, as it proceeds, sanctions a skilful deviation from simple sound to the acme of science.

An ear accustomed or educated to these deviations must be continually fed by like sounds, for it sickens at the pure voice of nature.

Instrumental music requires much more study, and many more rules, to form it than vocal, because the effort is an artificial imitation of nature and approaches nearer to perfection as it imitates nature more exactly. Most of the scientific music that we hear is calculated only to display the brilliant execution of the performer. This refinement too often removes the ear away from the heart. The performances consist of flourishes on the instrument, displaying the effect of great *practice,* but shedding out none of the soul of music.

MOORE ON HIS OWN WORK

Moore, speaking of his own melodies, said: "It has always been a subject of some mortification to me, that my songs, as they are set, give such a very imperfect notion of the manner in which I wish them to be performed, and that most of that peculiarity of character which I believe they possess as I sing them myself, is lost in the process they must undergo for publication; but the truth is, that, not being sufficiently practised in the rules of composition to rely upon the accuracy of my own harmonic arrangements, I am obliged to submit my rude sketches to the eyes of a professor before they can encounter the criticism of the musical world, and, as it too frequently happens that they are indebted for their originality to the violation of some established law, the hand that corrects their errors is almost sure to destroy their character and the few little flowers they boast are pulled away with the weeds.

"In singing them myself, however, I pay no such deference to criticism, but usually give both air and harmony according to my own first conception of them, with all their original faults, but, at the same time, all their original freshness.

"I know I shall be told by the learned musicians that whatever infringes the rules of composition must be disagreeable to the ear, and that, according to the pure *ethics* of the art, nothing can possibly be pleasant that is *wrong;* but I am sorry to say that I am lawless enough to disagree with them, and have sometimes been even so lost to all sense of musical rectitude as to take pleasure in a profane succession of 'fifths.'

"The *time* should *always* be made to wait upon the feeling, but particularly in this style of musical recitation, where the words ought to be as nearly *spoken* as is consistent with the swell and sweetness of intona-

tion, and where a strict and musical observance of time completely destroys all those pauses, lingerings, and abruptnesses, which the expression of passion and tenderness requires. The truth of this remark needs but little enforcement to those who have ever heard a song of feeling and delicacy passed along in the unrelenting trammels of an orchestra."

Ascending the slopes of Time till we reach the dawn of Creation, when the Omnipotent drew from nothing, the earth, sky and sea in all their vastness and splendor, and man with his immortal soul made to His image and likeness, let us pause, for at that solemn moment the greatest of all musical instruments was formed. The song of the bird, the rustling of the leaves, the rippling of the brook, the deep and grave chant of the sea, the melody of the human voice each touched a note on the scale of nature's organ; and when blended together, constituted the first and purest hymn of praise ever wafted from earth to the throne of the Almighty.

Let us all, dear friends, try to cultivate a true love for music, since its origin comes from God, and its history is like a golden thread uniting the various races of humanity. But we must also remember, that no matter how beautiful, how exquisite is the music we have the pleasure of hearing in life's valley, it is only a very faint echo of the harmonies we will one day enjoy while listening in rapture to the celestial concerts in God's Home of eternal happiness and glory.

In bringing this address to a close I wish to heartily thank the audience for their kind attention and I will now recite a few lines most suitable for this occasion:

MUSIC EVERYWHERE

There is music in the Ocean,
    There is music wild and grand,
With its surges aye in motion
    Breaking fiercely on the land.
Swept by breezes, soft and vernal,
    Lashed by tempests bold and free,
There is melody eternal
    In the deep and mighty Sea.

There is music in the mountains,
    In the immemorial hills,
From the depths of silver fountains,
    From the beds of sunlight rills,
From the loud-voiced, rain-swell'd river
    Whose wild stream the valley fills,
Seaward rushing, tameless ever,
    There is music in the Hills.

There is music in the thunder;
    There is music grand to hear,
When the dun clouds leap asunder
    And the lightnings blue appear;
When the startled sleepers waken,
    And the abject sinners kneel,
When the dome of air is shaken
    There is music in the peal.

There is music in the forest,
When the mighty trees are stirr'd
By the north wind, foe the sorest
To the earth-fed beast and bird;
When the oak its strength is feeling,
When the pine trees dark and tall
To and fro are madly reeling,
There is music in them all.

There is music in the Summer,
There is music in the Spring,
When the bee, the busy hummer,
And the lark, upsoaring, sing;
In the Autumn robed in glory,
By the fulness of the year;
In the Winter dark and hoary,
There is music sweet to hear.

There is music in the pealing
Of the solemn Sabbath bells,
O'er the mountain summit stealing,
Sinking in the rocky dells,
Bidding young and old to gather
Where the dove—Religion—dwells;
'Round the shrines of the Great Father,
There is music in the Bells.

There is music up in heaven,
Where the Sun and Planets shine,
Glorious ever skyward driven,
By a harmony divine;
Angels swell the mighty chorus,
Seraph voices make reply!
Filling all the concave o'er us—
There is music in the Sky.

There is music for the loving
In the earth, the sea, the air;
Whereso'er our steps are roving
Let us harken—it is there!
For the sad and for the grieving,
Who with patient spirit bear,
For the lowly and believing,
There is music everywhere.

With the rude rock for his pillow,
With his canopy, the night;
Dash'd by salt spray from the billow,
Drench'd by snow-flakes cold and white;
Man may find, though tears should glisten
In his eyes from awe and fear,
If, with faith, he bend to listen—
God's sweet music Everywhere.

NAPOLEON THE GREAT

Dr. J. K. Foran's Interesting Lecture at Gloucester Street Convent—Conclusion of Historical Series of Discourses

(These remarks are from the Ottawa "Free Press," February, 1910.)

Before one of the largest audiences of the season, consisting of clergymen, senators, members of Parliament, French and English-speaking citizens, the pupils of the Normal and other schools, in the Academic hall of the Gloucester Street convent, Dr. J. K. Foran delivered the last—and the grandest—lecture of this winter's series. The subject was most attractive and its treatment was supremely powerful. Napoleon the Great constitutes a sequel to Dr. Foran's well-remembered lecture of last year on Robespierre and The Reign of Terror. No subject could have been more suited to give play to the lecturer's special qualities, methods of presenting historical facts and dramatic, we might almost say magnetic, delivery. Often as the subject has been treated, the audience heard much that was new and very much that was clothed in new form.

The world is accustomed to think of Napoleon as the great warrior, to associate with his name the names of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram—in the day of his triumph—and those of Leipsic, Ligny and Waterloo—in the hour of his decline. Without stripping him of his military renown, but even in accentuating it, Dr. Foran presented an entirely different Napoleon to his audience. He showed them the legislator, the organizer, the statesman. With the Code in one hand and the Concordat in the other, you saw this mysterious, yet astounding personage, striding down the avenue of one hundred years and around him you felt the influence of his mighty work.

One of the most pathetic and beautiful passages in the lecture was that in which Dr. Foran described Napoleon's death. No words can describe the effect of Dr. Foran's account of the great burial of Napoleon, when in 1840 his remains were conveyed from St. Helena to France. Words can picture the scene, but they cannot convey the tone, the gesture, the pauses, the vibrations of voice, the dramatic display of the speaker.

The entire lecture was worthy, as an oratorical tribute, of the greatness, the glory and the wonderful characteristics of that enigma of history, Napoleon the Great. Dr. Foran certainly surpassed himself on this occasion.

Rev. Father Fallon moved, in very expressive terms, a vote of thanks which was seconded by Mr. Anson Gard in an exceedingly appropriate address. Mr. Gard said that among all his pleasant souvenirs of Canada that he would carry back to the United States he would have to blend one of an unpleasant character. In plain words, he thought it a shame that thousands of Ottawa's citizens would stand out all night in the cold to buy tickets for a hockey match, while such treats as that of the evening were being given. Yet he was happy to see that hall thronged to listen to what he called "the grandest lecture he ever heard, a veritable panorama of glowing pictures beyond the praise of words."

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The history of the world is like a vast mountain range, extending from the day of creative miracle down through the ages to the Present. There are level plains on either side, then foot-hills of more or less importance. As the student gazes back along that range he perceives the loftier mountains of individual greatness towering one above the other; here and there, at given intervals, are sublime peaks that lift their heads high into the heavens and with their crowns of snowy whiteness sparkle in the sunlight of fame; again does he notice vast chasms, fearful abysses, gorges dark and mysterious and threatening; and still again an occasional extinct volcano, with its parched crater above and its fields of desolation below. Of these mighty upheavals, that once belched forth their smoke and fire, that resounded with hidden thunders, that rocked the earth, that sent down scoriac streams to overwhelm and efface entire cities, the most conspicuous, even as the grandest and most destructive, is that of Napoleon the Great.

In the ruins of Pompeii the explorer unearths stately columns, shattered temples, skeletons of slaves and petrified forms of aristocratic Romans; and amidst that debris he comes upon most precious mosaics, evidences of the art and refinement of those who lived in that far off age.

If we dig down, tonight, beneath the lava crest that covers the works of Napoleon, while we shall meet with much ruin, great desolation, terrible destruction, we shall equally find gems of noble workmanship, mosaics of beautiful design, of bold conception and of priceless value that no volcanic eruption can forever inter.

Out of the chaotic confusion of the great French Revolution a meteor arose and darted across the sky of Europe, captivating and dazzling the world by the splendor of its aberrations. Just as the lightning, leaping from cloud to cloud on a summer night, did he come forth from the cloud of insignificance that overhangs the Island of Corsica, dart athwart the firmament of the Old World, and sink into the cloud of obscurity that overhangs the Island of St. Helena.

No better text could I use, on this occasion, than the few stanzas from Lamartine's " Meditations ":

> Tu grandis sans plaisir, tu tombas sans murmure,
> Rien d'humain ne battait sous ton épaisse armure,
> Sans haine et sans amour, tu vivais pour penser
>
> Comme l'aigle régnant dans un ciel solitaire
> Tu n'avais qu'un regard pour mesurer la terre,
> Et des serres pour l'embrasser.
>
> Etre d'un siècle entier la pensée et la vie,
> Emousser le poignard, décourager l'envie,
> Ebranler, raffermir l'univers incertain,
>
> Aux sinistres clartés de la foudre qui gronde
> Vingt fois contre les dieux jouer le sort du monde,
> Quel rêve ! . . . . et ce fut ton destin.

So many portraits, more or less exact, have been painted, so many pen pictures, still more or less correct, have been drawn of this wonderful

character, that, before we begin a consideration of his career, of the circumstances that led to his rise and of those that brought about his fall, it may be well for us to look at him—not in his early youth, nor in his declining years—but as he was one hundred and three years ago. About the year 1807 Napoleon was at the zenith of his glory. At that time his face was a classic profile, his complexion clear; his ears, hands and feet were small and finely shaped. His teeth were white and sound; his lips beautifully moulded; his eyes grey blue; his glance uncommonly steady and penetrating, or else fierce and intimidating, or again soft, tender, magnetic. His voice was sonorous and strong. He was below the medium height—being five feet three inches tall. In talking he gesticulated freely, often violently; in repose he folded his hands behind his back.

He has been idealized and caricatured until the real Napoleon is lost. He was very temperate and would never take medicine.

Careful in business matters, he was disorderly in personal details. He was witty and epigrammatic. Some of his best sayings have been wrongly attributed to Talleyrand.

Fox—who knew him personally and who was fond of him—said: "The First Consul at Malmaison, at St. Cloud, and at the Tuileries are three different men, forming together the *beau idéal* of human greatness." To these he might have added, "Napoleon at the head of the army."

He rarely overacted or underacted a public part; in private it was different. He was very plain in his dress; generally the uniform of a Colonel of his own Guards, and a simple grey cloak over the uniform.

If you wish to form an idea of his disposition study him in his relations with Junot. That general had not much brains and less character. He was brave as a mad bull; and, in the old days of poverty and gloom, he had shared his purse with Napoleon. Junot gambled, drank to excess, was a rowdy and profligate. Napoleon detested gambling, drunkenness, rowdyism, and looseness. Napoleon loved success; Junot always failed—in Portugal, in Russia, everywhere. Yet Napoleon made him Governor of Paris, Duke of Abrantès, marshal of France. Junot would get angry; Napoleon would coax him into good humor. Junot got sick; Napoleon nursed him. And all this because Junot once helped him in the days of his need.

His indulgence to Duroc, Berthier, Launes, LaSalle, Rapp, Méneval and Eugène Beauharnais shows a phase of his character generally overlooked. His boyish ways never left him; his pranks at Malmaison were those of a school lad. He was fond of children, loved to play with them and knew how to amuse them. He disliked Fouché, Talleyrand, Bernadotte, Moreau and St. Cyr; yet he made use of them for his own purposes; and they all betrayed him in the end.

He was skilled in mathematics and yet could not add up a column of figures. He knew several languages and half the literature of Europe, and could not write grammatically nor spell a sentence correctly; nor did he show any desire to learn.

In work he was all system; he knew all about the army, down to the last cannon. Once he stopped a waggon loaded with bolts, nails, ropes, hatchets, saws and other small things, ordered the driver to count them and would not let him proceed till he had shown that they were according to the list. He could detect, in a few moments of conversation with an

engineer, how much the latter knew about his own constructions and whether he really had built the bridges or other works for which he got credit.

Prior to 1812 he gave all matters his personal attention; saw with his own eyes every detail. The night before Jena he reconnoitered all his own batteries and held the lantern while each gun was being placed in position. He could stay in the saddle all day and all night. In later years he carried the habits of luxury, acquired at court, into the camp, and with them carried defeat. In Italy all his baggage went in one cart. After 1812 he had a train of 70 waggons for his personal use. " He went to war like Louis XIV and the luck of Louis XIV overtook him."

Cruelty and kindness, selfishness and generosity, loyalty and treachery, honesty and perfidy, are terms that, if applied to Napoleon, must be qualified. Where his plans were not involved he manifested every human virtue; when his plans were at stake he practised all vices without scruple or pity. A more contradictory being never lived. His temper could not brook contradiction. He banished Madame de Staël because she did not agree with him. Yet he had a *penchant* for improvements wherever he went and left traces of his great desire behind him in all lands.

Such the incomprehensible character whose career we are to review. History is more than a long chaplet of wars, dates, names; it is the study of causes and effects, from which we can draw examples for our warning or models for our imitation. Leaving aside mere details, let us try to follow Napoleon in his majestic passage across the stage of Time.

YOUTH AND OBSCURITY

Although you may be all as conversant as I am, and possibly many present are more so, with the mere biographical details of Napoleon's career, still we shall have to briefly recall a few of the principal events that marked his wonderful march from Corsica to St. Helena.

He was born on the 15th August, 1769. Like many another future great one his birth was attended by circumstances both pitiful and miserable. His mother's bed was a soiled door-mat on the floor of a poor cabin, where squalor alone sat as a presiding household deity. When ten years of age he began his studies at Brienne; and when he had learned enough French to enable him to enter the school at Valence he became inscribed as a scholar upon the books of the college. He spent five years there. At Brienne he was a charity-boy. Bare-footed, in poverty's rags, ungainly in appearance, with an imperfect knowledge of French and an abominable pronunciation, he was an object of ridicule amongst schoolmates. His way was paid by the Bishop of Auteen, who collected the money from the poor rate-payers. In after years he used to boast that it was the people, not the king, who educated him.

At Valence, no longer a charity-boy, he began to look up and feel a degree of ambition. When at sixteen he found himself " Lieutenant Bonaparte of the King's Royal Academy " he commenced to feel the joy of commanding. It was in his nature to give orders; but not to receive them.

During those years at Valence he studied hard; he read everything, and to read with him was to study and to remember. *Petrarch's Lives,*

Cæsar's Commentaries, Herodotus, Strabo, Diodorus and *Rousseau* were his favorite authors. He had a passion for History. He loved the History of France and knew it by heart. He studied the History of Germany and, above all, that of England. And anything concerning India, China, Arabia or Egypt had a fascination for him. He loved to study legislation, statistics, and especially Church history and the relations between Church and State. Novels of an historical character and poetry of the heroic kind he devoured. He revelled in the mystic—Plato was a favorite with him, but high over all did he prize Ossian and the wild and weird imagery of Fingal and Cona.

He was a man so small, so lank, and so funny looking in his big military boots that the ladies, with whom he was always an idol, playfully called him "Puss in Boots."

TOULON

His first great military feat at Toulon may be styled the pivot of his entire future career. How came he to be there? Was it pure accident? Some may see in it the hand of Fate; others see in it the finger of Providence.

There was a revolt at Toulon. The Paris Directorate saw that to avoid Civil War Toulon had to be taken. The British fleet hovered outside in that memorable September of 1793. Corteau's primitive ideas of artillery were behind date for such an emergency. Duteuil had not arrived; Dommartin was wounded. There was no man to command the artillery on which rested the fate of France. Lieutenant Bonaparte, of the Army of Italy, was on leave of absence and was travelling from Avignon to rejoin his regiment at Nice. Ceroni, a Corsican, was sent to Marseilles to find an artillery officer. By accident he met Napoleon coming along a street. The two Corsicans went into an inn to have a glass of wine. There Ceroni asked Napoleon to come to Toulon. The young and ambitious officer accepted.

The moment he examined the cannons at Toulon he asked to try "un coup d'épreuve." It was a scientific term and it impressed the soldiers with an idea of his knowledge. He did make a trial; the guns were a quarter of a mile short in range. He set to work to improve the situation. On 29th September, 1793, he was named Major in command. In November he was in full command. With cold mathematical calculation he carried on this struggle, which was to end in victory for his troops.

Let us now follow Napoleon in his famous expedition to Egypt. On May 19th, 1798, he sailed for the Orient at the head of 36,000 soldiers. War ever had great charms for him and he knew that in activity alone could France be saved from intestine conflicts. He had scarcely set sail when he found himself isolated. Ottoman arms were turned against him, Mameluke strength and native Egyptian hostility. Nelson followed him with a determination to seize and destroy his ships—especially after his taking possession of Malta. On the 2nd July he landed at Alexandria. He had escaped Nelson, but had to face a torrid climate, a desert march, the pleadings of his own men to return, and the fury of the Mamelukes.

On the 21st July, beneath the Pyramids, his army was surrounded by

hordes upon hordes of the Mamelukes—the finest horsemen in the world —that arose like swarms of desert locusts and came down upon his weary regiments. The Mamelukes knew nothing of infantry and he had no cavalry to oppose them. In this strait his military genius asserted itself. He placed all the baggage and all the *savants,* who had come to study Egyptian lore, in the centre, formed a perfect square, three deep, around them and thus prepared to meet the wild attacks of the sons of the desert. He received them with regular volley after volley; and when their horsemen did not fall under the iron hail of musketry they were checked by the glittering lines of fixed bayonets.

It was on that day that he encouraged his little army in the immortal words: " From the summit of yonder Pyramids forty centuries look down upon us." It was on that day that he invented the military square; an idea borrowed by the English, put into execution against himself at Waterloo by Wellington, and boasted of ever since as the " British Square." Not once have England's military writers ever given credit to their ancient foe for having given them the movement which from that time for generations they have looked upon as a glory of British military tactics.

But now we must hurry on; events begin to crowd upon us; we can no longer pause to study details; by leaps and bounds Napoleon moves onward and upward.

THE COUP D'ÉTAT

He again escaped the watchfulness of Nelson and succeeded in reaching France. Disorder reigned in Paris; the members of the Council of Five Hundred were divided amongst themselves; no two could agree. Napoleon had the entire army at his back, and his brother Lucien sought to intimidate the boisterous and fickle rulers. On the 18th Brumaire (9th Nov., 1799) he struck down the council, assumed control, declared a Consular government in the form of a triumvirate, and, with Siézes—an ex-priest—and Roger Ducos—a second-rate lawyer—he was proclaimed First Consul; the other two as assistants. Really Cambacérès was second and Lebrun third Consul.

Already had $160,000 of public funds been laid aside to divide up between the Consuls. He refused any share of it and told the other two to divide it between themselves. They were glad to do so; but in so doing they acknowledged that they had now their master.

On Christmas day, 1799, Napoleon, as First Consul, wrote to the King of England and to the Emperor of Austria, asking to have peace restored—for peace, he said, was necessary in order to bring some stable form of government out of the chaos of the Revolution.

Austria refused peace; England did not want it. She desired the restoration of the Bourbons, because from their hands had French colonies fallen into the grasp of England. There was nothing for it but war. Austrian power in Italy had to be broken, in order that the period of desired peace could be secured.

MARENGO

As it was contrary to the Constitution for the First Consul to command in person on the field, Berthier was placed in charge of the cam-

paign and Napoleon, which was his right, accompanied him as an interested spectator. In the famous passage of the Alps, over Mount St. Bernard, the First Consul acted as " a guide," there being nothing in the Constitution to prohibit his acting in that capacity. But the moment they passed out of French territory, Napoleon took the entire expedition in hand. While he was descending on Italy with Berthier's Army of the Reserve, Moreau was marching from the Rhine to the Danube; Masséna was at Genoa, and the English fleet was hovering around the Mediterranean ports watching the turn of events. Marengo's victory was probably the most momentous of his entire career. He shattered Austria's power.

From the field of Marengo, in the full flush of victory, Napoleon wrote to the Emperor of Austria, offering again and again asking for peace. I accentuate this fact, because, as a rule, historians would have us believe that he was hungry for strife, desirous of war, only in his element when in conflict with some power.

His reception after Marengo was the greatest of his life. He was still young, still modest, not yet the all-absorbing egotist who wants to govern everything. He returned the idol of the army, the master of France.

JOSEPHINE

Over the incidents that circle around his courtship, marriage and divorce of Josephine Beauharnais and his subsequent marriage, both by proxy and before the constituted authorities, of the daughter of Austria's Emperor, we will simply drop a veil. There is no reasonable defence possible, and yet condemnation unqualified would be unjust. Certain sentimentalists have woven a halo of glory around the brow of Josephine, which nothing—save her sincere attachment for Napoleon and her fidelity to his love unto the very end—could justify. If he sinned, under the press of circumstances and the influence of the State that actually governed him in many of his actions, against Josephine and against strict morality, he paid the penalty in a brief career of triumph, a sudden downfall, the heartless betrayal of his interests by his second wife, and the misery she heaped upon him. So much so was it, that never in his exile did he give her a thought and he died with Josephine's name on his lips.

He detested the bloodthirsty and unspeakable Barras and Fouché; yet he made use of them. After the Toulon events Barras was the most powerful and most profligate man in Paris. His house was the *rendezvous* of all that was ambitious and all that was loose in society. It was there that Napoleon first met Josephine, who, with Madame Tallien and others of that kind, lived a very romantic and peculiar life. Barras was the man of the hour. He was the candle around which fluttered the moths, great and small. To this light had come the adventurer from Corsica and the adventuress from Martinique. Usually the candle singes the moth; in this case it was the moths that put out the candle.

The necessity of an heir; the fact of the entire system of Empire hanging upon the slender thread of one man's life; the insistence of his statesmen; and, possibly, his own ambition and craving for immortality—

all led to the divorce that he detested and to the second marriage that he abhorred. On that episode let the curtain fall!

THE CODE NAPOLÉON

Nothing but memories now remains to France, or to the human race, of the splendors of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, and Wagram; but the work which Napoleon did while Europe allowed him a few years of peace will endure for all time. Had the Treaty of Amiens been lasting, had England kept faith, had the old world dynasties been willing then to accept those changes which have since cost so much labor, blood and treasure, Napoleon might have gone down to history, not as the typical fighter of modern times, but as the peerless developer, organizer, administrator and lawgiver. He delighted in the growth of commerce, agriculture and manufactures; in the progress of art, science and literature; in the training of youth, the care of the weak, the just administration of wise laws and the recognition of merits of all kinds. The orderly march of the legions of industry was no less satisfying to him than the march of armies. So much is said of his battles that we come to think of him as a man who was only happy when at war. He was prouder of his beet-root sugar than of any trophy won on the field of Mars.

"I will go down to posterity with the Code in my hand," said Napoleon, with just pride, for time has proven that as a lawgiver, a modern Justinian, his work has endured. Early in his Consulate he began the great work of codifying the laws of France, a work which had often been suggested, and which the Convention had partly attempted, but which had never been completed.

To realize the magnitude of the undertaking, we must bear in mind that, under the Old Order, there were all sorts of laws and all kinds of courts. What was right in one Province was wrong in another. A citizen familiar with the system in Languedoc would perhaps be grossly ignorant of that in Brittany. Roman law, feudal law, royal edicts, local customs, seignorial mandates, municipal practices, varied and clashed through all France. The Revolution had prostrated the old system, and the drawing of order out of chaos was reserved for Napoleon.

He called to his aid the best legal talent of the land. Under his direct supervision the huge task was completed. The Civil Code and Code of Civil Procedure, the Criminal Code and Code of Criminal Procedure were the four parts of the completed system, which, adopted in France, followed the advance of the Empire and still constitutes the law of a large portion of the civilized world, and is especially the basis of the Civil Code and of the Code of Civil Procedure of our own Province of Quebec.

Every statute passed under Napoleon's eye. He presided over the meetings when the finished work of the codifiers came up for sanction. His suggestions, reasoning and experience left their impress upon every page. "Never did we adjourn," said one of the codifiers, "without learning from Napoleon something we had not known before."

THE CONCORDAT

Another great and distinctive work of the First Consul is the Concordat. The Revolution had confiscated the property of the Catholic

Church, and had fixed certain salaries for those of the clergy who submitted to its supreme dictation. In September, 1794, the Convention abolished even these salaries, which during " The Terror " were paid to all who took the oath of allegiance to the New Order. Thus the Church and State were separated. This state of affairs was distasteful to Napoleon. He had also his reasons of policy; but no matter what motives may have been attributed to him, he certainly rescued France from the iconoclasm of the infidel and the fires of persecution against religion. By this Concordat the Pope had the right to approve the clerical nominees of the State and the State paid $10,000,000 per year for clerical salaries. No ruler less strong than he could have achieved the task of lifting the Church from the dust into which the atheistic fury of " The Terror " had trampled her—and he did it alone. It is a peculiar fact that one hundred years, almost to the month, passed over, between the signing of the Concordat and the abolition of it by the men who, today, seek to revive the spirit of " The Terror."

NAPOLEON—EMPEROR

From 1801 to 1804 were years of peace, during which Napoleon's diplomacy was as effective as his cannon. French influence went marching on over the Continent. He had reconstructed Germany, Austria and Russia, while in France he was looked on as the one man on whom the nation depended to be saved from a return to the disorders that had existed for over ten years.

It would be too long and too tedious and of no practical benefit—for you are all conversant with the facts—to detail all the events that led up to his self-proclamation as Emperor of the French. It was on the 18th May, 1804, that he was so proclaimed, and on the 15th December, 1804, he was crowned, by the Pope in person, in the Church of Notre Dame, at Paris.

In January, 1805, after his triumphal march through Italy, having been crowned at Milan with the Iron Crown of Lombardy, he wrote to the King of England requesting peace. England refused, because she was then concocting an understanding with Russia, Austria and Sweden.

We will have to pass over, with giant strides, the eventful period during which Napoleon planned an invasion of Great Britain, Villeneuve's failure on the sea, the hurried dictation to Secretary Daru of the entire Ulm campaign, the calling of Masséna from Italy, Marmont from Holland, and Bernadotte from Hanover.

In the midst of all this feverish excitement came the news of Trafalgar. " I cannot be everywhere at one time," was Napoleon's only comment. He had no time to pause or worry over defeats. Austria and Russia would not hear of peace. With 80,000 he marched into the heart of Moravia. He was far from home, cut off from a basis of supply; in front of him was the Austrian Emperor, with 90,000 men; on his right was Archduke Charles, with 40,000; in rear was Archduke Ferdinand, with 20,000; on his left flank was unfriendly Prussia, with a force of 150,000. On the 2nd December, 1805, at Austerlitz, he defeated the entire combination, and on the 27th signed the Treaty of Presburg. The allies lost 15,000 killed and 20,000 prisoners. Pitt was wont to say that " Austerlitz was like a bolt in his breast."

Another year brought another combination against Napoleon, and another signal victory. On the 14th October, 1806, with 90,000 troops, he defeated 130,000 Prussians. On to Poland he marched, to be received at Warsaw as a liberator. His successes, however, in Poland brought down on him the enmity of Russia, Prussia and Austria. Not all the glitter of Murat's receptions and all the favor of Princess Potocka could secure for him that repose he so longed to obtain. February of 1807 beheld him upon the bloodiest field of battle that history records. At Eylau, after a struggle of twelve hours, in a blinding snow storm, and after leaving 25,000 dead on the field, the result was a drawn battle. On the 14th June, of the same year, he swept the Russians from the field at Friedland, and at Tilsit, upon a raft moored in the river Niemen, he dictated terms of peace to the Russian Czar. We might say that June, 1807, saw the great Corsican at the zenith of his glory.

NAPOLEON'S DECLINE

If Napoleon's movements in ascending the slope of success were rapid certainly his strides down the opposite decline were swifter by far. The war of 1812 was one into which he was drawn against his will and by circumstances beyond his control. His continental system was to starve England into submission by having the ports of Europe closed against her. He had no navy and that was the only way in which he could overcome that olden enemy. As long as he lived, himself, he might weather the storm of British antagonism; not so his successor. Thus his life work hung on the thread of his own life. The pageant at Dresden, in May, 1812, was the last of his great demonstrations.

He was now no longer the man he had been. He had grown fat, subject to lassitude and suffered from a painful disease called dysuria. His plans were as fine as ever, but their execution was not what it had been of yore. He no longer gave personal attention to details. He had made his generals too rich. Of his 600,000 soldiers, only 200,000 were Frenchmen; the other two-thirds were mercenaries gathered from all the armies of Europe.

The Russians permitted him to push them back into their own country; they drew him on from the frontier to Moscow; they destroyed the entire country and its resources; they burned Moscow, till, from the Kremlin palace the great conqueror saw his own doom looming through the flames. Not the story of the March of the Ten Thousand to the Sea, not that of the "Flight of Tartar Tribe" so eloquently pictured by de Quincey; not any advance or retreat in history is as full of incidents, horrors, sacrifices, as Napoléon's *Anabasis and Katabasis* in 1812.

Events crowd on him; 1813 beheld his defeat at Leipsic, when, in three days, he lost 40,000 killed and 30,000 prisoners, and beheld Murat's betrayal and flight to Naples. Napoleon could build an Empire, create nobles, but he could not give the establishment of his genius the consecration of time. It was all new. Talleyrand sold his secrets to Russia, to Austria, to England. He was deceived, befooled, and betrayed on all sides. March, 1814, saw the allies in Paris, witnessed Marmont's betrayal, and heard the cry of "Down with the Corsican!" April of that year, he departed, an abdicating Emperor, a veritable prisoner, to Elba.

THE HUNDRED DAYS

At 5 A.M. on the 1st March, 1815, Napoleon landed at Cannes; after a reception such as he could not have expected at Lyons, he reached Paris on the 20th March. The sentiments of the times, changing with the shifting circumstances, could not be better illustrated than in the daily reports found in a Paris newspaper of the time:

(1) "A report is circulated that the Corsican brigand has landed at Cannes."

(2) "Do you know what news is circulated? They say the rash usurper has been received at Grenoble."

(3) "I have it from a good source that General Bonaparte has entered Lyons."

(4) "Napoleon, it appears, is at Fontainebleau."

(5) "20th March. His Majesty, the Emperor and King, alighted this evening at his palace of the Tuileries."

We need not describe the gathering of his forces, the Belgian struggle, the fearful days at Ligny and Waterloo. No sooner was the great struggle over than he saw that through civil war alone could he retain his position. He could fight the enemies of France; he would not lead a faction. He might have gone to America, but he preferred to ask England's protection. He placed himself in the hands of a great nation.

THE SURRENDER

Between the Black Prince, to whom John of France trusted, and the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV), to whom Napoleon wrote his manly appeal, the difference in character was wider than the chasm of years which separated them. To this Prince Regent Napoleon wrote: "My political career is ended, and I come to sit down at the fireside of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws and I claim this protection from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, most constant, most generous of my foes."

He was a broken man; he had refused to make further strife in France; he was ill. Once the battle over, he always was ready for peace. He bore no malice, took no revenge. In the strain between Ligny and Waterloo he noted the critical condition of a captive English officer, Col. Elphinstone, and sent his own surgeon to save his life. Natural kindness, inborn nobility can be the only source whence flows such deeds. Lord Liverpool said that he should be shot. Wellington was of the same opinion. But worse was in store for him. Captain Maitland received him on the "Bellerophon" as an Emperor. It was only when in British waters that he opened his sealed orders and read that Napoleon was to be conveyed a prisoner to St. Helena.

On the morning that the vessel made Cape Ushant, the Emperor came on deck, about 7 o'clock. From that hour till noon, when the speck of land sank below the horizon, he stood gazing at it. The last point of France was fading from view; it was his last look at the land of his glory—and he felt it to be such. What passed in his mind during the five mortal hours that he stood there gazing? He must have reviewed his entire career in the anguish of that forenoon.

NAPOLEON'S DEATH

We pass over the years of monotony and imprisonment upon that lone island. Through March and April, 1821, he was slowly dying—suffering torments from cancer of the stomach. His patience and kindness to those around him were perfect. At times he had delirium and thought he saw Josephine. He received the last sacraments on the morning of May 4th. A storm was raging over the Island; the favorite willow he had planted at Longwood was torn up. "The night and day were very bad," said Montholon. "Towards afternoon delirium set in. Thrice I heard the words *France—Armée—Tête d'Arme—Josephine.*" As the sun set the last agony came on. It was a fierce sunset, storm clouds heaped in the track of the fiery orb; it was the close of a fearful stormy life. The lips again trembled and the word "Josephine" was heard—the only name that ever made that wonderful and incomprehensible heart vibrate with human love—the sun went down, the evening gun boomed from the fort, and like a caged eagle escaping from captivity, the soul of Napoleon soared to the foot-stool of Eternal Justice, while its departure was saluted by the cannon of his greatest earthly foe.

THE FUNERAL—1840

One day, at St. Helena, Sir Hudson Lowe, the jailer of Napoleon, detained a book because it was addressed to "The Emperor." "Who gave you the right to dispute that title?" asked Napoleon. Then he added: "In a few years your Castlereagh and all the others, and you, yourself, will be buried in the dust of oblivion, or, if your names will be remembered at all, it will only be on account of the indignity with which you have treated me; but the Emperor Napoleon will continue for all time the subject, the ornament of history, the star of civilized nations. Your libels are of no avail against me. You have expended millions on them; what have they produced? Truth pierces through clouds; it shines like the sun, and, like the sun, it cannot perish."

To this proud boast Sir Hudson Lowe made answer: "You make me smile, Sir." That was in 1820. Twenty years went past. France asked for and England gave back "the Emperor." The grave at St. Helena was opened; the perfectly preserved face, beautiful in death, was uncovered amid tears, and the body was taken to be entombed on the banks of the Seine. It was received on board a royal ship, by a prince of the Bourbon House of Orleans; masts were squared, flags hoisted, cannons fired, drums beaten, and every note of triumph swelled the pomp of that reception.

From King to peasant France turned out to meet him. He comes back to a dominion that no Marmont can betray. Allied kings will league themselves in vain to break that imperial supremacy. No Talleyrand, no Fouché, no Bourmont can find for treachery the leverage to overthrow that majestic power.

"Let Cherbourg's thousand guns salute! Let triumphal arches span the Seine as he passes on his way! Let hill, and slope, and riverbank hold their gazing hosts! Let flowers and garlands shower down on the bier from every bridge! Let aged peasants drop on reverent knees, fire the old musket in humble salute, and then cover their weeping faces with

trembling hands! Cold is the December day; but winter cannot chill this vast enthusiasm. From the quay, where the funeral barge is moored, to the Church of the Invalides, where the tomb waits, a million and a half people throng the route. Streets, avenues, squares, balconies, windows, roofs, trees—all are full of people. Cannons, drums, bands, the tramp of men and war horses, the glitter of endless lines of soldiers, the songs which rouse the passions and the memories, the shouts of dense crowds, stirred by electric emotions—all these mark this December day as the gorgeous funeral car bears Napoleon to his final rest. There is the white horse (not Marengo, but one like him); and upon the horse are the saddle and bridle that Napoleon used. There are his old Marshals, Moncey, and Sault, and Oudinot; there is Bertrand and Gourgaud and Las Cases, the faithful companions of his exile. But above all these are the relics of his ancient wars come to weep around his bier; and there is a remnant of the Old Guard to march with him to the tomb. December air cannot keep down the fervor which makes the great city ring with cries of ' Vive l'Empereur.' "

The sword of Austerlitz is handed to King Louis Philippe by Sault; and the King gives it to the faithful Bertrand; and Bertrand lays it upon his master's coffin. The awful stillness of the great temple is broken by the sobs of gray-haired soldiers. With a grand *Requiem Mass* the funeral ends; but the silent procession of mourners, coming in endless lines to view the coffin, lasts more than a week. Nor has that procession ended yet. Around the great man, lying there in his splendid tomb, with his marshals near him and the battle-flags he made famous drooping about him, still flows the homage of the world. On that day Sir Hudson Lowe stood on the steps of the British embassy and watched that wonderful burial; and a soldier of the Empire, near at hand, touched him and asked: " Does that make you smile, Sir Hudson?"

The impress of Napoleon lies in France forever, in her laws, her institutions, her individual and national life—but his empire does not stop with France; it is cramped by no national limits of Rhine and Alps and Pyrenees. He was the chief usurper of his time. He is the usurper yet, and for the same reasons of genius. He did the work kings ought to have done—he did it despite kings. He does it yet. In that he strove for himself and his dynasty, he failed miserably and betrayed his trust; so far as he toiled for others, for better laws and conditions, he succeeded. No Leipsic, no Waterloo could destroy what was best in his career; no Pitt could pile up sufficient gold to bribe into the field kings strong enough to chain peoples he had freed; in vain was Metternich's Holy Alliance, his armed resistance to great ideas; the immortal could not die!

" We may now pause," said Phillips, " before that splendid prodigy which towered amongst men, like an ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance that its magnificence attracted." Grand, gloomy and peculiar—he sat upon a throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent and decisive, a will despotic in its dictates, an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outlines of that extraordinary character,

the most extraordinary that, perhaps, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people that acknowledged no superior, he became a soldier by fortune and a scholar by charity. He rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of Destiny. Nor was there aught too wonderful for expectation, too wild for romance, too fanciful for imagination, when the world beheld a subaltern of Corsica waving his Imperial flag above her proudest capitals. A Catholic, a Mahometan, an Infidel, and again a Catholic; a Republican and an Emperor; a tyrant and an Emancipator; a friend and an enemy; through all the vicissitudes of his checkered career he was the same indomitable, incomprehensible self—the man without a model and without a shadow. It mattered not, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril and endowed with ubiquity. Dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic, bowing before the Crescent or uplifting the Cross, banishing a Breganza or espousing a Hapsburg, he is and ever shall remain the enigma of the centuries. It is, however, a most remarkable fact that the last hour of his triumph and the first hour of his decline was that in which he struck at the Holy Head of Religion, and dared to raise the immortal Cross amongst his perishable trophies. Men may learn from him that energy, fixed purpose and a sovereign will can scale almost any heights of success. Princes, rulers, statesmen, and all who mould the destinies of nations can learn from him that if there is no summit so high to which ambition cannot lift a man there is equally no pinnacle so elevated from which it cannot prostrate him.

We have, in common prose, attended his wonderful obsequies; let us again bury the mighty Corsican in the language of poetry:

FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON (15th December, 1840)

(By Dr. Foran)

Cold and brilliant streams the sunlight on the wintry banks of Seine,
Gloriously the Imperial City rears her pride of tower and fane,—
Solemnly with deep voice pealeth, Notre Dame, thine ancient chime,
Minute guns the death-bell answer in the same deep measured time.

On the unwonted stillness gather sounds of an advancing host,
As the rising tempest chafeth on St. Helen's far-off coast;
Nearer rolls the mighty pageant—clearer swells the funeral strain,
From the barrier arch of Neuilly pours the giant burial train.

Dark with eagles is the sunlight—darkly on the golden air
Flap the folds of faded standards, eloquently mourning there—
O'er the pomp of glittering thousands, like a battle-phantom, flits
Tatter'd flags of Jena, Friedland, Arcola and Austerlitz.

Eagle-crown'd and garland-circled, slowly moves the stately car,
'Mid a sea of plumes and horsemen—all the burial pomp of war—
Riderless, a war-worn charger follows his dead master's bier—
Long since battle-trumpet roused him—he but lived to follow here.

From his grave 'mid ocean's dirges, moaning surge and sparkling foam,
Lo, the Imperial Dead returneth; lo, the Hero-dust comes home.
He hath left the Atlantic Island, lonely vale and willow tree,
'Neath the Invalides to slumber, 'mid the Gallic chivalry.

Glorious tomb o'er glorious sleepers; gallant fellowship to share—
Paladin and Peer and Marshal—France, thy noblest dust is there.
Names that light the battle annals—names that shook the heart of earth;
Stars on crimson War's horizon—synonyms for martial worth.

Room within that shrine of heroes; place, pale spectres of the Past;
Homage yield, ye battle-phantoms; Lo, your mightiest comes at last.
Was his course the Woe out-thundered from prophetic trumpet's lips?
Was *his* type the ghostly horseman shadow'd in the Apocalypse?

Gray-hair'd soldiers gather 'round him, relics of an age of war,
Followers of the Victor-Eagle, when his flight was wild and far;
Men who panted in the death-strife on Rodrigo's bloody ridge,
Hearts that sicken'd at the death-shriek from the Russian's shatter'd bridge.

Men who heard the immortal war-cry of the wild Egyptian fight,—
"Forty centuries look o'er you from yon Pyramid's gray height."
They who heard the moans of Jaffa, and the breach of Acre knew,—
They who rush'd their foaming war-steeds on the squares of Waterloo.

They who loved him, they who fear'd him, they who in the dark hour fled,
Round the mighty burial gather, spellbound by the awful Dead.
Churchmen, Princes, Statesmen, Warriors, all the Kingdom's chief array,
And the Fox stands, crown'd Mourner, by the Eagle's Hero-clay.

But the last high rite is paid him, and the last deep knell is rung,
And the cannons' iron voices have the thunder-requiem sung;
And, 'mid banners idly drooping, silent gloom and mouldering state,
Shall the Trampler of the world upon the Judgment-trumpet wait.

Yet his ancient foes had given him nobler monumental pile,
Where the everlasting dirges moan around the burial Isle,—
Pyramid upheaved by Ocean in his loneliest wilds afar,
For the War-King thunder-stricken from his fiery battle-car.

A LECTURE ON SCOTTISH BARDS

Delivered in the Hall of the Gloucester Street Convent, Ottawa, March, 1910

Dr. Foran spoke as follows:

Scotland had her ancient bards, her olden minstrels, her wandering harpers, and her poetic musicians, whose songs awakened the echoes of the banquet halls when chieftains sat down in festive enjoyment, or whose war-cries and battle-chants sounded loud over the clashing and splintering of spears, as the clansmen came down from the hills at the voice of the contest. In the Percy Ballads are many of the legends of the land rescued from oblivion and preserved for those who might enlarge upon them and increase the literature of the country. But until the sixteenth century few modern bards appear in Scotland. Towards the commencement of that era, Sir Robert Ayton attempted to bring before the world through the medium of the English language, some of the noble ideas and wild, romantic sentiments which take origin in the Highland regions. And, at the end of that century, William Drummond blended many tender and touching thoughts into his pretty ballads—and thus opened a way for the Earl of Montrose, who flourished alone in the succeeding generation. A blank, as far as the cultivation of the muse is concerned, here falls upon the page of Scotland's literature. The eighteenth century had two poets of lasting fame. The first in date—but not in greatness—was William Falconer, who wrote "The Shipwreck" and many other equally attractive poems; the second was Robert Burns—whose fame is world-wide and imperishable.

You cannot expect that I should dwell, this evening, upon the name and the works of Burns. The subject is too vast; and, moreover, I have certain personal views concerning the great poet of Scotland—one of the greatest poets of all ages—which would demand an entire lecture. However, this much I will hazard: Burns has often been compared to Moore. They both took strings from the ancient harps of their respective countries, and strung them with the pearls of their own beautiful conceptions. The best contrast and comparison of these two poets that I have ever read, may be found in four lines, from the pen of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> How like, how unlike, as we view them together,
> These masters of song whose record we scan;
> One fresh as the breeze blowing over the heather,
> One sweet as the breath from an Odalisk's fan.

To appreciate, to grasp, to drink in, and to benefit by the writings of Burns, one needs to make particular study of his poems. The man who will sit down calmly and first learn the English equivalent for each expression written in Scottish dialect; then, having a clear course, will read attentively every line and meditate upon each sentiment or idea, must eventually discover that there is scarcely a human ill that Burns does not counteract, or teach us to counteract, by ennobling and life-imparting antidotes. Between the covers of that volume there is consolation for the sorrowing, hope for the despairing, and encouragement for

the wavering; peace for the troubled, repose for the weary, and light for the erring.

In no volume—save, of course, that one great and all-important book, the Bible—do we find the emotions of the soul more clearly and nobly pictured than in the works of Burns. Do you wish to read of an old and life-long affection? Then turn to

"John Anderson, my jo, John."

Do you seek a contented spirit amidst this world's reverses and troubles? Read:

"Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair."

Is it the memory of long past friendships that you would revive? Then listen to:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

Is it a patriotic war chant that you wish to hear? Hearken to:

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Are you repining because wealth, honors, and earth's grandeurs are not part of your lot? Then remember that—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the man for a' that."

But I must rush away from the theme, it is too entrancing! Burns sufficed alone to immortalize his country, to render glorious a dozen ages of literature.

Naturally, when he had awakened the spirit of song, others arose to retune the lyre that hung silent upon his early tomb. He called out of the past the misty spirits of Scottish lore, and the sons of Caledonia were loath to let them retire again into oblivion.

A host of bards sprang up, inspired by Burns, and the echoes of the hills were awakened, while mountain, stream, castle, wood and ruin were peopled with a million beings of legendary times.

After giving a most pathetic account of the brief life—twenty-three years—and the admirable works of Robert Nicoll, who was the closest imitator and aptest pupil of Burns and his school, the speaker thus continued:

Joanna Baillie's "Heath-cock" reminded the peasants of the hills and dales where they spent happy lives in "chasing the wild deer and following the roe." Lady Anne Lindsay's "Auld Robin Gray" became the household song of children. James Beattie gave the world his admirable poem, "The Minstrel," and for long generations enchanted every lover of the beautiful, the religious, and the inspiring, with the charming stanza of his "Hermit."

Then came, in rapid succession, Allan Cunningham, author of "The Poet's Bridal-day Song"; James Grahame, and James Hogg. It was the latter who wrote, "When the Kye Come Hame." Following these are John Home, author of "Norval," and William Knox, who wrote President Lincoln's favorite poem, "O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be

Proud?" John Leyden, poet of "The Daisy," "Noontide," and many like gems; John Gibson Lockhart, who wrote "The Broadswords of Scotland"; Lady Nairn, who gave the children of the last century "The Laird o' Cockpen," and William Thom, who composed "The Mitherless Bairn." All so many stars in the galaxy that spans the sky of Scotland's literature during the close of the last century and the beginning of the present one.

I might go on for an hour enumerating the Scotch poets whose pens have enriched beyond expression the literature of the English language, from James Montgomery, who struck a note of inspiration in his "Make Way for Liberty," down to Robert Buchanan, or to Charles Mackay, or to William Edmondstone Aytoun—he of "The Heart of Bruce" and the inimitable "Bon Gaultier" ballads. But I have sufficiently encroached upon your time to-night. I pass over, without even a word, such conspicuous and world-renowned poets as Campbell and Scott. Even more so than in the case of Burns, I would not attempt to refer to Campbell unless I had an opportunity of doing full justice to his cosmopolitan spirit, his liberality of sentiment, and his incalculable services to English literature. As to Scott, I have lived with him from boyhood; I have revelled in his poetry and drank inspiration, consolation, enjoyment and happiness at the fountain of his inexhaustible romances; therefore, I will avoid that magnetic mountain of literary attraction—to move at all within the circle of its influence would render me powerless to resist the temptation of scaling the acclivities and exploring its every recess.

Dr. Foran pointed out that the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth had been an epoch of wonderful poetic impulse in Great Britain. A galaxy of stars arose upon the sky of English letters—Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Hood, Moore, Scott and Campbell. Of the three great writers of that day, Byron, Dickens and Scott, the last named alone wore the double crown of prose and verse. His lengthier poems were romances in verse, and his novels were poems in prose.

Here Dr. Foran drew attention to the peculiar coincidences in the lives and careers of Napoleon and Scott. Out of the cloud of obscurity that overhangs the Island of Corsica, like a flash of lightning Napoleon shot across the sky of Europe, and vanished in the cloud of oblivion that overhangs the Island of St. Helena. When he was carrying his triumphant banner from the base of the Pyramids to the summit of the Alps, Scott was gleaning legends and stores of information in the quiet home at Kelso on the Tweed; when Napoleon reached the zenith of his glory at Austerlitz, in 1805, Scott published his "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; "Marmion" appeared the same day as Jena was fought; when Napoleon was at Elba, Scott had written his last long poem, "The Lord of the Isles"; when the great Emperor bowed before the whirlwind of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, Scott began his Waverley series; when Napoleon died, in 1821, at St. Helena, Scott closed his career as a novelist and faced the shock of the Ballantyne failure and a debt of half a million dollars; in two years Scott, with his "Life of Napoleon" and other works, paid off two hundred thousand dollars of the debt; and in 1832, when Scott's spirit departed, at Abbotsford, the British government granted the permit for the translation of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France.

Dr. Foran began, then, with the " Lay of the Last Minstrel," recited the introduction and various passages to illustrate how exactly Scott struck a note as yet untouched in English literature. He recited some of the shorter poems, such as " Roderick Vich Alpin Dhu " and " Helvellyn," to show how truly Scott possessed the genius of song. Needless to say that the recitation of these poems, with all the fire and spirit of a most enthusiastic lover of the " Land o' Cakes," created a profound sensation. Passing then to Campbell, Dr. Foran pointed out that, with the sole exception of Shakespeare, Campbell is more frequently quoted—in fragmentary parts—than any other writer of English verse. He instanced amongst other familiar lines: " Coming events cast their shadows before," " Ye mariners of England," " Britannia needs no bulwarks," "Distance lends enchantment to the view," " The red eye of battle is shut in despair," " The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky," and a score of other equally familiar lines.

The recitation of the " Downfall of Warsaw," " Ye Mariners of England," " The Soldier's Dream," " Hohenlinden," and the historical information, of a rare character, connected with Campbell's rambles over the continent and the writing of these poems, constituted a most entrancing piece of eloquence. The incidents in the lives of Moore and Campbell, suggested by the latter's " Exile of Erin," are positive proof that the Scotch poet was the author of that admirable production. Campbell died at Boulogne, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, his remains being placed opposite the bust of Shakespeare. On the day of his funeral, as the procession drew near the abbey door, a tall foreigner, wrapped in a large mantle, stopped the funeral cortege and asked to have the coffin opened. When his request was obeyed, he took an urn and scattered dust from it on the body of Campbell; then he raised his voice and said: " This is clay from the grave of Kosciusko. It is meet that it should blend with the ashes of the poet who sang in tears the downfall of Sarmatia and the death of Warsaw's last champion."

It would not be possible to give any idea of the effect produced by this unfolding of a casket of literary gems and the stringing of them together on the silvery thread of historical reminiscences. The audience was carried back, in imagination, to scenes made familiar to the world by Scott, until every rock and glen from " Maidenkirk to John o' Groats " was peopled anew with beings of Scott's creation. In one poem Dr. Foran brought out in funeral procession all of Scott's characters, and as the vision vanished, he paused and, with dramatic effect, exclaimed:

" A sound thrilled through that lengthening host,—
Then all my vision fled.
But oh! that mournful dream was true,—
The immortal Scott was dead."

We cannot, however, refrain from reproducing the closing passages in which Dr. Foran drew lessons from the lives and works of Scott and Campbell, for the instruction and imitation of Canadians.

Scott, he said, preached and practiced patriotism. He preached love of country in such passages as " Breathes there the man with soul so dead " (which the lecturer recited with powerful effect), and his whole

life was devoted to his native land, her glory, her happiness, her honor and her prosperity. He consecrated on the altar of his country the genius God had given him and he bent his every energy to the uplifting of his people and the vindication as well as the glorification of Scotland. We, in this new land, should learn from Scott to devote all our lives, no matter in how humble a sphere they may be cast, to the advancement of our fair Dominion. No matter how we labor—with hammer, or chisel, or pencil, with rudder, or plowshare, or pen—we have a sacred duty to perform. " That is to make better citizens, and therefore better Christians, of the young men and women of this generation. If success attend your efforts—and I pray God it may—you will help, in a material and practical manner, in raising Canada to her rightful position, making her a queen on this western hemisphere, a home of good principles, a shrine of the civilization of the gospel, and a land wherein the precepts and practices of Scott shall engender the truest love of country.

" From Campbell we learn that cosmopolitan spirit that should obtain in lands of varied races and creeds like Canada. He was Scotland's bard, Ireland's friend, Poland's sympathizer, Britain's singer of the grandest of her naval songs. He had a heart large enough to sympathize with people of all lands and to embrace the adherents of all creeds. As streams roll into the ocean and blend in its vastness, so do streams of different nationalities flow into the great ocean of a Canadian nationhood and commingle in its expansiveness. By being tolerant of even the prejudices of each other, by respecting the sentiments, principles, traditions and practices of the different elements with which we have to live, we will be carrying out the principles of Campbell, the ideals of his life, the spirit of his noble verse."

IRISH POETS

The Spirit of the Nation—March, 1910

The lecture on The Spirit of the Nation delivered yesterday afternoon, by Dr. J. K. Foran, of the House of Commons, before a large and appreciative audience, at the Gloucester Street convent, was a fitting companion for the one on Scott and Campbell given two weeks ago. If any difference were remarkable it was that Dr. Foran was still more eloquent and captivating than on the former occasion—not unnaturally so, for the theme of Irish poets allowed of still greater enthusiasm on his part. There was also a new element—that of wit and humor—added to the lecture, which gave the speaker ample opportunity of moving from sad to gay, from pathos to mirth, and alternating these sentiments with such masterly skill that the audience was at times actually smiling through tears. To appreciate that class of oratory one must have heard the lecture delivered; it is no exaggeration to say that it will long ring in the ears of the audience that heard it.

The dominating note in all Dr. Foran's lectures is love for Canada and the desire to draw from each element of our population that which is best and grandest in order to use it for the greater good and glory of our own Dominion.

After tracing the history of Irish music and song, from the days of bards that were the law-givers as well as the historians of the ancient Celts, down to Ossian, and from Ossian to Carolan and Carolan to Moore, he came to the immediate subject of his lecture—the establishment of "The Nation" newspaper in Dublin in 1842. He told the story of how Dillon, Duffy and Davis created that splendid organ, gave it for a motto "Educate, that you may be free," and through its instrumentality infused a new spirit into the nation.

In language most graphic and tones most touching the lecturer related the short life of three years, as editor, poet and leader, of Thomas Davis, and his description of the death of Davis, in 1845, and the effects of that terrible blow upon the entire race, was a masterpiece of word painting and pathos. Following the death of that young leader came the story of the numerous poets who sprang up, unexpectedly, on all sides, to take his place. From each of these brilliant young writers the lecturer recited a poem; and the selections were so made that he covered almost the whole range of human sentiments. Denis Florence McCarthy's Pillar Towers of Ireland; John Keegan's Caoch the Piper; J. J. Callanan's Gougane Barra; Clarence Mangan's Time of the Barmecides; Davis, Man of Tipperary; Richard Dalton Williams' Sister of Charity and Adieu to Innisfall, were amongst some of the most striking of those delightfully rendered poems.

But the lecturer also illustrated, especially in the works of Williams, the buoyant humor of the Irish under the most trying of ordeals. No words can describe the merriment created by the recitation of the parodies, perpetrated on his brother bards, by Williams over the signature of Shamrock. And still more laugh-creating was the recitation of The Misadventures of a Medical Student, The Taxman and other samples of the refined wit, and erudite humor of that master of every string on the

Dr. FORAN AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE

"Back toward our childhood's happy past,
A glance of memory let us cast,
And view those days, from first to last."

(*Taken from* "Poems and Lyrics")

human harp. Dr. Foran then told of how Williams, discouraged by the failure of his paper and of the '48 movement, emigrated to America, taught belles-lettres in an Alabama university and finally died of consumption at the town of Thibodeaux, Louisiana. The poet died in 1862 at the outbreak of the American conflict, and in the hurry of that struggle was buried in an humble grave in a country churchyard. In 1865 an American regiment, coming home from the war, encamped near the grave of Williams, and when they learned who was buried there they raised a subscription and placed a magnificent monument over the ashes of one of the sweetest singers of the English tongue. That noble deed stirred the heart of McGee, who was then laboring in Canada at the construction of the confederation. That gifted soul tuned anew his harp and sang one of his most noble songs as a tribute of gratitude to the brave soldiers who had so honored the memory of a brother bard.

After reciting McGee's splendid poem, Dr. Foran said: "Davis, the founder of 'the Nation,' sleeps under Hogan's masterpice of sculpture in Mt. Jerome; Williams, his successor as poet of 'The Nation,' sleeps beneath the granite monument raised by loving hands on the banks of the Mississippi; but McGee, who gave his harp to the same cause and fought the same battles, who moreover added to the gift of poetry those of oratory and statesmanship, and who consecrated his more mature years and more developed talents to the glorious work of building up a Canadian confederation—McGee has no monument, as yet, on the banks of the Ottawa, beneath the shadow of yon Gothic pile wherein his voice made the echoes reverberate with the loftiest expressions of patriotism, with the most astounding predictions of political prophecy."

The closing passages of the lecture were of surpassing beauty and the pity is that they cannot be recorded, word for word, for the edification and instruction of the rising generation. The lecturer depicted the harmonies of the universe, expressed in the babble of the brook, the sighing of the breeze, the rustling of the leaf, the song of the bird, the roll of the thunder, the roar of the cataract; and then the inaudible harmonies around and above the constellated swarms pealing down through Heaven's casemate unutterable songs, the unnumbered spheres of light resounding with adoration, reverberating with love; and finally the soul of man attuned in accord with those harmonies and expressing itself in music and song.

The songs of the poets of the "Nation" did their work at a special time, but, even though conditions have changed and the Ireland of today is not the Ireland of sixty years ago, those poems are relics to be preserved and to be transmitted to future generations. They are like the splendid pillars and rich mosaics buried under the ashes of Pompeii, and the lavas of Herculaneum, evidences of the taste, the art, the culture of a former epoch, and models for the imitation of children yet unborn. The day of Ireland's legislative autonomy is at hand, democracy is abroad, even in Russia, and constitutional self-government is the order of the day. And in the chorus of rejoicing over Ireland's triumphant cause no voice will be louder or more sincere than that of self-governing Canada—Canada, at whose birth as a confederation McGee, a poet of the nation, presided; Canada, whose voice has so often pleaded the cause of legislative autonomy for Erin; Canada, whose sons opened their arms and their hearts,

their doors and their hearths to the exiled Irish in the days of famine, fever and expatriation. Gratitude begets gratitude and love enkindles love; in return for Canada's sympathies the children of the Celtic race will, each in his own sphere of usefulness, consecrate his energies, his talents, his every gift to the uplifting of this fair Dominion, so that, in the near future, this country may realize the dreams of her best statesmen and patriots.

LONGFELLOW

Lecture Delivered at the Convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, October, 1911

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

From time immemorial every great nation has had its national mausoleum, its temple of the dead, wherein it placed the ashes of its most renowned citizens. The stupendous pyramids that lift their wonderful proportions from out Egyptian sands and stand, despite the ravages of Time, as solid to-day as they stood when the last of the Pharaohs was interred in their vaults; the broken columns and shattered splendors of the Parthenon, that still crown with melancholy grandeur the Acropolis of Athens; the time-defying and unique Pantheon, that rears its wrinkled majesty amidst the relics of ancient Rome,—these have all been shrines wherein once great and powerful races laid their rulers, their heroes, their men of art, of letters and of science to rest. Nor is this a custom peculiar to antiquity; in modern days the same grand idea of building up temples of immortality for the departed great ones permeates the civilization of the world. If, then, any race, any people, any nation should religiously emulate that glorious example handed down through the ages, surely the English-speaking race, the peoples who spring from the British Isles, the citizens of the mightiest Empire that has existed since the day of creative miracle, should be foremost in the perpetuation of such a custom.

On the banks of the Thames, in the heart of the world's greatest metropolis, rise the gothic perfections of Westminster; and beneath its turreted roof and between its historic walls may the traveller find the national shrine where repose the ashes, or where appear the busts, of the most illustrious children of that world-embracing race. For generations that shrine has been reserved for those who belonged, in a special manner, to the British Isles. But the time came when, looking abroad over the earth, it became evident that the children of the English-speaking race—in all lands and under all suns—should have a claim to recognition in the home of their common parent.

Thus it was, that, at midday on the 2nd of March, 1884, a group stood reverently in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, as the bust of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the American poet, was being unveiled. From the chisel of Thomas Brock, that beautiful piece of art was placed near Chaucer—the father of English poetry—and between Cowley and Dryden. At last America became represented in the Valhalla of the English-speaking race.

A century or more earlier, youthful America had gone forth from her mother's home and care and, wedding herself to the savage grandeur of a New World, had set up a home for herself and for her children. But, while devoting all her strength, talents and energies to the happiness of her own domestic circle and the prosperity of her own offspring, the ties of blood were too strong and lasting to be ignored entirely, and the deep-rooted affection for the olden Mother—seated in her Island solitude beyond the waves—grew only deeper and holier as the years rolled on.

At last, in the person of her most lovable and most gifted son, America has retained her place by the hearthstone of the aged Parent from whom she sprang.

To-night I would ask you to spend a few moments with me in the delightful association of that tender poet, noble Christian, model father and lover of all men—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Though the democratic spirit of America causes many of her patriotic citizens to frequently proclaim, with insistence, their freedom, their equality, their utter disregard for titles and hereditary distinctions, still, with them, as with every other civilized and cultured people, there exists a legitimate and laudable pride in the records of their ancestors; and none more than they love to trace back a family line to some early source—the higher and the more prominent the better. While Burns full truly sang:

> " The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gold for a' that,"

yet no person, howsoever humble in circumstances, cares to feel or to acknowledge that he sprang from " no where "; that he has no forefathers of note along whose line he can glance backward, if not with special pride, at least without shame or sorrow. While Longfellow's own life and works would have sufficed to illumine an entire race and to render illustrious a long series of ancestors, yet the poet sprang from men of great distinction, women renowned for the most queenly virtues, and his lineage can be traced back into the very fifteenth century.

HIS ANCESTORS AND HIS OWN CAREER

In the records of Yorkshire, England, for the year 1486, we find the name of our poet's family, spelled Langfellay, Langfellowe, Langfellow, and Longfellow. Again, in 1510, Sir Peter Langfellowe is recorded as being vicar of Caverley. However, the first of the line to which we can ascend without interruption was Edward Longfellow, who, in 1625, bought what was called " Upper House," a property in Horsforth. In 1647 he made over this property to William—" a rich clothier of Upper House." This William had two sons and four daughters—the sons being Nathan and William. The latter was baptized at Guesley, in the parish of Horsforth, on the 20th October, 1650.

The first of the name in America was William, son of this William of Horsforth. In 1676, still a young man, he came to the New World and settled in Newbury, Massachusetts. There he married Anne Sewall—sister of Samuel Sewall, who became Chief Justice of Newbury. Young Longfellow received a farm from his father-in-law, in the parish of Byfield, on the Parker River. He was said to be " well educated, but a little wild," or, as others had it, " he was not so much of a Puritan as some." In 1690, as an ensign in the Newbury company, he went on Sir William Phipp's expedition against Quebec; and returning, he, with nine companions, was drowned off Anticosti. He left five children.

The first of these, Stephen—and as there are many Stephens, I will call him Stephen No. 1—became a blacksmith. Possibly the memory of this ancestor of Longfellow suggested that beautiful poem, " The Village Blacksmith." This is, however, only a surmise. Stephen No. 1 married

Abigail, daughter of Rev. Edward Tompson of Newbury. They had five children, the fifth one being Stephen No. 2. He was born in 1723 and being very bright was sent to Harvard, where he took his first degree in 1742 and a second one in 1745. Then he went to Portland, Maine (then called Falmouth), as schoolmaster. He became Parish Clerk, Town Clerk, Registrar of Probate and finally Clerk of the Law Courts.

When, in 1775, Mowatt burned down Portland, and Longfellow's house was destroyed, he removed to Gorham, where he died in 1790. He was spoken of as " a man of piety, integrity and honor, and fond of reading history and poetry." Stephen No. 2 had married Tabitha, daughter of Samuel Bragdon of York. Their oldest son, Stephen No. 3, was born in 1750. In 1773 he married Patience Young, of York. During eight years he represented the town of York in the Massachusetts Legislature, and was for several years Senator for the County. From 1797 to 1811 he was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—" a man of sterling qualities, great integrity and sound common sense." His second son—Stephen No. 4—was born in 1776, graduated in Harvard in 1798, studied law in Portland, and was admitted to the Cumberland Bar in 1801. In 1814 he was member of the Federal Party in the Massachusetts Legislature. In 1822 he was elected to Congress. In 1828 was made an LL.D. of Bowdoin College. In 1834 he became President of the Maine Historical Society, and died in 1849, leaving a reputation for " integrity, public spirit, hospitality and generosity." In 1804 he married Zilpah, daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth of Portland. Of their eight children the second was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—named after his mother's brother, a Lieutenant of the Navy, who was killed on the 4th September, 1804, before Tripoli, in the war with Algiers.

This genealogical sketch may seem dry and uninteresting; but I am anxious that you should know how Longfellow derived his great talents, his splendid Christian spirit, and his many noble characteristics from ancestors of no mean degree of prominence—men who had held high places of trust and who handed down to him, as their best legacy, traditions calculated to awaken emulation, ambition and a desire to benefit humanity in their transcendentally gifted heir.

Longfellow, himself, was born on the 27th February, 1807. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. In 1829 he became Professor of Modern Languages in the same College. In 1831 he married Mary Storer Potter, who died in 1835. In 1836 he became Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in Harvard—a position which he held until 1854. In 1843 he married Frances Elizabeth Appleton, daughter of Nathan Appleton of Boston. She died in 1861. They had six children. The poet Longfellow, himself, died on the 24th March, 1882.

Now that I have almost tired you out with so much biography and so many dates, I will ask you to consider with me, firstly, the influence of early travel and of his study of the various languages and literatures of Europe upon his own immortal productions, and, secondly, the effects of his simple, kindly disposition, his noble, humble and yet elevated life, his deep sympathies and abiding Christian principles upon his immediate surroundings, upon the age in which he lived, and finally upon the world in general.

On the 26th March, 1882, a funeral oration over Longfellow was pronounced by Rev. Professor C. C. Everett, in Mount Auburn Chapel; and, in the course of his eulogistic remarks, that lifelong friend of the poet said: "Travel enlarged his sympathies and added picturesqueness to his poems. The literature of all ages and nations was open to him and he drew from them all."

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, referring to the dead bard, said: "It has been a fully rounded life, beginning early with large promise, equalling every anticipation in its maturity, fertile and beautiful to its close in the ripeness of its well-filled years." In fact, to use the words of another of his friends, "a simple life has uttered itself in song and men have listened, rejoiced and loved, and now they mourn." Longfellow enters into the home with that welcome which he requested in his own appeal:

> "I hope as no unwelcome guest,
> At the warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
> To have my place reserved among the rest."

And again is his request heeded when, thinking of the future, he asks:

> "And in your life let my remembrance linger,
> As something not to trouble and disturb it,
> But to complete it, adding life to life.
> And if at times, beside the evening fire
> You see my face among the other faces,
> Let it not be regarded as a ghost
> That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you."

One of the sources of the success that greeted his poems was certainly the choice of subjects. When first he was offered a professorship he determined to prepare himself for the duties of that office by thoroughly equipping himself with all that could be drawn from the history and literature of other nations. With this object in view, we find him, as early as 1829, writing most admirable letters, some humorous, others serious, all observant, from the various cities of Europe.

It would be vain, nor would time permit, to follow him in all his wanderings, at different periods of life, over the Continent. To trace him, and pause to contemplate his studies and researches in each locality, from Utrecht to Stockholm, from Heidelberg to Dresden, from Strasburg to Montpellier, from the Bibliothèque de Caen to the galleries of Florence, from the glitter of Paris to the antique solemnity of Venice, from the palaces of Seville to the temples of Rome, or from the mountain grandeur reflected in Lucerne to the splendor of sunsets contemplated from Sorrento—to follow him through all these and a hundred other scenes and cities would be impossible. Suffice to say that he gleaned inspiration wheresoever he went, he gathered knowledge from every treasurehouse of lore, he dived into the literature of each land, and returned to his professorship laden with material sufficient to educate a generation.

Longfellow never sought praise nor publicity; he penned his poems, at first, as examples for the imitation and instruction of his pupils, and

did not intend them to go beyond the class; but the great world found them out and at once began to crave for more and more. His heart would not allow him to resist any call or to refuse the satisfaction of any legitimate craving. Hence his career as a poet began and continued on to the end.

His deep knowledge of the European languages so colored his productions in English verse that they assured an affinity to the literature of the most polished of the Latin races which no other writer of English poetry ever attained. And the best evidence of this lies in the fact that Longfellow's poems are translated into almost every language of the Continent and constitute a part of almost every literature, while the vast majority of the eminent English poets are confined within the circle of the English-reading public the world over. Thus the ideas, sentiments, traditions of the various peoples of Europe became, through the magic power of that great Alchemist of verse, transfused into his productions—beautifying them and imparting to them an immortality all their own.

THE SPIRIT OF HIS POEMS

Bryant first reached the ear of the public through his hymn to Death; Longfellow, on the contrary, became known, at the outset, through his "Psalm of Life." His "Voices of the Night" marked an epoch in American literature and even in American history. "We wander with him," said Everett, "through foreign lands; he takes us with him into his studies and in his translations he gives us their fairest fruits." In his songs he will live on by the side of youth, pointing—in "Excelsior"—to heights unscaled, imparting courage and faith to those who struggle upwards; in his "Shipwreck" he will be with the mariner breasting the wilderness of Atlantic's waves; with his "Old Clock on the Stair" and kindred poems he will be found in the home circle to encourage and to beautify. In his "Resignation" he will be with the sad heart bowed down with life's affliction, imparting thereto a strength that can only come through the channel of prayer, or on the current of the poet's song. When age comes on with its winter he will be there to enliven its declining hours and to teach it the sublime truth that it too, even as youth, has its opportunities.

"I like simplicity in all things," he once said, "but above all in poetry." "Style," he said, "is the gait of the mind, and is as much a part of a man as his bodily gait." Of his own poems, his favorite was "Evangeline"; but he said that for style of versification he preferred "The Day Is Done," "The Bridge," "Twilight," "The Children's Hour" and "The Open Window." In a word, "The Builders" contains his creed, while "The Ladder of St. Augustine" contains the philosophy of his career.

Holmes (and he was a real judge of Longfellow, a contemporary and an intimate) says that if a multitude of readers were asked for a decision as to which of his poems has the most value, the "Psalm of Life" would command the largest number. Next in order he would place "Excelsior" or "The Old Clock on the Stair." But thousands familiar with these household poems have never read "The Spanish Student" or "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend" or "Hiawatha." A schoolboy might prefer

" Paul Revere's Ride," but " The Building of the Ship "—commencing with literal description and passing to the higher region of sentiment and thence to the sublime climax,—

" Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State,"

would challenge the admiration of more mature years.

Longfellow could teach a moral without appearing to preach; and therein lies another source of his vast popularity.

HIS SONGS REFLECT HIS LIFE

Scott, cheerful and wholesome, should be read in the open air; Byron, cynical, yet grand, should be perused in a prison-cell; Burns, generous, impassioned, manly, belongs to a festive hall; Moore, elegant, scented with the perfume of Eastern gardens, is the poet of the drawing-room and of the piano; but Longfellow, thoughtful, musical, home-loving, belongs to the charmed circles of listeners by the fireside.

With Lowell we can truthfully say, " I should not hesitate among his longer poems to select ' Evangeline ' as his masterpiece. ' This is the Forest Primeval ' are words as familiar as the ' Arma virumque cano ' of Virgil." And when much that Longfellow has written shall have shared the fate of millions of human productions, his " Evangeline " will survive to waft him on to immortality.

Thus it is that his life is reflected in his songs; and they are the embodiment of the loftiest as well as the most tender sentiments that play upon the lute of the human heart. It has frequently happened that one happy utterance of some emotion or expression, which comes home to all, may keep a name remembered when the race to which the singer belonged has entirely passed away. It was Fletcher of Saltoun who said: " Give me the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who makes the laws." The power of the poet has been felt in all ages, from the earliest Druid-bard who wrote the enactments of the race in verse, down to Longfellow, who joined together the literatures of two hemispheres, the relics of medievalism with the freshness of the New World's suggestions, the " Belfry of Bruges " with the humble chapel of " Grand Pré."

Far in the North, one winter evening in 1882, seated by a camp-fire, surrounded by Indians and woodsmen, I read from a paper that had come in my last monthly budget an account of Longfellow's death. It was a glorious evening, clear, crisp and refulgent with the beams of the dying day. When I had concluded, one of the rough shantymen, to my surprise, looking over the scene, repeated slowly these words of Longfellow:

" Leafless are the trees;
Their purple branches spread themselves abroad,
Like reefs of coral,
Rising silent in the Red Sea of a winter sun-set."

There was a pause, when old Simon Obomsawin, our Abenakis guide, broke the silence by observing: " The Father of Hiawatha has gone to the Great Spirit."

This is fame; this is immortality; how that scene would have rejoiced the spirit of Longfellow—a rough woodsman and a genuine son of the "Forest Primeval" repeating his verse and thinking lovingly of his memory.

HIS LIFE OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY

A few moments more yet remain to me, and I cannot better employ them than in glancing at the character of the man. It is true that he is reflected in his songs; but his songs only gave the world a part of his being. There was also that holy, quiet, loving and lovable Christian life, which drew to him the affection and admiration of all who knew him. What a vast and deep charity in that heart! He was wont to say: "A great part of the happiness of life consists not in fighting battles but in avoiding them. A masterly retreat is in itself a real victory." On one occasion, when talking with friends on the subject of literary critics, he said: "To give pleasure is the poet's prerogative, but it is the critic's province to give pain." And he added: "A young critic is like a boy with a gun; he fires at everything he sees. He thinks only of his own skill, not of the pain he is giving."

These few remarks, gleaned at haphazard from the poet's conversations and letters, indicate the man's heart and how he ever shrank from inflicting even the slightest pain on a fellow being. On one occasion Edgar A. Poe made a bitter and fierce attack on Longfellow. A friend, who found him deep in the enjoyment of Poe's volume, asked him if he had read the harsh things that the author of "The Raven" had written about him. His answer was characteristic: "I never answered Mr. Poe's attacks and I would advise you, at the outset of your literary career, never to take notice of any attacks that may be made upon you. Let them all pass." Then he said that he did not wish to read what Poe had written about him, "for it might prevent his fully enjoying Poe's own beautiful productions."

Thus it was that he preached and practised that most noble of all Christian virtues—Charity. His whole life was a poem, a grand epic; and from its prologue to its epilogue he had sustained without intermission its lofty key. At times, when weighed down by afflictions and bereavement, his life flowed into the minors of grief, but in the harmony of its masterly construction, the higher notes of exultation and triumph were never drowned. Speaking of his last hour and last words, an eye-witness of that sad but inspiring scene has said: "It was a golden sunset, in spite of the increasing infirmities which beset him; for he could never lose his pleasure in making others happy. His last words were these: 'Weep not, my friends; rather rejoice with me; I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone and you will have another friend in heaven.'"

What an abiding Christian faith; what an example for both young and old.

Warned, to-night, by the first pencillings—faint though they yet may be—that Time is tracing upon my own brow, and admonished by the few autumn flakes that foretell the winter snow that soon must fall upon my own hair, I cannot but pray for an ending, in peace with all men and with God, such as came to one who sang the "Psalm of Life." And, apart from the promises penned by the Psalmist of old, and consecrated by the

Incarnation of Divine Love on earth, if there were a special joy to be anticipated after the portals of death are passed, it would surely be in the encouraging and happy thought of spending, throughout the endless cycles of eternity, an existence of joy in the loving companionship of the saintly and poetic soul of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Address Delivered on Sunday Evening, 21st February, 1915, in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Montreal, on the Occasion of the Establishment of the Guards of the Blessed Sacrament.

Reverend Father and Gentlemen:

When Father Coté invited me to preside at this assembly and deliver an address, I must admit that I felt very proud of the honor conferred upon me; but as I reflected more and more upon the importance of the occasion and the sublimity of the subject, I grew timid and almost regretted my prompt acceptance; and now, that I am here with the task before me, I feel exceedingly humble. Never before did I so fully recognize my inadequacy, nor the apparent presumption on my part to approach such a lofty subject. The most I can do is to divest my few remarks of any oratorical or rhetorical display, leave aside all flowers of speech, and tell in simple, plain and unadorned language, the story of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, and the importance of this organization for the men of our city.

There are four enemies of the Blessed Sacrament in the world to-day, and it is to meet and combat them that we purpose forming ourselves into a league to be known as "The Guards of the Blessed Sacrament."

The first of these enemies is the Frivolity of the age; that mad whirl of sensual excitement into which the world is drawn more and more each hour until it is on the verge of being engulfed in the maelstrom of licentiousness; the second one is the pernicious and useless, abominable and repulsive habit of Blasphemy, which seems to have seized upon the rising generation with its octopus-like arms; the third is the spirit of revolt against all restraint and authority, including that of God Himself, and which is the underlying basis of the socialistic extravagance of our day; and the fourth is the spirit of indifferentism in matters of faith which is leading directly to the precipice of infidelity.

Against these four evils we are called upon to struggle, by example more than by precept; by and through the all-powerful means of the Blessed Sacrament. We are to meet these by coming together, in a manner calculated to make each one have a part in the wonderful work of human regeneration which the ever-present Christ has been carrying on since the dawn of Redemption.

In this Confraternity there are no ambitions, no chances of any worldly distinction, no public announcements of what is done; silent and humble adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is all that is required. It will bring those together in a social intercourse that might never otherwise be obtained. They are the most fraternally inclined who belong to the same school, who accept the same flag, or who sit at the same table. For us the Blessed Sacrament, where it is exposed for our adoration, is the school that we attend; the standard of Christ is the flag under the folds of which

we are called upon to combat; and the Holy Table is the one at which we all sit down to the same banquet.

The Confraternity is under the patronage of St. Benedict; it was established by Frère Thomas Stella, of Cape d'Istra, a member of the Dominican Order; its constitution is along the lines of that given by St. Ignatius to his company. It thus unites the three great ages described by Cardinal Newman as illustrated respectively in the lives and works of St. Benedict, St. Dominick and St. Ignatius.

The age of St. Benedict was that of the breaking up of olden institutions, with the shatterings of the Roman Empire; the age of solicitude, labor and thought; the poetic age of the Church, because that nearest to nature. Nature is more poetic than art; the child's mind is swayed by imagination, the old man's by cold facts; history is more poetic than philosophy, a knight-errant more poetic than a gentleman in modern evening dress, a bridle path in the woods more poetic than a railway with its ties and steel rails, a ruin is more poetic than a factory. That was the age when pagan licentiousness was brought to a point of refined perfection and danger. Men, fearing for their own souls, fled from the world to nature, became hermits, anchorites, or in groups formed monasteries; cultivated the earth, copied and preserved the scriptures, worshipped in silence, up in the recesses of the Alps, or the gorges of the Apennines. Some fled away to the West and found shelter in Ireland, building those stately monasteries the remains of which are sublime relics of a glorious past—at Kells, at Adare, at Monasterboice. It was then that Red Donald O'Brien, King of Desmond, built Holy Cross Abbey, and its ruins inspired Simmons with that lovely conception:

> " From Matins to mid-night the people were praying;
> From mid-night to Matins the censers were swaying;
> And a thousand Cistercians incessantly raised
> Hosannahs round shrines that with jewellery blazed;
> And the palmer from Syria, and the pilgrim from Spain
> Brought their gifts, in that day, to this far-honor'd fane,
> And in Holy Cross Abbey High Masses were said
> Through the lapse of long ages for Donald the Red."

Then came the age of reconstruction, when St. Dominick formed his order of preachers. No longer contented to fly from the world and to save his soul, he went into the world to " preach to all nations " and save the souls of others. The greatest schools of theology were founded, which produced St. Thomas, St. Augustin and St. Liguori. This was the age of sacrifice and of knowledge. And as it grew to a flourishing point the northern hordes swept down on Europe and under the lash of Alaric and the scourge of Attila, civilization and Christianity lay bleeding. But the Church went on triumphant, ever following the shining beacon of the Blessed Sacrament, which, like the fiery pillar of captive Israel, was destined to guide through the windings of that dreary desert safe to the Land of Promise.

At this time came a shock from the depths of Germanic forests and the banks of the Rhine; Luther had repeated on earth the cry of Lucifer in heaven, *Non Serviam,* " I will not obey."

In the wondrous cycles of the eternal span Lucifer rebelled, and in the chancel of heaven cried out to God, " Non serviam." Then, in the sublime language of Milton:

> " Him the Almighty hurled, headlong, flaming
> From the ethereal sky, amidst horrid ruin and combustion,
> Down to bottomless perdition. There to dwell,
> In adamantine chains and penal fire,
> Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

When Saul of Tarsus, a Roman soldier, was on his way to persecute the Christians, the Lord wanted him to become the Apostle of the Gentiles, and He struck him down on the road to Damascus, with a ray of light. Paul arose converted and went forth on his mighty mission. So when this terrific wave of heresy rolled down from the north, at the command of Luther, the Lord had a champion in view, and He struck down Ignatius of Loyola on the field of Pampaluna. From his bed of death, as supposed, the officer arose, suspended his sword in the shrine at Monserrat, and dedicated his military genius to the organization of a company in the army of the Church Militant. Its military rules he called the Exercises, and he trained its members in all the gymnastics of the soul, forming them into a compact body, yet with more individual freedom than is allowed to the members of any other organization in the Church. This marked the age of useful and practical action; of prudence, discretion, good government. Not the opinions of the schools but the salvation of men's souls became the main object of the new phalanx.

Throughout all these periods do we find the Blessed Sacrament the central and all-persisting dogma of the Faith.

It was in 1539, in the Church of Santa Maria Supra Minervam, in Rome, that the Confraternity was established. On the 30th November of that year it was approved by a Bull of Pope Pius III.; it was cotemporary with the Council of Trent. It was raised to the dignity of an Archconfraternity. From that day down through the four centuries, it has never ceased to be the object of special favors from the Pontiffs.

Gregory XIII. confirmed it; Pius V. in 1608 (the year of foundation of Quebec) issued a special decree on the 15th February, in its favor.

Innocent XI., on the 1st October, 1678, in his Bull " Injuncti Nobis," conferred additional indulgences on it; then followed Benedict XIII. and Benedict XIV., both predecessors in name of the Pope glorious reigning in our own troubled age. Clement VIII. also approved of it. Pius IX., on 13th June, 1853, and again on the 15th September, 1876, by Concession made of it one of the most fruitful of Associations in graces and favors. Finally we all know of the famous encyclical of Leo XIII., on the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and the spirit infused into the world by the late lamented and glorious Pontiff, Pius X.

We are here for the purpose of establishing, regardless of any distinction of parish, of position, of means, of education, or otherwise, a branch of that noble and sainted body. All we are asked to do is to consecrate one hour to the Blessed Sacrament. There are no monthly nor yearly fees; no obligations beyond the fulfilment of the freely accepted one of giving that hour to adoration and contemplation. It is an opportunity to

preach by example and to raise the shield in our hand between humanity and shafts of evil that are showered upon the souls of men. The Priesthood is like Moses on the Mountain-top, praying with uplifted hands to God, and we like the Israelites in the valley below, fighting the good fight against the enemies of God and His Truth, and certain of victory as long as those consecrated hands are held aloft.

My humble task is done; I will, after this evening, step down into the ranks to take my place in the Guard of the Blessed Sacrament. But do not forget that the most sublime Epic of the ages is not from the pen of Milton, Dante or Homer; it is the story of the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament written page after page throughout twenty times one hundred years. The Seal was placed upon the volume, the Imprimatur was given to it, by Christ in Person at the Last Supper; the title-page was written on Calvary, with a nail through His hand for a pen and with His Crimson Blood for ink; and generation after generation a sublime page was added to that wonderful and unbroken Epic by the Pontiffs, the Doctors of the Church, the Saints, the Martyrs, and the Faithful. Even you are permitted to write each one line in it, as will be in your devotion connected with the operations of this Confraternity; it will be the brightest achievement of your career on earth. The grandest expectation I personally can ever have is to add one word to that masterpiece, in the hope of some day, in the company of all lovers of the Holy Eucharist, reading that word by the light of God's ineffable glory in the Mansions of the Father above.

UNVEILING OF CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT

(Lecture delivered at Ottawa, on Thursday, May 27, 1917.)

In presence of his Royal Highness the Governor-General and the Prime Minister and members of the Capitol, Dr. Foran delivered the inaugural address at the unveiling, by his Royal Highness, of the monument to Samuel de Champlain. Despite the gale of wind that swept Nepean Point at the time, Dr. Foran's words were distinctly heard over the entire audience.

May it please Your Royal Highness, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As Secretary of the Champlain Monument Committee it is my pleasant duty to express the thanks of the President, Sir Sandford Fleming, and of the members of the Committee to Your Royal Highness for the privilege accorded them in adding to the éclat of this occasion by your presence and your participation in the ceremony of this unveiling. I have also to thank the Dominion Government, that of Quebec and that of Ontario, as well as the cities of Ottawa and Montreal, and a host of prominent and patriotic citizens for their generous contributions to this memorial. Nor can I forget the sculptor, Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, who has here added another leaf to the laurel wreath which his chisel has won for him in the domain of Canadian art.

On yonder Parliament Hill, under the shadow of the Gothic pile, stand the statues of some of Canada's great men—Macdonald, Mackenzie, Baldwin, Lafontaine, Cartier, McGee and others. There still are places for others yet to come. But we are in no hurry to see them there, because we prefer to keep the originals with us rather than to admire their effigies on the Hill. It is meet that those statues should surround that edifice, because within its walls these men performed their respective tasks in the upbuilding of our Dominion. But this is a memorial of a different character. This monument carries the mind back three hundred years along the highway of Canadian history. It was on this very spot that, according to his own mémoires, in 1613, Samuel de Champlain landed and took, with the old-fashioned astrolabe, the observations that were to guide him along his pathway of discovery through the forests primeval of Ontario. He said it was on the south bank of the Ottawa, on the third cliff below the cataract, that he landed. This is the south shore; this is the third cliff; yonder, bridled by the hands of industry, is the cataract of the Chaudière. Here Champlain stood and from this spot he set out, bearing in one hand the torch of civilization and in the other the flambeau of Christianity, to blaze a pathway through the wilds of this glorious region,

Moreover, no other place could be more appropriate for such a monument. This is the capital of our Dominion—a Dominion vast in its proportions, endless in its resources and boundless in its liberties. This is the centre to which converge all interests, commercial, national, industrial, religious, political and otherwise; this is the focus whence radiate over all the country, to its uttermost rim, the rays of legislation that are

to serve as a guiding light along the avenue of Canada's destiny. This is the border line between the two olden Provinces, the French Province of Quebec and the English-speaking Province of Ontario. Here meet, like tides, the two great national bodies—each with its own mentality, traditions and language, but both with the same aims, loyalty and patriotism. They meet not as the breakers of Atlantic on the basalt rocks of the Azores, but the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, above Montreal, uniting in one gigantic stream, that bears upon its waters the burden of our country's commerce, industry and progress on down to the unlimited ocean of Empire.

Could the spirit of Champlain return to earth and animate this statue, and could those bronze lips speak they would talk to us in the language of Racine, Lamartine, of Jacques Cartier and de Maisonneuve—the language that stamped its everlasting beauties upon the civilization of all Europe. Could those ears hear the sound of earth, they would listen with delight to the blending of his native tongue with that of the English-speaking Empire under whose matchless constitution we live. Could those eyes see they would behold the wonderful transformations that three centuries have operated; the same beauties of nature with the addition of the attractions of this magnificent city. They would see more than all that—they would see the flags of France, Belgium, Russia and Italy surrounding the " Meteor Flag " of Great Britain—symbolic of the harmony of thought and unity of aim in the breasts of all these peoples in the presence of the most terrific upheaval that ever rocked to its foundations the continent of Europe. The martial spirit of Champlain would glow with enthusiasm in the contemplation of such a spectacle.

In 1908, when the Tercentenary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain was celebrated in that city, Your Royal Highness' predecessor in office, Lord Grey, proposed a monument of giant form, in the shape of an Angel of Peace, to be placed on the summit of Cape Diamond. Its arms to be extended in welcome and its brow to bear an electric light to serve as a beacon for the vessels coming up the St. Lawrence. What became of that project I do not know. But I do know that the spirit abroad in Canada today is calculated to construct another and more lasting monument than the one conceived by our former Governor—I mean the monument of a Canadian nationhood. Solid in its foundations, majestic in its proportions, sublime in its associations, rich in the relics of its past, cemented by the blood of its sons of every race in this awful struggle, with its arms extended to welcome the worthy children of all lands and with the electric spark of patriotism on its brow shedding a radiance on the hills and valleys of our Dominion.

I am not gifted with the spirit of prophecy—I am not able to cast the horoscope of the future with the certainty of inspiration; but I know that there is a Providence that has watched over the destinies of Canada, from the days of Champlain to the days of the Duke of Connaught. That Providence will continue to watch over this land of the future, to guide her rulers in the ways of wisdom that they may be enabled to make of Canada a stable column in the great temple of Empire. And when the mighty conflict is over; when the crimson bird of carnage will have folded his wings in presence of the halcyon of Peace, may He raise a bard in the land, cleanse his lips as He did those of Isaias, fill his bosom

with inspirations like unto those that thrilled in the breast of the Royal Prophet, give him the vigor of Milton, the versatility of Shakespeare, the melody of Moore and the harmonic culture of Cremazie, that, while he is praising the Giver of all good Gifts, he may worthily chant a deathless anthem—an anthem that will go ringing down the aisles of that temple of Empire unto the end of time—and the burden of that anthem will be:

"Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
GOD SAVE THE KING."

PROPAGANDA FIDEI

This Lecture Was Delivered in the Hall of the Capucins Church, Ottawa, May, 1917

Rev. Father, Ladies and Gentlemen:

There is no institution on earth, because there is none other of Divine foundation, that has as perfect a system as has the Catholic Church. The visible Church is a body, with head and members, arteries and veins, all calculated to operate in harmony, each with its special functions, and the whole animated by the Spirit of Truth—the Holy Ghost. There is but one Head, the source of all authority, the Vicar of Christ; infallible, when speaking *ex-cathedra,* on matters of dogma or morals; the least likely of all men to err upon other matters, on account of his training, his world-wide circle of assistance, his unlimited sources of information, and his diplomatic acquirements.

From that sole source of authority all dogmatic and moral decisions are promulgated, all directions are issued, in the form of letters, encyclicals, or Bulls, addressed to the hierarchy, the clergy—regular and secular —as well as to the faithful throughout the world. The faithful are down in the valley, with eyes turned towards that high summit and ears astrain to catch the instructions and monitions that come from that source. It may happen, as it has happened in the course of time, that clouds intervene between the sun and the valley, checking, obscuring or diverting the rays intended to give life and warmth to the tiny flowers in the crevices of the rocks or scattered over the fields; but the clouds do not approach within measurable distance the luminary, although they are responsible for the failure of those beams to perform their intended functions.

Such expressions of truth and wisdom, going forth from the Vicar of Christ, are flashed from summit to summit of the great mountain range of the Catholic hierarchy, and by the mitred heads of religion they are transmitted to the clergy, numerous as the foot-hills that reach down to the valley, where are the faithful for whose guidance along the way of salvation they are intended. Authoritative direction descends along that line, but does not ascend; the initiative lies with the Head, not with the members of the body, much less with the faithful. If, in the course of events, a member of the hierarchy, or a member of the clergy, should, in the case of an infallible pronouncement, decline to accept that promulgation, the act would be one of heresy—pure and simple—as much so as any rebellious action of Luther; and, in the case of lesser moment, when pronouncement takes the form of a paternal instruction, advice or expressed desire, the ignoring or contravening of it is tantamount to rebellion and finds expression in the sadly memorable words *non serviam.* In any case, such disregard for the will of Christ's Vicar is calculated to undermine the most stable foundations of the ecclesiastical structure and to open the way for abuses of a character to frustrate effectively the Propagation of the Faith. And the responsibility and dire conse-

quences are in the direct ratio of the elevation and rank of the one offending. The Pope, by virtue of his office, must supply the members of the hierarchy with what is required to feed their flocks; in turn the Bishops must transmit to the priests under their care their respective shares of the supply; and the priests, in the fulfilment of the duties of their high calling, must neither neglect nor decline to divide their allowance of that spiritual manna amongst the faithful over whom they are placed.

These principles are axiomatic; yet, in practice, they are very often ignored. One striking example forces itself on our attention at this critical period in the history of the Church.

Never before, since the unsettled times of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, has the world been so disturbed socially, morally, internationally and religiously, as it is at the present hour. Never before, in long centuries, has the Church been more in need of a firm hand at the helm, and a reliable, experienced and energetic set of officers and crew, as well as of perfect discipline and unrelenting activity, in order to weather the storm and bring the Bark of Peter over the shoals and quicksands, safely into the harbor of Catholic peace and safety. Under these circumstances it may not be inopportune to illustrate the foregoing principles by a concrete example. Possibly the war convulsion that rocked the social world to its very foundations may be, to a great extent, responsible for the conditions about to be indicated; if so, all the more reason to avoid, in times of general readjustment, the dangers of the period of upheaval.

Taking in, with eagle glance, the disturbing elements of the world, and recalling the success of St. Francis in allaying the unrest of the thirteenth century, Leo XIII., in September, 1882, in his Encyclical "Auspicato," proposed and recommended, urged and insisted upon the revival and propagation of the Third Order as "the most opportune and surest means of bringing back humanity to normal conditions," calming the disturbed waters of the social ocean, and drawing order and peace out of chaos and strife.

In the days of St. Francis the social unrest was due to the antagonism between the lords and the serfs; the holding of land was the source of power on the side of the lords, and the serfs were no better than cattle. Through the Third Order St. Francis brought both elements together on a common platform, and, even in his own lifetime, he destroyed the feudal system of Europe, with its train of tyrannic satellites, and brought freedom to the slaves and relief to the oppressed. To-day the lords are replaced by the capitalists; the serfs by the workmen; power through land-holding by power through dividends and stocks. Envy, hate, jealousy, in our time, as in that of Leo XIII., engender a strife that becomes daily more accentuated. The Pontiff saw the Third Order producing in modern times the same results that it effected seven centuries ago. After that appeal from the Supreme Head of the Church was made, it took fully a quarter of a century before its significance was realized or its mandate obeyed. It was reserved for his successor, the saintly Pius X., to exhort, by means of Encyclicals and admonitions, to repeat and accentuate that appeal in favor of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Neither the members of the hierarchy, with few exceptions, nor the members of the clergy, with proportionately fewer exceptions, seemed to

grasp the significance and the momentous importance of those appeals from the successive Vicars of Christ. Scarcely had Pius X. penned his last plea on behalf of the Third Order, than the storm, foreseen and dreaded by the august author of those Encyclicals, burst upon Europe. The volcano of strife broke into eruption. Under the shock of the first eruption, the peace-loving heart of the Pontiff ceased to beat, and appalled by what he beheld in the bosom of society, his gentle spirit fled away to the regions of rest where the Seraphic Francis awaited him. During that period of universal turmoil the voices of the dead Pontiffs were drowned in the clangor of conflict. But now, when the halcyon wings of Peace are spreading gradually over the world, perhaps those long-hushed appeals from the Vicars of Christ will be revived, and the hierarchy and the clergy, so distracted by the rush of events and so preoccupied with the terrors of war and its results, will have the necessary calm to enable them to realize how important for the faithful, as well as for the Faith, it is to revive and spread abroad the Third Order. Within a couple of months, if not sooner, the present Holy Father, Benedict XV., will issue an Encyclical upon the same subject; and, without anticipating, we might easily surmise its purport and its scope. He will undoubtedly retrace the story of the Third Order, its foundation, its objects and its achievements; logically will follow the general reasons set forth by Leo XIII. and Pius X. for its revival and propagation all over the Catholic world; and, as a necessary consequence, there will be instructions to the pastors of souls in connection with the employment of this spiritual weapon to combat the ever-growing phalanx of Satan.

The failure, generally, to recognize the special and unique *rôle* of the Third Order in the great drama of Catholicity is due to the fact that it is looked upon as a Church society, a parochial association, a Catholic organization of mutual benefit class, or a sodality of some undefined kind. Yet it is none of these, but is calculated to assist all of them. Again it is frequently considered from a temporal or material point of view, when, in reality, it has nothing in common with either. Its aims, methods, means are entirely spiritual—therefore ordinary arms of combat are absolutely foreign to its spirit and mission. Instead of lessening the influence or effective work of other Catholic bodies, its aim, amongst others, is to fire the zeal of parishioners for the special works of their respective parishes, and to spur on the enthusiasm of members of all Catholic associations in the cause of their respective societies. It is, perhaps, the most powerful auxiliary they could possibly have. To clear away all misapprehensions as to its nature and its fundamental principles is an apostolate according to the hearts of the great Pontiffs who so clearly appreciated its importance in the Catholic world to-day. It is not easy, in this materialistic age, to completely divest one's mind of all temporal considerations; and yet such must be done in order to fathom the spirit of St. Francis and to understand the spirit of the Third Order.

The coming Encyclical will be the clarion call preceding the imposing celebration of the seven hundredth anniversary of founding of the Third Order. The year 1921 will witness on this continent the great Tertiary Convention to be held, probably in Chicago or St. Louis. An impetus, under Papal inspiration, will be given to this wonderful movement. We will behold a general revival, throughout the Catholic world, of this

unique method of calming the sea of human unrest and purging society of the social, political and anti-religious evils that beset it so cruelly to-day. It is to be expected that the lay element, urged and encouraged by the hierarchy and clergy, will flock in vast numbers to the standard of St. Francis. Every Catholic society should have members of the Third Order in its ranks; every parish should have its quota of Tertiaries; the spirit of the Order should be instilled into young and old, so that the spirituality, which alone can counteract materialistic tendencies, may sway the great body of the faithful and impart renewed vigor and vitality to their Catholicity.

Not in all the long centuries of the Church's history has a more opportune time existed for a stupendous effort in regard to the Propagation of the Faith; and not only the faithful, but their pastors, will be afforded, under the guiding voice of the Sovereign Pontiff, the spiritual arms wherewith they can " fight the good fight " unto the end of time. So Christ-like is the spirit that St. Francis breathed into his Third Order that its influence, once felt and understood, seems to waft the soul, on untried wings, into an atmosphere where peace and contentment take possession of it, where life is transformed, miseries become joys, sacrifices become delights, and where humiliation elevates and poverty enriches. Truly can the Tertiary repeat that expression of sublime emancipation:

" Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?
Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

" SERAPHIC CHRONICLE "

213 Stanton Street, New York City

New York, October 27, 1919.

Dear Friend:

Your reminder of September 8th was very opportune, as was shown in the next three numbers of the Chronicle. And now, dear and reliable friend, there is a demand for that promised series on the eight branches. I need the articles for the January and succeeding numbers. All my usual contributors have deserted the Chronicle, excusing themselves with too much work; don't you allege the same excuse.

Enclosed two photographs of the Franciscan tree; which of these would you prefer for a cut accompanying the articles? I have two identical pictures on hand. Let me know, please, your choice, and I'll have the cut made.

Now, dear friend, don't forget the much harassed editor. God ever bless and keep you and yours. My particular greetings to Ethel.

Gratefully yours,

Fr Maurus, O. M. Cap

HE CHARMED THREE AUDIENCES

The president of St. Patrick's Association, Montreal, sends The Journal an appreciation of what he terms " Dr. Foran's splendid work for harmony between all races in Canada."

On Wednesday evening, in St. Patrick's Hall, Montreal, November 1918, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's A.A.A., and before one of the most representative audiences ever assembled in that hall, Dr. J. K. Foran delivered an address on " Real Irish Wit and Humor " that not only delighted but astonished the entire assembly.

In his addresses, improperly called lectures, Dr. Foran uses neither manuscript nor notes. It is one continued flow of language, with most admirable gestures, vocal inflections, and flashes of genuine wit and flights of most elevating eloquence.

Possibly no other man in Canada today could achieve on the platform what Dr. Foran did during the past three weeks. In French and in English, with an equal command of both, he charmed three very distinct audiences and brought harmony where no end of prejudices have so long unfortunately existed.

On the 6th of December, 1918, at the Monument National in Ottawa, speaking in French on " The Two Languages in Canada," he absolutely raised the entire French Canadian population of Ottawa and of Quebec Province to an unusual degree of enthusiasm; on the 19th December, in St. George's Hall, Ottawa, he spoke of " The Englishman Seen Through an Irishman's Spectacles," and succeeded in creating with the English element just as enthusiastic a result; finally, on the 27th December, in Montreal, he brought the same olive branch to the Irishmen, and opened their eyes to the grave necessity of union in Canada between all elements of our population. The country owes a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Foran. We all trust that it will some day be fittingly recognized.

The best comment we can make on the splendid oratory of this one man is in the words of a leading citizen of Montreal on last Wednesday night. He said: " It is a pity that, in the order of nature, such a man should ever grow old or ever die."

The French press of last week said: " Had we ten such men in Canada, all the noxious weeds of national and other prejudices would be removed." And for our part, our only regret is that such a man is not in public life to give the country the benefit of his great gifts.

REPORTS FROM TERTIARY CONGREGATIONS

Queen of Angels, Ottawa, Canada, March, 1919:—The attendance at the March meeting was most satisfactory. The announcement having been made, Father Director read the Holy Father's Encyclical on the Third Order, fully explaining and wisely commenting upon it. Four Brothers and four Sisters received the habit; likewise a large number were enrolled in the scapular of St. Joseph. Previous to the monthly meeting a very solid, forcible and enlightening lecture of the Third Order of St. Francis had been delivered in the parish hall by Dr. J. K. Foran, a distinguished member of the Conference. The spacious hall was filled to its capacity, and those who had the good fortune to listen to the eloquent and enthusiastic speaker left the hall with the determination to be present on the next occasion when Dr. Foran could be heard again. The speaker chose as his subject: The World's Greatest Lover, namely, St. Francis. (*Note*): Those who not only receive but actually *read* the CHRONICLE know that Dr. Foran is a regular contributor to the CHRONICLE, and like ourselves must have recognized and admired the depth of learning, the wealth of information, and the fire of love and enthusiasm of the learned Dr. Foran for all things Franciscan, especially the Third Order. We take this opportunity to express publicly to Dr. Foran, this versatile and enthusiastic, but modest and humble Tertiary, our sincerest thanks and appreciation for his hearty and efficient collaboration in the work of the SERAPHIC CHRONICLE.

A REQUEST

(New York, October, 1925.)

Many of our readers have asked: "What has happened to good Dr. Joseph K. Foran, K.C., Litt.D., whose interesting historical sketches have been interrupted?" We are sorry to report that this enthusiastic supporter of the "SERAPHIC CHRONICLE" was at the point of death a few months ago and had to lay down his pen for an indefinite period of time. Having passed the critical stage, he is now slowly on the road of recuperation. On his sixty-seventh birthday, September 5th, he wrote, stating that his condition is gradually improving. May we not ask you, dear reader, to say a prayer for this zealous Tertiary, who, despite the many and pressing duties required of him in the House of Commons in Canada, still generously sacrifices his spare time for historical, Franciscan research work. God bless our kind friend.

In the year 1895 Dr. Foran published his first book of poems, which contained one hundred and twenty-five. That volume was entitled "Poems and Lyrics." Since then he has produced over four hundred, and it is only just that this collection should possess a few of the gems that glitter in the Author's poetic crown.

REFLECTIONS AT SUNSET

(These lines were written by Dr. Foran in his 18th year.)

Slow the summer sun was sinking o'er Laurentian's purple height,
Swift the mountain stream was leaping 'neath the ray of fading light,
Fairy pencils tipped the cloudlets with a deepening crimson glow,
Casting shadows, ever shifting, on the wooded hills below.
Cool the summer breeze was rising, like the spirit of the stream,
Pure refreshing breath of even—changing, haunting like a dream;
Scene for artists, poets' musing—scene for saintly visions grand,
Telling man the power and glory of the All-Creative Hand!

Bright affections fill the recess of each true and noble breast,
Shedding forth a glowing lustre, like the day-god in the west,
Illuming all the thoughts and feelings with a radiance pure and bright,
Tender clothing grief and sorrow in the mantle of its night.
But, alas! how true the picture! Frail affections soon must die,
Even as the golden beauties in the gorgeous summer sky;
While the love that's chaste from heaven, tho' in death it sink away,
Like the orb at eve, it passeth into one eternal day.

Hope, a star is ever beaming o'er the youthful and the brave,
Leading onward human creatures from the cradle to the grave;
Now it shines in haloed beauty, now it sinks in tempests dark,
Now it twinkles in the azure, now it fades a dying spark.
Ah, the hopes that fly before us, earthly tinctures ever share,
Fickle, weak, and disappearing, like the marsh light's lurid glare,
While the hope that God has given tho' it dies away in gloom,
As the sun, 'twill rise in glory from the darkness of the tomb.

Life is but a day of sorrow, tho' its choicest beauties blend,
All its splendors, all its lurings, towards the coming evening tend,
Tho' the morn be rich and radiant, tho' the noon be warm and bright,
Yet the hours are swiftly moving towards the darkening shades of night;
Let the day be traced by duty's all-enchanting magic wand,
And the evening's lingering charms by devotion's sacred hand;
Let the close be calm and holy—and its sun will sink to rest,
Passing thro' the ivory portals to the mansions of the blest!

Fleeting phantom, bright illusion, gleaming ever o'er our way,
Fiery pillar in the night time, cloud of splendor in the day,
Followed thro' the sandy desert of this vexed and troubled life,
Pointing out some land of promise—guiding onward in the strife.
Earthly bliss, that man is seeking, chasing on from hour to hour,
Sought by nations, generations, sought in beauty, wealth and power,
Vain and feeble, vague, deceiving, pale delusions inter-roll,
Why not seek the bliss of Heaven? Bliss eternal of the soul!

Gone the splendid sun of summer, lost behind Laurentian hills,
Deep and deeper fall the shadows on the mountains and the rills.
Day and night are blending slowly in the twilight cold and gray,
Sad, oppressive, mournful feelings—all invite us now to pray.
" Lord eternal, in Thy temple, 'neath its azure dome we kneel,
All Thy power and grace and glory o'er our wandering senses steal,
Day is passing, night is nearing—may our eve be free from gloom—
Like the summer sun, in glory, may we rise beyond the tomb."

MOON LIGHT!

(Dr. Foran was 19 years of age when he wrote these verses, which appeared in his first volume of poems and are being published in this book at special request.)

I

Calm is the eve, the sun has sunk to rest,
Scarce now a pencil gilds the distant West;
Far to the north, along the mountain side
A few disjointed wandering cloudlets glide;
Off to the earth a darker shade is cast,
The wooded hills from view are fading fast;
While here and there from out the shadows deep
At intervals the constellations peep!

II

An hour has past! nor left a single ray
To tell the tale that scarce has gone the day—
And as the clouds along the northern sky
Divide at times, the shepherd may espy
The polar star, the guider thro' the night—
And now, behold! full many a satellite
To North, to South, to West, how grand to see
From pole to pole the bright'ning galaxy!

III

Another hour! and now a silver tinge
Far in the East illumes the cloudlet's fringe!
A mellow flood of softening light is seen,—
And now from out her soft and silvery sheen
The beauteous moon, the mistress of the night,
Appearing, sheds upon the world her light;
Large, round and red she hangs upon the skies
As tho' she dreads or vainly seeks to rise!

IV

And still an hour! where countless planets roam
Behold her now, high in the azure dome,
Advancing still, of night the stately queen;
In silver floods the rolling orb is seen
Suspended high in glorious royal state
Upon a throne of primeval date,
In haloed pride, in seas of living light,
Sublime to view, the gorgeous queen of night!

V

But now along the azure tinted dome
A thousand shades in rolling volumes come;
And clouds on clouds in fleecy softness roll
Till darkness spreads and shrouds from pole to pole,
The countless stars from out the sky we miss,
They hide themselves within the dark abyss,
But still despite the darksome strands of night
Behold at times a glimpse of Luna's light.

VI

But be the sky, all pure, serene and grand,
With planets, stars and galaxy full spanned;
Or be the sky all darkly overcast,
Or storms rage, or storm's fury past,
At evening calm, at midnight's dreaded hour
In cloudless time or during midnight shower,
Whene'er that moon, that glorious queen of night,
Appears on high, the scene is grand, is bright.

VII

'Tis summer now! the stars are in the sky,
Upon the field the lengthening shadows lie,
The rising breeze is humming low its dirge,
The moon is now upon the Eastern verge,
'Tis now I live beneath her silver ray
Thro' meadows green to take my pensive way—
And as the dew is damp upon the sod,
To let my soul ascend to nature's God!

VIII

'Tis winter night! White is the drifting snow
And o'er the plain a chilling blast doth blow;
White is the earth and gray the broken sky,
Along the dome the charging vapors fly.
When, mark the scene! the rolling cloud divides
And Luna fair, from out its shadow glides;
The earth is chang'd, the snow so pure, so white
Beneath her beam is dazzling with delight.

IX

Blow, North blast, blow! roll on, yon dark clouds roll!
Drift, pure snow, drift! you cannot chill the soul;
Howl, fierce wolf, howl! till from the mountain rock
You hear your cry resound with dying mock;
Chill tho' the blast, tho' piercing cold the air,
I love the night 'neath Luna pale and fair.
How grand 'tis now to let one's thoughts arise,
Oh haloed orb, and pierce beyond the skies!

X

Upon the tree the autumn leaf is sear,
Red, yellow, green, they change. How drear
To stray at eve along the withered grass
And hear the moans of Autumn winds that pass,
The song-bird fled, all nature dying fast,
The summer heat, the summer joys are past.
But Autumn, too, has something grand, sublime,
It tells the tale of death, of age, of time!

XI

'Tis now the chill, the season drear and cold,
The time when sad and ghostly thoughts unfold.
'Tis now the time for pensive natures meet,
The proper time the sober sense to greet.
Then go to-night and let your footsteps stray
To sorrow's home, some graveyard cold and gray,
And there beneath the pale moon's silver beam
Stand, gaze and think and tell me of your dream.

XII

I sing no more; I've brought my meed of praise
To heaven's orb of pure, bright silver rays;
At summer eve when heaven's expanse is fair,
At summer eve when cloudlets fill the air,
At winter night when cold the howling blast,
At autumn night when nature's life is past;
At every hour, in every age and clime,
Round orb of light, you've rolled and roll sublime.

A REQUEST TO J. J. GAHAN, ESQ., ON HIS 27th BIRTHDAY

I

Son of the olden storied land!
Come with me to its verdant strand,
And guide me with a brother's hand
Thro' the Green Isle!
Point out each spot, by hill or brake,
Each well-remembered stream or lake,
And in my soul, the spark awake
Of love, the while!

II

Come, point me out the " Eagle's Nest,"
Or where the cloud wraiths purple rest
Midway on Mullagh's hoary breast
As morn appears!
And by Killarney's lakes we'll stray
And list to hear the Fairies play—
You'll sing some dear, some treasured lay
Of bygone years!

III

We'll ramble thro' the ancient bowers,
Where Erin's bards were crowned with flowers;
You'll show me then, the Gueber's towers,
Their day, now gone!
You'll lead me to the Shannon's stream,
Or where the sun doth ever beam,
Upon that vale—oh fairy dream,
Round Sliabh-na-mon!

IV

And when each storied spot I've seen,
When on each battle-ground we've been,
Oh, point me out the " Shamrock green "
On Davis' grave!
And tell to me, for well you know,
Where Erin's sons are lying low,
Those sons, that for her in her woe
Their life-blood gave!

V

Then by some moss-clad, ruined shrine,
An hour together we'll recline,
You'll tell me of her wrongs, and thine,
My dear, dear friend!
And as o'er history's page we pore,
You'll tell me of the days of yore,
When Erin was unstained by gore,
From end to end!

VI

And then the tale of woe and pain,
Of famished daughters—fathers slain,
Of battles fought, alas, in vain,
But stay! No more!
And when the story you have told,
Beside Siol Elaich, gray and old
My love to Ireland I'll unfold
And swear to keep it pure!

VII

With you, oh friend of boyhood years!
I'll gaze on Erin in her tears,
And see her when the light appears,
Of freedom, on her brow!
My love for her to ever keep
Tho' she should long in sorrow weep
Until I sleep my last long sleep,
To you, and her I'll vow!

VIII

Then come along, my friend, with me
And we will cross the sweeping sea;
And by the Shannon, or the Lee,
Together rove!
And when as brothers we have trod,
That loved, that dear old Irish sod,
Together will we pledge to God
For her, our love!

Laval University, Quebec, January 3rd, 1878.

(Note: James J. Gahan was a brilliant young Irish poet and journalist. Like many other talented men of the past his name and works are unknown to the modern reader. The literary critics considered some of his poems as masterpieces for their originality of thought and beauty of expression.)

THAT LAST LOOK OF NAPOLEON I

(When leaving France for St. Helena.)

At length the dread hour that his genius foretold,
Has come, like a spell, 'twixt his fame and the tomb;
The curtain that hangs o'er the past is uproll'd,
And he takes a last glimpse thro' the twilight of doom!
O'er the speck that is fading afar in the sea,
Grand visions of glory have wheeled into sight;
The glittering of Power o'er the graves of the free,
The flashing of swords 'round the foot-stool of Might!
The Present has fled—he is now with the Past!
Enjoy thy great visions—this one is the last!

Like a star that is shot from the regions of night,
He beholds the wild flash of his meteor fame;
It blazes an hour in the realms of light,
Then sinks to the gloom whence so lately it came.
An Island its birth-place, an Island its grave,
Its life 'midst sulphureous rollings of war;—
Around it the noble, the wise and the brave,
Like planets, revolve 'round a central star.
That system is broken—and scattered its light;
There is darkness to-day 'round the foot-stool of Might!

The Bavarian is swept from the tottering bridge,
The sword flashes out that is never to yield;
The cheer of Marengo is heard on the ridge,
As the " legions " rush down to the corpse-strewn field;
The sands of the desert are scattered in air,
The dead and the dying are heaped by the Nile,
And centuries look down, with the glance of despair,
From the dark-frowning top of the pyramid's pile!
The sun has gone down in Egypt's dark night;
There's a trophy to lay at the foot-stool of Might!

The Powers of old Europe are marshalled again,
O'er the Village of Austerlitz rises the sun;
Ere the evening has come they are stark on the plain,
And the field, by that hero, in glory, is won.
A year passes on—and, by Olmutz' bright tents,
The armies of Europe unite for an hour;
Over Jena their banners are scattered in rents,
And the Genius of War has affirmed his power.
Through thy aisles, Notre Dame, are the splendors of light;
Te Deums ascend from the foot-stool of Might!

The Czar of the Russias, that despot of iron,
On a raft, receives peace from the terror of earth,
His bayonets the Bear of the snow-land environ
In the womb of what future his glory had birth!
They bow to his word, as the trees to the blast,
They hearken in fear, who are potent in war;
He has humbled them all, from the first to the last,
And has chained their strong limbs to his thundering car,
Both Heaven and Earth are as naught in *his* sight:
Immutable seems *now* the foot-stool of Might!

The star has now reached its bright zenith of fame;
It may flash, for a while, o'er an awe-stricken world:
But alas! for the fuel to feed such a flame!
Soon, soon from that height must the victor be hurl'd,
From thy rocks Torres Vedras the knell has rung out;
Salamanca has spoken in accents of fire:
Badajos proclaims from her craggy redoubt
That the day of his triumph is soon to expire.
There's a gathering of clouds like the oncoming night,
There are fragments detached from the foot-stool of Might!

In the cries of the victims that fell on the field,
The moans from Vincennes' deep dungeons ascend;
And he who could conquer, but never would yield,
Is forced for a moment in spirit to bend.
'Tis noon—it is June—'tis the day of the Lord,—
On a Belgian hill is a gorgeous review;
Thy huts, Quatre Bras, have heard that famed word,
That ordered the charge o'er thy squares, Waterloo.
The last stroke has fallen and vanished the light,
There are ruins and gloom 'round the foot-stool of Might!

The speck in the ocean has sunk from his view,
He closes his field-glass and turns from the prow;
He has hoped his last hope, no more to renew
The flushing of joy on his marble-like brow.
His glory is gone, like a dream of the night,
His name may survive in the annals of fame;
But shadows shall blend with the glory of light,
And curses, with blessings, be heaped on his name.
Thus vanish forever the thrones of Might,
That rest not their strength on the pillars of Right!

—Montreal, May 1895.

THANKSGIVING

These lines were written for "The Pen" when Dr. Foran was the Editor of that paper:

For the sound of waters rushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies,
The crystals on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty,
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossomings of flowers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark and silent gorges
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner majesty;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunlight,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty,
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzling sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing,
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smile, Thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human,
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of Thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For Thine own great gift of being,
I thank Thee, O my God.

A NORTHERN STORM

(Written for " The Rosary Magazine," 1895)

As the sun went down, through the purple haze,
On horizon's rim, he was blood-like red;
" What a glorious eve!" was my simple phrase;
" And an awful night," the Indian said.
Yet the air was calm, and the sky was bright,
Could it be that the dusky guide was right?

An hour: and the folds of the darkness swept
Over mirror lake, over mountain high,
While his lonely watch by the loon was kept,
And the echoes answer'd his ghoul-like cry.
The forests murmur'd, and the very air
Was as weird and strange as if ghosts were there.

Still another hour: as we paus'd to hear,
Like distant thunder came a rumbling sound;
The partridge flutter'd in its sudden fear,
And the hare leap'd past with a zig-zag bound,
For a time it ceas'd, while its giant form
The pine-tree braced for the coming storm.

Then the hissing gusts that hurriedly sped—
As they sounded their warning notes on high,—
Like heralds of war through the forest fled,
And shriek'd to the woods as they gallop'd by,
Defiant the elm, and proudly the ash
Prepared their limbs for the coming crash.

The van of the storm was upon their heels;
Down the mountain side its battalions rush'd,
As when broken rank in the onset reels,
And the trampled dead are in hundreds crush'd,
Came the first wild charge of that fearful fight;
And the trees bent low to the tempest's might.

A flying-column made a sweep in flank,
Deploying its force on the rolling lake,
While the waves leap'd up o'er the steepest bank,
As if by assault the woods they would take.
On the hills, in their stalwart steady lines,
With the giant blast fought the stately pines.

How the thunder boom'd! How the lightnings flash'd!
As when avalanche down St. Gothard shoots,
Through grove and thicket had the monster crash'd,
And upwrench'd the pines by their very roots.
Just one dreadful hour of destructive wrath,
While the Boreal scythe mow'd its level path.

How the scudding clouds rolled near and far,
Till a rent was slit by the wind's keen knife,—
Then above, in the blue, shone a silent star,
That calmly smiled on the wreck and strife,
My God! in all truth, 'twas " an awful night ":
I had found that the dusky guide was right.

THE AURORA BOREALIS

As the twilight's gray was swallow'd
In the depths of night that follow'd,
And the hand of darkness hollow'd
Furrows deep along the land,
Distant bells in sheep-fold tinkled,
Million stars in azure twinkled,
And the southern sky was wrinkled,
Over mountain-peaks that stand,
    Like giants swarth and grand.

In the north, behold a flushing;
Then a deep and crimson blushing,
Follow'd by an airy rushing
Of the purple waves that rise!
As when armed host advances,
See, a silver banner dances,
And a thousand golden lances
Shimmer in the Boreal skies!
    The picture slowly dies!

Now, in bright prismatic splendor,
Comes a vision still more tender,
As a curtain white and slender
Falls across the space afar;
Where its lacy folds are ending,
With the black of distance blending,
Are its miles of fringe descending,
Hanging from a golden bar—
    Pinned to heav'n by a star!

Like a monster rous'd from sleeping,
First to westward slowly creeping,
Then, in headlong fury, sweeping,
Rush'd a mammoth cloud of black;
Rolling upward, plunging, lashing,
Through the fairy curtain dashing,
With a thousand beauties flashing,
O'er its phosphorescent back—
    Endless streamers in its track!

Visions of Arabian story;
Crimson fields of battle gory;
In kaleidoscopic glory,
Shifting, fading, restless tents;
Fairy armies wild in motion;
Jewell'd shrines of strange devotion;
And a greenish, tideless ocean,
Bound by ice-clad mounts and dents,
    Saw me through the curtain rents!

Transformations still beholding,
Up the veil is swiftly folding—
And fantastic shapes are moulding
On the back-ground of the sky;
Dimmer armies are parading,—
Fainter wreaths the light is braiding,
While the splendors all are fading
Into one deep purple dye,
    Disappearing from the eye!

In the wondrous loom of heaven,
With the shuttle of the even,
Woof and warp of colors seven
An Almighty hand doth weave;—
The Aurora Borealis
Hides the glories of that palace,
Where no sin, with deadly malice,
Makes the heart and soul to grieve;—
    Think, oh, man! and then believe!

What a mighty revelation
In the wonders of creation!
Joy and grief and expectation
Dance through nature's scenes at night!
Life is dark'ning, life is glowing,
Pleasant zephyrs round it blowing,
Brilliant colors through it flowing,
Fading all when once in sight;
    Such is life—a Northern Light!

Montreal, 1st March, 1895.

TO THE HOLY FAMILY

This is one of those beautiful hymns that His Holiness Leo XIII. composed in honor of the Holy Family. We give the Latin text, followed by a translation, as near as the writer could approach the original in English verse.

IN SACRAM FAMILIAM

JESUM, MARIAM, JOSEPH

HYMNUS

O lux beata cœlitum,
Et summa spes mortalium,
Jesu, o cui domestica
Arrisit orto caritas:

Maria, dives gratia,
O sola quæ casto potes
Fovere Jesum pectore,
Cum lacte libans oscula:

Tuque ex vetustis patribus
Delecte custos Virginis,
Dulci patris quem nomine
Divina Proles invocat.

De stirpe Jesse nobili
Nati in salutem gentium,
Audite nos qui, supplices,
Vestras ad aras sistimus.

Dum sol redux ad vesperum
Rebus nitolem detrahit,
Nos hic manentes intimo
Er corde vota fundimus.

Qua vestra sedes floruit
Virtutis omnis gratia,
Hanc detur in domesticis
Referre posse moribus.

LEO XIII.

Translation

TO THE HOLY FAMILY

JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH

HYMN

O, Light, the bliss of those above!
The mortal's hope supreme!
Jesus, at birth a family's love
Received Thee in its gleam:

Mary, rich treasure of all grace,
Worthy alone unto thy heart
To press that Jesus and to place
On Him a kiss, and milk impart:

And thou, great Patriarch of choice,
The guardian of the Virgin Maid;
In name of Father thou'dst rejoice,
A tribute by that Infant paid.

Of Jesse's noble seed all three—
You brought salvation to our race;
List to the humble prayer that we
Raise at your altar's sacred place!

At that hour when the sun descends,
And darkness falls as the glow departs,
Our solemn offering then ascends—
Pray'rs from the secret of our hearts!

Resplendent your abode with light
That flashes from all virtues true;
Let our poor fam'lies all grow bright,
Reflecting images of you.

Montreal, 17th April, 1895.

GLADSTONE

Born 29th December, 1809; Died 19th May, 1898

Round Hawarden's stately castle, as around some mighty tomb,
Hang the sombre, silent foldings of a deep unwonted gloom;
Spring's sweet songsters make their music in the grand ancestral trees;
Sunlight streams on scenes familiar; rippling brook and sighing breeze
Seem to feel the great bereavement, seem in accents mute to say,
" He that knew us, he that lov'd us, is forever gone to-day,—
We are mourning in our brightness, in our joyousness we moan."
Even thus are nature's charms shadowed by thy loss, Gladstone!

All the volumes that he fondled, all the objects of his care,
Stand as silent, lonely mourners 'round the glorious statesman there.
All the servants whom he cherished with a Christian master's heart,
Weeping, take their farewell glances, as they now forever part.
Ye who watched him slowly passing, ye whose souls have cause to weep,
Ye were privileged to tend him as he sank to endless sleep;
Noble spouse, sad-hearted children, cherish now that silent clay,
He is *yours* by rights all human, take your last fond look to-day.

For to-morrow other weepers all a nation's rights will claim,
By Great Britain is custodian of her greatest statesman's fame!
From Hawarden's deep seclusion to Westminster's gothic fane,
As in triumph, will the people bear the immortal one again!
Amidst poets, statesmen, sages, warriors, princes—all the great—
It is meet that he should slumber in a more than regal state.
On the century's field of story he must stand sublime, alone,
Freedom's eloquent apostle, with no title save " GLADSTONE."

Montreal, 24th May, 1898.

AN EPIGRAPH
(June, 1902)

(The following Epigraph was composed at the request of a French author, to be placed at the head of a chapter in a work published in France. It is supposed to epitomize the sentiments expressed in that chapter.)

My ambition soars not high;
    Happy in obscurity,
All I ask is just to try
Simple songs, like birds that fly
    When they reach maturity—
Follow'd by some kindly eye,
As they skim along the sky
    Of a vast futurity—
Songs that may evoke a sigh
Of affection—such as I
    Love in all its purity.

THE VOYAGEUR'S GRAVE

(April, 1905)

(The Coulonge is one of the most turbulent tributaries of the Ottawa. Along its banks are hundreds of graves where repose the ashes of hunters and woodsmen who met death in its waters. The superstitious raftsmen often mistake the white birch trees for ghosts, as they loom in the twilight above these unknown graves.)

Where Coulonge from the wooded north sweeps down,
Over white cascades, in his swollen might,
The tall pines keep guard on the cliffs that frown,
And the moose looks out on the river's flight.

Where the eddies whirl and in fierceness churn
Into foam the waters that fret and rave,
Is a verdant mound, near the river's turn,
And a birch-tree stands by that lonely grave.

At evening the sun, like a chief retires
From the field of his triumph, flush'd, content,
And the hills are red with bivouac fires,
As he draws the folds of his crimson tent.

Then o'er forest depths hangs the twilight's pall,
Till the troops of the night dark banners wave,
When more ghastly white and more grim and tall,
Seems the ragged birch by that lonely grave.

As the hunter's bark down the swift stream shoots,
While a silence broods over sky and land,
He starts when the ghoul-like owl hoots,
From the gloom where the serried pine trees stand.

His heart beats faster, and his paddle dips,
As his skiff leaps tremblingly o'er the wave,
For he glances back, and with pallid lips,
He salutes the ghost at that lonely grave.

THE CHURCH AND FRANCE

(March, 1906)

Into an old temple he rambled at eve,
As the twilight was wrapping the day's dying glow;
The veilleuse was gone, and the old peasant did grieve
To see the white tabernacle empty below.

He gazed at the Crucifix standing above,
And asked of the Saviour what next would befall;
When, in accents Divine, spoke the Incarnate Love—
"Go tell them, my child, that I pardon them all."

CANADA'S DOMAIN

Comes a voice from broad Pacific, o'er the prairies of the West;
Comes a voice from out the Northland, where tower Canadian pines;
Comes a voice from the far Eastward, where Atlantic's silver crest
Rolls up to kiss the features of our seaboard's rugged lines.
There's a voice comes from the mart,
From the fostered shrines of art,
From the temples of devotion and the homes of education;
And a myriad voices start
From many an humble heart—
To proclaim the youthful greatness of our own Canadian nation.

High above the Rockies' summits, where alone the eagles rest,
Towers a mountain in the whiteness of its pure, eternal snow,
And the sunshine weaves a halo around its glittering crest,
While unnumbered giant fragments cluster at its feet below.
In the mountain-range of Time,
'Midst the nations most sublime,
In a solitude of grandeur does one lofty peak appear;
Youth-like freshness in its clime,
Free from stain of war's dread crime,
Canada, thy vast proportions are beheld from far and near.

There's a prayer for this Dominion, that unto high heaven ascending,
Like to incense curling upward, spreads a fragrance on the air;
And ten thousand humbler voices with the greater ones are blending
In the solemn, powerful cadence of that deep and grateful prayer.
A spontaneous invocation
From the bosom of the Nation,
That Heaven may guide her progress along the Future's way;
For the constant preservation,
And a true amelioration
Of the Empire's brightest jewel and this Century's brightest ray.

There's a prayer, then, from the fireside of the one who woos the Muses;
There's a prayer from all the teachers of our young Dominion's youth;
There's a prayer from every writer who instructs or who amuses;
There's a prayer from every teacher of Fidelity and Truth.
And the One who guides the Nations
Hears those solemn invocations,
Swelling upward from each valley, from each mount and wood and plain;
And His hand will mark the stations
Of our country's high gradations,
And with generous dispensations
Will allot her future glory and outline her true Domain.

House of Commons, Ottawa, 14th June, 1906.

THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD

(July, 1906)

(The locality referred to in this poem is in the vicinity of Ottawa.)

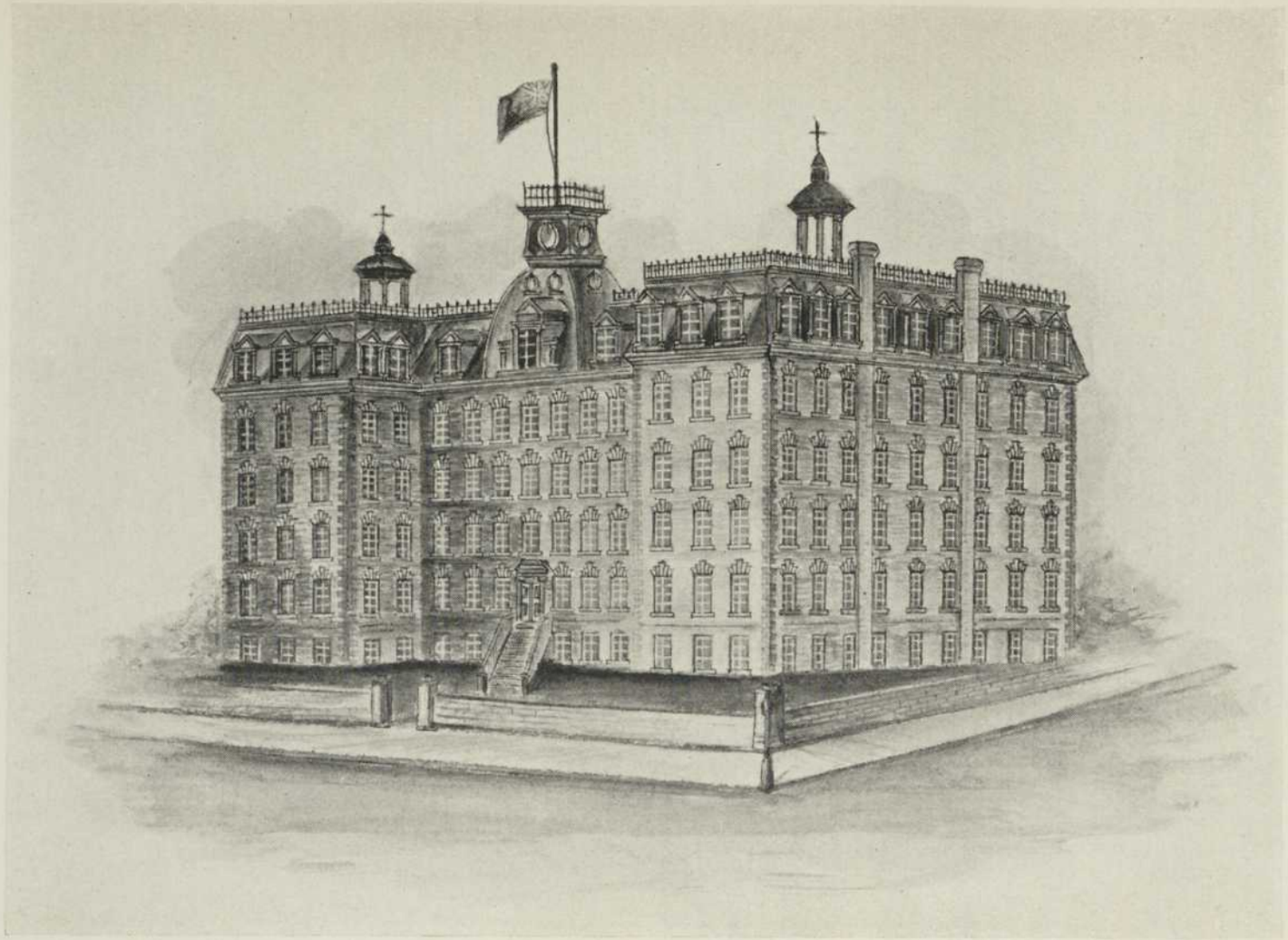
They are gone like the sunlight that faded last even,
Like the leaves that the blast of the autumn has strewn,
Like the clouds that have swept o'er the blue vaulted heaven,
Like the chips from the iceberg that ocean has hewn;
They are gone, as the dreams of a night disappearing,
And with them loved scenes and fond faces have fled;
Let us pause, as our life bark is swiftly careering,
And live for an hour with THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

From the grave of the Past, in their spectre-like whiteness,
With the garments of times we remember so well,
They arise, and we seem to behold in their brightness
A shadow that falls with a wizard-like spell.
They move in procession around and before us,
And mystic their gesture, and silent their tread;
While they break not the stillness, tho' chanting in chorus
The songs that we sung in THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

The features and scenes so familiar to childhood,
In Memory's glass are as true as of yore;
The cottage we knew, and the stream from the wildwood,
The spire of the shrine where we went to adore;
The neighbors from market at evening returning,
When the sun sank to rest on his crimson-deck'd bed;
The lights that afar in the hamlet were burning,
All, all have come back with THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

The long dusty road that came up from the hollow,
And wound thro' the fields like a ribbon of gray,
The light-hearted lads that along it would follow
Each other from school at the closing of day;
The old man in brown, who had jokes out of number,
And told them so well, as he shook his white head,
(Long since 'neath a green mound his cold ashes slumber,)
Appeared, for an hour, with THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

The Doctor who drove in his gig from the village,
With his satchel behind and a smile on his face,
The farmer who talked of the fences and tillage,
And everything else, except what was in place;
The trees that we planted—long since have they vanished—
The dance and the bee in the high narrow shed;
The fiddler, and all were from memory banished,
Till they flashed back again with THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, OTTAWA

(Where Dr. Foran received his education. The College is now called the University of Ottawa)

"Dear Shrine of St. Joseph, as here I recall
The days when I first trod your ground,
The twilight of memory seems darkly to fall
On the features, the names, the voices and all
To whom my affections are bound."

(*Taken from* "Poems and Lyrics")

The children we knew o'er the wide world are scattered,
The older ones sleep 'neath the grass by yon trees;
The mill on the brook has for long years been shattered,
And the arms are gone that were turned by the breeze.
And much as we cherish the scenes of the Present,
The blessings they hold and the joys that they shed,
No features as fair and no voices as pleasant
As those that belong to THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

They are gone, and like dry branches lost in the burning,
Tho' a light shines around them, they are still in the gloom;
Sad tears, not sweet smiles, come with their returning,
'Tis better they'd rest in the Past's mighty tomb.
The picture is changed, and new faces are beaming,
Let us cherish them now, for too soon they'll have fled;
Their forms and their voices will pass like our dreaming,
And soon will go down to THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

While Memory lasts shall her magic chain bind us
To the many we loved when our cares were but few,
And oft, in life's twilight, our ramblings shall find us
Drifting back to the Old from the scenes of the New.
God bless them, and sweet be their undisturbed slumber;
May no foot with harsh sound o'er their resting-place tread,—
There were hopes that we counted, like stars, without number,
That sleep in the grave with THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

THE BATTLE OF SAINT-DENIS*

A Vision of the Days of 1837-38

I

As the August sun was nearing the golden distant west,
The sky was cloudless overhead—a rich yet varied blue—
On the twin spires of Saint-Antoine did the glow of even' rest,
And a breeze swept down the valley where rolls the Richelieu.

II

A green, historic island, by the rushing stream entwin'd,
From out the bluish waters upholds a hemlock tree;
And beyond that olden landmark, in an elm grove enshrin'd,
Rise the dome and glittering turrets of the Church of Saint-Denis.

III

'Long the bank of that swift river, 'neath the tall ancestral trees,
On that afternoon in August I beheld a vision grand,
And adown the years long vanished, upon the summer breeze,
Came the patriot memorials of the heroes of our land.

IV

Yonder steeples in those waters were reflected as to-day;
Yonder poplars pointed upwards to the cloudless dome above;
Yonder slopes beheld the sunbeams on their wooded summits play;
Yonder chimes were heard aringing from the same old elm grove.

V

Those same bells rang loud a tocsin, in the twilight gathering gray—
(Through the mist of years, like phantoms, rise the hero men of yore)—
As the air was filled with rumors of the coming of the fray,
When unwonted animation throbbed and thrilled from shore to shore.

VI

As the sun went down one evening and the daily work was done,
Horses taken from the harrow, from the buckboard and the cart,
Bearing many a patriot farmer's just as patriotic son,
Along the back concessions in the night were seen to dart.

VII

Loud the horns were twanged as riders galloped down the countryside;
Through the *brûlé* flared the lanterns, from Saint-Roch to Contrecoeur;
To the Southward other envoys in alarm were heard to ride,
Bearing signals of the summons from Saint-Marc to Saint-Hilaire.

VIII

" Arm, arm!" was the watchword as the hills with beacons blazed,
And the heralds, swift as meteors, through the deepening darkness go:
Every cottage, every hamlet heard the horsemen as they raised
The concerted call to arms—" Liberty and Papineau!"

IX

Through the woods, across the coteau, up the valleys, down the roads,
From Saint-Ours, Beloeil, Saint-Charles, hurried rugged sons of toil;
Armed with musket, flint-lock, pistol, from their peaceful lov'd abodes,
Trudged brave men whose lives were offered for the freedom of their soil.

X

" En avant!" the cry went ringing—as of old the Marseillaise—
From the mouths of men determined to preserve their country free;
All their hearts in union beating and their spirits all ablaze,
While the scouts proclaimed the order, " rendez vous à Saint-Denis."

XI

'Neath the twinkling stars of midnight gathered then a silent crowd,
Armed all and agitated in the ever-deepening gloom,
When, with voice of exhortation sounding eloquently loud,
One stout patriot addressed them, standing by a fallen tomb.

XII

In the churchyard of St. Denis, just beyond the ancient mill,
While their ranks were ever swelling with each fresh auxiliary,
Stood those hero-men to listen, breathless, anxious, feverish, still,
To a stirring, brief oration by that Patriot from Chambly.

XIII

" Time for action now is on us," thus rang out the speaker's voice—
" Bureaucrats and Family Compacts must be banished for all time;
Representatives in future must be of the people's choice;
Patriotism must no longer rank as if it were a crime.

XIV

" Yonder thicket hides the redcoats that have come with sword and gun
To deprive us of the birthright that our fathers once obtained;
Every blow struck by a farmer, every honest battle won,
Will contribute to our glory when our every right is gained."

XV

Loudly rose a sullen murmur of approval and applause,
When a scout came riding madly up the highway from Sorel;
" They are coming! they are coming! arm! to arms for the cause!"
Shouted he; then headlong forward horse and horseman stumbled, fell.

XVI

As the first grey streak of morning barred the gateway of the East,
In good order marched a regiment up the bank of Richelieu;
Steady onward tramped the soldiers as the light of morn increased;
Not a patriot, not a rebel, not a living soul in view.

XVII

Like the clansmen of Vich Alpine, under shelter crouched the men,
Waiting for the given moment to commence the deadly fray;
Forward rank on rank came slowly up the peaceful country glen,
Little dreaming of the ambush that awaited on their way.

XVIII

Hark, a low command is spoken; from behind the wooded hill
Just one volley, and, like lions leaping down upon the foe,
Sprang the patriots from the cover of the bush and of the mill,
Loading, firing, charging, cheering "Liberty and Papineau."

XIX

Reeled the soldiers on the wayside, paused a moment, staggered, fled,
While the patriotic farmers charged them down that fatal path;
In the ditches, by the fences, lay the dying and the dead;
And the vanquished learned the danger of an oppressed people's wrath.

XX

Brief the conflict, great the outcome for the whole Canadian race;
To the future generations more it was than victory;
'Mong the freest of the nations have their children now a place,
Since they won a constitution on the slopes of Saint-Denis.

* * * * * * * * *

XXI

On that afternoon in August such the vision I beheld,
As I stood in contemplation on the banks of Richelieu;
And, like ghosts from out the valleys and romantic glens of old,
Patriotic figures in procession passed along in grand review.

XXII

As I breathed an invocation that true peace might ever reign,
And each race in our Dominion know the boon of liberty,
I observed the sun was setting far behind Saint-Antoine's fane,
And his parting rays were falling on the spires of Saint-Denis.

Saint-Antoine sur Richelieu, 27th August, 1906.

* *Pronounce as if written "San Denee."*

MEMORIES

They come like the birds flying swiftly through air,
Out of space.
From some place,
We know not from where;
Like Nuns that glide down some dim cloister's long hall,
With a grace,
As each face
Wears a hood like a pall;
They come in the twilight, so noiseless and faint,
And they pass,
But, alas,
There's no pencil can paint
The Memories that move through the halls of the soul,
When the knell
Of some bell
Is heard sadly to toll.

They bring back the faces of time that have fled;
We rejoice
In some voice
Of a friend long since dead.
They bear us the forms of those whom we loved,
And they stride
By our side,
And will not be reproved
Like Samaritan girls bearing water-filled urns,
(Ah, the tears
Of the years
When each memory returns,)
Their pitchers they bring from the wells of the Past,
To the brim,
O'er the rim,
Filled with joys that won't last.

They come in the night when our slumber is deep,
And we seem
But to dream.
As we laugh, or we weep;
They come in the day as we walk the thronged street,
When we know
Not the flow
Of the hundreds we meet.

Like Angels of old that came down amongst men
They are here,
They are near,
We know not how or when—
But they haunt all our lives with their presence so dear,
In our rest
We are blest
With their sadness or cheer.

Last night a procession of Memories went by;
As a star
From afar
Flashing bright in the sky,
I beheld one all wrapped in garments of light,
And its face
And its pace
Were familiarly bright;
They came from the land of my Childhood and Youth;
I awoke
Ere they spoke—
'Twas a vision in truth—
Those Memories so sweet, with their smiles and their tears,
Came to tell
How they dwell
In the land of Dead Years.

One sad-featured Memory stept out from the throng,
And her eyes,
In surprise,
Gazed upon me so long
That, encouraged, I spoke and I questioned like this:
How are they
That now stray
In the regions of bliss?
Do they think of us oft, when we're thinking of them?
Has each one
Got a throne,
Or a bright diadem?
Do they revel in joys? Are they lonesome for earth?
Are they glad,
Are they sad,
When their Mem'ries have birth?
Then I added, before my pale visitor fled,
" Will you take,
For their sake,
A kind word to the Dead?"

Like a mist on the hills rolling up in the morn,
'Neath its glow
Did she go
To the place she was born,—
No answer came forth from her vanishing lips,
And her face
Into space
Passed like an eclipse.
How silent those Mem'ries, how loath they're to stay;
Yet how sweet
'Tis to greet
Them at times on our way.
No footprints are left where they hurriedly trod,
Yet they come
From their home
At the bidding of God.

July 13th, 1907.

MADAME MARGUERITE FROEHLICH

(November, 1909)

(On hearing her with the Beethoven trio, on the occasion of a chamber-music concert.)

How the hours of that evening come back like a vision,
As the Music arose in that sound-haunted room;
The sensations we felt were so truly Elysian,
Dispersing from life every shadow of gloom.
Like a soft-rippling brook, like the thunder's low pealing,
Or, again, as through forest trees rushes the breeze,
Were the exquisite changes o'er the heart that came stealing,
As your magic-like touches swept over the keys.

We were clustered around the vibrating piano,
Every note, every thrill seemed wave-like to swell;
We needed no tenor, no silver soprano,
You wove all alone enchantment's sweet spell.
How the memories of Mozart, with Brahms interwoven,
Of Schubert, of Chopin enlivened our dream;
When Mendelssohn's rhythm gave place to Beethoven,
When the tears of Smetana seemed to trickle and gleam.

Or Saint-Saëns, whose weird notes like a soft twilight lingers,
Not Wagner's mad torrent rushing fiercely along,
But a symphony touched by your fairy-like fingers,
That soothes to repose as an Angel's sweet song.
Oh, the joys you impart in those heavenly measures,
That come to the thousands as light to each heart,
All the sorrows of life and its griefs change to pleasures,
Transmuted, transformed by your magical art.

Like the deep-perfumed breath that at evening reposes
In some Orient clime, as an Odalisque's fan
Wafts over the senses the opiate of roses,
The sensations that through all your audiences ran.
Yet you seem not to know how divinely your playing
Lifts up every heart to a region of bliss;
Still the truth flashes out, and there is no gainsaying
That if Genius exists it must surely be this.

St. Lawrence has heard, in your magical numbers,
Interpreting masters whose works are divine,
Each echo of Music that lovingly slumbers
On the castle-deck'd banks of the fast-flowing Rhine.
You bring us a breath o'er the billows Atlantic,
A fragrance that blends with its dazzling foam,
Sublime in its tones, in its rhythm romantic,
A charm from the shrine of your own German home.

Note: These verses were written at the request of Lady Laurier, to be presented to Mme. Froehlich.

THE KING'S DEATH AND THE POETS

A great deal of poetry has been written on the occasion of the King's death. Our late beloved Sovereign died in springtime, and every writer in the Empire, the poet laureate and Rudyard Kipling included, felt it his duty to lay some " bloom " culled from the " vernal orchard " of his poetic soul at the feet of dead Majesty. Truly the best has been from the pen of our own esteemed fellow-citizen, J. K. Foran, LL.D., formerly Editor of the Montreal " True Witness," and now Law Clerk of the House of Commons.—The " Ottawa Citizen."

AN EMPIRE'S HUSH

The King has died: the " Man of Peace "
Has said, " My duty I have done."
Then did his muffled heart-throbs cease—
Thus set in death his radiant sun.

During three minutes' solemn space,
In palace hall, in market place,
Across the Empire's saddened face
There falls a mighty hush;
The rolling wheel, the flying train,
The vessel on the billowy main,
The hurrying feet—all feel the strain
And check their onward rush.

From London to the earth's extreme,
Where tropic suns o'er India gleam,
Where milder rays on Malta beam,
From Africa to Jamaica's cells,
Where Canada's expansive breast
Heaves like an ocean, East and West,
In every nook there's Sabbath rest
While toll funeral bells.

No matter how remote the place,
By every creed and every race,
Within the Empire's boundless space,
Is silent tribute paid;
Never before did earth behold,
In Kingdom vast, or Empire old,
Such wondrous wealth of grief untold,
Upon one coffin laid.

The awful silence now is o'er;
The music swells, the cannons roar,
The standards to the masthead soar,
    The bells in carillon ring;
May George, assuming Empire's rod,
Walk in the way by Edward trod,
True to his people, true to God—
    We pray: " Long live the King."

CHRIST IN THE BLESSED EUCHARIST

Paraphrase of the Hymn "Adoro Te Devote"

O hidden God: devoutly I adore Thee
Beneath these figures truly, though concealed;
My heart bows down undoubtedly before Thee,
Lost in the Marvel Thou hast here revealed.
Hail, hidden Godhead: strengthen, I implore,
The Faith of all who lovingly adore.

Sight, taste and touch in vain the mind deceive,
Thy word alone suffices, Lord, for me—
Whate'er God's Son hath uttered I believe;
Nought than the Word of Truth can truer be.
Hail, hidden Godhead: strengthen, I implore,
The Faith of all who lovingly adore.

Upon the Cross a cloud Thy Godhead wore,
Here Thy Humanity is shrouded too;
Yet both confessing truly I adore,
And what the good thief pray'd I humbly sue.
Hail, hidden Godhead: strengthen, I implore,
The Faith of all who lovingly adore.

Thy wounds, like Thomas, I do not behold,
Still I confess Thee God, all beings above;
Grant me still more this fixed faith to hold,
In Thee to hope—Thee always more to love.
Hail, hidden Godhead: strengthen, I implore,
The Faith of all who lovingly adore.

O sweet memorial of Christ's death to me,
True living bread, conferring life on man,
Grant me still more this fixèd faith to hold,
And taste Thy sweetness as Faith only can.
Hail, hidden Godhead: strengthen, I implore,
The Faith of all who lovingly adore.

O pious pelican, Lord Jesus, hear,
Cleanse me, a sinner, in Thy healing blood,
One drop of which, or even one sacred tear
Could save the world—yet Thou wouldst shed a flood.
Hail, hidden Godhead: strengthen, I implore,
The Faith of all who lovingly adore.

For only this sufficed Thy love to show,
And thus the frozen heart of man to gain—
From all Thy wounds the willing fountains flow,
A thousand tongues in every bleeding vein.
Hail, hidden Godhead: strengthen, I implore,
The Faith of all who lovingly adore.

Sweet Jesus, whom I now behold concealed,
What I do thirst for hasten, I implore,
That seeing Thy bright countenance revealed,
My happy soul Thy glory may adore.
Hail, hidden Godhead: strengthen, I implore,
The Faith of all who lovingly adore.

—February, 1910.

ARCHEVÊCHÉ DE MONTRÉAL

Montreal, 11th February, 1910.

Dear Dr. Foran,

Your hymn to Christ in the Blessed Eucharist is an exquisite composition. It is a pleasure to see that your gentle Muse has all the freshness and sprightliness of yore and that your poetic vein has lost none of its wonted verve. I am sorry you did not give the other lines of the Adoro Te—O memoriale and Pie Pellicane. They are so sweet. I suppose the hymn would be too long for the musicians who are to interpret it. If, however, you translated those stanzas you would confer a lasting favor and Saint Thomas' admirable hymn translated in your inimitable style might be very useful on other occasions.

Hoping you are well and with best wishes, I am, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

+ Paul, Arch. of Montreal.

ARCHEVÊCHÉ DE MONTRÉAL

Montreal, 14th February, 1910.

Dear Dr. Foran,

The grateful tone of your letter pleased His Grace very much. He knew you would appreciate his favorable remarks on your admirable rendering of the "Adoro Te." It was a gem and I tender you my most cordial congratulations. I intend, with your permission, to give it prominence in the volume we are going to issue in connection with the Congress. His Grace told me to assure you that you have his blessing as well as his best wishes for health and prosperity. Will you do me a favor, a strange one forsooth? I am confident that for auld acquaintance sake you will readily grant it. True you are a very busy man but you will find a few spare moments to give the matter your attention. What is your idea of a St. Patrick's Day sermon? You have heard many indifferent ones in your day—vetera if nova. Must we be always hammering on the same theme in the same old way? No disrespect for the past, I assure you. No modernism in this case, believe me, no iconoclasm, nothing of the sort. Father Lecoq, Superior of St. Sulpice, thinks the subject ought to be treated differently. St. Patrick's Day preachers, he says, never deviate from the beaten path. I would give the world to know what your ideas are on the subject. The adding of those stanzas of the "Adoro Te" is much appreciated and so will your suggestions on this question. Do not inconvenience yourself, there is no hurry. I hope you are well. You know you have no more sincere friend and well-wisher than the undersigned.

Faithfully yours,

Luke Callaghan Priest

HALIFAX MEMORIAL TOWER

(Dedicated, by permission, to Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C., M.G., to whose patriotic spirit the Tower will be a memorial)

(July, 1911)

While deeds of the by-gone light History's pages,
More lasting the towers 'long the highway of ages.
There they stand, in their ruins, majestic and hoary,
Each telling in stone some magnificent story.
By the Nile, by the Tiber, the Tweed, or the Shannon—
Unshaken by Time, and unshattered by cannon—
Sublimely they rise o'er the wrecks of each nation,
Like the peaks of the Alps at the dawn of creation.

Aegean's blue waves 'round such towers are now twining;
In the waters of Danube grim castles are shining;
Through the elms of old England quaint pinnacles glancing,
That preach of past glories as the world is advancing;
And those Druid-bless'd structures—the Towers of the Gueber—
That arise from Sleive Bloom to the cliffs of Ben Heber—
All, all of them prized as the relics sublime
That embalm the far Past from the ravage of Time.

Tho' few are the centuries that Canada numbers,
A glorious Past 'neath each long decade slumbers;
No ruins antique o'er her prairies are scattered,
No temples of yore in her cities lie shattered,
Yet Sculpture her handiwork lavished around,
And statues memorial of her great ones abound;
They tell of her rise and her stand amongst nations,
Transmitting the tale to unborn generations.

Where, between a fair slope and a dark-wooded highland,
Atlantic's North Arm entwines Melville Island,
Where Nature luxuriant has lavished her splendor,
And fortified Halifax arose to defend her.
A Tower rises up, in most stately proportion,
To look on this calm, lovely Arm of the ocean;
With its memories historic,—yea, memorials of glory,
It will tell the first chapters of Canada's story.

It is meet that a Governor both noble and Royal
Should preside amidst scenes that are heartily loyal;
When this Tower becomes one of the gifts to our nation,
A beacon historic on its solid foundation,
There the deeds of the Past shall survive every ravage
Of the ages that span, from the days of the savage,
Through the tempests of conflict, their thunder and lightning,
While the dawn of our Future the sky-rim is brightening.

And that sky, as the years roll along, will grow brighter,
And the burdens of pioneer work will grow lighter,
'Til the Old World and Orient, on electric pinion,
Find the heart of the Empire in this fair Dominion.
True to all her traditions of two glorious races,
While the entente cordiale all division effaces,
Our Canada's shrine—on her thrice blessed sod—
Will resound with Te Deums of " Glory to God!"

THE BIRCHDALE BUGLE

(Air: " The Bugle Song ")

Hark! Hark to " The Bugle " that sounds on " The Arm "
And startles the country around;
Not a tocsin of terror nor call of alarm,
But a note for each " beauty," attraction or charm,
That at Birchdale in summer is found.

And echo springs up from her home in the hills,
And wafts to the world the glad news,
Of glades and of shades and of rippling rills,
And rest and the joys with which bright nature thrills,
Amidst unsurpassed climate and views.

'Round Birchdale Atlantic extends her fair " Arm "
And caresses the land into bliss,
While protected 'gainst tempests and every harm,
Her tides gently rise until every new " charm "
Her wavelets most lovingly kiss.

Sound! Sound the loud " Bugle " o'er Birchdale's fair beach;
Let it ring with a challenging note,—
Until Canada's uttermost limit 'twill reach,
And all of her people the grand lesson teach
Of the " charms " 'round " The Arm " that float.

Halifax, N.S., 9th July, 1911.

LABOR DAY

The day is brightly breaking,
The whole world is awaking,
A million birds are making
Anthems sweet among the trees;
The sky-rim is a-flushing,
The hill-tops are a-blushing,
And the sounds of life are rushing
On the early morning breeze.

All around the world's in motion,
Some a-stir for morn's devotion,
Others, like the tide of ocean,
Rising for the daily strife;
Hark the early worker singing,
Hear the bells for duty ringing,
Mark how every one is bringing
Fresh activity to Life.

Labor is, of God's ordaining,
Law 'gainst which there's no complaining,
On Life's Statute Book remaining
For all men 'till end of Time;
Noblest of man's duties—Toiling;
From his task there's no recoiling,
Arms straining, brains turmoiling,
Up the Future all must climb.

Let this day be celebrated;
Let each workman feel elated,
For Divinity has stated
That by work man earns his bread;
On the Altar of each Nation
Offer up a grand oblation;
To the Master of Creation
Let a prayer of thanks be said.

Human labor is unceasing,
Indolence is fast decreasing,
Man's requirements are increasing,
And each day new duty brings;
To our aid has come Invention,
On our pathway no detention;
Forward is the grand intention,
While light-hearted Labor sings.

When the task is consummated,
And the wages earned awaited,
No true Worker is belated
    As he lays his burden down;
When the day of Life is dying,
And Life's evening breeze is sighing,
All man's Labor, all his trying,
    Meet Reward's eternal Crown.

Ottawa, Labor Day, 1911.

DR. FORAN'S VERSE ON COLUMBUS, READ AT UNVEILING OF STATUE

A poem by Dr. J. K. Foran, law clerk of the House of Commons, on Columbus was read at the unveiling of a statue to the great discoverer at Washington, June, 1912. Many Canadians were present at the ceremony. Dr. Foran's poem follows:

Unveil his Statue! Let us behold
Those features fine and nobly bold,
Cast in the grand heroic mould
Of bygone Saints and Sages;
Carve on the pedestal his name,
That now belongs to deathless fame,
And sheds, like to a living flame,
A light on History's pages.

Christopher, the " carrier of Christ,"
First with the aborigines held tryst,
First on this continent to hoist
The Cross above our sod;
Columbus, he, the " carrier-dove,"
Who 'gainst the ocean tempests strove,
To bear the message of true love
And sow the seed of God.

Unveil his Statue! Let it stand
Here in the centre of the land;
From mountain peak to ocean's strand
'Twill greet the Nations' eyes.
The centuries may roll away,
But to earth's last and fateful day,
Columbus o'er the world holds sway,
Here, 'neath Columbia's skies.

Let music swell and cannons boom,
Let lights like day the night illume,
He needs no better, greater tomb,
Than in the wide world's heart;
Let joybells to his honor ring,
Let myriads their offerings bring,
And garlands in profusion fling
Around this noble work of Art!

It matters not how Time shall sweep,
Or greatness on our Future peep,
Or Glory's Dawn upon us creep,
Or fame and splendors flow,—
It matters not how Nations rise,
Or which shall grasp the envied prize
Of Power, that earthly power defies,
Above them all His fame shall glow!

Unveil his Statue! Let us see,
Here, in this land of Liberty,
The one who leap'd Atlantic's sea
And found a Continent.
And while upon his face we gaze,
And songs of unrestricted praise
Around his image here we raise,
Let gratitude to God be blent,
In a Te Deum heavenward sent.

NIAGARA
(June, 1912)

(Some extracts from a beautiful poem by Mr. Chapman, the French-Canadian poet, appeared in "La Patrie" of Montreal. A gentleman asked Dr. Foran of the House of Commons Law Branch to give him an English version of the extracts. After stating that the poem was too fine to be translatable, Dr. Foran made the following rendering which he handed to the Free Press.)

Benumbed with the shock of its rush in our ears,
Its groans and its moans, its sighs and its tears,
We behold as it seems, while night's flag is unfurl'd,
Down the vastness of space gliding swiftly a world
But all tremblingly there, to our opening eyes,
Hangs o'er that abyss a prismatic surprise
Which, with its great scarf, in its dazzling folds,
The soul of the precipice lovingly holds,
Unceasing that vapor o'er yon cavern revolves,
And as slowly ascends as it slowly dissolves,
Drawing with it, astonished or pensive, the gaze—
'Til it soars far above the opaqueness of haze—
Towards that ether transparent, almost without tinge,
Whence the curtain of Peace drops its gold spangled fringe.

But there's nothing to stay that wild cataract's rush;
For the sea has its rest and the thunder its hush,
E'en the volcanic peak has its moments of peace;
Niagara's mad sweepings alone never cease;
For aye does it roll, ever boil, ever leap,
Unfathomed, unchecked, crowding down its own steep;
While its waters reflect the blue dome of the sky,
Inexhaustible, dread, like unto the Most High.

That Colossus possesses the thunder god's lip,
To address Him whose Hand holds the earth in its grip—
And those vapors of white, that all 'round interblend,
Like incense in wreaths to Jehovah ascend.
Irresistible giant, unapproachable crest,
Its turbulent torrent none ever shall breast;
Man dreads it, e'en the birds fly off in affright,
Yet that monstrous gulf has fecundity's might—
It gives life to the flowers, which, to then fertilize,
With a sprinkling of dew it seems to baptize.

It will fall for all time, it will fall without truce,
'Til the hour when man ceases to know human love,
When proclaiming the end, from the regions above,
An Angel comes down to our poor trembling sphere,
In his flight, he'll behold Niagara rear
High over its rock, like some altar aglow,
The ineffable hues of earth's final rainbow.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY, QUEBEC

Where Dr. Foran studied law.

Sweet home of Faith, I've learned to love you well,
In after years, whatever road I've trod,
I'll hear the tinkling of your blessed bell,
Recalling me to prayer, to faith, to God.

(*Taken from* "Poems and Lyrics")

THE LATE HON. C. R. DEVLIN

(Died Sunday, 1st March, 1914)

I walked through Aylmer, Charles,
And it seem'd the same old place,
Where in boyhood's day together
We began life's upward race;
But I miss'd the touch of your hand
And the smile upon your face.

The same old town it is, Charles,
With fields where we did stray,
The square and its surroundings,
The grounds where we did play,
And the church you knew so well,
Where of yore we went to pray.

You always were the first, Charles,
In each race you kept ahead;
It was the same at old Laval,
And in after life you led,
You always won the victory
In the days that now are dead.

There are mem'ries that awake, Charles,
For words too strong and deep,
As, like birds on tireless pinions,
Through the azure Past they sweep,
And hover 'round my spirit
As I gaze upon your sleep.

There are others whose great love, Charles,
Is most sacred in this hour,—
For them the perfume Sympathy,
But for you the deathless Flower.
You were true to friendship ever,
In sunshine and in shower.

You always went ahead, Charles,
In every path we have trod,
Forgetting not our struggles,
No matter on what sod—
You've gone before once more, Charles,
Then, remember me with God.

IN MEMORIAM FOR THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE

(Written 7th April, 1914—In the House of Commons—46th Anniversary)

Six and forty years ago, upon an April night,
Within these walls was felt a thrill of wonder and delight,
As wave on wave flow'd on the stream of magic orat'ry,
And spellbound hundreds heard a speech—the last one of McGee.
The wit that flashed, the voice that swell'd in accents all sublime,
The eye that gleamed, the hand that seemed to mark a measured time,
As if some master led a choir in some enchanting hymn,
A picture that the hand of Time can ne'er efface nor dim.

Had you been there you'd ne'er forget the glory of that hour,
The poet's soul, the patriot's fire, the orator's great power.
Ah, little dreamed applauding men who drank his every phrase,
That Death's dark Angel hovered near, as rang out cheers and praise;
They little thought that murderous eyes gazed down upon that scene,
And that their cheering but surcharged those eyes with envy's green;
And as the silver tongue had ceased, when rapture's spell was past,
They little thought that mighty speech was doomed to be his last.

The moon was bright, the air was crisp, just as they are tonight,
The House adjourned, the members went in groups to left and right.
Adown the central walk McGee proceeded with a friend;
They parted, neither thinking of the coming tragic end.
But like the Indian in the wood a tracker crept along,
A human fiend with a heart deep-steep'd in human wrong;
A shot rang on the nightly air—an earthly path was trod—
The orator's immortal soul stood at the Throne of God.

Yes, six and forty years tonight was done that deed of shame,
And brighter yearly is the glow around McGee's great name;
Adown the span of time he moves with step and voice sublime,
His memory living on despite the distance of the crime.
And down the years to come McGee will ever onward move,
Amidst a people's grateful thoughts, their homage and their love.
They'll raise a statue to his fame upon old Barrack-Hill,
Where all his greatness and his worth, like sun rays, linger still.

His songs will still survive the years and that unholy blow,
His orat'ry, as oft of old, will through the decades flow,
His aims, now fully understood, are blessed by his race,
While on the murder-laden ones falls the ice-chill of disgrace;
His Canada will yet attain the greatness he foresaw;
His Ireland will be free from strife and from the alien's law;
And generations yet unborn will bless the memory
Of a true martyr for their cause—the memory of McGee.

ADIEU TO REV. BRO. M. F. O'CONNOR

(On the occasion of his departure from Montreal for Ireland, June, 1914)

The June sun is setting behind yon purple height,
Its parting rays are shedding a wealth of golden light
To illumine all the landscape before the coming night.

The Angelus is ringing from St. Mary's cross-crowned spire,
That is glowing in the splendor of the sun's effulgent fire,
A parting kiss of glory as the evening shades draw nigher.

Our golden hours of pleasure, like the day, draw to an end;
The pangs of separation their shadows towards us send;
And the Angelus hour of parting rings out for us, dear friend.

The gloom will soon be on me, when you're far upon the sea;
But our hearts will be united in the links of memory,
And the stars will twinkle, Brother, on the night-sky merrily.

You are going home to Ireland, to the land you love so well;
Amongst your own to labour, on its sacred soil to dwell;
But we'll miss you here in Canada and we cannot say " farewell."

Yon sun will rise to-morrow, shedding glory on the sod,
So with our joys of friendship as this pilgrim-path is trod;
We will meet in prayer, Dear Brother, until we meet with God.

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL
55 Durocher Street, Montreal

J. K. Foran, Esq., K.C., LL.D.

Dear Dr. Foran:

Thanks very much for your letter received a few days ago; it is very good of you indeed to think of writing to me, seeing you are so busy; but what am I to say of your beautiful poem received this morning! Really I shall treasure it as a souvenir of a sincere friend and shall always consider it an honour to have this piece written by one who has won such fame in the literary world.

Again thanking you and wishing you success in all your undertakings, I am, dear Dr. Foran,

Yours very sincerely,

M. F. O'Connor.

NOTRE LANGUE; OUR LANGUAGE

(July, 1914)

(This is a translation of the poem written by William Chapman, the French-Canadian poet, for the Congress of the French Language held in Quebec, by Dr. J. K. Foran.)

Our language that springs from the lips of the Gaul,
With its soft-flowing words, and its rules severe,
So suited to clarion to Glory the call,
In notes, like the Troubadour's, ringing and clear.

It has of the Latins the charm and the tone,
The seductive breath of the purest of Greek,
The impulses warm that Florentines have known,
The polish of porcelain; heroic, yet meek.

It has all the sweet sounds of Æolus' lyre;
The whisper, o'er grain-fields, of a mild summer breeze;
The clearness of azure; Olympian fires;
The swoop of the eagle; the sigh of the trees.

Wherever it sings it is to Jehovah's praise,
And, scattering the clouds of Error's dark night,
'Tis the herald immortal predestined to raise
All over this Globe the standard of Light.

It first spoke the name of the Almighty God
'Neath the mystical shades of Canada's wood,
It was first to send up, from this sanctified sod,
Hymns of love and of prayer to the Giver of Good.

One day, the brave mariners, crossing the seas,
Brought it here from the land of round-tower and moor,
And our mothers then lulled us asleep on their knees
With the soft Norman ballads, in that language so pure.

We have kept idiomatic the words that all came
On the lips of those heroes from Brittany's shore,
And though oft-times has seemed to vanish its flame,
'Neath the standard of Britain it seems higher to soar.

And none dare oppress it with tyranny's hand,
For today it is life-filled, and solid its place;
And those who oppose it we can bravely withstand;
It will live just as long as the sons of our race.

Attempt then to check its advance—just as well
Try to stop the bud growing or becoming a rose;
To try to destroy all its charms—go and tell
The Dawn to stop brightening when the morning sun glows.

Shine on! ever shine 'neath the eye of our God,
O, tongue of the by-gone! Go on! Civilize!
Be the column of fire o'er road to be trod,
'Til, like Israel, the Promised Land greets our glad eyes.

Note.—The above is almost a word for word translation of the French version as well as a poetic rendering.

POPE PIUS X DEAD

(Died 20th August, 1914)

Like a cyclone the Spirit of War hove in sight—
'Midst a terrible crash and a shrieking " to arms ";
The azure of Peace was o'er-shadowed with night,
And the Nations were roused by the peal of alarms.
The Vicar of Christ, the Apostle of Peace,
Whose life was one pray'r for Tranquillity's reign,
Heard the tumult arise, saw the menace increase,
And thought that his life and his prayers had been vain.

With the eye of a prophet he beheld each red field
Where the life-blood of millions would crimson the sod,
There was naught from his vision the horrors to shield,
In despair he just bowed to the good Will of God.
And God, in His Mercy, sent His servant relief;
While the Spirit of Strife seem'd the earth to invest,
The soul of the Pontiff, o'erwhelmed with grief,
Wing'd its flight to the realms of unending rest.

As a Father, he saw all his children at strife,
And none could he bless, for each one was his own;
From his heart fled the courage, from his form the life,
And a refuge he found by the Eternal Throne.
There were martyrs in age and martyrs in youth,
Who reign in the glory with the angels above;
There were martyrs for duty and martyrs for truth,
But Pius the Tenth was a martyr for love.

Montreal, 23rd August, 1914.

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE

(Written in Côte-des-Neiges Cemetery, Montreal, Sunday, 29th November, 1914)

I stand alone amidst silence deep,
    All nature hushed, and the sun most bright;
Around me a thousand dead ones sleep;
From behind a tomb does a squirrel peep;
    And the crisp leaves rustle on left and right.

I hear from some distant city tower
    The bells that ring for the Sunday Mass;
Oh, solemn the scene and holy the hour,
As I kneel to pray to the Heavenly Power
    For those that rest 'neath the wither'd grass.

How silent they are, both aged and youth!
    What care they now if the world approve?
For them there is nothing left, in sooth,
Save the glorious light of Eternal Truth,
    And the holy flame of undying Love.

I pause a spell in my lonely pray'r;
    Not a living thing now meets my gaze;
How deep is the silence upon the air—
I am all alone with the dead ones there—
    This holiest and saddest of autumn days.

Down in the streets of the city below,
    Thousands are going and coming now;
But little of thought in that human flow;
Yes, little they think and little they know
    Of those amongst whom my knees I bow.

In a short, short time I too will sleep
    Here where the snow and grasses blend:
Will the silence around be then as deep?
Will none come here to pray or weep?
    Like those thousands to-day, will I have no friend?

I can rise me up and again return
    To the crush and noise, to the rush and din,
To scenes where hearts both throb and burn;
I can leave behind me the tomb and urn,
    And jostle again 'midst life and sin.

But some day, not distant adown the years,
    I too will sleep 'neath this very sod;
And this silence bids me to have no fears;
In my soul there's a Faith that ever cheers;
    For when I am here I will be with God.

(These lines were written on the spot where Dr. Foran is now buried.)

BURIAL OF ROUGET DE LISLE

(On the 14th July, 1915, the remains of Rouget de Lisle, author of the "Marseillaise," were transplanted from Choisy-le-Roy to the Invalides in Paris. It was the occasion of a monster public funeral. The heart of France seemed to beat in memory of the one who gave her that immortal hymn.

Dr. Foran composed the following stanzas for the occasion and received the thanks of the French Government for the effort. Joseph Noel, one of America's foremost critics, wrote to Dr. Foran that "these verses deserve to have a place amongst the anthologies." Music has been composed for this poem.)

There's a hush of tens of thousands
That the streets of Paris throng;
Deep the silence, broken only
By the hosts that move along,
Bearing to their rest the relics
Of the author of their song.
Hark! the clash of martial music,
O'er that throbbing, sobbing sea;
'Tis the hymn of France vibrating
With the soul of Liberty—
'Tis the Marseillaise—his requiem—
"Allons enfants de la Patrie."

From the Arch of Triumph slowly
Wends that cortege glittering, vast,
As the countless numbers gazing
Hold their breath as it moves past,
Towards the Esplanade, where darkly
Is the gold dome's shadow cast.
Some are cheering, some are weeping,
Some are pale as with dismay;
Hearts are beating, souls are burning,
All along that crowded way;
Half a million join in chorus—
"Le jour de glorie est arrive."

There's a feeling in each bosom,
There's a flash in every glance,
As they hear that hymn resounding,
As they think on the advance
Of their old barbaric foeman
O'er the lovely fields of France.
And the ashes of the poet
Seem once more to hold his soul,
Flashing forth its notes immortal,
That through all a century roll,
As the casket, borne in triumph,
Nears the stately burial goal.

Hear the notes that stirred the Nation
In the wild, delirious days,
When the Revolution greeted,
All along the southern ways,
Barbaroux's red, furious patriots,
With their thrilling Marseillaise.
Hear them now at this great burial;
Hark! " Formez vos bataillons ";
How the soul of France is shrieking;
How they chant again " Allons ";
In this mighty war of nations,
It is France that cries " Marchons."

Sleep, great poet, near the victor
'Neath the Invalides' bright dome;
Sleep, your triumph through all ages,
Like a prophet's cry, shall roam;
In the heart of every freeman
Shall it find a sacred home.
When the deeds of great Napoleon
Shall in Time's dark cavern sleep,
And the twilight of oblivion
O'er his memory shall creep,
France, within her heart, immortal
Your great song will ever keep.

When the world's emancipated
From the Prussian's iron heel,
When the nations all the glory
Of old France again shall feel,
In their hymn of freedom, surely,
They will blend thy name—de Lisle!
Yes, " Aux armes, mes citoyens,"
All our Empire sings the praise
Of the heroes France is making
In our own terrific days;
Yes, all Europe's Hymn of Freedom
Is the deathless Marseillaise.

A SHOWER OF ROSES

Dedicated to Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus

(October, 1916)

" I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth "
" My little way of trusting love."
" After my death I will let fall a shower of roses."

* * * *

" When Death's soft Hand my eyelid closes,
And in God's Heaven my soul reposes,
I will let fall a shower of roses
On the poor souls here below;
I then will have the power and leisure
To draw from God's own endless treasure
His choicest gifts, beyond all measure,
On this earth's needy to bestow."

Such was the promise of " Thérèse
Of the Child Jesus," in those days,
When following her " Little Ways,"
Of trust in God and deepest love.
Her life was but a fleeting vision
A dove-like soul in frailest prison
Which soon escaped to the Elysian
Home with angels there above.

And ever since Thérèse is praying;
Before God's throne she's ever laying
Petitions for the poor and saying
" My little way is still the best."
And on this earth's afflicted, showers
Of blessings mark the days and hours;
Those gifts she sends are the sweetest flowers
She promised, from her place of rest.

Oh, that one Rose from all that shower
Should fall on me, some happy hour;
How I would bless that beauteous flower
And cherish it through all my days!
How I would kneel, in bounded duty,
Inhale its perfume, love its beauty,
Thanking Child Jesus, ever, ever,
Singing His praises, and then forever
Blessing His sweet Thérèse.

Note: This poetic appeal touched the heart of the Saint, who comforted and assisted the Author in the last hours of his life. At the moment of death, a heavenly smile lit up his face which was beautiful and transfigured. In an ecstasy of love he passed from Time to Eternity.

PEACE

(Dedicated to the Members of the Peace Conference)

Peace is tranquillity; Peace is contentment;
Peace is the absence of strife and resentment,—
    Hope for hereafter and happiness now.
Deep in the bosom of each of the nations
Must harmony reign in all its relations,
    Weaving a halo of light on its brow.

Such is the mission of Europe's Peace Conference—
Removing the cause of distrust and remonstrance,
    Tightening the bonds of a mutual trust,—
Checking the world on the verge of disruption,
Exorcising hatred, disorder, corruption,
    Lifting humanity out of the dust.

Peace must be based on the strictest legality;
Foundations of order, of right and morality;
    The Hand of Authority governing all:
Otherwise Freedom can have no security,
Mutual confidence can have no futurity;
    Merely to lift and again drop the pall.

Peace means the absence of greed and vexation,
Antagonism changed to sublime emulation,
    Avoiding the pathway so recently trod.
Let this be the aim of their deliberations—
The solving of problems for each of the nations—
    The rest may be left to the ruling of God.

Montreal, 23rd January, 1919.

FRANCISCAN ANTICIPATION

(September, 1920)

When the Angel of Death spreads his wings o'er our life,
The spirit goes forth from the region of earth.
'Tis the end of ambition, endeavor and strife
And another existence for each one has birth.

Man leaves all his dear ones, his companions and friends,
His possessions, and his riches of every kind;
His home and his parents, his all, when life ends,
Are ruthlessly snatched and for aye left behind.

He takes with him nothing that he cherished most dear;
From all that he loves or desires he then parts,
No pleading avails, no craving, no tear,
He must leave all behind when the spirit departs.

To anticipate this is the Franciscan's way—
He leaves all these things, in the days of his youth—
And freed from their burden, he can heartily say:—
"I have nothing to lose, I am happy in truth."

He dreads not the hour of inevitable doom;
He made that great sacrifice long years before;
He sees no misfortune in facing the tomb,
He can smile as life passes, and simply adore.

Is not his the course that wisdom would take?
To be freed of all burdens, all anguish, all dread,
To calmly await the Eternal Day's break,
And to joyfully go towards the Land of the Dead.

TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES AUGUSTINE ROBINSON

(On the occasion of their Crystal Wedding, September, 1921)

Thirty years have you knelt in the Temple of Duty,
Worshipping honor and valor and beauty;
Thirty years, with strong hearts in fearless resistance,
You have " fought the good fight " on the field of existence;
Thus a home you have won in the conflict of labor,
With Truth for your armor and Thought for your sabre;
Be that home, a calm home where your old age may rally,
A home full of peace in life's pleasantest valley.

But there, even there, the lone heart were benighted,
No beauty could reach it, if Love did not light it;
'Tis this makes the Earth, O! what mortal can doubt it?
A fair garden with it, but a desert without it!
With the lov'd one, whose feelings instinctively teach her
That goodness of heart makes the beauty of feature,
On glad through that vale you will float down life's river,
Enjoying God's bounty and blessing the Giver.

Note: This volume would not be complete without special reference made to Mrs. C. A. Robinson, National Flag Lady, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States and National American War Mothers. This distinguished lady has devoted her time, energy and wealth to the cause of suffering humanity. During the Great War her patriotism and generosity knew no limit. She has been honored by Pope Pius XI. and decorated by the French Government. The rich qualities of her mind and heart have endeared her to all who enjoy the pleasure of her friendship. Mr. Robinson is also well known in both social and financial circles throughout the United States of America, Canada and Europe.

The following appeared in several Canadian papers, June, 1883:

OUR POET HONORED ABROAD

A few weeks ago Mr. J. K. Foran sent a voluntary poetic contribution entitled " The Key to Erin's Heart " to the Parnell Club, London, England, and as an acknowledgment has received a pretty little gold key about two inches long, which he wears pinned to his vest. This is not the same essay in poetry which he sent to the Edmund Yates competition under the heading " The British Empire," in which he took second place, being inferior only to Swinburne.

AMONG THE POETS

Mr. J. K. Foran, Advocate, of the Province of Quebec, is now practising his profession in Ottawa. We understand that his poems, which have attracted so much attention in England, Ireland and America, are to be published shortly in book form. They will be hailed with delight by the Canadian public. The literati of Montreal, Quebec and other cities of the Dominion will remember Mr. Foran as the gifted young orator whose lectures on: "Canada, Past, Present and Future," "Europe and America," "Education and Instruction," "Ireland and Her Destiny," "In the Foot-prints of the Poets," "The Land of Song," etc., have drawn such enthusiastic audiences wherever they have been delivered.—Taken from the Quebec papers, June, 1890.

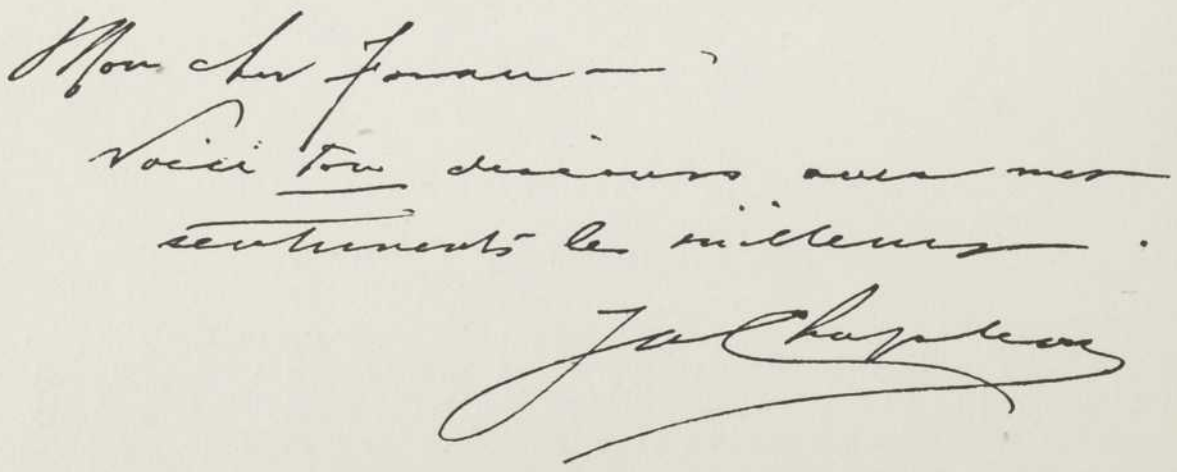
EXTRACT FROM THE LITERARY JOURNAL OF PROVIDENCE, R.I.

"On Saturday, the 28th of November, 1891, the Commercial Club of Providence held its second meeting, and devoted its attention to the question of closer trade relations between Canada and the United States. Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State for the Dominion, was the principal speaker. His highly instructive address was listened to with rapt attention by the large audience.

The elegant and polished language and the lofty sentiments expressed by the gentleman made his speech one of the finest ever delivered in our city."

Note: This address was one out of many that Dr. Foran prepared and wrote for the Hon. Chapleau. It was later published in book form.

On returning the manuscript to Dr. Foran, the Hon. Chapleau wrote the following to the real Author of the address:



ROOSEVELT TO DR. FORAN

(The " Gazette," January, 1910)

In an autograph letter received by Dr. Foran from President Roosevelt there are some flattering comments upon the historical features of Dr. Foran's recent lecture on " History Studied in Music and Musical Instruments of the Different Nations." The subject is one in which the president takes a deep interest. Later on, possibly in the early autumn, when a date can be fixed, Dr. Foran will deliver a lecture on a similar subject in Washington.

(Taken from the Halifax papers, July, 1911)

Dr. J. K. Foran, the well-known Canadian essayist, is at the Birchdale. Dr. Foran won international note by his poem " Columbus," read by the attorney general of the United States at the unveiling of the Columbus memorial at Washington. He is now writing a poem on the dedication of the Memorial tower.

MERIT RECOGNIZED

(The Ottawa " Evening Journal," October, 1912)

Some weeks ago Dr. J. K. Foran of the law department, House of Commons, reviewed in the French-Canadian press one of the most recently published literary works of France—a criticism of all the poets, dramatists and prose writers of the opening century. Dr. Foran's article found its way to France and a few days ago he received a most flattering letter from M. F. Lhomme, professor of the University of France, and leading literary critic in Paris. After complimenting Dr. Foran in most delicate terms upon his keen appreciation of the work which he reviewed, the eminent French author expresses his surprise that one " evidently not of French origin, should so elegantly employ the language of Racine." The compliment is all the higher considering that in France there is a false impression that perfect French is not written in Canada.

DR. FORAN TO ADDRESS ROYAL SOCIETY HERE

(Ottawa " Evening Journal," October, 1917)

On the occasion of the annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, from the 14th to 17th, Dr. Foran will, by special invitation, address the French section, in that language. The subject selected is " A Litterateur of the Early Days," and deals with the life and works of James Donnelly, an Irishman who has added greatly to the volume of French-Canadian poetry.

Dr. Foran and Donnelly were close friends some twenty-five years ago, and the speaker possesses several unpublished poems, in French, that Donnelly gave him. This address is looked forward to with great anticipation and interest by the members of the Royal Society.

REMARKABLE TRANSLATIONS

(Ottawa " Free Press," November, 1918)

Three of the pieces sung at Joseph Bonnet's sacred concert at the Basilica on Sunday night were upon the programme in English as well as in French. The translations were done by Dr. J. K. Foran, K.C. These were most remarkable translations, as could be seen by the programme. Not only was the versification absolutely the same measure, but the rhymes and rhythms corresponded, while the English versions corresponded with the music as perfectly as did the French. Dr. Foran's really wonderful work was commented upon by all the immense audience, and the " Prayer " in Massenet's " Marie Magdeleine " was particularly admired.

DR. FORAN INVITED TO DELIVER LECTURES AT HIGHER STUDIES SCHOOL

On the occasion of the opening of the fall term for the school of higher studies, affiliated with Laval University, Montreal, it was announced that Dr. J. K. Foran, K.C., had been invited to deliver a series of lectures on Constitutional Law and History, as well as International Law. It is quite possible that Dr. Foran will see his way to giving a few of these lectures, but on account of his duties at the House of Commons he has been obliged to decline the honor of a regular course.

The announcement made on September 29th before the faculty, students and a very large audience was received in a manner calculated to make Dr. Foran feel extremely satisfied with the effect of the lectures he gave last year for the same institution.

DR. FORAN IN HIS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR

"Like the brook each life is leaping,
From the cradle to the close;
Now in laughter, now in weeping,
Not a moment of repose—
Till into God's sea it flows."

(*Taken from* "Poems and Lyrics")

INTRODUCTION

J'ai tressé dans cette fraîche Guirlande ces quelques fleurs aux teints canadiens-français que j'ai cueillies entre mille dans le petit coin le plus doux et ombragé du jardin littéraire de l'Auteur.

Là, pendant cinquante ans, il a cultivé les plantes rares et délicates de l'union et la paix entre les deux grandes races de notre pays.

Respirons ensemble, cher lecteur, le parfum qui se dégage de ces fleurs odorantes, qui ont pris racine dans la terre fertile de la pensée chrétienne, et reçu dans leur calice la rosée de la foi et des sentiments généreux.

Je dépose avec reconnaissance cette belle et suave Guirlande sur la tombe du regretté Dr Foran, l'ami fidèle des Canadiens-français.

Ces nombreuses contributions à la littérature de notre pays seront un précieux monument à sa mémoire, et conserveront pour les générations de l'avenir le souvenir et le nom du poète canadien-irlandais.

E. U. F.

Montréal, ce 15 août 1931.

DISCOURS DU Dr J. K. FORAN

Au pied du Monument Crémazie

(Le 24 juin 1906)

Monseigneur, Mesdames, Messieurs,

Lorsque le président de l'organisation de cette fête, notre grand poète lauréat, M. le docteur Fréchette m'a fait l'honneur de me demander une pièce de vers anglais à l'honneur du poète national, Octave Crémazie, vous ne sauriez croire comme je me suis rendu avec empressement à son désir.

C'est aujourd'hui la fête nationale, c'est aussi le jour où le peuple canadien fait l'honneur et rend hommage à la mémoire du grand poète Crémazie.

Je viens me constituer le porte-voix pour ainsi dire, d'un peuple reconnaissant à l'endroit du poète et vis à vis de la race canadienne-française. Je viens toucher une note d'harmonie et de faire revivre le souvenir de tout ce que les Canadiens-français ont fait, dans le temps jadis, pour les exilés du pays de mon père. A la demande du docteur Fréchette mes vers sont en anglais. Mais avant de les dire, je vous prie de me permettre de m'adresser en français au drapeau national. Je lis sur ses plis cette devise: " Nos institutions, notre langue et nos lois."

Institutions religieuses et nationales, qui ornez notre pays comme les astres qui brillent dans le ciel d'une nuit étoilée d'été, au nom du peuple canadien-irlandais, je vous salue. Lois françaises, nées au temps des anciens Romains et parvenues à nous à travers les bouleversements des siècles et la chute des empires, je vous salue aussi. Langue belle, charmante et souple; toi qui coule à travers les âges comme des ruisseaux argentins qui arrosent le pays des fées—langue diplomatique par excellence de l'univers, je te salue !

Entre ces trois héritages du peuple Canadien il y a solidarité absolue. Suivez un moment le raisonnement que je veux vous faire. Si, par malheur, on voit jamais, dans notre pays, la langue française s'effacer, surtout comme langue officielle, les lois françaises n'auront plus leur raison-d'être, abolissez les lois françaises et il ne nous restera aucune barrière pour empêcher les flots du fanatisme de venir engloutir nos institutions religieuses et nationales. C'est logique, n'est-ce pas ? Donc ces institutions dépendent pour leur avenir de la perpétuité des lois, et l'existence des lois dépend de la préservation et de la propagation de la langue française.

Déjà on a formé des complots pour abolir cette langue et terrasser ainsi les institutions les plus sacrés du peuple Canadien; mais, Dieu merci, on n'a pas réussi. Et aujourd'hui, la race canadienne, au pied du monument du poète national, peut répondre à ces conspirateurs du temps naguère, dans le langage sublime que Racine plaçait sur les lèvres du Grand Prêtre Joad :

" Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sait aussi des méchants arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai
point d'autre crainte."

Maintenant, au nom du peuple Canadien-irlandais, à la demande de mon ami le docteur Fréchette, je vous prie de me permettre de m'adresser, en vers anglais, à celui dont la mémoire est si chère à vous tous et dont le nom est sur toutes les lèvres—Octave Crémazie.

CREMAZIE

I

Unveil his statue : Let it stand
Where broad St. Lawrence' waves expand
Beneath Mount Royal towering grand;
He lov'd them both, for both did toil
Thou noble river, bear along
To old Quebec — where mem'ries throng,
The news that her own child of song
Is honoured on Canadian soil.

II

In this grand chorus, swelling loud,
In accents true and fond and proud,
That soars beyond yon fleeting cloud
Into our pure Canadian blue,
Let Ireland's children have a voice;
With you, dear friends, let us rejoice;
The subject's meet for poet's choice
Inspired by gratitude most true.

III

When Death with fever-ships kept pace
Across Atlantic's furrowed face,
And exiles of the Irish race
Were flung upon Canadian shore;
When fathers shrank and mothers died,
And orphans, in their misery, cried,
Nor was a star of Hope descried,
And clouds of death still hover o'er:

IV

T'was then you seized your tuneful lyre,
And with the poet's soul and fire
Struck note on note, till high and higher
Rang out for aid your stirring plea.
You touched each kind Canadian heart;
Your songs seemed truly to impart
Your spirit, while with your own art
You save those exiles—Cremazie !

V

In answer to that bard-like plea.
The priest, the nun, the laity
Flock to the shore, and there we see
Their deeds of Mercy nobly done.
No Irish heart can e'er forget
Its deep, its sacred, grateful debt —
While softening tears the eye-lids wet—
Ah, what a triumph you have won !

VI

God's rest to you : God bless the tongue
In which such thoughts were nobly sung,
In which earth's grandest notes have rung,
In which life's poesie has been;
God save that language for your race,
That they may hold their rightful place—
The language of all charm and grace,
The soaring language of Racine !

VII

Unveil his statue ! Let us now
Behold that lofty bardie brow
Those lips, as if a solemn vow
Were uttered by that silent tongue;
Carve patriot fervor on that face,
Give to that form its pristine grace.
And chisel on the granite base
The noblest verse that he has sung:

VIII

" Here for my flag I come to die ! "
Such the inspiring hero-cry;
But death, real death must now pass by,
It cannot touch you — Crémazie !
Yours is an unforgotten name;
Yours is a true Canadian fame;
Within all hearts love's holy flame
Wafts you to immortality.

IX

Your songs Canadian children sing;
Down thro' the years your praises ring;
Your spirit's note forever fling
A glory on your natal sod.
The air with memories is rife;
Rest from your exile and your strife;
Rest from joys and pains of life;
Your statue here — your soul with God !

CONFÉRENCE

LA MISSION DE LA RACE CANADIENNE-FRANCAISE

Pour les élèves du couvent des Sœurs de la Congrégation de Notre-Dame, rue Gloucester, Ottawa

(Décembre 1912)

Votre Excellence, etc.

Ce n'est pas à proprement parler une conférence que je prétends vous donner ce soir, mais bien une simple causerie en famille. La révérende mère supérieure m'a fait l'honneur de me demander une conférence en français, et je me suis rendu avec bonheur à son désir. Il est toujours réconfortant de prêter son appui, tout humble qu'il est, lorsqu'on constate le progrès qui résulte des sacrifices et du dévouement de ceux qui sont les objets de nos sympathies et de nos bons souhaits. Je dois vous remercier sincèrement, pour l'encouragement de votre présence ici ce soir et vous faire part des vœux de ces religieuses pour votre prospérité à l'avenir.

Il me semble que dans tout le calendrier des saints de l'Eglise nul autre ne représente mieux la race canadienne et sa mission que Saint-Jean-Baptiste. Je le vois, en ce moment à travers les brumes de vingt siècles, sortant des profondeurs de la solitude, amaigri par ses jeûnes et ses pénitences, couvert d'une peau de chameau, portant à la main le bâton du pèlerin, les cheveux agités par les vents d'au-delà du Jourdain, et les yeux fixés sur l'immensité sans fond du firmament: oui je le vois, debout sur le penchant d'une colline, proclamant qu'il n'est pas le Messie, mais "une voix qui crie dans le désert; 'Préparez les voies du Seigneur !'"

N'est-ce pas là l'image du peuple français au Canada ? N'est-ce pas là la race canadienne et sa grande mission préfigurée ? Ah, Je l'entends ce peuple, à l'aurore de notre histoire; c'est une immense voix qui crie dans les déserts du nouveau monde: "Préparez les sentiers du christianisme, taillez-lui des routes à travers la forêt vierge afin qu'il pénêtre jusqu'au cœur de notre nouveau domaine." Elle n'est pas le christianisme même, cette race mais comme un autre Jean-Baptiste, elle est l'avant-coureur de la civilisation et de la vérité évangélique.

Mais je ne suis pas venu vous prêcher un sermon sur la fête de Saint-Jean-Baptiste; pardonnez-moi cette digression préliminaire.

La nuit du paganisme obscurcissait les intelligences, les sombres nuages de l'infidélité planaient au-dessus de l'humanité, lorsqu'un jour, l'étoile du salut parut sur la petite ville de Bethléhem, et bientôt le Soleil de la Rédemption éclata sur les sommets du Calvaire. Les rayons de ce Soleil pénétrèrent au fond des forêts où les prêtres païens enseignaient les mystères des étoiles; ils touchèrent les monuments des âges et les murs délabrés en reçurent des clartés célestes; ils descendirent dans les profondeurs des catacombes, et en sortirent de nouveau pour illuminer la croix qui domine le dôme magnifique de Saint-Pierre : enfin, ces rayons traversèrent les siècles et les frontières, et atteignirent les rives occidentales de l'Europe.

C'est alors que la France, fidèle à sa mission de " Fille ainée de l'Eglise " fit pénétrer ces rayons jusqu'au-delà de l'océan. Un marin de Saint-Malo, franchit les vagues de l'Atlantique et aborda aux rives du Saint-Laurent. L'épée dans une main et la croix dans l'autre, il venait, au nom de son roi, prendre possession de ces immenses territoires dont les bornes ne sont guère encore connues; il venait, au nom de la religion, christianiser et civiliser ces tribus innombrables plongées depuis des siècles dans l'ignominie de l'idolâtrie et de l'ignorance. Là, en face de la future ville de Québec, au bruit mugissant de la cataracte de Montmorency, Jacques-Cartier jeta les bases larges et solides de vos institutions religieuses et nationales.

Il y a au-delà de vingt ans, lorsque je faisais mon droit à l'Université Laval de Québec, je me plaisais à parcourir la ville et surtout à arpenter la rue Sant-Jean. Souvent j'ai passé des heures entières à regarder les ouvriers qui travaillaient à démolir l'ancien collège des Jésuites—on le nommait " Caserne des Jésuites ", car lorsque les anglais eurent pris possession de ce vieil édifice, ils l'affectèrent à l'usage de leurs soldats. Deux ans et demie durant, ces hommes employèrent le pic et la hache, la poudre et la dynamite, mais avec des résultats presque imperceptibles. Le ciment était plus dur que la pierre.

Image, n'est-ce pas, de notre Eglise ? Les pierres dans ses murailles sont les dogmes de la foi; le ciment n'est autre chose que le sang des martyrs. Depuis déjà vingt siècles le pic du barbarisme, la hache de l'athéisme, la poudre de l'hérésie, et la dynamite des sociétés secrètes, ont en vain déployé leurs forces pour terrasser cette Eglise inébranlable, elle résiste à tous, car elle est l'objet d'une promesse divine. Cette promesse on ne la trouve pas dans les livres du siècle. Mais des hauteurs du Golgotha, sans autre plume que le clou qui perça sa main et sans autre encre que le sang de son corps, le Fils de Dieu, écrit cette promesse sur chaque page de l'histoire du monde, depuis l'aurore du christianisme jusqu'au moment où l'aiguille du Temps marquera l'heure fatale à l'éternel Cadran.

Ce vieux collège fut la première des institutions de ce genre sur tout le continent de l'Amérique. Fondé en 1635, un an avant l'université de Harvard, et en l'année même où l'âme du grand Champlain prenait son essor vers l'éternel séjour des bienheureux, cette institution fut la mère de nos collèges, de nos couvents, de nos universités. Sa porte, également ouverte à l'Indien, au mendiant, au malheureux, à l'agonisant, et à ceux qui avaient soif des vérités de Dieu, a vu passer les grands missionaires des premiers âges de la colonie. De cette porte sont sortis les Jogues, les Daniel, les Lalemant, les Brébeuf, les Marquette, et toute cette phalange de martyrs qui ont arrosé de leur sang le sol qui devait plus tard s'abreuver aussi des sueurs de vos aïeux, les premiers colons.

Et aujourd'hui, nos cathédrales, nos basiliques, nos clochers, qu'on retrouve comme des phares, de distance en distance, le long de nos rivières, de nos grands fleuves, de nos immenses lacs, tous ces monuments ne sont que les fruits de cet arbre dont les racines s'enfoncent dans la terre depuis trois siècles près.

Pour nos institutions, tant religieuses que nationales, nous n'avons rien à craindre. Elles sont sous l'égide de la vérité même, de la vérité de Dieu, dont l'Eglise est la dépositaire. Ces institutions sont entre les

mains de la hiérarchie, du clergé, et des fidèles. Les lois sont sous l'égide de la constitution qui nous gouverne; entre les mains de nos grands jurisconsultes, de nos savants, et de nos hommes de profession et surtout de nos hommes d'état. Mais il n'en est pas ainsi de la langue. La langue dépend du peuple. C'est au riche comme au pauvre, à l'ouvrier comme à l'homme de lettres, à celui qui habite le château comme à celui qu'abrite la chaumière : c'est au peuple qu'il appartient de conserver, de propager, et de transmettre en héritage aux générations à venir, la langue des aïeux, la langue apprise au berceau, la langue dans laquelle seront tracées un jour les inscriptions des tombeaux. Parlons donc de la langue.

Il est un homme dont les passions ont souvent perverti le goût littéraire et dont les appréciations se ressentent plus souvent encore des préoccupations et des préjugés avec lesquels il lisait. Cet homme, pour qui l'admirable poésie de la Bible n'est que du galimatias. Homère un beau parleur, la Divine Comédie de Dante un salmigondis qu'on a pris pour un poème épique, les œuvres de Shakespeare des farces monstreuses, n'a pas craint d'exprimer l'opinion: " que depuis neuf cents années, le génie des Français a été rétréci sous un gouvernement gothique, au milieu des divisions et des guerres civiles, sans lois ni coutumes fixes."

Quel est celui qui avait le courage de lancer l'injure à la langue de sa mère ? Quel est cet homme qui osait ainsi frapper son propre pays ? Il s'appelle Voltaire. Son nom dit tout. La plus haute montagne comme le plus petit grain de sable sur les bords de la mer; l'astre le plus éclatant comme la faible lumière qui éclaire la cabane du pauvre, tout publie les splendeurs et la toute puissance de Dieu. L'homme seul, fait à son image, a l'audace de le renier, mais quand l'homme renie Dieu, il n'est pas étonnant qu'il puisse trahir son pays. Est-il un seul Canadien qui voudrait voir son nom se transmettre à ses enfants associé au nom de Voltaire ? Pas un, vous me direz, sans doute. Je modifie ma question. Est-il un Canadien, digne de ce nom, qui lancerait à cœur-joie de semblables injures à la face de son pays et de ses institutions, de sa mère et de sa langue ? " Non ", me répondez-vous, " nous n'avons pas de Voltaires au milieu de nous." Je vous crois; j'en suis convaincu. Mais changeons encore une fois la forme de notre question. Existent-ils des enfants du sol qui ont honte de leur langue ? qui ne cherchent qu'à l'oublier ? qui n'ont pas à cœur l'avenir de leur peuple ? qui vont parmi nous et même dans les provinces étrangères en proclamant, si non par la parole, au moins par leurs actes et leurs idées, qu'ils se constituent les assassins de leurs propre langue ? De ces espèces de Voltaire je n'en ai que trop rencontrés dans mes quelques années de pèlerinage à travers la vie. Voulez-vous que je vous fasse les portraits fidèles de quelques-uns de ces renégats ? Ah, s'ils pouvaient se regarder dans un miroir, lorsqu'ils font leur grimaces et leurs singeries, ils verraient comme ils sont mal peignés. Je vais vous en citer quelques exemples; ce ne sont que des anecdotes, mais, par malheur, des anecdotes vécues.

* * *

Ici le conférencier raconta plusieurs anecdotes très amusantes, qui ont pour effet d'amener la gaieté et de faire rire de bon cœur tout l'auditoire.

* * *

Un soir, en 1879, à Québec, nous étions une demi-douzaine d'amis veillant ensemble, et nous amusant à raconter des récits et des anecdotes de ce genre. Parmi ceux-là se trouvait ce bon chroniqueur à la plume si française, Arthur Buies. Mais la veine drolatique lui faisait défaut ce soir-là. Quelqu'un lui demanda comment il se faisait qu'il eût perdu si subitement son esprit de bonhommie et de gaiété. " Je trouverais tout cela très amusant " répondit-il, " très drôle même, si ce n'était pas que c'est si déplorable." Voilà le mot : c'est déplorable.

Regardez les différents peuples du monde; les nations écrasées sont celles qui ont perdu la langue maternelle. Lorsque la Russie a voulu effacer toute idée de nationalité et d'indépendance chez les Polonais, elle a commencé par détruire à force de lois oppressives la langue polonaise. La même chose s'est pratiquée en Irlande; car c'est en dépit des lois pénales de l'Angleterre, que les Irlandais ont conservé la langue nationale de leurs ancêtres. Et voyez ce peuple extraordinaire, ce peuple jadis choisi de Dieu, les Juifs: déicides, sans patrie, sans espoir de jamais revenir à leur antique patrimoine, condamnés à errer de par le monde, ils conservent partout et en tout temps les caractéristiques nationales. On les reconnaît parmi tous les peuples parce qu'ils ont conservé la langue hébraïque, la langue de Moïse, d'Abraham et de Jacob. Les mères hébreuses bercent leurs enfants en chantant les psaumes de David dans les accents de la vieille Judée.

Et quelle comparaison peut-on établir de nos jours entre ces langues et celle de la France ?—au point de vue surtout de l'usage universel ? Sans doute, il est bon, il est utile, il est même nécessaire de connaître et de parler la langue Anglaise. C'est la langue commerciale du monde. Pour vous, ici au Canada, c'est indispensable, soit dans les professions, soit dans les affaires. Mais un peuple est comme l'individu. L'homme consiste de deux parties distinctes, mais réciproquement indispensables. La partie matérielle, qui est le corps; la partie spirituelle, qui est l'âme. Que l'âme se sépare du corps et il ne nous reste qu'un cadavre destiné au tombeau. Ainsi en est-il de notre peuple. Les besoins matériels et commerciaux se manifestent dans la langue anglaise; tandis que la vie intellectuelle et morale s'exprime au moyen de la langue française : laissez disparaître l'âme d'une nationalité et il ne reste que son cadavre, destiné à la décomposition inévitable; c'est la décadence, la mort, l'oubli.

La langue française est celle de la diplomatie universelle. Au congrès de Vienne, lorsque l'ennemi mortel de la France,—Bismarck,—voulut se faire entendre des représentants de tous les pays de l'Europe, il fut obligé de parler français. Il n'y a pas longtemps à Rome, le roi Edouard VII d'Angleterre, et l'Empereur Guillaume II d'Allemagne, sont allés au Vatican, et les entretiens entre le Souverain Pontife—un Italien—et ce roi anglais et cet empereur allemand, on eu lieu de toute nécessité, dans la langue française.

En regardant la page des annonces dans la Revue des Deux Mondes, la plus grande et la plus importante revue littéraire de l'Europe, je constate qu'il se trouve des dépôts de cette revue dans tous les pays, et qu'elle y est achetée et lue par des milliers de lecteurs. En voici la liste, du moins en partie. Je ne parle pas de la France, ni de notre province française de Qubec, ni des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique—où la Revue est vendue dans trente villes. Notez que cette liste ne comprend que

le nom des villes; car dans plusieurs de ces villes il se trouve plus d'un dépôt. En Allemagne, 8; en Angleterre, 5; dans l'Autriche-Hongrie, 7; en Belgique, 5; au Danemark, 1; en Egypte, 2; en Espagne, 5; en Grèce, 1; en Italie, 11; au Portugal, 1; en Roumanie, 1; en Russie, 10; en Suède-Norvège, 2; en Turquie, 3; et les dépôts de cette revue se multiplient en Chine et au Japon, et même dans les Indes orientales.

Que veut dire cette liste ? C'est que partout où il y a un dépôt il y a des lecteurs nombreux; et que ces lecteurs parlent la langue française.

Allez dans les salons de Londres, tout homme cultivé parle le français; allez sur les piazzas de Rome, dans les bazars de Constantinople, dans les rues de Saint-Petersbourg, sur les boulevards de Vienne, dans les cafés de Berlin, partout vous êtes compris si vous parlez la langue française; pénétrez dans l'orient, allez jusqu'au berceau de la race humaine, et partout la langue française vous servira de passe-port. Suivez, sur notre continent, la marche du progrès qui se dirige toujours vers le soleil couchant; allez frapper à la barrière des Montagnes Rocheuses, et si une voix d'outremont vous répond ce sera encore dans la langue française. Montez au nord, dans ces régions où les neiges éternelles ne sont foulées que par les pieds des missionaires et des Esquimaux, et là vous entendrez la langue française. Descendez au midi, et dans les savanes de la Louisiane, vous l'entendrez belle et pure comme on la parle depuis des siècles sur les bords de la Loire et de la Seine. C'est la langue universelle par excellence. Mais revenons au Canada.

* * *

Nous voici dans la capitale de notre confédération, sur les frontières des deux grandes provinces — la province anglaise d'Ontario, et la province française de Québec. C'est ici que convergent les rayons intelectuels des quatre coins du pays; les intérêts commerciaux, politiques et nationaux. C'est donc ici, surtout, qu'il nous faut donner l'exemple et qu'il est nécessaire de préserver, de cultiver et de propager cette langue universelle.

Chacun de vous, pères et mères, enfants et vieillards, vous avez un devoir sacré à remplir à l'endroit de votre race. Je me rappelle qu'en 1880, un éloquent prédicateur dominicain, le Père Mothon, nous a dit de quelle manière on fait les cloches d'église, à Florence. Tandis que le métal est encore liquide dans le creuset, chacun vient y jeter, l'un de l'or, l'autre de l'argent, le riche ses trésors, la veuve son obole. Et lorsque, du haut du campanile, elle sonne — le matin pour la Messe, le midi pour l'angelus, ou le soir pour les vêpres, chacun entend une voix qui lui dit " Tu as contribué à me former, je t'appelle aujourd'hui d'une voix toute spéciale afin que tu viennes à l'église recevoir les bénédictions de Dieu."

Mes amis; le Canada est encore dans le creuset de sa formation. Tandis que le métal est encore liquide que chacun vienne; l'un avec l'or de son génie, l'autre avec l'argent de son éloquence, un autre encore avec l'airain de ses forces physiques; que le riche apporte ses trésors et le pauvre son obole, que tous contibuent; et lorsque la cloche sera formée, on entendra, du haut du clocher de la nationalité Canadienne, retentir sa grande voix à travers les âges. Riche, pauvre, quel qu'il soit, il entendra, lui, ses enfants, et les enfants de ses enfants, une voix spéciale

qui lui dira; " Fils du sol, tu as contribué à me former; viens maintenant recevoir l'expression de la reconnaissance de ta patrie; viens t'agenouiller devant l'autel de ton pays, dans ce grand temple qui a pour dôme l'univers."

UN AMI DES CANADIENS-FRANCAIS

M. le docteur J.-K. Foran

Un lecteur Irlandais-catholique du *Nationaliste* écrivait à notre directeur, au cours de la semaine dernière l'intéressante lettre suivante que nous ne prenons pas la peine de traduire, car tous les lecteurs du *Nationaliste*, qui n'ont pas fréquenté les écoles publiques de l'Ontario, comprennent également bien le français et l'anglais.

Ottawa, 11th, 1915.

Dear Sir,

With some friends I have been reading your articles, by Pierre Labrosse, on the Irish and French-Canadians. While approving of all that it is set forth in them, we have all been struck by one queer omission. While the writer, very justly, gives credit to a number of Irish-Canadians for their active sympathies with the French-Canadians in their struggles to preserve their language, it is noticeable that omission is made of the very man who, for nearly thirty years, has done more than all the others united for the cause of the French language and its rights. I refer to Dr. J. K. Foran, K.C., who is a resident of Montreal and an officer of the Law Department at Ottawa. It was the 24th June, 1886, at Aylmer, during the celebration, that Dr. Foran began his campaign; then he spoke with the late Stanislas Drapeau and the late Senator Tassé, and pointed out the dangers to come in Ontario for the French language. From that day to this he has never ceased, with pen or voice, to plead the cause — in French or in English.

As editor of the True Witness he wrote some powerful articles on the subject, since then he has delivered more lectures and speeches, in the two provinces, on the subject, than any other man, except, perhaps, Mr. Bourassa. He has gone to Y. M. C. A. halls, to Protestant churches, into all circles, always with the same theme — the rights and privileges of the French-Canadians all over Canada. This omission I thought worth mentioning, because very many who know his work feel the unfairness of it. All those that are mentioned, over and over, deserve great credit; but they are of yesterday compared to him. This morning I met him by accident and I spoke of this to him; his answer was characteristic; he said: " Yes, I noticed the same, but it does not affect me. I have fought this battle as a matter of duty, and duty seeks neither recognition nor gratitude; to me it is a national debt we owe, and personally I love the French language — it has been my companion from the cradle — so I will go on as its advocate to the end."

I thought this striking answer deserved to be known, so I came home and took the liberty of sending you this line,

Respectfully yours,

(Signé) *J. F. MYERS.*

Notre correspondant a pleinement raison.

M. Foran est un des Irlandais catholiques qui aient le plus fait pour la défense des droits du français dans tout le Canada. Ses nombreuses conférences à ce propos, dans différents milieux, surtout celle qu'il fit au Monument National, à Montréal même, il y a quelques mois, lui ont valu l'attention et l'estime des Canadiens-français dont il est l'ami fidèle désintéressé depuis longtemps.

Aussi le *Nationaliste* s'empresse-t-il de porter M. Foran au tableau d'honneur.

P. L.

Le Dr J.-K. Foran serait nommé greffier en loi

(Spécial à La Patrie.)

OTTAWA, 19. — Le gouvernement a décidé de faire une réorganisation du bureau des lois, section anglaise, de la chambre des Communes et de revenir à la méthode qui existait en 1913 qui était celle en vigueur depuis la confédération. On dit que la position d'aviseur du parlement sera abolie avec le départ de M. F. H. Gisborne, mis à sa retraite. La position de greffier en loi, disparue depuis la nomination de M. Gisborne, sera reprise pour être donnée au chef de ce département.

Le Dr J.-K. Foran, C.R., prendra charge du département et sera peut-être le successeur permanent de M. Gisborne. Lorsque M. O'Brien greffier en loi est mort en 1913 on a été surpris de voir que le gouvernement Borden n'accordait pas cette promotion à l'assistant, qui était le Dr Foran, mais à un étranger au parlement, M. Gisborne, avocat au ministère de la Justice. Les orangistes avaient insisté auprès du gouvernement pour que cette position n'aille pas à un catholique. Le Dr Foran est non seulement un fervent catholique mais un profond admirateur du français, langue qu'il possède aussi bien que l'anglais. De fait, il est le seul fonctionnaire bilingue de son département.

LA PATRIE.

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NOTE.—En effet le Dr Foran a fait tout le travail, le plus important des Communes pendant 25 ans sans jamais avoir reçu aucun salaire attaché à ces positions, pas même merci.

LA QUESTION IRLANDAISE AU CANADA

(Sherbrooke, 17 mars 1917.)

Sherbrooke, 15.—Le Dr J.-K. Foran a prononcé, ce soir, en cette ville une conférence sur la question irlandaise au Canada. M. Foran a insisté sur l'union des deux races canadienne-française et irlandaise au pays. Il s'est inspiré de la mort du grand patriote John Redmond pour déplorer les épreuves qu'a eu à subir depuis un siècle la malheureuse Irlande.

Le nombreux auditoire bilingue qui remplissait la salle a prouvé qu'il était de l'opinion de l'orateur.

Après avoir remercié les organisateurs de la soirée qui avaient bien voulu changé la date afin de lui permettre d'être avec eux, le Dr Foran, a parlé de la mort récente du grand chef Irlandais John Redmond. A ce propos l'orateur a dit que c'était très remarquable que depuis près de 150 ans, chaque fois qu'un grand chef irlandais était à la veille de voir triompher la cause pour laquelle il a donné sa vie, la mort arrive et met fin à ses rêves. On dirait qu'il y a là la main de Dieu, qui voulait que l'Irlande n'arrive jamais au sommet de son calvaire national. Il a signalé la mort subite de Thomas Davies au moment où toute la race irlandaise voyait en lui ce que O'Connell appela " notre maître et notre prophète ". C'était aussi le sort de Owen Rae O'Neill, et d'un grand nombre de ces hommes qui, à une époque ou une autre semblaient jouer le rôle d'un nouveau Moïse pour son peuple.

Le Dr Foran a passé en revue l'histoire de l'Irlande en forme d'une série d'images qui font l'effet de tout un panorama déroulé devant son auditoire. La partie principale de ce discours remarquable est celle où le docteur Foran a parlé des relations qui existent actuellement et celles qui devraient exister entre les Canadiens-irlandais et les Canadiens-français.

Le docteur Foran a tracé dans ses grandes lignes, l'histoire de l'union de sentiments entre la France et l'Irlande. Il a fait la description de la bataille de Fontenay, en France, quand la brigade irlandaise a sauvé l'armée française, et de la bataille de Castlebar, en Irlande, où les troupes françaises après avoir chassé les Saxons depuis la Shannon jusqu'à Dublin, ont failli gagner à jamais l'indépendance de l'Ile des Martyrs. Les sympathies de Napoléon pour Wolfe-Tone, le malheureux et brave patriote irlandais ont fourni au conférencier l'occasion de montrer combien naturel est le lien entre Français et Irlandais.

Ceci amena naturellement l'orateur à parler des relations qui doivent exister, ici au Canada, entre les Irlandais et les Canadiens-français. Entre autre choses très intéressantes, M. Foran a dit que dans la province de l'Ontario la masse des Irlandais catholiques étaient sympathiques aux Canadiens-français; il n'y a qu'un petit groupe dont le nombre ne dépasse pas six ou sept au plus qui, pour une raison ultérieure, ont fait la guerre à leurs co-religionnaires sur la question de l'enseignement dans les écoles bilingues. Pour établir sa thèse il lui fallait monter à 1865, quand le collège d'Ottawa cherchait à s'ériger civilement en université. La propagande commencée alors par des Irlandais américains,

et trois ou quatre Irlandais du Canada, à s'emparer de l'université afin de la changer en institution anglaise, a causé les discordes. L'animosité de la part de quelques membres du clergé irlandais-canadien contre l'enseignement du français dans cette province n'est pas participée par les catholiques irlandais en général. La seule chose qui leur manque c'est un chef déterminé qui comprend la situation et qui est prêt à se dévouer, dans l'intérêt de la foi catholique, de leur faire comprendre la nécessité de l'union entre ces deux peuples. Bref, c'était un discours de la fête Saint-Patrice dont on n'entend rarement de pareil. En terminant, le docteur Foran prononça ces mots : " Depuis sept siècles les nuages épais de la persécution planaient sur l'Irlande; de temps à autre un rayon d'espoir traversait les brumes sur les flancs de la montagne, mais jamais a-t-il pu illuminer les sombres profondeurs des vallons. A l'heure où je vous parle, des nuages aussi menaçants se dessinent à l'horizon dans notre cher Canada. Pour faire face à l'ouragan qui se prépare, dont les grondements se font entendre partout, il est d'une nécessité indiscutable que nous, les Irlandais catholiques, et nos co-religionnaires, les Canadiens-français, se donnent la main et marchent ensemble sur le sentier du vrai patriotisme. Ne soyons pas aveugles ! Ne soyons pas sourds ! Il faut se mettre à l'abri de cette tempête, autrement l'avenir — et un avenir très proche—nous menage les expériences terribles de l'Irlande.

Nous avons besoin des Canadiens-français, de leurs sympathies, et de leur coopération; et d'un autre côté les Canadiens-français ont grandement besoin de nous, si non dans cette province, du moins partout ailleurs dans la Confédération. Nos intérêts sont identiques et nos devoirs sont réciproques. Ces jours sombres du carême passeront pour être suivi des splendeurs de Pâques; aussi en sera-t-il ainsi pour l'Irlande—ses sept siècles d'un carême de souffrance passeront, et l'ange de la liberté descendra, il soulèvera la pierre de la tombe de sa vie nationale, et il proclamera sa résurrection glorieuse aux yeux des peuples du monde.

Pour nous, au Canada, il ne faut pas descendre dans ce tombeau où notre liberté pourrait bien dormir pendant des siècles; avant qu'il ne soit trop tard, éveillons-nous, et n'oublions pas ces mots sublimes de Crémazie, à l'adresse de nos pères infortunés :

" Saluts nobles enfants de la verte Hibernie,
O, race de martyrs dans le sang rajeunie,
Sur ces bords plus heureux nous vous tendons la main;
Sous ce ciel plus pur où la foi nous rassemble,
Sous les mêmes drapeaux nous combattrons ensemble,
Et vous n'aurez plus à craindre un pouvoir inhumain."

UN DISCOURS DU DOCTEUR FORAN

(Ce 14 mai 1917.)

Discours prononcé à l'occasion de l'inauguration de la statue du Sauvage Algonquin, aux pieds du monument Champlain, à Ottawa, le 14 mai, en présence de son Excellence le Gouverneur général, par le Dr J.-K. Foran, C.R.:

Excellence, Mesdames, Messieurs,

Je dois premièrement exprimer nos vifs remerciements à votre Excellence pour l'honneur que vous nous faites en venant, par un temps si désagréable, assister à ces cérémonies. Il y a quatre ans, par un jour de mai, votre prédécesseur, Son Altesse le Duc de Connaught a fait l'inauguration du monument principal, érigé ici, à la mémoire du grand fondateur et découvreur, Samuel de Champlain. Aujourd'hui, nous venons déposer à ses pieds l'effigie du Sauvage Algonquin qui fut son compagnon et guide dans ces régions, il y a au-delà de trois siècles.

Champlain a son monument à Québec, ville qu'il a fondée en 1608; mais c'est ici le point de terre où il a débarqué, avec ce Sauvage, pour prendre ses observations solaires, afin de s'orienter dans ses voyages à travers les forêts vierges de ce qu'on appelle aujourd'hui la province de l'Ontario. C'est d'ici qu'il est parti, le flambeau du christianisme dans une main et la torche de la civilisation dans l'autre, et la langue de la France, la langue de Molière, de Bossuet, de Racine sur ses lèvres, pour porter les vérités évangéliques et les bienfaits de la civilisation au milieu des tribus sauvages plongées depuis des siècles dans l'ignorance et le barbarisme. Ici, donc, sur la frontière des deux provinces mères, la province française de Québec et la province anglaise de l'Ontario, son monument se dressera pour prêcher en accent de bronze et de pierre, aux générations de l'avenir, que sa langue a droit de cité partout dans ces régions et que sa race est chez elle dans toute la Confédération.

Il y a quatre ans, Excellence, nous voyions sur cette colline là-bas les tours et les murs de notre palais législatif, objet d'orgueil pour notre peuple. Par une nuit d'hiver le feu se déclarait, et bientôt notre Chambre des Communes et notre Sénat furent réduits en ruines. Aujourd'hui, nous voyons déjà le commencement de reconstruction—symbolisant la force récupérative de notre peuple. Il y a quatre ans la paix existait partout en notre pays et parmi les autres nations, sans aucun avertissement, la guerre éclata, entraînant dans sa course destructive la France et l'Angleterre, les mères-patries des deux grandes races qui ont fondé ce Canada que nous aimons. Alors le Canada, si paisible, si tranquille, si heureux dans ses industries, la culture de ses champs, l'exploitation de ses forêts, la construction de ses voies de transport, a entendu le cri de bataille, et de son propre gré, de sa propre loyauté, a couru aux armes; et les eaux de la Marne et de la Somme chantent le requiem de ses soldats morts sur leurs rives; les ruines de Courcelettes et les hauteurs de Vimy diront à l'avenir l'héroïsme et la gloire immortelle des Canadiens.

Lorsque cette terrible guerre se terminera et que la victoire des nations alliées sera enregistrée dans l'histoire de notre siècle, nous pourrons nous unir de nouveau autour de ce monument, ici, dans la vieille capitale de notre confédération, pour célébrer dignement cet événement, et pour chanter, dans les deux langues officielles de notre pays, un Te Deum de triomphe, tel que les grondements de la grande Chaudière là-bas ne saurait jamais étouffer.

CONFÉRENCE

SOUVENIRS DES TEMPS JADIS

A la Salle Saint-Sulpice, Montréal

(Mardi, le 19 février 1918.)

Monseigneur, Mesdames, Messieurs,

Oublions que nous sommes dans la ville de Montréal et que c'est l'année 1918; transportons-nous, pour quelques moments, dans la vieille ville de Québec, et à l'année 1877. Remontons quarante ans la pente de notre histoire; contemplons la vieille capitale telle qu'elle était à cette époque. Nous allons rencontrer les personnages les plus remarquables de ces jours lointains — les membres les plus distingués du clergé, les professeurs à l'université, les étudiants devenus des hommes les plus en vue de notre temps, les conférenciers, les musiciens, les chantres, les littérateurs (poètes, historiens, chroniqueurs, journalistes), les orateurs et lutteurs dans l'arène politique, enfin les farceurs, et les types de toutes espèces; il y en avait pour tous les goûts. Nous ferons d'abord une promenade dans les principales parties de la ville, et au fur et à mesure que nous avancerons nous contemplerons les reliques séculaires toutes disparues aujourd'hui et nous saluerons, en passant, les habitués de ces rues étroites et tortueuses — individus dont les noms, comme les murs et les portes de l'antique cité, sont passés dans le domaine de l'histoire.

* * *

Ce n'est plus le Québec du Château Frontenac, du beau palais de justice, de l'hôtel de ville, des bâtisses parlementaires et du monument de Laval : tout cela est moderne. Où est aujourd'hui l'hôtel Château Frontenac se trouvait l'école normale, entre le jardin du gouverneur et l'ancienne terrace Dufferin — institution importante sous la direction de monsieur l'abbé Rouleau, un des instituteurs les plus éclairés de son temps. Le palais de justice d'alors se trouva dans un viel édifice délabré, anciennement un hôpital, qu'on avait affecté à l'usage des tribunaux civils; on y arrivait en traversant des passages indescriptibles qui donnaient sur la rue Saint-Louis, presque en face de la rue Sainte-Ursule. La chambre législative était une construction en brique à deux étages, située à la tête de la Côte de la Montagne, entre le précipice du Sault-au-Matelot et les remparts. Là où se trouve aujourd'hui le magnifique Hôtel de Ville, en face de la basilique, et longeant la rue de la Fabrique, l'immense terrain était encombré des débris et ruines de l'ancien collège des Jésuites;—après 1760 les anglais en prirent possession et s'en sont servi pour l'usage de leurs soldats — donc on le nomma caserne des Jésuites.

Arrêtons-nous un moment pour contempler ces murs construits pour l'éternité, et qu'il a pris trois ans pour démolir. C'est en vain qu'on s'attaqua à ces murailles, dont le ciment était plus dur que les pierres, et ce n'était qu'à force de coups de pic et de hache, de poudre et de dynamite, qu'on a finallement réussi à les niveler. Cet édifice fut cons-

truit aux derniers jours de la vie de Champlain, et un mois avant sa mort—qui arriva la veille de Noël, 1635 — on en a fit l'inauguration. Debout sur ces immenses murs et regardant dans les profondeurs des caves inférieures, on aura pu dire que des hauteurs du présent on contemplait les evénéments d'il y a deux siècles et demi passés. Une influence, je ne sais de quelle force attractive, m'attirait quotidiennement vers le vieux collège. C'était par un beau soir d'été; j'errais dans ces ruines, quand j'ai rencontré là le fin chroniqueur Arthur Buies. Nous causâmes longuement sur ce sujet, et dans ses chroniques vous trouverez en quelque part le compte rendu de cette scène.

Passons de l'extérieur à l'intérieur de la basilique. C'est là que nous assistions tous les dimanches à la grand'messe, et où nous entendîmes prêcher plusieurs des grands prédicateurs de cette époque.

Je me rappelle qu'un jour mon père, qui était descendu à l'hôtel Saint-Louis, me demanda de conduire un monsieur Stewart de New-York à la grand'messe. M. Stewart était protestant mais grand amateur de la langue française et admirateur des cérémonies catholiques. Dans l'hiver de cette année-là il manquait un professeur de philosophie au séminaire de Québec; monseigneur de Montréal envoya un jeune prêtre de son diocèse pour remplir la charge. Une ou deux fois chaque mois ce jeune prêtre prêchait à la grand'messe à la basilique. Le jour où je me trouvais là avec ce monsieur Stewart, c'était le jeune prêtre, professeur montréalais, qui a monté en chaire. Il nous a fait un bijou de sermon sur la foi, comparée à la colonne de feu qui conduisit les Israëlites à travers le désert. En sortant de l'église je demanda à M. Stewart s'il avait bien compris le sermon. Voici sa réponse: " C'était magnifique, et je vous assure que si ce jeune prêtre a la santé il finira par être évêque, un prince de votre église." Ce monsieur n'était pas faux prophète, car le nom de ce jeune prêtre est MONSIEUR L'ABBE PAUL BRUCHESI.

C'est encore à la basilique de Québec. C'était le mois de Saint-Joseph en l'année 1878. Le Père Mothon, grand prédicateur dominicain était à donner des conférences à l'université; on l'invita à prêcher un sermon de circonstance. Je ne sais par quel malentendu on lui imposa la tâche de ne parler que cinq minutes un soir au mois de Saint-Joseph. Imaginez-vous le père Mothon montant en chaire pour prêcher un sermon de cinq minutes. Toujours est-il, voilà le père Mothon, dans ces circonstances, en chaire. Voici ce qu'il nous dit : " Mes frères; Nous sommes dans le mois de Saint-Joseph. Que voulez-vous que je vous en dise? Vous avez vu un rayon de soleil décomposé dans un prisme; ça vous donne les sept couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel; unissez les sept couleurs et vous avez un rayon qui vient du soleil. Voilà Saint-Joseph. Dans toutes les Saintes Ecritures nous ne trouvons qu'un seul mot à son adresse — Justus est, il est le Juste. Un rayon, décomposé dans le prisme de l'intelligence, nous donne les sept dons du Saint Esprit. Unissez les sept dons du Saint Esprit et vous avez un rayon — le Juste — qui émane du Soleil de la Justice éternelle. Voilà Saint-Joseph . Ite ad Joseph; allez à lui." Le Père Mothon avait fait un véritable tour de force et il laissa tous ses auditeurs profondément impressionés.

Permettez, maintenant, que je rappelle les noms de mes compagnons d'étude à cette époque. La mort a fauché dans nos rangs, mais il en

reste, heureusement, un bon nombre de ces amis de ma jeunesse. Il y avait parmi eux Arthur Audet, juge de la cour d'échiquier; Louis Philippe Peltier, juge de la cour supérieure; Horace Archambault, (Sir Horace) juge en chef de la cour d'appel; N.-S. Parent, ancien Premier Ministre de Québec; Thomas Chapais, historien, et du conseil législatif; Jacques Bureau, ancien soliciteur-général; Siméon Lelièvre, secrétaire du Président du Sénat; Henri Lajoie, C.R., du barreau de Montréal; et P.-Auguste Choquette, sénateur, et ancien juge. Parmi ceux qui sont disparus de la scène, rappelons le souvenir de l'hon. Charles Devlin, Joseph Frémont, Joseph Turcotte, Joseph Roy — les premiers députés, et le dernier membre de la Société Royale du Canada. Je pourrais en nommer plusieurs autres, mais non pas de notre terme à l'université.

Tournons nos yeux, maintenant, sur nos professeurs: François Langelier; E. J. Flynn; le juge Alleyn; le juge Casault; le juge Tessier, et pendant un an, Thomas Chase-Casgrain. Quel homme remarquable que Sir François Langelier, ministre provincial, député fédéral, Lieutenant Gouverneur. Comme professeur de droit civil c'était une véritable machine-à-battre; une espèce d'horloge légale montée pour une heure chaque jour, et arrêtant, même dans le milieu d'une phrase, aussitôt neuf heures sonnaient. Avec l'article du code devant lui, sans manuscrit, sans notes, sans aucun document, il nous versa un torrent d'explications bourée d'anecdotes, de citations — c'était Pothier, Marcadé, Demolombe, Troplong, Aubry et Rau, les Coutumes de Paris, les Coutumes d'Orléans, les Institutes de Justinian, le Code Napoléon, le Code Civil, et que sais-je?

Passons des salles de lectures dans la grande salle de récréation. A droite se trouve le tabagie et la salle de billards — là où on tenait les séances de notre parlement modèle; à gauche la salle de récréation, de promenades, de conférences, d'amusements en général. C'est là que le juge Routhier venait nous donner ses conférences admirables sur " Les Conférenciers de Paris," " Les Théâtres de Paris," " Les Pays du Midi," et sur maints autres sujets. C'est là où nous tenions les séances de notre Société Cazeau, fondée par monseigneur Cazeau.

Je m'arrête un moment pour saluer, d'une manière toute spéciale, le nom et la mémoire de monseigneur Cazeau. C'est lui qui a prodigué ses biens et sa santé aux services irlandais malheureux, jetés comme des épaves sur les rives du Saint-Laurent. Poussés par la main de la tyrannie dans les vaisseaux empestés de fièvre, ballottés sur les vagues de l'Atlantique, ces exilés infortunés venaient par centaines s'échoir entre Grosse Isle et Québec. C'est alors que monseigneur Cazeau, avec le future cardinal Taschereau, leur ont donné leurs soins et leurs soulagements. Quand la belle âme de monseigneur Cazeau a prit son essor vers Dieu, l'abbé Apollinaire Gingras déposa un bouquet poétique sur sa tombe, rappellant dans ses vers admirables le lien d'amour qui doit unir ensemble les Canadiens-français et les enfants de l'Irlande. C'est ainsi qu'il termine :

" Maintenant, la main dans la main, Canadiens, Irlandais;
Anathème à celui qui troublera la paix."

Malheureusement, depuis ce temps-là il se trouva des troubleurs de la paix entre ces deux peuples, des gens qui tombent sous le coup de l'anathème du prêtre-poète de Saint-Edouard de la Beauce.

C'est aux assemblées de cette société que M. Ernest Gagnon, organiste à la basilique, nous amusait, tantôt avec des morceaux choisis au piano, tantôt avec ses récits admirables et ses contes charmants. Quel beau type du vrai gentilhomme français qu'était monsieur Gagnon.

Un soir nous étions six ou sept dans la salle; c'était vers neuf heures, lorsque nous vîmes entrer l'abbé Pierre Rouselle, Secrétaire de l'université, avec Maurice Baillargé et Trudel — le grand ténor — et un petit homme tout nerveux et surexcité. Cet homme, à la tête presque chauve, portait une auréole de cheveux noirs qui tombaient en tire-bouchon par derrière les oreilles. Il était très excité, et disait en frappant ses mains ensemble, " Je l'ai; je l'ai trouvé enfin, j'ai réussi; venez; écoutez." Ils allèrent vers l'estrade et là ce petit homme prit place au piano. Pour un moment ses doigts semblaient communiquer un courant électrique au clavier; aussitôt, jetant sa tête en arrière il nous joua, pour la première fois, le chef-d'œuvre de son génie, — c'était Calixa Lavallé; il jouait " O Canada." Quelques minutes après Trudel nous chanta les paroles de Routhier, accompagné par l'auteur même de l'hymne par excellence du Canada. Je me croyais transporté à la ville de Strasbourg à la nuit où Rouget deLisle joua et chanta pour la première fois " La Marseillaise " au milieu d'un petit groupe d'amis privilégiés. Aujourd'hui le chant " O Canada " soulève l'enthousiasme des soldats français dans les tranchées de l'Europe; ses sons patriotiques font l'admiration du monde entier. La séance intime de ce soir à jamais mémorable est pour moi un des plus doux souvenirs des temps jadis.

C'est encore dans cette grande salle que nous rencontrions les pléiades littéraires de cette époque. Combien de veillées avons-nous passées avec Oscar Dunn, Pamphile Lemay, Morisette, Faucher de Saint-Maurice, Legendre, Chapman, Roméo Poisson, Louis Honoré Fréchette, et tant d'autres. De temps en temps les grands journalistes venaient pour assister à nos séances parlementaires — Israël Tarte, rédacteur du journal " Le Canadien;" Roch Pamphile Vallée; Tardivel; et souvent, quand ils étaient en passage à Québec nous avions Arthur Dansereau de Montréal, A.-D. Decelles, Joseph Tassé, L.-O. David, l'hon. Marchand de Saint-Jean, sans oublier son rédacteur du " Franco-Canadien " le poète James Donnelly. Quel phalange de littérateurs et d'hommes d'élite que j'ai connus dans ces beaux temps jadis.

Sortons, maintenant, de l'université pour nous occuper des orateurs, cabaleurs, claqueurs et tapageurs du grand monde dans l'arène politique. C'était l'époque par excellence des luttes électorales. Ils étaient des géants de hustings en ce temps-là. Mercier était au début de sa carrière et se faisant remarquer déjà par son vigoureux patriotisme; Chapleau avait atteint le midi de sa gloire comme criminaliste et orateur de grand essor; les deux Langelier, François et Charles, le premier professeur, le second tribun populaire; François-Xavier Lemieux (juge-en-chef à rentes aujourd'hui) un homme à la parole vibrante et puissante; l'hon. Henri Joly, toujours délicat et d'une politesse de la vieille école du dix-septième siècle; enfin l'incomparable Charles Thibault, le mauvais esprit de ses adversaires politiques, et le trésor inépuisable de Berthelot et du " Canard."

C'est dans l'automne de 1877 que Laurier est venu à St-Roch et Saint-Sauveur pour se faire élire député fédéral pour Québec Est. Il

venait d'être nommé ministre dans le gouvernement MacKenzie. Dans l'élection partielle il fut défait à Drummond et Arthabaska. L'hon. Thibaudeau, député de Québec Est démissionna laissant la place vacante au jeune ministre. M. Tourangeau de Québec s'était déclaré candidat contre Laurier. Voilà, donc, la fameuse élection de Québec Est sur le tapis. Avant de vous en donner un compte rendu des événements mouvementés qui se sont déroulés sur ce théâtre — où j'étais un des spectateurs — transportons-nous à la vieille salle de musique où Laurier a prononcé son discours-programme, en forme de conférence sur " Le Libéralisme Canadien."

J'étais là en cette occasion mémorable; je n'avais que vingt ans; à cet âge on retient bien les idées exprimées par les grands orateurs; et, en général, on les emporte avec soi à travers la vie. C'est alors que ce jeune homme dressa sur les hauteurs de l'avenir le phare de son idéal — " l'autonomie canadienne sous l'égide de la constitution britannique." Depuis quarante ans je l'ai suivi de loin sans jamais le perdre de vue. Depuis quarante ans, sans jamais se désorienter pour un moment il monte le versant de notre histoire contemporaine, à travers les éclats du succès et les nuages de la défaite, toujours droit, fier, calme, l'œil fixé vers la lumière sur les cîmes. Ecartant les obstacles qui se dressaient sur la route, surmontant les rochers, évitant les précipices, jamais ébloui par les triomphes, jamais découragé par les revers de la fortune. A un moment donné on le perdait de vue, pour le revoir de nouveau au-delà des brumes sur les flancs de la montagne — toujours s'avançant à grands pas vers son but là-haut. Ses associés s'arrêtaient mais lui jamais; des critiques le blessent, sans rancune il passe outre; des amis lui font défaut, même jusqu'au point de le trahir, sans vengeance au cœur et sans lancer un regard de courroux, il continue sa marche vers son idéal.

Mais retournons à l'année 1877, c'est au début de la carrière du grand Canadien que nous sommes; et quel début mémorable et mouvementé.

C'était un soir brumeux d'automne, 1877, sur la place Jacques-Cartier, à St-Roch. Plus de quatorze mille personnes dans une assemblée électorale. En face du marché était une estrade, et là on reconnaissait la figure de Laurier — pâle, souriant, vêtu de noir, avec un faux-col haut et uni, qui faisait dire à Thibault que Laurier se présentait comme ministre protestant et qu'il briguait les suffrages des catholiques de Québec Est. Aussitôt l'assemblée ouverte le fameux Thibault a bien voulu parler avant le candidat Laurier. La foule hurla et cria à pleine tête— " Pas Thibault c'est Laurier qu'il nous faut." Thibault voyant l'impossibilité de s'emparer de l'estrade, descendit dans l'auditoire, traversa la place, et monta sur un balcon en face de chez Lemesurier.

La foule prise entre les deux estrades et les deux orateurs se tournait tantôt vers Laurier, tantôt vers Thibault, toujours lançant les mêmes cris : " Pas Thibault; c'est Laurier qu'il nous faut." Thibault ne voulant se fatiguer inutilement, faisait semblant de parler, tout en jouant de la pantomime avec ses bras, ses gestes, sa tête. A un moment donné la foule fatiguée de hurler se taisait; Thibault profitant de ce calme lançait à grande voix cette apostrophe à la foule: " j'aime entendre les vagues de la mer se briser sur les rochers." Des cris de nouveau : " Pas Thibault : donnez-nous Laurier." Encore le calme se fait. Thibault s'élançant

encore : j'aime entendre les vagues de la populace se briser à mes pieds." Vacarme d'enfer sur toute la place. Encore de la pantomime; encore la voix de Thibault dominant la foule : " Naguère on a entendu ce cri dans les montagnes de la Judée — " crucifiez-le, donnez-nous Barrabas; " Oui, criez, hurlez, mes Juifs, " Pas Thibault, donnez-nous Laurier, donnez-nous Barrabas le voleur; le voilà là-bas — prenez-le le scélérat." Scènes indiscriptibles; inutile de parler l'assemblée est finie; Thibault a remporté une victoire momentanée, tandis qu'on portait Laurier en triomphe à travers St-Roch et Saint-Sauveur.

Le lendemain soir nous étions une dizaine dans la salle à dîner chez La Force, au Chien d'Or, quand Lavigueur, le violoniste arrivait en jouant sur son violon l'air d'une chanson qu'il venait de composer.

" Pas Thibault : Pas Thibault :
Le peuple se réveille,—
Et on veille au drapeau,
C'est Laurier qu'il nous faut."

Je n'en finirais pas ce soir, si je m'écoutais, à évoquer mes souvenirs des temps jadis. Si j'avais le temps avec quel plaisir je vous entretiendrais avec les bons mots, les jeux d'esprits, les heures inoubliables passées avec les littérateurs, poètes, musiciens, artistes, soit en promenades sur la terrace, soit en réunions intimes chez les bons amis de ce temps-là. Peut-être reviendrai-je un jour vous faire connaître plus intimement ces astres qui brillaient alors dans le ciel des lettres canadiennes.

Nous n'avions pas de tramways, ni de téléphones en ces temps jadis; mais nous avions des plaisirs et des amitiés dont la mémoire durera jusqu'au couchant pour chacun de nous. Encore un souvenir avant de vous dire aurevoir. Un soir plus de six milles hommes, venant de St-Roch et Saint-Sauveur, entouraient la chambre législative. Ils portaient trois cercueils illuminés, contenant trois mannequins de paille. C'était pour représenter Church, Angers et Chapleau, les trois ministres qui cherchaient à imposer des taxes nouvelles sans avoir reçu au préalable un mandat du peuple. Vers neuf heures nous étions dans notre salle de récréation quand Monsieur l'abbé Rhéaume, l'homme le moins excitable et le plus délicat au monde, arrivait en criant : " Montez au troisième, le diable est aux vaches sur les remparts." De fait nous accourûmes à la hâte, et de nos fenêtres nous contemplâmes l'exécution, la pendaison et la crémation de ces trois hommes. Le lendemain un coup de foudre éclata sur toute la province. Le Lieutenant-Gouverneur, Luc Letellier de St-Just venait de renvoyer le gouvernement. C'était le fameux Coup d'Etat. Aujourd'hui on ne peut guère se former une idée de l'effet de ce coup hardi de par toute la Confédération.

Mais je ne veux pas vous ennuyer hors raison. Eveillons-nous; revenons à Montréal et à l'année 1918. Je laisse tomber le rideau sur les temps jadis; je revois l'espace qui nous sépare de ces jours heureux et inoubliables, et me rappelant des vers d'un bon poète irlandais de cette époque:

" Ainsi passent les ans au sein de la rafale,
Quand l'aiguille du temps marque l'heure fatale
A l'éternel Cadran;
Quand le sombre Destin vient frapper à la porte,
Où les attend déjà la bruyante cohorte
D'un autre Nouvel An."

CONFÉRENCE

Notre distingué concitoyen expose devant un nombreux auditoire ce qu'est le problème canadien et comment il faut s'y prendre pour le résoudre pour le plus grand bien du pays

C'EST EN VAIN QU'ON TENTERA D'ARRACHER LA LANGUE FRANCAISE DU CANADA. — IL FAUT L'ACCEPTER. — CE QUE LES ANGLAIS DOIVENT A CETTE LANGUE

(" La Presse ", le 24 février 1918.)

Hier après-midi, le People's Forum avait pour conférencier le Dr J.-K. Foran, C.R., qui, avec la grande autorité qu'il possède, a dit comment il faudrait s'y prendre, non pas pour résoudre le problème de Québec qui n'existe pas, mais le problème canadien. Le conférencier a parlé franchement et ses auditeurs, plus d'un millier, n'ont pas caché leur satisfaction. Ce fut un triomphe véritable pour le conférencier et pour notre cause qu'il a défendue avec vigueur et éloquence. Soyons-en reconnaissants au Dr Foran.

Le People's Forum aura ainsi contribué à faciliter une meilleure entente entre les races de notre pays et le Dr Foran a fourni les moyens de dissiper les malentendus qui empêchent, non pas seulement le rapprochement, mais l'union des races pour le bien commun de la nation. Car, M. Foran l'a démontré, on n'arrivera à créer une nationalité canadienne tant qu'existeront les préjugés, les haines qui entretiennent les dissensions et les perpétuent.

Réponse à Maurice Low. — M. Foran débute en félicitant le People's Forum de l'objet qu'il poursuit en instruisant ses membres des problèmes d'actualité, puis prenant occasion d'un article d'un publiciste américain de grand renom, Maurice Low, publié dans " l'*American Review of Reviews*," le conférencier entreprend de le réfuter. Ce n'était pas sortir du cadre de son sujet : c'était mieux en préparer l'étude.

M. Foran avoue qu'il ne connaît pas Maurice Low, de même qu'il ignore sa compétence à traiter un sujet comme celui du problème des Canadiens-français. En réponse au publiciste américain, le conférencier pour se moquer de lui apporte le cas d'un écrivain français, Molinari, qui racontant ses impressions d'un voyage dans notre province, a fait preuve de la plus grande ignorance de notre géographie. Il doit en être de même de M. Low, qui paraît ne rien connaître de nous.

L'autorité du Dr Foran. — Le conférencier ne voudrait pas s'arroger le droit de prendre la défense des Canadiens-français s'il n'avait pas eu l'avantage de les connaître intimement, de vivre sans cesse au milieu d'eux depuis quarante-cinq ans. M. Foran rappelle qu'il a fait ses études dans un collège et dans une université bilingues, à Québec; que durant des années il vécut avec les bûcherons de nos forêts, dans lesquelles son père avait de grands intérêts; que dix années durant il fut

rédacteur dans des journaux de Montréal et que quinze années durant ses fonctions au département des lois à Ottawa lui ont fourni l'avantage de connaître deux ou trois générations de représentants du peuple.

C'est de ce contact ininterrompu avec les Canadiens-français que M. Foran prétend tenir l'autorité qu'il a de parler avec connaissance.

Les Canadiens-français et l'anglais. — M. Foran relève une assertion inexacte de Low qui prétend que 90 p.c. des Canadiens-français ne parlent exclusivement que le français. M. Foran dit qu'il serait plus exact de dire plutôt que 9 p.c. des Canadiens-français ne parlent pas du tout l'anglais, et que 90 p.c. des citoyens anglais ne parlent pas le français.

Quant aux sentiments des Canadiens-français pour l'Angleterre on a tort après tout ce que l'histoire raconte, même l'histoire écrite par des Anglais, de dire que le Canadien-français n'est pas loyal à l'Angleterre.

On a également tort de dire que le Canadien-français n'est pas Canadien, lui qui est dans ce pays depuis 350 ans et dont la race enfonce ses racines dans les profondeurs du sol canadien.

M. Foran refute également cette fausse assertion que le Canadien-français veut s'isoler. La preuve c'est qu'au contraire le Canadien-français recherche des rapports plus étroits avec les Anglais jusqu'à aller s'établir dans les provinces anglaises, comme aux provinces maritimes, dans la province d'Ontario et dans l'Ouest. Loin d'éviter de parler l'anglais le Canadien-français se fait un devoir de l'apprendre et de l'apprendre avec soin. Aujourd'hui il n'est pas un député ou un sénateur de langue française qui ne parle pas l'anglais : certains d'entre eux parlent un anglais plus classique que nombre de ceux dont l'anglais est la langue maternelle.

Comme l'a dit aussi le Dr Foran, c'est une autre fausseté de dire que le Canadien-français haît l'Anglais. Le plus qu'on peut dire c'est que le Canadien-français se méfie de l'Anglais. Le Canadien-français est trop généreux et trop cordial pour avoir de la haine pour qui que ce soit et encore moins pour l'Anglais.

Il n'y a pas de problème de Québec. — Après avoir ainsi battu en brèche le publiciste américain, M. Foran attaque son sujet et établit qu'il n'y a pas de problème de Québec, mais un problème canadien, dont la solution ne viendra que par l'effort de chacun des éléments de la Confédération. Toutes les provinces se doivent d'étudier ce vaste problème et les hommes d'Etat failliraient à leur devoir en ne s'efforçant point de l'approfondir pour arriver à la solution la plus heureuse. Antipatriote et anticanadien serait celui qui entretiendrait de propos délibéré une rivalité dangereuse entre les provinces ou qui attiserait sans cesse la haine des races.

Le conférencier ne cache pas qu'il est le premier à répudier les écarts des extrémistes qui sans cesse font appel à l'intolérance, montrant par là qu'ils ignorent les plus élémentaires notions de l'amour chrétien, qui veut qu'on aime son semblable comme soi-même; mais en même temps, M. Foran déplore la campagne menée contre les Canadiens-français et le Québec, campagne qui est un mal pour le bonheur du Dominion tout entier.

Et ici M. Foran rappelle toutes les monstruosités qui ont rempli certains journaux anglais, qui ne semblaient jamais arriver à épuiser leur répertoire d'injures à l'adresse des Canadiens-français. " Et c'est pendant que les eaux de la Somme et de la Marne chantaient le requiem des héros Canadiens-français tombés sur leurs rives; c'est pendant que les ruines de St-Julien et d'Ypres; que les murs écroulés de Courcelettes, et les hauteurs de Vimy envoyaient le plus indigné et le plus triste des démentis, que des patriotards de cabinet lançaient sur les Canadiens-français leurs flèches empoisonnées ".

Et pour montrer encore les raisons du ressentiment des Canadiens-français, M. Foran rappelle que dans l'Ontario, tandis qu'on cherche à empêcher l'enseignement du français, on préconise l'enseignement de l'allemand, qui est la langue du plus grand ennemi de l'humanité.

Oh ! non, il n'y a pas de problème de Québec, mais un seul problème canadien, dont la solution ne peut tarder.

La langue française et le problème canadien. — M. Foran aurait voulu avoir plus de temps à sa disposition pour envisager les divers aspects de ce problème, seulement il ne peut que se limiter à traiter de la langue, qui paraît être le principal obstacle à l'union plus étroite des éléments.

Il déclare que le Canadien-français tient à sa langue et c'est son droit, et citant l'opinion d'un célèbre publiciste et poète irlandais, Thomas Davis, M. Foran prouve que c'est un acte barbare que de vouloir priver un peuple de sa langue.

Le français a été apporté ici par Jacques Cartier, Champlain et de Maisonneuve; par les missionnaires et les découvreurs; il était parlé par Radison à la Baie James, avant même qu'Hudson en ait vu les eaux; il a été parlé dans l'ouest et jusqu'aux pieds des Rocheuses par la Vérandry; il était parlé par 65,000 individus quand le Canada passa sous la domination anglaise et il est parlé aujourd'hui par deux millions et demi de sujets britanniques loyaux et dévoués. Pourquoi donc voudrait-on empêcher le français d'exister au Canada ?

Vouloir faire disparaître le français, qui est la langue diplomatique, c'est aussi impossible que de faire disparaître l'éclat du soleil à midi. Et dans une belle envolée, M. Foran fait voir quelle aberration criminelle c'est que de vouloir faire la guerre au français.

La langue anglaise elle-même doit sa pureté et sa beauté à la langue française, à laquelle elle a emprunté plus de 35,000 mots. Jusqu'à l'arrivé des Normands en Angleterre, le peuple anglais n'avait qu'un jargon, mélangé de Saxon et de celte, et c'est grâce " au doux parler de France " que l'idiome anglais s'est purifié, permettant à Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Macauly, Burns, Tennyson et Ruskin, de produire ces grandes œuvres qui sont les chefs-d'œuvre de la littérature anglaise.

La langue française est ici pour y rester aussi longtemps que le Canada existera. Alors pour résoudre le problème canadien, les anglo-saxons n'ont donc d'autre alternative que de l'accepter avec cet esprit de *fairplay* qui est un des apanages de la mentalité vraiment britannique.

LA SOLUTION DU PROBLEME CANADIEN. — Puisqu'il faudra compter sans cesse avec la langue française dans la solution du problème

canadien, n'est-il pas du devoir de tout Canadien aimant son pays et les institutions britanniques de travailler à une entente plus étroite, dit M. Foran. Que tous les éléments de ce pays se confondent ensemble comme les eaux de l'Ottawa et du St-Laurent près de Montréal. Ces eaux coulent l'une à côté de l'autre sur une certaine distance puis se mêlent ensuite pour aller porter à l'océan tout ce que notre industrie, notre commerce produisent. Pourquoi en serait-il autrement pour les deux races ? Nous sommes un peuple avec deux langues; pourquoi ne serviraient-elles pas comme les ailes de l'aigle à atteindre les plus hauts sommets, dans la pure atmosphère d'un patriotisme sans alliage, et qui donne la vigueur et la gloire ?

Dans un tableau d'une saisissante beauté, M. Foran fait la peinture de ce qui arrivera après la guerre, montra la France sortie plus éclatante et plus grande de cette grande épreuve; l'empire britannique plus étroitement lié, émerger, comme l'arche de Noé, et devenir le refuge des grandes libertés humaines. Quant au Canada, il sera après la guerre ce que nous l'aurons fait. Le sort de notre commune patrie ne dépend que de chacun de nous. Rien de ce que la paix nous apportera ne pourra s'accomplir sans sacrifice. Dès maintenant sacrifions donc nos préjugés, même quelques-unes de nos prédilections pour le bien de notre pays. Que les extrémistes modifient donc leurs opinions; qu'ils changent leurs vues et que dans la fraternité la plus sincère les éléments de notre pays travaillent donc d'un commun accord à son bonheur futur.

Que ce serait beau de voir au Canada se répéter l'exemple de l'entente et de l'union des deux chefs irlandais Cow et MacJohn, du Xem siècle, qui après avoir été toujours des ennemis irréductibles, s'unirent pour repousser l'invasion des Danois sur les côtes irlandaises ?

Ce n'est qu'à cette condition qu'on arrivera à résoudre le problème canadien.

Comme nous le disions plus haut, cette conférence fut longuement applaudie et c'est une ovation qui fut faite au conférencier quand il reprit son siège. Le président M. Ross ne put s'empêcher de faire le plus bel éloge du Dr Foran et avoua que jamais, le People's Forum n'avait entendu rien de tel.

* * *

C'est l'habitude au People's Forum de poser des questions au conférencier sur le sujet qu'il vient de traiter. Hier, une vingtaine d'auditeurs ont profité de cet avantage, et tour à tour le Dr Foran a essuyé leur feu et disons-le à sa louange, il a victorieusement répondu à tous ses interlocuteurs. Chaque réponse était si au point qu'elle fut saluée par les applaudissements unanimes de l'immense salle.

Nous donnons ci-dessous quelques-unes de ces questions et de ces réponses pour montrer à nos lecteurs que le Dr Foran a en quelque sorte défriché tout ce terrain que les broussailles du prejugé avaient envahi. Il reste maintenant aux hommes de bonne volonté de semer dans cette terre des idées de paix et de concorde et avant peu on verra lever le bon grain.

Voici maintenant quelques-unes des questions posées à M. Foran:

Une dame anglaise a nié l'avancé du docteur Foran concernant les règlements dans l'Ontario favorables à l'enseignement de la langue alle-

mande et défavorables à la langue française. Vite le conférencier lui a répondu d'une manière si documentée que l'immense auditoire lui a prodigué d'enthousiastes applaudissements.

Un ministre anglican a déclaré qu'il était absolument d'accord avec le conférencier sur la question du français, et qu'il avait déjà exprimé les mêmes sentiments dans la province de l'Ontario, et qu'on a manqué de le tuer. Il était heureux de se trouver à Montréal où la liberté de la parole est respectée.

Un monsieur a fait une attaque contre Hocken et Bourassa. Dans ce cas, le conférencier a répondu qu'il venait de demander à son auditoire de commencer par faire le sacrifice de leurs préjugés pour l'amour de la patrie, le Canada; et voici qu'on fait justement le contraire en exprimant des préjugés personnels.

Un individu se déclarant Canadien-français était de l'opinion qu'une langue officielle était suffisante au Canada. En répondant à cette personne, le conférencier donna les preuves irréfutables, basées sur ses propres expériences au département des lois à la Chambre des Communes, de l'utilité et même la nécessité des deux langues dans la confection et l'amélioration des lois.

Chacun des interlocuteurs s'exprima enchanté de la conférence, tant de la forme que du fond, mais chacun avait quelques questions à demander, auxquelles le Dr Foran a répondu immédiatement et toujours recevant en retour un tonnerre d'applaudissements.

DISCOURS PATRIOTIQUE

(Le 26 mars 1918.)

Correspondance spéciale à la " Patrie "

Ottawa, 26. — Mardi soir, dans la grande salle de l'Hôtel de Ville le Dr J.-K. Foran, secrétaire des lois à la Chambre des Communes, a prononcé un autre discours remarquable à l'occasion de la réunion des Comités de l'Association des Champs de Bataille, de Québec. On dit un autre discours, car le soir du 17 mars, dans le Théâtre Russell, le Dr Foran a adressé la parole à un auditoire de près de 2,000 citoyens de la capitale et a fait vibrer des notes de reconaissance à l'endroit de la race canadienne-française. Il a fait ressortir tout ce que les Canadiens-français ont fait par le passé pour l'Irlande et les exilés irlandais. Ses paroles retentissantes furent applaudis non seulement par les Canadiens-français qui assistaient en grand nombre, mais aussi par les Irlandais, les Ecossais, les Anglais, les protestants comme les catholiques. Dr Foran à cette occasion, a prêché d'une manière magistrale l'union entre deux races de la même croyance. Ce discours est encore le sujet des commentaires généraux. Hier soir Dr Foran nous arriva avec un discours sur Champlain et l'historique des grandes œuvres de ce colosse qui se dresse sur les hauteurs des temps jadis. Impossible d'en donner un résumé — c'était l'histoire de la littérature, de la haute poésie. Les Irlandais du Canada doivent se glorifier de lui et c'est à espérer qu'ils sauront profiter de l'exemple et des principes de cet ami des deux races. Sa connaissance de la langue et de la littérature françaises explique bien les notes patriotiques qu'il éprouva envers ses concitoyens de la race française.

CONFERÉNCE POUR LES ÉLÈVES DU COUVENT DES SOEURS DE LA CONGRÉGATION DE NOTRE-DAME, RUE GLOUCESTER, OTTAWA, MARS 1918

" La Comédie D'Aujourd'hui "

Votre Excellence, Rév. Mère Supérieure, Mesdames,

On parle beaucoup, ces jours-ci de l'uniformité des livres d'écoles dans notre province; ce n'est qu'une autre tentative, comme celle de 1912, destinée au même sort; c'est la même idée qu'on trouve au fond des manœuvres anticatholiques des francophobes ontariens pratiquées depuis trente ans dans cette province. C'est la guerre déclarée par les loges contre l'enseignement catholique et elles ont recours aux mêmes moyens dont leurs modèles en France se sont servis pour terrasser l'autorité religieuse et flétrir la foi dans l'âme de la jeunesse. Pour neutraliser cette propagande, entre autres moyens, il faut maintenir au Canada l'influence de la meilleure littérature française; faire répandre cette influence est un apostolat; conserver cette littérature est une nécessité qui s'impose.

La guerre qui ravage depuis quatre ans le monde civilisé nous enseigne cette leçon—que pour lutter triomphalement il faut non seulement se servir des mêmes armes et des mêmes moyens que l'ennemi, mais améliorer ses armes et employer des moyens plus effectifs que les siens. La lutte pour la conservation de la langue française existe encore : il faut approvisioner nos forteresses — c'est-à-dire nos bibliothèques et nos foyers — avec des munitions les plus efficaces. Permettez que je vous signale une mitrailleuse littéraire.

Il y a plus de dix ans que j'ai reçu de Paris, de l'auteur lui-même, un ouvrage que je viens de lire de nouveau et dans lequel je trouve maints arguments pour confondre les prétentions de ceux qui s'attaquent à notre système scolaire.

C'était aux jours de Combes et ses émules iconoclastes que feu M. Lhomme, ancien professeur à l'Université de France, publia son ouvrage " La Comédie D'Aujourd'hui."

Après plusieurs années, je viens, pour la seconde fois de feuilleter ces pages instructives, et je suis certain que ce serait une bonne chose si nos jeunes amateurs de la littérature française allaient puiser des inspirations chez cet auteur d'élite. M. Lhomme nous dit — et cela s'applique aujourd'hui chez nous aussi bien qu'en France avant la guerre. —" La sottise n'a qu'un jour; le vent l'emporte, et l'œuvre de Dieu s'accomplit avec le secours des hommes et malgré leurs efforts." L'auteur s'est donné pour mission d'exposer la sottise des prétendus littérateurs de son temps et de faire valoir le triomphe de l'œuvre de Dieu. Aussi on entend dans ses pages claquer de terribles coups de fouet; on y voit exposés des principes purement catholiques qui donnent des ailes à l'âme et la font planer au-dessus des bouleversements sociaux de notre époque.

Dans sa préface, il dit : " Faire la guerre à la littérature licencieuse, sottement impie ou obscure à dessein, c'est du même coup, s'en

prendre à toute une légion de malfaiteurs dont elle est l'unique ressource. . . . . Quand la littérature est saine, les esprits sont bien portants. Ils sont malades quand elle déraisonne. La preuve de cette vérité n'a pas besoin d'être établie; il suffit d'ouvrir les yeux pour la voir; elle est manifeste comme l'évidence. . . J'ai dédié ce livre aux honnêtes gens, et je leur confie le soin de le faire connaître et de le défendre."

Voulant bien me voir ranger au nombre des honnêtes gens dont parle M. Lhomme, et ayant eu l'avantage d'étudier son ouvrage de nouveau, j'ai cru qu'il était de mon devoir d'appeler l'attention de tous ceux qui ont soif des beautés et surtout des vérités de la littérature française sur les pages à la fois sévères et séduisantes de la " Comédie D'Aujourd'hui."

Si vous vous plaisez à parcourir les sentiers des lettres à la lumière d'un flambeau qui brille sans jamais fatiguer les yeux allez dans une solitude et lisez attentivement les pages de M. Lhomme. Avec lui vous allez voir passer sous vos yeux les scènes et les personnages des jours qui ont précédé immédiatement la guerre : procession presque interminable de poètes, de romanciers, de journalistes, de critiques et de dramaturges. Tous ces écrivains se suivent dans la " Comédie " d'une manière si naturelle, les anneaux de la chaîne sont si parfaitement soudés, qu'on glisse, qu'on éprouve devant elle la jouissance d'un mouvement rythmique incomparable. L'auteur nous fait connaître les écrivains les plus dignes comme les moins dignes de louanges. Vous parlez avec eux dans l'intimité de l'étude, vous les rencontrez sur la voie publique, vous les voyez passer tels qu'ils se présentaient aux yeux des Parisiens au commencement de notre siècle.

Je ne puis pas dire que M. Lhomme est toujours impeccable. Il peut par moment pêcher par excès de zèle. Il est quelquefois un peu sévère à l'endroit de certains. Je ne dis cependant pas que les châtiments qu'il inflige aux décadents et aux charlatans littéraires ne sont pas mérités; au contraire.

Quoi qu'il en soit, la France à cette époque passa par une crise, comme nous au Canada en ce moment. Depuis la Terreur on n'a rien vu de semblable. Robespierre qui dressa la guillotine sur la Place de la Grève finit par passer lui-même sous le triangle de la hache fatale. Combes n'a fait que changer d'instrument, et lui aussi passa sous le glaive de la loi qui trancha les têtes augustes des amis de la jeunesse, des protecteurs des institutions dix fois séculaires de la Fille aînée de l'Eglise. Et à travers les rafales qui renversaient les autels et les colonnes de l'édifice social, les feuilles souillées de la littérature matérialiste voltigeaient et les esprits malades les poursuivaient et s'imaginaient voir là des productions admirables.

C'est au milieu de ce hourvari qu'un seul homme se présente, comme la dernière montagne du déluge, la tête dominant les eaux engloutissantes, debout, fier, l'œil fixé sur l'horizon et le front rayonnant des lumières de la vérité. Dans son isolement il a pu voir à ses pieds les ruines et l'arc-en-ciel au-dessus de sa tête. Il a élevé sa grande et belle voix, et son livre, devenu un porte-voix, nous apporte d'outre-tombe ces accents virils et fascinateurs. C'est cette œuvre que j'ai voulu saluer de nouveau, surtout à cause des circonstances que nous traversons. En dépit des préoccupations que ces temps critiques nous imposent il me semble qu'ici,

sur les rives du Saint-Laurent aussi bien que sur les rives de l'Ottawa, il y a de la place pour l'acclimatation de cet arbre exotique si fécond et si séduisant, et je suis certain que ses racines peuvent s'enfoncer profondément dans le terroir de notre littérature canadienne, et donner largement aux amis des choses intellectuelles et son ombrage et ses fruits sains et délicieux.

Dans son admirable livre "A Travers l'Europe" sir A.-B. Routhier nous donne une appréciation de l'influence, bonne ou mauvaise, que les écrivains de la France produisent chez nous. "Pour ma part", dit le juge Routhier, "je suis convaincu que nos meilleurs amis d'outremer sont les catholiques de France". Et parlant du point de ralliement des groupes ennemis de la vérité, il dit : "Opportunistes et intransigeants, républicains et radicaux, patrons et ouvriers, bourgeois et propriétaires, autocrates et libéraux, vainqueurs et vaincus se donnent la main quand il s'agit de combattre le Catholicisme". C'est absolument les mêmes tactiques que celles qu'on éprouve ici au Canada quand il s'agit de l'instruction catholique. M. Lhomme a bien compris l'esprit de son temps, comme MM. Claudio Jaunet et Rameau ont bien jugé le Canada et les Canadiens. Et sir A.-B. Routhier nous dit le pourquoi de cela. "Parce qu'à travers notre organisme encore faible mais sain, ils ont senti notre âme forte et virile; parce qu'ils ont compté les battements de notre cœur, éprouvé la chaleur de notre patriotisme, l'ardeur de notre foi et la vitalité de nos espérances". C'est pourquoi je tiens, aujourd'hui, à indiquer un des auteurs dont les ouvrages peuvent nous être des plus utiles dans cette lutte pour la langue et la foi.

"La langue du pays, c'est la chaîne éternelle
Par qui sans efforts tout se tient;
Les choses de la vie, on les apprend par elle,
Par elle encore on s'en souvient".

EXTRAIT D'UNE CONFÉRENCE SUR LES ORATEURS FRANCAIS, A L'INSTITUT CANADIEN-FRANCAIS

Par le Dr J.-K. Foran

(Mai 1918.)

" Le discours prononcé par M. Viviani, chef de la mission française en Amérique, lors de sa visite, au parlement fédéral canadien, restera profondément gravé dans la mémoire de tous ceux qui ont eu l'avantage d'entendre l'éminent homme d'Etat, salué déjà par tous comme le plus grand orateur de France.

Ma voix ne peut rien ajouter aux témoignages d'admiration et d'enthousiasmes suscités, samedi dernier, à la Chambre des Communes, par le magnifique discours de M. Viviani, ancien premier ministre de la France, et aujourd'hui ministre de la Justice. Quant à la forme et quant au fond, ce discours échappe à toute critique. Le geste, provoqué par l'émotion du cœur, l'accent de la voix exprimant une conviction profonde, l'élévation des pensées, cette spontanéité qui fait jaillir comme un flot les paroles de l'âme de l'orateur pour les répandre dans l'âme des auditeurs, voilà quelques-uns des caractéristiques qui contribuent à faire du discours de M. Viviani un chef-d'œuvre d'éloquence. Mais ce qui m'a le plus impressionné, c'est la langue de l'orateur.

Un grand nombre des assistants étaient peu familiers avec la langue française et cependant, il n'est personne qui n'ait pu suivre la trame du discours du distingué visiteur. Leur enthousiasme grandissait à mesure que les phrases s'échappaient comme un torrent de la bouche de l'orateur, avec une force extraordinaire. Jamais, auparavant, la ville d'Ottawa n'aura eu meilleure occasion d'apprendre tout ce que renferme de puissance, de beauté et de souplesse la merveilleuse langue française. Il y a quelque temps, à l'église Notre-Dame de Montréal, j'assistais à l'une des conférences de l'abbé Tellier de Poncheville, sur la religion et le patriotisme, l'amour de Dieu et de la patrie, devant un auditoire de plus de sept mille personnes. Comme Viviani, l'abbé Tellier de Poncheville est un maître de la langue française et un orateur éminent. En cette circonstance aussi bien que samedi dernier, j'ai connu ce que la langue française est capable d'accomplir.

Aucun mot inutile n'était employé, et chaque mot, mis à sa place, formait comme la pierre d'une mosaïque, à cause de la finesse de ses arêtes, de sa forme, de sa teinte, l'ensemble symbolisant d'éclatante façon un travail d'art de conception et d'exécution exquises. Dans le cas de M. Viviani, il semblait que l'orateur eut choisi trois ou quatre pensées frappantes avec lesquelles il voulait se conquérir les esprits et les cœurs de ses auditeurs. Puis, reprenant tour à tour ces pensées, il paraissait placer chacune d'elles sur une éminence, vers laquelle il s'acheminait par une brillante théorie de phrases ornées de toutes les figures de langage, jusqu'au moment où il atteignait le but qu'il s'était proposé; alors, il s'emparait de l'idée maîtresse pour la lancer avec force. M. Viviani semblait faire de même avec chacune de ses idées principales, jusqu'au moment où, dans un élan final, il les groupait dans une

chaleureuse péroraison, les exprimait avec un enthousiasme extraordinaire, au point que l'impression chez ceux qui ont écouté ne s'effacera jamais.

Est-on surpris, maintenant, de voir que le français soit devenu la langue universelle dans les relations diplomatiques entre les diverses nations ? Peut-on l'être, si l'on songe qu'il a marqué de ses beautés impérissables toutes les nations civilisées ? Quelle grande leçon pour les quelques exceptions qui persistent à se montrer hostile à la langue française! L'esprit qui nourrit des pensées aussi barbares doit être atrophié au point de rendre toute régénération impossible; la main qui oserait effacer un seul iota d'un pareil language commettrait un sacrilège dans le temple même de la civilisation, à l'autel de l'idéalisme. Il a suffi d'entendre un Tellier de Poncheville ou un Viviani pour se convaincre que la langue française a la pureté et la blancheur des cimes neigeuses et la force et la résistance du roc."

UNE DEFENSE DES CANADIENS-FRANCAIS ECRITE IL Y A 20 ANS PAR UN JOURNALISTE IRLANDAIS EST ENCORE D'UNE SAISISSANTE ACTUALITE

En réponse aux insulteurs de notre race le Dr Foran, publiait dans sa revue " The Pen ", un article qui faisait bonne justice de ces invectives

COMMENT LE DR FORAN REPUDIAIT LA CALOMNIE DE CEUX QUI ACCUSAIENT LES CANADIENS-FRANCAIS D'IGNORANCE

(" La Presse ", de mai 1918)

Pas plus tard que la semaine dernière (un journal d'Ottawa) attribuait à l'ignorance l'attitude des députés canadiens-français sur la question du suffrage féminin.

Mais l'accusation d'igorance ! jamais les organes n'en ont eu d'autres à lancer aux Canadiens-français et pour le prouver nous n'avons qu'à remonter vingt ans le cours de notre histoire et nous voyons que dans ce temps-là aussi ils nous faisaient le même reproche. En effet en parcourant une collection d'une revue publiée en 1898 à Montréal sous la direction de l'ami des Canadiens-français le distingué Dr J.-K. Foran, nous constatons qu'à cette époque il avait pris la peine de défendre dans un admirable article ses compatriotes de langue française.

" *The Pen* "—tel était le nom de cette revue hebdomadaire, que dirigeait M. Foran — publiait le vendredi 25 mars 1898 un article qu'on dirait écrit de nos jours tant il est d'actualité.

Nous avons donc cru intéressant en ce moment où les organes officiels parlent tant de l'ignorance des Canadiens-français, de rappeler sommairement en quels termes le Dr Foran répudiait cette basse accusation :

* * *

Le directeur de la *Pen* débutait en disant : " Il existe dans tout pays " une classe d'êtres qui semblent avoir été envoyés en ce monde avec la " mission de créer du trouble. Ils sont gouvernés dans leurs actions par " le mauvais génie du préjugé et leur mentalité est saturée de l'esprit " d'intolérance. Leur excessive vanité ne leur permet pas de voir au " delà des étroites limites de leur propre expérience, et ils s'imaginent " que seuls ils sont les membres d'*une élite* de ce monde, et souvent les " *élus* du monde futur. Ils ne voient qu'eux, leur propre nationalité, " leur propre secte religieuse ou leur propre parti politique, à travers un " télescope qui grandit tout au delà de toutes proportions raisonnables; " mais pour étudier les autres races, les autres croyances ou les autres " partis, c'est alors par la grosse lentille du télescope qu'ils regardent. " Les sentiments qui animent de tels individus sont étrangers à l'esprit

" cosmopolite qui doit animer tous les citoyens d'un jeune pays mélangé " comme le Canada."

Pourrait-on mieux décrire la mentalité de ces brandons de discorde et de haine qui habitent notre pays et dont notre race est depuis toujours la victime ? On reconnaît bien dans ce portrait tous ces extrémistes qui sont la cause aujourd'hui d'une grande part des injures dont on abreuve sans cesse notre race.

Et poursuivant son article M. Foran dit qu'un des exemples du mal que ces mauvais esprits peuvent faire c'est la campagne qu'ils ont entreprise pour faire croire que les Canadiens-français sont superstitieux et ignorants.

Alors M. Foran entreprend de démontrer tout ce qu'il y a d'injuste et de méchant dans cette calomnie et avec humour il écrit :

" Oui en effet ils sont d'une race bien *ignorante* ces Canadiens-fran- " çais ! En effet, leurs pionniers ont jeté la première semence de la " civilisation sur cette terre et leurs missionnaires ont porté jusque dans " les forêts les plus inexplorées le flambeau du christianisme.

" *Ignorants* : et ils fondé nos cités et ont transformé en jardins le " pays inculte.

" *Ignorants* : et leurs prêtres, aussi loin qu'en 1635, ont construit le " premier collège et la plus importante maison d'éducation en Amérique.

" *Ignorants* : et de cette colonie sont partis Marquette, Joliet, None, " Daniel, les Lalemant, de Brébeuf, Bressani, Jogues, et les autres " dont la vie a été sacrifiée sur les autels de l'évangélisation chrétienne " et dans ce nouveau temple de la civilisation.

" *Ignorants* : et ils ont instruit génération après génération les meil- " leurs et les plus grands hommes de ce continent.

" *Ignorants* : et aujourd'hui les temples de la foi s'élèvent à la dis- " tance, comme les phares le long du St-Laurent et de l'Ottawa, pour " dire au voyageur que le Christianisme triomphant brille d'un vif éclat " sur cette terre.

" *Ignorants* : et leurs universités, leurs collèges, leurs couvents, leurs " académies et leurs écoles ont doté le pays d'une profusion sans égale " sur une terre avec une égale population.

" *Ignorants* : et ces institutions sont fréquentées par les catholiques " et les protestants venus de tous les coins du continent.

" *Ignorants* : et de leurs foyers sont sortis les plus illustres prélats, " hommes d'Etat, juristes, médecins, ingénieurs et littérateurs des annales " de l'histoire canadienne.

" *Ignorants* : avec leur LaFontaine, Morin, Cartier, Laurier, Mercier, " Lacoste, Jetté, Chapleau et des centaines d'autres.

" *Ignorants* : ceux de la race qui a produit les Plamondon, les Bibaud, " Monnet et Perrault; Bédard, Chaboillez, Faribault, Mondelet, Panet " et Vigre: Angers, Aubin, Chauveau, Garneau, de Boucherville, Gingras, " Laviolette, Turcotte.

" *Ignorants* : ceux d'une race qui a fait surgir des hommes comme " Bellemarre, Cauchon, Cherrier, Ferland, Gérin-Lajoie, Sulte, Crémazie, " Fréchette, Marchand, Soulard, Taché, ou encore les De Bellefeuille, " les Bourassa, les Casgrain, les Drapeau, les Fabre, les Royal et les " Verreau:

" Songez donc seulement un instant à l'écrivain sain d'esprit, non " pas instruit, qui accuse d'ignorance un peuple dont sont sortis les " Bégin, les Bédard, les Beausoleils, Bélanger, David, Dansereau, De- " Gaspé, Gauthier, Gélinas, Lemay, Laflèche, Lemoine, Ouimet, Racine, " Turcotte, Tanguay, Augé, de Saint-Aubin, Buies, DeCelles, Gladu, " Moreau et Legendre ; ou les Bernard, Baron, Deguise, Evanturel, " Fontaine, Laflamme, Poisson, Prendergast, Routhier, Guay, Chapman, " Nantel, Poirier et des milliers d'autres.

" *Ignorant* : le peuple qui fournit encore les grands marchands, " les grands banquiers et les grands manufacturiers à la plus grande " ville du Dominion.

" *Ignorant* : qui a donné à la magistrature les Taschereau, Fournier, " Casault, Bossé, Girouard, Jetté, Loranger, et à toutes les professions " des hommes éminents qui font honneur à tout le pays. Nous en trou- " vons dans tous les arts : dans la peinture, dans la sculpture, dans " l'architecture et dans le dessin; en musique, en poésie, en histoire, en " science, dans toutes les branches de tout ce qui est le plus raffiné, le " plus élevé, le plus ennoblissant du savoir humain, commandant l'ad- " miration du Canada et le respect de l'Europe. Pensez donc aux " *ignorants* comme Hamel et Hébert ! Nous n'avons pas cité un grand " nombre d'autres ignorants de cette sorte. Il nous faudrait des colonnes.

Et le Dr Foran termine : " D'après le dernier rapport officiel (recen- " sement de 1891), la population d'origine canadienne-française dans le " Dominion est d'environ 1,415,000. Ce n'est pas un mauvais percentage, " pensons-nous, d'hommes remarquables, considérant qu'ils ne *sont pas* " *meilleurs que les Chinois et les sauvages payens.* Toute la popu- " lation réunie des autres nationalités au Canada pourrait-elle fournir " une liste semblable ? Et encore nous avons — et cela intentionnelle- " ment — omis de parler des lumières brillantes de l'Eglise : le cardinal, " les archevêques, les évêques et les prêtres que nous pourrions compter. " Les Taschereau, les Bégin, les Taché, les Langevin, les Duhamel, les " Emard, les Racine, les Moreau, les Fabre, les Bruchési et tout ce bril- " lant assemblage d'hommes qui élèvent leur tête mitrée au-dessus des " petitesses des grandeurs environnantes. Si c'est classe d'*ignorants* que " les institutions de notre province forment, alors, nous remercions Dieu " de ces institutions, et désirons voir le Canada, pour des générations " à venir posséder toujours des *ignorants* de ce calibre."

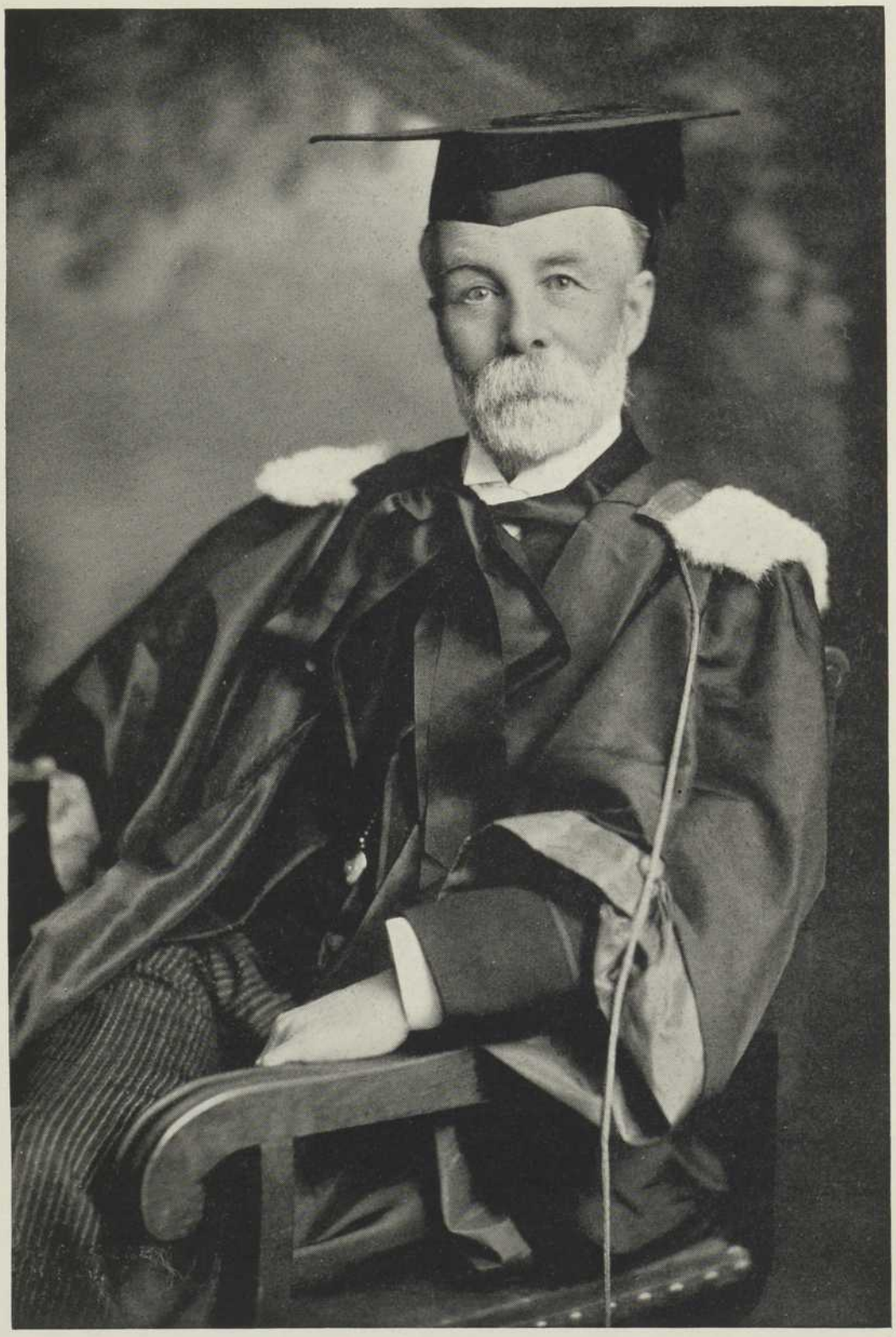
* * *

A-t-on jamais lu une aussi belle défense des Canadiens-français et dire qu'il y a vingt ans que cela est écrit. Et depuis vingt ans les Canadiens-français n'ont-ils pas fait quelques progrès.

LA COMMISSION DES ECOLES CATHOLIQUES D'OTTAWA

Ottawa, le 10 septembre 1916: La Commission a nommé de nouveau M. J.-A. Foisy, du " Droit ", comme son représentant au " Collegiate ", et le Dr J. K. Foran à la bibliothèque Carnegie.

En nommant le Dr Foran pour la représenter à la biblothèque Carnegie la commission scolaire a voulu donner à notre ami, un témoignage de confiance et de reconnaissance pour ses services rendu aux nôtres. Quoique le Dr Foran habite Montréal, la commission d'Ottawa a tenu à l'avoir comme représentant de la biblothèque Carnegie. Les Canadiens-français doivent à M. Foran l'établissement dans la paroisse Ste-Anne d'une succursale de la bibliothèque.



DR. FORAN AT THE CLOSE OF HIS ACTIVE LIFE

"Thy life, alas! too soon is done,
Adown the West descends thy sun—
A bright and golden course is run,
The clouds of night have gathered dun,
The mystic twilight has begun,
Thy silken thread of years is spun!"

(*Taken from* "Poems and Lyrics")

CHRONIQUES D'OKA

(Le 18 juillet 1918.)

I

Que veut dire le mot Oka ? L'autre jour j'ai demandé ce renseignement à un des plus anciens citoyens de la place. Il me répondit que c'était le nom du premier sauvage " de par ici ".

Qui était ce sauvage ? lui demandai-je et il m'a fait la réponse " c'était un nommé Oka ".

Plus tard j'ai posé la même question et j'ai reçu que celle que mon ancien m'a donnée.

Finalement un sauvage m'a dit que le mot Oka dans sa langue veut dire un poisson doré. Mais après tout qu'importe la signification du mot ? La place qui porte ce nom est unique parmi les plus beaux endroits de la province. C'est pittoresque comme rare, et c'est salubre comme nul autre. Plus tard, si cela peut être d'un certain intérêt pour nos lecteurs je me ferai un plaisir de vous envoyer une description détaillée du village. Ici, il y a maints sujets fort instructifs qui se présentent au chroniqueur.

L'église d'Oka avec son histoire depuis les jours de Mgr Pontbriand en 1745 jusqu'à ce temps que nous traversons; ses anciens tableaux, ses légendes, ses traditions. Il y a les côtes de sable, le chemin de croix du calvaire, les mille sapins rangés sur les flancs de la montagne.

Les immenses terres du séminaire, le monastère des Trappistes, et enfin le village même avec ses chaumières où s'abritent huit ou dix familles algonquines, et de l'autre côté les cabanes où se trouvent les quatre cents iroquois les derniers rejetons d'une race naguère importante.

Avant d'entrer en matière permettez un mot concernant ces sauvages. Ici les algonquins peu nombreux sont paisibles et tous catholiques; les iroquois sont plus nombreux et moins gênés que ceux-ci, ils sont les deux tiers protestants.

Entre ces deux peuples il ne semble exister de rancune ni d'animosité; ils s'accordent très bien. Parmi les algonquins il n'y a pas plus que trois ou quatre qui parlent la langue iroquoise, tandis que tous les iroquois parlent la langue des algonquins. Il y a autant de différence entre ces langues qu'il y a entre le français et l'anglais. Sur ces différentes questions je reviendrai dans le cours de mes chroniques, pour le moment ceci doit suffire pour ouvrir le sentier que je désire faire parcourir à vos lecteurs pendant ces mois d'été. Ici on a célébré la fête de St-Jean-Baptiste dimanche le vingt-trois juin. C'est M. l'abbé Lafontaine le zélé missionnaire des sauvages qui a prêché le sermon de circonstance.

Il commença par une instruction dans la langue iroquoise, je n'ai guère besoin de vous dire que cela m'intéressa fort quoique je ne saurais vous exprimer en français les paroles du prêtre. Mais lorsqu'il nous a fait en français l'éloge des vertus de St-Jean je me sentais plus chez moi. J'aimerais exprimer quelques-unes de mes réflexions dans cette circonstance. Devant moi est un tableau qui représente une scène à l'aurore

de notre histoire. C'est vers le milieu du dix-septième siècle, le théâtre c'est le village de Hochelaga, les personnages sont le grand fondateur Maisonneuve, et à côté de lui les Sulpiciens, et l'héroïque Jeanne Mance, Marguerite Bourgeois, enfin les sauvages, les pieux chrétiens, les autres barbares et farouches. Ce tableau m'a fait remonter trois siècles dans l'histoire de mon pays. Revenant au temps présent je me trouve ici dans le village, dans le silence, la solitude, la paix, à contempler la reproduction en miniature des moments, des temps historiques. C'est la même messe qu'on célèbre, ce sont les mêmes cérémonies dans l'église, c'est la même foi qui anime les fidèles. Ce sont aussi les enfants de M. Olier que je vois autour de moi, ce sont les sœurs de Notre-Dame qui surveillent les filles dans la grande allée de l'église. Ce sont les indiens, des descendants de ces tribus païennes qui prient avec nous devant l'autel.

En contemplant ces deux tableaux celui du dix-septième siècle et celui d'aujourd'hui, je me suis demandé si à Oka on ne recommençait pas de nouveau la mission sur le sol du Canada qu'a eu pour fondateurs les premiers envoyés de la France.

Ce n'est pas une œuvre qu'on recommence mais c'en est une qu'on continue—le même apostolat. Nous allons voir au fur et à mesure que mes chroniques développèrent, comment l'œuvre de M. Olier se propage sous la direction sage et bienfaisante de ses enfants du Séminaire, et comment les traditions et les enseignements des grands apôtres de nos premiers temps, ne cessent de produire des fruits délicieux. Nous allons aussi parcourir le chemin qui conduit du village au Calvaire, tout en faisant nos propres réflexions à chaque station et en contemplant les beautés de la nature que la main du Créateur déroule sous nos regards. Pour aujourd'hui, je crois que c'est assez, mais en tout cela je ne veux pas oublier que si au milieu des tourbillons de la vie, on désire la paix, l'air pur, les paysages pittoresques c'est sur les plages du Lac des Deux-Montagnes. Voilà que je suis interrompu dans mes rêves et mes chroniques ! Il est sept heures et demie; la cloche de l'église sonne comme pour l'Angelus, mais l'heure de l'Angelus est passée.

Que veut dire cette clochette ? Je sors et je constate que c'est le curé qui s'en vient en voiture.

A côté du lui le charretier tient une clochette pour annoncer sur la route que le prêtre porte le Bon Dieu. Tout le monde, homme, femme, enfant s'arrêtent fléchissent le genou et saluent le St-Sacrement. Quel spectacle grandiose qui eut pu inspirer Millet !

Oh ! la foi vive qui brûle dans ces cœurs d'or. Ayant suivi l'exemple je me retournai à mon travail, me demandant si dans le monde, il se trouve une foi comme celle qu'on voit dans nos campagnes. Race dont naguère Léon XIII a pu dire : " Gesta Dei per Francos ". Après avoir salué le Dieu Eucharistique qui vient de passer au milieu de nous je m'incline devant Toi et je t'écris du fond de mon cœur: " Esto Perpetua ", sois immortel !

CHRONIQUES D'OKA

II

L'histoire du bois de sapins

Il s'agit de sable et de sapin. Entre le village d'Oka et la montagne, distance d'un tiers de lieue, c'est une vraie sablière. Il faut creuser huit à douze pieds avant de toucher la terre solide ou le roc. Sur le penchant de la colline, qui s'élève en pentes douces, se dresse une immense sapinière qui s'étend trois quarts de lieue sur le front et presque la même distance en profondeur.

Depuis que le village d'Oka existe le sable de la montagne fut pour ses habitants un véritable fléau. Lorsque le vent du nord-est soufflait, la rafale emportant le sable poudreux en tourbillons, couvrait le village, comme la neige poussée par une tempête du mois de janvier. C'était comme en plein Sahara. Contre cette invasion, les citoyens étaient absolument impuissants. On peut se défaire de la neige, mais pas du sable qui emplit les maisons, entre par les portes et les fenêtres et pénètre même à travers les cloisons.

Mais ce danger toujours menaçant était au comble lorsque au mois de mars 1886, une avalanche de sable se détacha du flanc de la montagne et s'abattit sur le village. Depuis des années, les eaux du printemps avaient creusé des crevasses profondes et béantes de chaque côté du chemin conduisant de Oka à St-Eustache. Les torrents qui débordaient par ces ravins dans le vallon, emportaient en blocs immenses le sable mobile. Imaginez-vous la surprise et l'effroi des citoyens quand l'avalanche tomba subitement dans leur village.

Les clôtures de cinq pieds étaient couvertes comme par un banc de neige en hiver. Sur la dernière rue transversale la maison de monsieur T. Lamarque fut enhaussée jusqu'au second étage, et dans son étable, à côté de la maison, sa vache était enterrée jusqu'au cou. La pauvre bête ne montrait que la partie supérieure de la tête et ses cornes. Les ravages de par tout le village étaient indescriptibles. Il était grandement temps que des moyens fussent pris pour se protéger contre la répétition d'un dégât pareil.

C'est dans ces circonstances que le révérend Monsieur Lefebvre, du séminaire de Saint-Sulpice, curé de la paroisse de l'Annonciation d'Oka, a fait venir de Montréal des ingénieurs pour se consulter sur les moyens à prendre. Ayant examiné la place, ces messieurs ont fait un rapport à M. Lefebvre, lui conseillant de transporter le village ailleurs. Chose facile n'est-ce pas, de transporter tout un village de deux cents maisons, une église, un séminaire, un couvent, et des moulins ! M. Lefebvre n'a rien répondu, mais il s'est dit que s'était plus facile de faire transporter des arbres que de déménager des maisons. Il a appris que les sapins poussent très bien dans le sable; vite sa décision était prise. On a demandé des milliers de jeunes sapins, pas plus petits que deux pieds et demi et pas plus hauts que trois pieds.

Voilà que tout le monde se met à l'œuvre. Hommes, femmes, enfants, indiens algonquins, indiens iroquois, les gens d'Oka, et les paroissiens des

campagnes. Ils allaient sur les montagnes, dans les savanes, au fond des bois, sur les bords des lacs, déterrer des jeunes sapins et les transporter à Oka. Le séminaire donna deux centins et demi par sapin. Il fallait le trouver, le déraciner, le marquer sur le côté du nord pour qu'en le plantant de nouveau l'arbre présenterait la même face au vent du nord. Ainsi, dans l'espace de deux semaines, on a ramassé plus de cent mille sapins, presque tous uniformes.

Sur le penchant des collines, on traça des lignes parallèles à distance de trois pieds. Sur les cent mille sapins ainsi plantés, plus de soixante-seize mille enfonçaient leurs racines dans la terre sableuse et dressaient leurs têtes vertes vers le ciel et au vent du nord.

Il y a trente ans depuis cela; et aujourd'hui, ces arbres sont hauts de trente pieds et plus. C'est ainsi que les citoyens d'Oka sont parvenus à avoir cette forêt de sapins sur une étendue de deux milles par deux milles et demi, pour protéger le village contre le sable et les avanlanches.

Dans tous les sens, les sentiers s'étendent toujours en lignes droites, formant des allées à perte de vue, des bocages pittoresques, des étendues de gazon entourés de ses bataillons serrés de sapins, immobiles, inébranlables, des sentinelles qui montent la garde nuit et jour et saluent l'aurore chaque jour avec le parfum de leur arome capiteux en secouant au vent leurs panaches verts.

C'est pour ces deux raisons que j'avais dit qu'Oka était la place la plus salubre de notre province — le sable et les sapins. A cause du sable il n'y a jamais d'humidité, et l'odeur des sapins est un baume incomparable pour ceux qui souffrent de faiblesse, surtout des poumons. C'est le cas de dire que pour les gens d'Oka c'était " un mal pour un bien ". Cette forêt de sapins est des deux côtés du grand chemin de l'Annonciation.

Plus tard nous allons pénétrer dans cette forêt salubre pour y faire un pèlerinage au Calvaire du Lac des Deux-Montagnes. C'est alors que nous apprendrons l'histoire des Stations de ce Calvaire, et en même temps l'histoire mouvementée de la mission d'Oka. Pour cela il faut remonter un siècle et demi, et au-delà, sur la pente de l'histoire du Canada. Pour le moment traversons le grand chemin qui sépare en deux les parterres où les sapins veillent sur le village heureux et sa population hospitalière. C'est ici que nous nous aventurons dans des routes tortueuses à travers des bois et des près, tantôt sur le gazon vert des ouvertures dans la forêt, tantôt sous les ombrages des éternels sapins. C'est ici où les iroquois construisent leurs cabanes, leurs maisonnettes, leurs camps, leurs chaumières. Nous passons par le terrain réservé aux jeux des indiens, là où ils s'amusent les jours de fêtes; et au bout de ce parcours nous apercevons le cimetière protestant des sauvages apostats. Que c'est triste cette terre désolée ! Dessous les arbres, dispersées, ça et là, des bouts de bois, des vieilles couches, des racines d'épinettes, des cadres de huit pieds carrés en forme de clôtures, des marques plus ou moins délabrées indiquent les tombes des enfants de cette race naguère si hautaine. En contemplant ce lieu si misérable, je n'ai pas pu m'empêcher de redire ce vers de Lamartine :

Ici gît....pas de nom ! Demandez à la terre,
Ce nom ? . . . . . .

Point de nom; point de date; aucune croix; aucune marque pour nous dire que dessous nos pieds reposent les cendres de ces indiens, ces enfants des bois Les animaux paîssent sous les arbres et sur les tombes. Les sauvages y passent en se rendant au village ou à leurs cabanes en haut. Mais lorsque le crépuscule tombe sur les monts et les vallons le sauvage passe loin de son cimetière; il craint d'y voir peut-être les revenants. Il se dit " émancipé des superstitions de l'Eglise de Rome "; mais il se plonge, les yeux fermés et à tête perdue, dans un torrent de superstitions païennes et néfastes.

On se demande la raison de cette haine de la foi catholique chez les indiens protestants et iroquois d'Oka ? Mais, c'est là toute une histoire très mouvementée. Nous allons, au cours de ces chroniques, remonter cinquante années au temps de l'apostasie des sauvages; les événements tristement mémorables qui sont survenus pendant cette époque; la destruction de l'église par une main incendiaire en 1877; le fameux procès des sauvages à Ste-Scholastique, puis à Aylmer, dans le district d'Ottawa. J'avais vingt ans et c'était ma dernière année de cléricature, lorsque je suis arrivé pour mes vacances d'été à Aylmer. Le procès était ajourné depuis le mois de janvier pour des raisons que je donnerai en détails plus tard. J'arrive donc au bon moment, pour suivre l'audition de cette cause — une des plus retentissantes dans les annales de notre pays.

L'autre jour j'ai rencontré de nouveau M. Joseph Périllard, qui était témoin et interprète au procès des sauvages à Aylmer. Notre entretien m'a renouvelé la mémoire, et dans la chronique sur ce sujet j'aurai l'avantage de détailler pour vos lecteurs toute cette histoire qui sera comme le compte rendu de l'apostasie iroquoise.

" Brisez un indigne lien
Qui vous retient dans l'esclavage.
Vous rougissez au nom chrétien,
Hommes sans cœur et sans courage !
Le cruel tyran des enfers,
Veut vous ravir votre héritage;
Pour vous il a forgé des fers,
Entendez-vous ses cris de rage ! "

Mais " revenons à nos moutons "; c'est du sable et des sapins qu'il s'agit dans cette petite chronique. Il n'est guère probable que le village d'Oka soit jamais menacé d'autre " inondation " de sable ou d'autre avalanche printanière. Le plan du révérend M. Lefebvre a parfaitement réussi; ce saint pasteur a doté sa paroisse d'une sapinière incomparable, et aujourd'hui, lorsqu'on s'approche de ce village pittoresque, le voyageur promène son regard sur trois objets en particulier — le clocher de la belle église d'Oka, la couronne de sapins vers sur le flanc de la montagne, et le Calvaire lointain sur la cîme escarpée au-delà.

CHRONIQUES D'OKA

III

Les origines de la colonie indienne

Vers le commencement du dix-huitième siècle, à Montréal, le plus grand centre commercial du Canada, les Indiens se trouvaient exposés à beaucoup de tentations très nuisibles. Surtout la boisson énivrante, distribuée par les agents des compagnies de traite faisait ravage parmi ces pauvres sauvages. De ce fait, la morale laissait parfois beaucoup à désirer. Dans ces conditions, et pour sauvegarder les Indiens contre la démoralisation, et en même temps pour mieux leur faire apprendre à travailler et cultiver la terre, le 24 mars 1721, les Messieurs de Saint-Sulpice demandaient à Paris le pouvoir de transporter la mission du Sault-au-Recollet au Lac des Deux-Montagnes. La permission fut accordée et les Messieurs du Séminaire furent autorisés à s'établir sur les rives de l'Outaouais à un endroit à être choisi et d'y transporter les Iroquois du Sault.

Le 17 juin 1722, les prêtres et les chefs sauvages arrivaient, en canots d'écorce, sur le Lac des Deux-Montagnes. C'est dans la baie, où se trouve la plage de sable, presque en face de la nouvelle ferme modèle d'aujourd'hui, que ces pionniers de la mission touchaient à terre. Là fut construite la première chapelle.

L'union de quarante Indiens Nipissingois de l'Ile à la Tortue avec la mission du Lac des Deux-Montagnes fut établie le 11 septembre, 1727. L'année suivante la chapelle, le campement des sauvages et les maisons du petit village naissant furent transportés à la pointe où est situé le village d'Oka d'aujourd'hui. C'est là qu'ils ont élevé le fort pour la protection de la mission contre les attaques des Indiens encore barbares; c'est là que la nouvelle église était construite, aussi bien que les édifices du séminaire. Maintenant nous allons parler du calvaire et de son origine.

M. l'abbé S.-R. Tranchemontagne du séminaire St-Sulpice, le sympathique curé d'Oka, m'a fait l'honneur de me faire cadeau, avec ses hommages, d'un petit livret, en forme de manuel des pèlerins, qui nous donne beaucoup de renseignements sur l'histoire des Stations du Calvaire du Lac des Deux-Montagnes. Je ne puis mieux témoigner mes vifs remerciements à l'endroit de M. Tranchemontagne qu'en citant les quelques pages de son livret concernant le sujet de cette chronique. Presque tout ce qui suivra est transcrit de ce manuel et plus concis et plus complet que si c'était de ma plume.

" Un célèbre missionnaire de la Compagnie de Saint-Sulpice, M. Picquet, érigea, il y a plus de 130 ans, les Stations du Calvaire du Lac des Deux-Montagnes. Les *Lettres édifiantes* nous disent que M. François Picquet, né à Bourges, le 6 décembre 1708, entra à St-Sulpice et s'agrégea à cette société vers l'âge de 20 ans. Plein d'une ardeur extraordinaire et dévoré d'un zèle de feu, il ne peut trouver en France matière suffisante à son activité et à son dévouement, et il passa, en 1733, dans les missions de l'Amérique du Nord, au Canada, où il travailla, comme un infatigable ouvrier de la religion et de la civilisation, pendant trente années du plus laborieux ministère ".

Pour faire fructifier dans les âmes des sauvages les semences qu'il y avait déposées par ses instructions, M. Picquet fit élever un Calvaire au Lac des Deux-Montagnes, " qui était ", disent les *Lettre édifiantes,* " le plus beau monument de la religion en Canada. De grandes et belles croix furent plantées sur le sommet de l'une des montagnes, qui ont donné leur nom à cette mission sauvage, et différentes chapelles, toutes également bâties en pierres, voûtées et ornées de tableaux, furent distribuées par stations, dans l'espace de trois quarts de lieue ". Ce sont ces mêmes stations, érigées, vers l'an 1740, par le missionnaire Sulpicien, que les pèlerins visitent encore aujourd'hui.

Les tableaux que M. Picquet avait fait placer dans les différentes chapelles, au nombre de sept, étaient tous des œuvres venues de France, excellentes copies des chefs-d'œuvre des maîtres. L'humidité concentrée dans ces petits oratoires perdus au milieu des bois, et fermés pendant huit mois de l'année, devenait un vrai danger pour ces toiles précieuses. On dut, après un certain nombre d'années, se préoccuper de leur conservation; et, par les soins d'un des successeurs de M. Picquet, les tableaux furent descendus à l'église de la mission, où la piété et l'admiration peuvent encore les contempler aujourd'hui.

Toutefois, on n'a pas voulu laisser vides les sept oratoires des stations, et on confia à un artiste le soin de remplacer ces sujets peints sur toile, par des bas-reliefs, calqués autant que possible sur les tableaux eux-mêmes. Ce sont ces bas-reliefs, sculptés en bois, que l'on voit aujourd'hui dans les chapelles du Calvaire. Au sommet de la montagne, une des trois dernières chapelles, celle du milieu, a des proportions plus vastes que les autres. On y a placé un autel, et, à certaines époques de l'année, pour des pèlerinages peu nombreux, on dit, on chante même la messe sur ces hauteurs. Les sauvages de la mission en ont toujours entretenu la route, jusqu'à ces derniers temps où l'apostasie les a rendus, en grande partie, victimes de honteuses et souverainement injustes sollicitations. La fête du 14 septembre est surtout la journée de la grande réunion : les grands travaux des champs sont alors finis; et on choisit ce moment pour aller dire au Dieu du Calvaire ses prières et sa reconnaissance. Pour nous, dans ces chroniques, nous réservons à cette date le compte rendu d'un pèlerinage et la description en détail de chaque oratoire sur la route.

L'autre jour, Mgr Bruchési, archevêque de Montréal, dans une admirable et touchante lettre à propos des pèlerinages au sanctuaire de la Réparation, à la Pointe-aux-Trembles, a fait remarquer le grand nombre de lieux de dévotion dispersés de par la province de Québec, et sans doute, avait-il dans son idée ce Calvaire du Lac des Deux-Montagnes. Ici, le 14 septembre 1872, vit un spectacle grandiose. " Un appel avait été fait au prône de la messe à l'église Notre-Dame de Montréal, et cet appel mit sur pied un nombre considérable de pèlerins de tout âge et de toute condition. La route, dans les chars et sur le bateau, fut semée de prières et de cantiques, et on arrivait au Lac des Deux-Montagnes à dix hrs du matin. L'arrivée de ces pèlerins fut saluée par cinq mille autre voyageurs pieux, venus dès la veille ou dans la nuit précédente, des diverses paroisses voisines du Calvaire. " Cette journée toute remplie par les prières est restée mémorable. Ce début magnifique de la ville de Marie se mettant en pèlerinage, a été suivi depuis de conséquences plus magnifiques encore et l'on a dû multiplier les voyages pour satisfaire le

désir du nombre toujours croissant des pèlerins. Cette excursion est du reste pleine de charmes. " Partir le matin d'une belle journée, le cœur plein de l'espérance fondée de recueillir beaucoup de grâces; se voir en compagnie de personnes ferventes, dont la dévotion est un stimulant constant et précieux; remonter un fleuve magnifique, dont les bords verdoyants et les îles charmantes proclament les bontés et les attentions de la douce Providence; entendre les échos des collines redire le chant des cantiques ou le murmure de la prière; tout cela sous le regard de Dieu, et avec une âme où Dieu repose ou dans laquelle il va bientôt descendre, n'est-ce pas un délicieux voyage ! "

Nous venons de dire que l'on rapporte chez soi d'abondantes bénédictions au soir de la journée de pèlerinage. Nous pourrions, si une prudente réserve ne nous retenait, justifier cette assertion par de nombreux exemples. " Ceci est la vérité pure. Sans vouloir réclamer un caractère miraculeux pour plusieurs faits extraordinaires arrivés au cours des pèlerinages au Calvaire des Deux-Montagnes, on sait qu'il y est un petit paralytique qui a recouvré l'usage de ses jambes, grâce aux prières du pèlerinage. Il y avait un autre enfant qui, jusqu'à l'âge de quatre ans, semblait frappé de mutisme et qui trouva la parole sur la route du Calvaire. Les exemples de la conversion de plusieurs âmes, captives de honteuses habitudes d'intempérance et d'immoralité, sont nombreuses. Enfin, on constata l'effet salutaire de ces pèlerinages sur la morale, surtout des Indiens catholiques. Même les Indiens protestants conservent encore un certain respect pour ce chemin de la Croix qui embellit leur montagne et que leurs pères ont naguère tant aimé et dont ils étaient si fiers.

Je laisse, comme j'ai déjà dit, les détails intéressants du pèlerinage, et la description des oratoires et du Calvaire — c'est pour le mois de septembre tout cela. Outre les sanctuaires de ces temps historiques, l'église d'Oka possède les plus beaux tableaux descendus des chapelles sur la montagne. Ces tableaux, remis à neuf par un artiste habile, méritent une attention toute spéciale et sont un des trésors de l'Eglise. L'église du Lac étant consacrée à Dieu sous le titre de l'Annonciation de la Sainte-Vierge, on chante habituellement à la fin de la messe du pèlerinage, un cantique à la Vierge du Lac, pour demander qu'elle laisse tomber un regard maternel sur la Sainte-Eglise et sur le Souverain pontife. La relique de la vraie Croix est exposée toute la journée du pèlerinage dans le sanctuaire de l'église. Depuis 1876, date de la première édition du manuel où j'ai pris presque le tout de cette chronique, un bien regrettable événement a eu lieu. La jolie petite église dont nous avons parlé, fut entièrement détruite par les flammes, le 15 juin 1877, en haine de la foi catholique.

Ceci nous amène à l'histoire si triste et si dramatique de l'apostasie des Iroquois, la révolte contre le séminaire, l'incendie de l'église, et le fameux procès des Indiens d'Oka. C'est très possible que les événements qui se rattachent à cette histoire demanderont plus qu'une ou même deux chroniques. En attendant je désire remercier de nouveau M. l'abbé Tranchemontagne pour les renseignements qu'il m'a donnés de si bon cœur et de souhaiter que mes chroniques ne seront pas sans intérêt pour les lecteurs du Canada.

CHRONIQUES D'OKA

IV

L'apostasie des sauvages

"Mathan ! D'ailleurs Mathan, ce prêtre sacrilège,
Plus méchant qu'Athalie, à toute heure l'assiège,
Mathan, de nos autels infâme déserteur,
Et de toutes vertus zélé persécuteur,
C'est peu que le front ceint d'une mître étrangère,
Ce lévite à Baäl prête son ministère.
Ce temple l'importune, et son impiété,
Voudrait anéantir le Dieu qu'il a quitté."

(RACINE; Athalie).

C'est une triste histoire, celle de l'apostasie des sauvages iroquois d'Oka. Jadis, au beau temps de la colonie, autour du lac, le catholicisme faisait de tous les Indiens un peuple, une famille de frères. Aujourd'hui, l'Eglise ne voit plus un certain nombre de pauvres familles, qui se sont livrées à d'intrigants sectaires. C'est aux jours de Chiniquy que les difficultés ont commencé dans les régions du Lac des Deux-Montagnes — surtout à la mission d'Oka. Deux des connétables qui ont joué des rôles très importants dans ce drame à jamais mémorable habitent encore le village d'Oka; M. Joseph Périllard, ancien interprète et aujourd'hui agent d'assurances, et M. Noël Fauteux, beau-père du sympathique et habile médecin, M. le docteur William Ouimet.

Dans ce temps-là, c'était M. l'abbé Pellissier, du Séminaire, qui était curé de la paroisse de l'Annonciation d'Oka.

J'ai dit que c'était dans le temps de Chiniquy que les troubles ont commencé. Ce fameux apostat était venu prêcher quatre ou cinq fois le protestantisme aux sauvages iroquois. C'était sur la colline en haut du village, dans ces oasis de gazon, au milieu des bois que les assemblées étaient tenues. Naturellement chaque assemblée était l'occasion de perturbations dans le village et des chicanes, surtout entre les Indiens, et même des batailles marquaient ces événements. Jusqu'à un tel point la discorde et le malaise se faisaient sentir dans toute la population que le curé Pellissier était obligé de faire appel aux autorités civiles.

Un jour Chiniquy n'a pas pu se rendre pour une assemblée anti-catholique qu'on avait annoncé depuis plusieurs semaines; mais l'assemblée a eu lieu tout de même. C'était un ministre méthodiste, canadien-français, un des disciples de Chiniquy, du nom de Rivet, qui vint parler aux Iroquois. Il y avait deux frères Rivet à Saint-André d'Argenteuil; un des deux était curé de la paroisse et l'autre en était le missionnaire méthodiste. C'est ce dernier qui est venu, avec un monsieur Delaronde, un fervent disciple de Chiniquy, faire la propagande protestante au milieu des Indiens d'Oka.

Ce n'est pas une médisance d'affirmer que les sauvages en général, et surtout les Iroquois, sont très paresseux, ou plutôt oisifs. J'ai connu un Indien Tête-de-Boule qui marchait vingt-deux heures sans se reposer et sans manger sur la piste d'un orignal et qui n'a pas voulu couper une demi-corde de bois, même quand on lui offrait un bon prix. Il se disait

trop fatigué, ou bien trop malade. Je me rappelle un Indien Abénaquis du nom d'Obomsawin, qui " marchait les licences de bois " pour les marchands de bois, et qui passait ces étés à dormir et à fumer, en prenant de temps à autre " un petit coup ". Il n'a jamais voulu cultiver un arpent de jardin qu'il avait près de Pembroke. Je ne cite ces exemples que pour montrer que les Iroquois ne sont pas les seuls sauvages oisifs; mais, certes, la paresse est dans leur nature. Une autre caractéristique de ces Indiens est leur amour des ornements, des couleurs, des bijouteries. Chez ces hommes des bois, et surtout chez leurs femmes ce désir de parure est une vraie faiblesse. Aussi les Indiens sont très superstitieux. De la superstition au fanatisme, il n'y a qu'un pas; et le fanatisme d'un Indien est féroce, cruel.

Napoléon a dit : " Grattez un Russe et vous trouverez un Tartar ". C'est aussi vrai de dire : " Grattez un Iroquois et vous trouvez un barbare ". Et personne ne connaissait mieux ces traits caractéristiques que le ministre méthodiste Rivet et l'apostat fanatique Delaronde.

Maintenant, ce que je dirai des méthodes d'enseigner la religion et les moyens de propagande de Rivet et de Delaronde s'applique aussi bien à ceux employés par les prédicateurs Dorion et Parent, et ce fameux juge de paix Doure. Plus tard, un nommé Jeffrey, une espèce de " vicaire " de Chiniquy, et Mohawk, un Indien protestant des Six-Nations dans l'Etat de New-York, arrivaient sur la scène.

Donc, les missionnaires méthodistes Rivet et Delaronde commençaient leurs incursions au milieu des Iroquois d'Oka. Delaronde distribuait des ornements aux sauvagesses et des bonbons et des jouets aux papousses, tandis que Rivet prêchait contre l'Eglise de Rome, la tyrannie des prêtres, les vols de propriété appartenant aux Indiens par les Messieurs du Séminaire et, surtout, la dureté des lois de l'Eglise catholique en contraste avec le laisser-aller des doctrines protestantes. Il traçait pour ces pauvres ignorants les deux sentiers conduisant également au ciel : le chemin étroit et pénible du catholicisme et la route facile du protestantisme.

Les assemblées dans le bois sur la côte en haut du village devenaient de plus en plus tumultueuses et à plusieurs reprises les connétables Périllard et Fauteux furent obligés de disperser les foules à la veille de s'entredéchirer. Il y eut plus de trois cents Iroquois qui se rendirent aux sollicitations des agents de l'apostasie; entre eux et les indiens catholiques, la guerre se déclara. Cette propagande devenait de plus en plus une menace pour toute la population d'Oka et les environs. Les assemblées méthodistes se tenaient presque chaque dimanche. Dans le centre du village existe encore la vieille maison de pierre, toute délabrée, où ces réunions ont eu lieu avant l'arrivée de Jeffrey et le refus du Séminaire de leur permettre l'usage de leur édifice.

Ce nommé Jeffrey prêcha, à la Chiniquy, contre les doctrines de l'église de Rome. Il représenta l'église comme un monstre prêt à tout dévorer; il l'accusera d'abominations, d'injustice et de cruauté. Par exemple l'idée d'obliger le catholique à assister à la messe le dimanche tandis qu'on peut faire bien plus plaisir à Dieu en lisant ou en écoutant lire la bible — tout en fumant sa pipe dans sa cabane. Et l'obligation de se confesser; un plan misérable des prêtres pour arracher des fidèles leurs secrets et pour mieux s'emparer d'eux et de leurs biens. Aussi l'absurde règlement du carême, le jeûne et l'abstinence, invention des

prêtres pour affaiblir la santé et le moral de ses victimes. Enfin, Jeffrey avait soin de répéter avec maintes additions les mensonges épouvantables de son maître Chiniquy. Vous pouvez facilement comprendre l'effet de ces prédications, surtout dans un endroit d'ordinaire si tranquille et parmi une population naguère unie et paisible.

Il y avait, en ce temps-là, parmi les Iroquois d'Oka un jeune chef du nom de Joseph Akwarente. C'était le fils du vieux chef Lazare Akwarente dont on aura à parler dans une autre chronique lorsque nous parlerons des émeutes, de l'incendie de l'église et des scènes mouvementées de cette époque — suites néfastes de ces prédications protestantes.

Joseph était un beau talent, doué d'une mémoire exceptionnelle et d'une éloquence peu ordinaire; il avait été un protégé des prêtres et avait fait des études à leurs frais au séminaire. Mais c'était une tête chaude et un orgueilleux; aussi avait-il le caractère féroce de l'Iroquois.

Nous avons vu que la paroisse d'Oka est sous le patronage de Notre-Dame de l'Annonciation dont la fête se trouve le vingt-cinq mars. Or, à l'occasion de cette fête on fit une procession dans les rues du village, portant une statue de la Sainte-Vierge, au milieu d'une foule immense qui chantait des cantiques. Le dimanche suivant le chef Joseph Akwarente envoya deux de ses Iroquois s'emparer d'une statue de la Sainte Vierge dans un jardin du Séminaire et la monter à leur place de rendez-vous sur la côte.

Par le moyen d'une corde les sauvages, le chef Joseph et Jeffrey en tête, traînaient la statue dans les rues en chantant des chansons sacrilèges composées pour l'occasion. Cette profanation était de nature à soulever la colère des catholiques, et tout spécialement des Indiens catholiques. Mais M. l'abbé Lacon, prêtre du Séminaire, et curé de la place, aussi bien que son vicaire, M. l'abbé Thibault, firent appel à leurs ouailles de ne rien faire que de prier et de se rappeler l'exemple de Notre-Seigneur au milieu de ses ennemis et ses supplices. C'est vrai que la voix des pasteurs fut écoutée, mais le sentiment de représaille ne fut pas moins engendré chez les citoyens de la place. Dorénavant le chef Joseph se constitua l'ennemi acharné de l'Eglise, des prêtres et des catholiques d'Oka. Il avait une puissance considérable et une influence malheureuse auprès de ses Sauvages. On entendait mentionner son nom dans toutes les parties du Lac des Deux-Montagnes; même les journaux de la ville commençaient à s'occuper de lui. Orgueilleux, fier et pris de vertige, d'une folie ou égarement des sens, il demanda, en plein assemblée de six à sept cents sauvages, qu'on " déterre la hache de guerre " contre les prêtres et le séminaire.

Les choses étaient rendues à ce point quand un nommé Doure, un magistrat de district — un des disciple de Chiniquy — intervint. Peut-être que ce n'aurait pas été si désastreux si Doure eut été seul dans la nouvelle propagande; mais on lui prête le dessin d'invoquer l'aide d'un fameux sauvage protestant, chef parmi les Indiens des Six-Nations, qui occupaient une réserve dans l'état de New-York. Le nom de ce chef étranger était Mohawk. C'était en pleine crise que cet individu arriva à Oka. C'était un homme bien pourvu de dons naturels, mais d'une disposition intransigeante.

Vu que Mohawk était Indien pur-sang il obtenait aussitôt une suprématie au-dessus des sauvages apostats. Il leur parlait de ses vastes expé-

riences aux Etats-Unis, de leur servitude misérable et de l'autocratie de l'Eglise de Rome et son joug, symbole de la servitude des Indiens. Les intrigues de Mohawk, l'éloquence du chef Joseph, et les pratiques tantôt ouvertes du vieux Lazare Akwarente, réussirent à soulever plus de six cents Iroquois apostats contre la population catholique du village d'Oka. Mohawk instituait des comparaisons, ou plutôt un contraste, entre la liberté dont jouissaient les Indiens aux Etats-Unis et la servitude de ceux du Canada. Il faisait l'éloge de l'œuvre d'émancipation de Chiniquy, et il traça, en grandes lignes absolument fausses, l'histoire du Séminaire de St-Sulpice. C'est lui qui infiltra dans le cœur des sauvages une haine implacable contre les messieurs du Séminaire. Tout ceci fournissait au chef Joseph Akwarente des textes et de la matière pour ses discours incendiaires prononcés chaque semaine aux assemblées dites religieuses de ses sujets. Le résultat de tous ces événements n'était pas long à attendre, et ces scènes lamentables formeront la substance de la prochaine chronique.

Si jamais des prêtres catholiques ont hérité les souffrances et les angoisses des premiers missionnaires de notre pays, c'est bien M. Lacon, curé d'Oka, et M. Thibault, son zélé assistant. Ces deux grands apôtres de l'Eglise desservaient la paroisse de l'Annonciation au milieu des tribulations, des dangers, des menaces et des attaques brutales qui ont marqué les années 1876 et 1877. Chiniquy et ses adeptes avaient semé; mais la récolte de sacrifices était la part de ces prêtres et de leurs compagnons du Séminaire. Nous allons reconstituer ce drame dans notre prochaine chronique.

CHRONIQUES D'OKA

V

Le drame de l'apostasie indienne

Celui qui connaît le village d'Oka de nos jours n'est guère capable de se former une idée de la place telle qu'elle était il y a cinquante ans. Aujourd'hui le village est absolument moderne; les rues sont larges et ombragées, les trottoirs sont tous en ciment, les maisons sont bien construites, confortables et pittoresques; la population, presque entièrement canadienne-française est industrieuse, cultivée, hospitalière et heureuse. C'est vraiment une place idéale. Mais aux jours des grandes émeutes, dont le souvenir est aujourd'hui presque effacé, ce n'était qu'une bourgade indienne où quelques familles blanches s'étaient établies autour du séminaire et de l'église. Les rues n'étaient que des pistes tortueuses qui allaient en zigzag parmi les maisonnettes et les chaumières dispersées ça et là, sans régularité et sans méthode, depuis la grève jusqu'au pied de la colline sablonneuse où les Iroquois apostats campaient dans les bois.

Il faut maintenant faire abstraction complète des édifices et des lieux actuels. L'église, le couvent, le presbytère, les dépendances et les jardins doivent disparaître complètement pendant qu'on essaye à reconstituer le théâtre du drame dont il s'agit dans cette chronique.

La rue de l'Annonciation, partant du quai et montant vers les collines en arrière du village, était alors la rue principale, et même la seule dans le village. Il y avait un mur en pierre, troué à certaines distances pour permettre l'usage des canons ou petites pièces d'artillerie, dont on se servait pour se défendre contre les attaques des sauvages; ce mur avait deux pieds et demi.

Ce chemin était ouvert durant le jour; mais le soir on fermait une barrière en bois, justement où est l'entrée des terrains aujourd'hui, tout près du quai. Ceci était dans le but d'empêcher les animaux de venir durant la nuit. Le long de ce chemin, en face de l'église et du presbytère, il y avait une clôture en bois qui séparait du chemin les grands arbres et les promenades (qui existent encore) entre l'église et la grève. La grande porte de l'église était en bois, mais protégée par une porte en grille, laquelle est actuellement la barrière aux barreaux de fer à l'entrée du cimetière.

Ainsi pour arriver aux hangars et les constructions en bois par derrière le séminaire, il fallait ouvrir la barrière en bois à l'entrée du chemin public, faire le tour par devant l'église et le presbytère, et arriver l'autre côté d'un bastion en pierre qui dominait la pointe de cette espèce de forteresse.

Donc la propriété, y compris le mur, l'église, le presbytère, les hangars, les granges et les écuries, et la sacristie en arrière de l'église, formait un enclos complet, au milieu duquel était un tout petit jardin de fleurs, entouré par une clôture sur laquelle on plaçait, pour les sécher, les boyaux dont on se servait en cas d'incendie, et aussi pour arroser le jardin. Entre

la cuisine et les hangars il y avait une porte-cochère couverte d'un toit plat.

Voilà donc la situation et l'entourage des bâtiments le soir mémorable de l'attaque sur le séminaire par les Iroquois du chef Sose, ou Joseph Akwirinthe — ceci est la vrai manière d'écrire ce nom.

C'était Monsieur l'abbé Lacon qui était curé dans le temps, et Monsieur Thibault qui était le vicaire de la paroisse. Depuis quelque jours des amis venaient avertir ces missionnaires des dangers que préparaient les Iroquois apostats contre eux et contre le séminaire. Le bon curé n'a pas voulu croire que les choses étaient rendues à un tel point; mais bientôt il devait être désillusionné, et d'une manière peu réconfortante.

C'était le soir du 13 juin qu'a eu lieu l'assemblée, chez un nommé Roussin, qui était destiné à avoir des résultats funestes. L'assemblée commença vers huit heures, à l'arrivée de deux individus (des gens de langue anglaise et des orangistes fanatiques) qui venaient de Hudson à l'autre côté du Lac. Un de ces promoteurs de discorde était forgeron de métier; je ne les nomme pas parce qu'ils ont des parents et des descendants qui demeurent encore à Hudson. L'esprit d'acharnement de cette époque n'existe plus aujourd'hui, et je ne tiens pas à le faire renaître.

Ces deux hommes, qui avaient pendant des semaines exercé une centaine des Iroquois, déclaraient que l'heure était venue pour un bon coup contre le séminaire. Aussitôt qu'ils eurent réussi à soulever les Iroquois ils partirent eux-mêmes en chaloupes pour l'autre rive du Lac. Mais ils avaient laissé pour compléter l'œuvre néfaste un Métis. Louis Larivière dit Louis Frisée — un des rares survivants d'aujourd'hui. Il est âgé de quatre-vingt-cinq ans et réside encore à Muskoka.

Plusieurs des citoyens de la place constataient ce qui se passa chez les sauvages et allèrent avertir le curé du danger qui menaçait. M. Lacon n'a pas voulu rien en croire; mais ce soir-là le Frère Philippe — homme d'une force herculéenne — a bien fermé la barrière de la rue à double cadenas. Minuit sonné tout le monde s'est endormi tranquille au séminaire. De minuit à deux heures du matin l'assemblée des Iroquois devenait de plus en plus tapageuse. Les uns préparaient des boules de coton trempés dans l'huile, les autres chargeaient leur canon de cailloux.

Vers deux heures et demie le vieux Lazare Akiwirinthe se mit en tête d'une cinquantaine d'Iroquois féroces et maniaques. C'était à la fois le père et l'aide-de-camp du chef Joseph, qui devenu ministre protestant laissait à son père barbare le soin de tout défoncer chez ses ennemis.

Il existe au séminaire un tableau qui représenta la mort des martyrs De Brébeuf et Lalemant. Le sauvage iroquois qu'on y voit, la hache à la main, brisant le crâne d'un des missionnaires est le portrait du vieux Lazare Akwirinthe. L'on dirait que l'artiste l'avait pris pour modèle quand il a fait ce beau tableau.

A deux heures et trois-quarts du matin un formidable coup de canon réveillait les citoyens du village et les échos des collines dans le voisinage. C'était à la fois le signal de l'attaque et la prise d'assaut de la barrière à l'embouchure du chemin autour de l'église. Vite ! les résidents du village étaient sur pieds. Les Iroquois, le vieux Lazare en tête, couraient à pleines jambes pour arriver aux bâtiments en bois en arrière de l'église et du presbytère. Aussitôt on vit quatre ou cinq Iroquois sur le toit plat

de la porte-cochère, entre la cuisine et les hangars à foin, allumant des boules de coton trempées dans l'huile et les jetant dans les édifices les plus enflammables. Lazare Akwirinthe, la hache à la main, passa dessous le toit et pénétra dans le petit jardin, où il commença à couper les boyaux à l'eau.

Juste à ce moment-là le curé Lacon descendait les marches de la cuisine et s'adressait à ce type de l'Iroquois barbare des temps jadis. Lazare voyant s'approcher le curé s'avança sur lui la hache en l'air, et la menace de la mort dans ses yeux.

Heureusement, un autre Iroquois, du nom de Oheoeroskawen, (un des Dickers) arrêta le bras du vieux furieux, en criant : pas de meurtre ici; nous ne voulons pas de meurtre ce soir ". Ainsi M. Lacon a échappé à une mort horrible; mais l'œuvre de destruction continua à droite et à gauche. Bientôt les écuries, les étables, les hangars et la cuisine du presbytère étaient entièrement la proie des flammes.

A l'instar de ce soldat romain, selon l'historien juif Joseph, qui jeta une torche dans le temple de Jérusalem, un des Iroquois monta aux chassis de la sacristie et y passa une torche allumée. Dans l'espace de dix minutes le feu se déclara dans l'église et c'était évident que l'édifice était certain d'être détruit. Quand les Iroquois se furent assurés que leur œuvre était accomplie et qu'il n'y avait plus d'espoir de protéger les bâtiments, ils se dispersèrent à l'ombre de la nuit, dans toutes les directions. Ils disparurent comme des windigoes, ne laissant aucune trace de leur fuite.

Les flammes s'emparant de l'église et du presbytère, se communiquant au couvent en dehors du mur, avaient libre cours pour compléter leur œuvre dévastatrice. Toute la nuit et jusqu'à l'aurore le curé, le vicaire, le frère Philippe, aidé d'une femme et un homme de la place, réussit à sauver les tableaux précieux qu'on peut voir aujourd'hui dans la nouvelle église.

A six heures du matin — l'heure de l'Angelus — le clocher de l'église s'écroula. Pendant quelques minutes les flammes montant comme des serpents de feu tournoyaient en lèchant de leurs langues rouges ce pyramide surmonté de la croix. Bientôt cette croix se penchait vers l'orient comme pour saluer le soleil suspendu à l'horizon et subitement tout le vieux clocher s'enfonçait — comme un géant terrassé — dans les cendres et les débris à sa base. Et ce beau soleil de juin contempla les restes de cette fameuse mission, couchée dans la poussière après plus d'un siècle d'existence. Aujourd'hui ce même soleil, de son trône resplendissant, jette ses rayons sur la croix qui domine la belle et nouvelle église de nos jours. Comme l'oiseau fabuleux, le phénix, cette église renaissait de ses cendres; image de l'impuissance de la colère des hommes pervers et l'immortel triomphe de la vérité de Dieu sous les rayons du Soleil de la Justice Eternelle.

CHRONIQUES D'OKA

VI

A la recherche des Indiens incendiaires

A la nuit de l'incendie, comme nous avons vu, les Indiens se dispersèrent aussitôt qu'ils eurent constaté que le feu était bien pris dans tous les édifices aussi bien que dans l'église. A la faveur des ténèbres ils s'enfuirent à droite et à gauche, au nord et au sud, dans les bois et les montagnes. D'ailleurs, l'identification des vrais coupables parmi eux n'était pas chose facile; de là une chasse aux sauvages qui dura quatre à cinq mois.

Dernièrement les journaux rapportaient l'arrestation du chef Gabriel Kennatosse après dix-sept ans de recherches et d'efforts de la part des autorités. Si, de nos jours, quand nous avons tant de facilités de communication — le télégraphe, le téléphone, les automobiles et le reste — il faut dix-sept années pour rejoindre ce seul Indien, on peut s'imaginer les obstacles que les policiers d'il y a quarante ans avaient à rencontrer.

Le nom de Kennatosse me rappelle la source de ces difficultés entre les Indiens de la réserve d'Oka et les Messieurs du Séminaire. Depuis trois-quarts de siècle les Indiens persistaient à nier les droits du séminaire sur les terres, baies et cours d'eau. C'est alors que Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier ministre en ce temps-là avait conseillé à l'abbé Collin, supérieur du séminaire, de permettre un procès qui pourrait régler à tout jamais la question.

Le séminaire a eu gain de cause et à la Cour Supérieure de cette province et au Conseil Privé en Angleterre. La question, d'ailleurs très délicate, aurait pu former le sujet d'une chronique très intéressante et très instructive; mais vu que cette question sera de nouveau devant la Cour Supérieure à Ste-Scholastique, le 17 septembre prochain, il me semble que ce ne serait opportun pour moi d'en faire la discussion dans les circonstances.

Revenons plutôt au grand drame d'autrefois. Le lendemain de l'incendie, la police provinciale arriva sur la scène. Les journaux naturellement avaient répandu des comptes rendus de ces émeutes, chacun à sa manière et selon ses idées, ses préjugés et ses sentiments. Dans toute la province de Québec et bientôt dans la confédération, il n'y avait de question que l'affaire des sauvages d'Oka. Les esprits devenaient de plus en plus montés, surtout chez les orangistes de l'Ontario. Enfin on aurait dit que la guerre civile — une guerre religieuse — était à la veille d'éclater. Les amis extrémistes protestants des Indiens recueillirent des fonds considérables pour les frais de la défense des accusés; des avocats éminents furent chargés de la cause; pendant que la couronne fut saisie de la poursuite. On cachait les fugitifs de la justice, on leur donnait de l'argent pour leur permettre de voyager de place en place et ainsi embrouiller les autorités de la loi.

De plus, le substitut du procureur-général pour le district des Deux-Montagnes, dont Ste-Scholastique était le chef-lieu, avait maintes et maintes difficultés à préparer les brefs d'accusation et les mandats d'ar-

restations. D'abord ce fut pour avoir les noms de ces coupables; et ensuite il fallait les rejoindre. Il avait les noms et désignations de trois ou quatre qui avaient été vus et reconnus la nuit de l'incendie; il y avait le chef Joseph, Louis Frisé (Larivière) deux des Deckers et le vieux Lazare Akwirinthe. Mais à part ces Indiens, les plus actifs dans ces émeutes, il n'y avait pas moins de vingt à vingt-quatre autres dont personne n'a pu certifier sous serment l'identité. Au bout de cinq ou six mois on réussit à faire émaner des mandats d'arrestation contre quatorze de la bande. Une fois copies de ces brefs entre les mains des connétables de la place, aidés des détectives et des agents de la police provinciale, il s'agissait de trouver les fugitifs; et, ce qui n'était pas la moindre des tâches, c'était de les mettre en état d'arrestation. Comment donner une idée de cette chasse aux Indiens ?

Naturellement, le principal d'entre eux était le vieux chef Lazare Akwirinthe — un colosse, fin comme un renard, vif comme un lapin, féroce comme un tigre et dangereux comme un vrai Iroquois des premiers siècles de notre colonie. C'était lui qui avait voulu tuer à coups de hache le curé Lacon; c'était lui qui avait coupé les boyaux de pompe dans le jardin du Séminaire; c'était lui qui avait entraîné la majeure partie des révoltés dans les extravagances de cette nuit mémorable. Il fallait, à tout prix, mettre la main sur Lazare; mais où était-il ? et qui aurait l'audace et le courage de se mesurer avec ce barbare herculéen ? Voilà des questions qui préoccupaient les autorités pendant plusieurs semaines. Mais la justice finit toujours par triompher, et la loi a le bras long.

Le séminaire avait, en ce temps-là plus d'un brave homme qui étaient à la fois agent et connétable pour les besoins des Messieurs de St-Sulpice.

Entre autres, il y avait M. Joseph Périllard, M. William Lalonde et M. Noël Fauteux. Des deux premiers j'aurai un mot à dire plus tard; pour le moment, c'est de Monsieur Fauteux dont il s'agit.

J'ai bon souvenir de plusieurs hommes forts et remarquables dans mon temps. Je me rappelle très bien de ce Français Leroyer, avec son ours et ses autres bêtes fauves; c'est lui qui a fait le tour de force et de hardiesse d'avoir arrêté le fameux Morrison dans les montagnes de Mégantic, il y a une trentaine d'années. Je me souviens de Louis Cyr, ce géant qui a fait tant de bruit dans le monde en général et qu'on nomma le "Samson de l'arène". C'étaient des hommes forts de profession. Mais aussi dans la vie tranquille des affaires ordinaires, notre pays comptait plusieurs autres qui étaient redoutables surtout pour les malfaiteurs. De ces derniers feu Monsieur Lalonde n'était pas le moindre, et, certes, Monsieur Fauteux était reconnu pour un des plus remarquables. Dans certaines circonstances, M. Fauteux était bien capable de se défendre seul contre trois ou quatre hommes ordinaires. Pourtant ce n'était pas un batailleur de sa nature, ni de son choix. Il aimait la paix et la bonne entente; il avait une bonté de cœur égale à la puissance de son bras; homme de foi, éclairé et de service à l'endroit de tout le monde, il était néanmoins un adversaire formidable pour les malfaiteurs et redoutable chez les Indiens qui le connaissaient fort bien.

Lorsque le sergent Doré de la police fédérale sut que le vieux Lazare était rendu dans la province de l'Ontario, quelque part dans le comté de Glengarry, il demanda à Fauteux d'entreprendre la tâche. Ce qu'il a fait très volontiers. Aussitôt qu'Akwirinthe apprit que c'était Noël Fauteux

qui était sur sa piste, il décida de se rendre sans faire de misère davantage aux agents de la loi. Il disait que ce n'était pas de la loi qu'il avait peur, mais de Noël Fauteux. Bref, M. Fauteux ne lâcha son prisonnier jusqu'à ce qu'il l'eut enfermé derrière les grilles de la prison de Ste-Scholastique.

Quand la nouvelle de l'arrestation du vieux Akwirinthe fut répandue dans les deux provinces, il n'était plus si difficile de rejoindre les autres inculpés.

Trois semaines après l'incendie de l'Eglise d'Oka, le gouvernement de Sir John A. Macdonald, par l'intermédiaire du Secrétaire d'Etat, envoya à M. Lacon, curé d'Oka, un avis à l'effet que Joseph Périllard ferait mieux de disparaître pour un certain temps de la place, car sa vie était en danger. Vu que M. Périllard était un des témoins les plus importants contre les sauvages, et qu'il avait pris part à la chasse aux Indiens dans les bois et les montagnes aux alentours du Lac des Deux-Montagnes, et aussi qu'il était parfaitement connu de tous les Iroquois, on craignaient pour sa vie. De fait M. Périllard se retira à Montréal et passa plusieurs semaines au Séminaire dans la ville. Plus tard avec feu monsieur Lalonde, en se déguisant de façon qu'il ne fut pas possible de les reconnaître, ces deux braves amis du Séminaire contribuèrent beaucoup à l'arrestation de plusieurs des autres Iroquois. Mais le récit de leurs voyages dans les bois, leurs aventures dans les montagnes, et les dangers qu'ils ont encourus formeraient matière d'un volume des plus intéressants. C'est toute une histoire à écrire, et j'espère qu'un jour quelqu'un de nos écrivains canadiens entreprendra cette tâche agréable et utile. Pour un vrai littérateur il y a là un champ très vaste à cultiver; pour moi-même ce serait un plaisir inexprimable d'écrire cette histoire, mais vu que je suis qu'un simple amateur de la langue française et que je me rends compte de mes propres défectuosités, je ne puis seulement que poser les points de repaire pour ceux qui sont mieux pourvus des dons et des connaissances nécessaires dans le maniement de la plume française.

Dans ces petites chroniques c'était mon humble but de présenter le croquis d'un tableau, ou plutôt les esquisses de plusieurs dessins, laissant aux vrais artistes la tâche de les compléter d'une manière permanente, et aux amis des choses intellectuelles et historiques de notre province le devoir de les placer sur les murs, dans le temple, parfois trop négligé, des beaux-arts canadiens; et ceci pour le plus grand bien des générations de l'avenir.

Lorsqu'une douzaine des principaux iroquois inculpés furent arrêtés et, en prison, on fixa au mois de janvier leurs procès aux Assises de la Cour Criminelle à Ste-Scholastique. Dans ma prochaine chronique, je donnerai un résumé de ces procès, à Ste-Scholastique pendant deux termes de la Cour Criminelle, puis à Aylmer, dans le district d'Ottawa, également pendant deux termes de la Cour. Il faut remarquer ici que ces procès n'avaient trait qu'à l'accusation d'avoir incendié l'église et les autres propriétés appartenant au Séminaire à Oka, et n'avaient aucunement de connection avec les droits seigneuriaux du Séminaire et les prétentions des Indiens. C'est vrai que ces différends étaient au fond de toutes ces émeutes et de leurs conséquences déplorables; mais la source de ce déluge de malheurs est certainement la propagande anti-catholique dont j'ai parlé la semaine derniere.

Permettez une petite réflexion en passant. Il me semble que s'il y a un ennemi qu'on doit redouter dans notre pays, c'est le fanatisme. Ce spectre néfaste chasse la paix et la prospérité, l'union et la vraie jouissance de la vie partout où il s'élève sa tête de hydre. Je ne connais pas de péché plus mortel contre les intérêts les plus sacrés de la patrie que la prédication de la traîne religieuse ou de la haine de race. Pourtant nous en avons souffert terriblement au Canada de ce fléau; nous avons eu tant de leçons salutaires qu'il me semble que les gens de bonne volonté, ceux qui aiment leurs pays et s'intéressent à son avenir, doivent comprendre la nécessité absolue de bannir de notre sol ce fantôme diabolique qu'on nomme *FANATISME*. C'est une folie colossale de songer à perfectionner la construction de notre Confédération tandis qu'on sème la discorde parmi les peuples destinés par Dieu, à vivre et à prospérer ensemble. Dans les dictionnaires anglais et français de ce pays, surtout des provinces de Québec et de l'Ontario, on doit effacer à jamais le mot *ANTAGONISME* et le remplacer partout par le mot *EMULATION*.

L'homme a besoin de deux bras pour travailler efficacement; l'oiseau a besoin de deux ailes pour monter vers les cieux; notre pays a besoin de deux grandes races et de deux belles langues pour arriver à sa destinée nationale.

CHRONIQUES D'OKA

VII

Le procès des Indiens

Laisser tomber une pierre dans le centre d'une nappe d'eau placide et l'agitation se fait sentir sur tous les points de la circonférence; c'est ainsi que l'incident d'Oka, décrit dans les dernières chroniques, a produit un effet bouleversant dans toute la Confédération. C'était une époque de rancunes religieuses exceptionnelles au Canada.

En toute justice, on ne peut pas tenir le grand élément protestant responsable de l'acharnement qui ravageait les esprits durant ces années de controverses décourageantes. Même, je pus constater que la vaste majorité des protestants — des gens aux vues larges et à l'esprit éclairé — déplorait autant que nous ces différends malheureux et leurs conséquences fâcheuses. Ce n'était que les extrémistes qui se laissaient entraîner par le soufle du fanatisme; mais encore ces gens dont l'ignorance égalait le zèle outre mesure, étaient bien trop nombreux pour la paix et le bien être de notre population.

Ce n'est pas mon intention de donner un compte rendu en détail du premier procès à Ste-Scholastique; cela n'aurait guère d'intérêt pour les lecteurs d'aujourd'hui. Lorsque j'aurai à écrire l'histoire du grand procès à deux reprises, à Aylmer, dans le district d'Ottawa, je serai mieux en état de renouveler le souvenir de cette cause célèbre.

Mais pour se former une idée juste des conditions à cette époque, et l'intérêt universel créé par les événements qui se sont déroulés autour de l'affaire d'Oka, il est nécessaire de relire une page de l'histoire de cette période au Canada.

C'était, à la vérité, une période très tourmentée et on dirait que toutes les circonstances les plus funestes imaginables se combinaient pour agrandir la tourmente sociale et pour soulever davantage les esprits déjà trop surexcités. Pour mieux nous rendre compte de l'effet produit de par le pays dans certains milieux, par ces procès, nous allons jeter un coup d'œil sur l'état social, surtout là où passait le soufle de la haine religieuse, dans les provinces de Québec et de l'Ontario. Nous voulons parler de la période après l'affaire des Féniens et avant la question Riel — soit de 1870 à 1885, ou à peu près.

D'abord il y avait la propagande anti-catholique de Chiniquy. Ce prêtre apostat déploya son zèle depuis les paroisses de la province de Québec jusqu'à l'Etat de l'Illinois d'un côté et de l'autre jusque dans les grands centres des Etats de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Ses disciples étaient nécessairement des personnages peu éclairés et remplis de haine contre l'église de Rome. Ses prédications n'étaient aucunement des sermons, mais plutôt des diatribes contre les enseignements catholiques, tandis que ses brochures étaient des critiques amères, des écrits violents, injurieux et même immoraux. Pendant que Chiniquy semait la discorde dans les parties du pays habitées par les Canadiens-français, au milieu de la population catholique de langue anglaise, ce sale et triste personnage qui se nomma F. G. Widdows, promenait ses abominations de village en vil-

lage, de ville en ville, dans les églises catholiques et dans les églises protestantes, dans les séminaire et dans les loges orangistes, jusqu'à ce qu'il finit dans une cellule du pénitencier, où l'oubli ensevelit à jamais sa personne et ses crimes. Mais dans son passage court mais néfaste il a su soulever un ouragan au sein de la population déjà remuée en divers sens par Chiniquy et ses adeptes; tempête que les fanatiques ne voulaient pas laisser s'appaiser.

Dans le domaine du journalisme il existait le " *Daily Witness* ", propriété de feu John R. Dougall et rédigé, en ce temps-là par un révérend M. Bray. La " *Sentinel* " d'aujourd'hui est douce et affable à l'endroit des catholiques comparée au " *Witness* " de cette époque. M. Bray tempêtait chaque soir contre les dogmes, les enseignements, les pratiques de l'église en général et contre les catholiques de cette province en particulier. Pour mieux attiser le feu, il y avait alors le journal catholique quotidien le " *Post* ", dont le rédacteur, feu le capitaine Kirwan, maniait une plume amère, piquante et sarcastique. C'était la guerre à outrance entre Bray et Kirwan, mais le " *Witness* " s'étant constitué l'organe de Chiniquy, l'archevêque de Montréal se trouva dans l'obligation d'en interdire la lecture aux fidèles de son diocèse. On peut bien s'imaginer l'état des esprits vers ce temps-là. Encore, si les controverses ne s'étendaient pas au-delà de la ville de Montréal, peut-être que l'acharnement n'aurait pas eu autant d'effets regrettables; mais les journaux de la province de l'Ontario, s'emparant des nouvelles dans notre province, s'en faisaient les échos, les prolongeant avec des multiplications et des additions incommensurables. La lutte entre le " *Witness* " et le " *Post* " dans notre province se prolongeait entre la " *Sentinel* " et le " *Irish-Canadian* " de Toronto; les loges étaient des foyers débordants de fiel et d'animosités; chaque année le 5 novembre et le 12 juillet étaient des jours redoutables — et pour cause. En un mot, l'atmosphère était lourde de nuages chargés d'électricité et partout on sentait le besoin des paratonneres.

Pendant deux ou trois ans les orangistes de l'Ontario, et leurs amis de Québec se vantaient de célébrer le 12 juillet dans la ville de Montréal et d'y " faire s'agenouiller les papistes ". On peut facilement comprendre que de telles menaces, répétées chaque année, finissaient par créer des sentiments de méfiance et d'antagonisme chez les Canadiens-français et les Irlandais catholiques de Montréal. Quand les grands préparatifs pour la procession orangiste du 12 juillet étaient annoncés, le maire de Montréal était obligé de prendre des précautions extraordinaires pour le maintien de la paix; mais il ne réussissait pas toujours. Ce n'est pas l'occasion pour moi de faire l'histoire des émeutes orangistes, quand le nommé Hackett fut tué à coup de revolver sur le carré Victoria, et que la guerre civile menaçait d'éclater à Montréal et partout dans cette province. Ce sont des détails que je réserve pour une autre série de chroniques. La seule raison pour laquelle je fais allusion à ces événements est dans le but de faire comprendre aux lecteurs d'aujourd'hui l'état troublé des affaires, dans le monde religieux surtout, à l'époque dont il s'agit dans mes petites chroniques d'Oka.

C'était justement au milieu de ces événements troublés qu'ont eu lieu le soulèvement chez les Indiens à Oka, la révolte contre le séminaire, l'apostasie d'un grand nombre des Iroquois, l'incendie de l'église de cette

mission, la chasse aux inculpés fugitifs dont mention en était faite dans ma dernière chronique et le premier procès des accusés à Ste-Scholastique. Les matériaux combustibles étaient déjà bien préparés, il ne fallut que la mèche allumée pour mettre le feu au canon qui devait bientôt retentir d'un son éclatant d'un bout à l'autre du Pays.

Le premier procès des Indiens d'Oka eut lieu à Ste-Scholastique chef-lieu du district, au terme d'hiver de la Cour du Banc de la Reine. C'était feu le juge Johnson, plus tard juge en chef de la Cour Supérieure à Montréal, qui présida. Le principal avocat pour la défense était Me McLaren de Montréal. Il y avait quatorze accusations contre les Indiens — les uns accusés d'être les auteurs, les autres d'être les complices du crime d'incendie. Il y avait toute une phalange d'avocats, et pour la couronne et pour les prisonniers; et il y avait une nuée de témoins pour et contre; ajoutez au nombre des jurés tous les correspondants de journaux, les intéressés, les curieux, les flaneurs, les connétables, les policiers et les gens attirés là de tous les points du pays et vous pouvez former une idée du salmigondis dont Ste-Scholastique était le théâtre. Je réserve pour ma prochaine chronique, quand il y sera question du procès — ou plutôt des procès — à Aylmer, où j'étais personnellement présent, le compte rendu des scènes à la Cour et en dehors. Pour le moment je ne donnerai que les grandes lignes de l'affaire.

Le jury était moitié français et moitié anglais. Après une audition qui durait plus de trois semaines le verdict était favorable aux accusés; les jurés étaient sept contre cinq. Un des Canadiens-français s'était rangé du côté des prisonniers. Mais le juge ne trouva pas le résultat satisfaisant, et ordonna un nouveau procès au prochain terme de la Cour criminelle. Ainsi le village de Ste-Scholastique était destiné à revoir, au bout de six mois, les mêmes scènes et les mêmes foules dans son enceinte.

Le second procès à la même place a eu lieu dans le mois de juin suivant. Cette fois, par exemple, le nombre de personnes venues à Ste-Scholastique était encore plus considérable. Dans l'intervalle de six mois la presse du pays avait pût circuler l'histoire de cette cause célèbre, avec maints et maints commentaires dans toutes les nuances imaginables. Chacun de son point de vue, exposait le dessus et le dessous de l'affaire; il n'y manquait pas de paroles amères, d'insinuations plus ou moins justes.

Il n'y avait, pour ainsi dire, pas plus de succès définitifs à espérer du second procès que lors des assises précédentes. Le même juge présida, les mêmes avocats plaidèrent, les mêmes témoins furent entendus, mais c'était un autre corps de jury. Cette fois il eut désaccord complet. Six des jurés se sont déclarés favorables aux Indiens, et six furent contre les accusés. Résultat nul! Les jurés furent renvoyés par le juge, qui exprima l'opinion que c'était presqu'impossible d'obtenir un verdict juste et équitable dans ce district, vu l'état de surexcitation des esprits de part et d'autre. Mais ce n'était pas là la fin de l'affaire.

Après rapport fait par le juge au Procureur Général de la province, le gouvernement de Québec décida de renvoyer la cause aux assises prochaines à Aylmer dans le district judiciaire d'Ottawa. Ceci était fait dans l'espérance de soustraire la cause aux influences locales et aux préjugés extrêmes qui agitaient la population du comté des Deux-Montagnes. Le but était bon, mais dans une prochaine chronique nous allons

voir que le fanatisme et l'intolérance ne sont circoncrits par aucune frontière.

D'ailleurs, la cause des Indiens d'Oka avait depuis longtemps pris les proportions d'une affaire nationale.

Entre le dernier procès à Ste-Scholastique et la première audition aux assises d'Aylmer, le village d'Oka fut une véritable Mecque — non pas de pèlerinage musulman, ni même de pèlerinage au Calvaire de cette place — mais bien pour les gens venus de toutes parts pour voir la scène des drames dont le récit avait bouleversé les esprits dans toute la Confédération. Dans ces temps-là il n'y avait pas de chemin de fer sur la rive de l'autre côté du Lac; les automobiles n'existaient pas encore; il fallait se rendre à Oka, soit en voiture, soit par bateau.

Je me rappelle très bien mon voyage, avec mon père, de la ville d'Ottawa à Québec, dans le mois d'octobre, la deuxième année de mon cours de droit à l'Université Laval. Nous partions d'Ottawa par le bateau " Victoria ", pour nous rendre à Grenville; de là il y avait un espèce de chemin de fer pour nous conduire à Carillon — on y voyageait comme en cariole dans les cahots de l'hiver. A Carillon nous prenions le bateau " Prince of Wales ", et nous passions par Oka, Ste-Anne et Lachine.

En passant par Oka, mon père m'a montré le village indien et les travaux de reconstruction de l'église et du séminaire. Il y avait avec nous un monsieur Watson qui exprima son étonnement que les Messieurs du Séminaire eussent la hardiesse de rebâtir sous le nez des Iroquois. Je n'ai jamais oublié la réponse que fit mon père: " Il est évident M. Watson que vous êtes ni Iroquois, ni Sulpicien, car les Iroquois ont une expérience salutaire de la loi, et les Sulpiciens ont le courage à toute épreuve des vrais missionnaires catholiques."

CHRONIQUES D'OKA

VIII

Le procès des Indiens à Aylmer

Le premier procès des Indiens d'Oka eut lieu aux Assises du mois de janvier à Aylmer, dans le district judiciaire d'Ottawa. En ce temps-là, Aylmer, à trois lieues de Hull, était le chef-lieu du district. Là se trouvaient la prison, le palais de justice et les résidences du juge, des officiers de la cour et des principaux avocats.

Aylmer était une ville de plus de 2,500 âmes, et la population était moitié catholique et moitié protestante; les deux-tiers des catholiques étaient des Canadiens-français et l'autre tiers des Irlandais; un gros tiers des protestants était des orangistes. A l'occasion du procès, une foule de Canadiens-français catholiques vinrent de Hull et d'Ottawa, tandis qu'un grand nombre d'orangistes vinrent du côté du canton d'Eardley, à l'ouest d'Aylmer. Donc, si c'était le but du gouvernement, en transportant la cause de Ste-Scholastique à Aylmer, d'échapper aux préjugés religieux, il n'a fait que sauter de la marmite dans le feu.

Des principaux acteurs de ce drame, il ne reste que deux ou trois survivants aujourd'hui. Les accusés étaient les mêmes qu'à Ste-Scholastique, mais tout le reste du personnel était nouveau, sauf trois des avocats. Voici les noms de ceux qui ont pris part au procès :

Monsieur le juge Bourgeois, dont j'aurai à parler plus loin, présidait aux Assises. Le shérif était M. L.-M. Coutlée, un des plus nouveaux fonctionnaires de la Cour; le protonotaire et greffier de la Cour, M. A. Driscoll; le grand connétable, M. Gordon; le géôlier et aussi l'huissier audiencier, M. Mark Haldane, qui avait la charge des accusés; le guichetier, M. Draper (père de P. M. Draper, le secrétaire-trésorier du Congrès des Métiers et du Travail du Canada, aujourd'hui); l'interprète (anglais-français), M. J. R. Woods, maître des Postes à Aylmer et père du Dr Woods, inspecteur des prisons de la province de Québec; l'avocat de la Couronne, M. J. R. Flemming; les avocats du Séminaire, MM. Wilfrid Prévost, Alfred Rochon (juge du district plus tard) et T. P. Foran, C.R., (frère du chroniqueur), qui exerce encore sa profession à Hull; les avocats des Indiens, MM. McLaren, White et un autre dont le nom m'échappe, de Montréal.

La première audition de la cause a duré plus de deux semaines et finit par un verdict favorable aux accusés, les jurés s'étant divisés sept pour et cinq contre les prisonniers. Le résultat, pour maintes raisons n'était pas satisfaisant, et la cause fut renvoyé de nouveau aux Assises du mois de juillet. Je passe à la hâte le compte rendu du premier procès, parce que c'est le dernier qui fut de beaucoup le plus important.

D'ailleurs, au mois de juillet, j'étais là et j'ai suivi attentivement pendant cinq semaines les différentes phases des plaidoyers.

A l'occasion du procès au mois de janvier, les citoyens d'Aylmer, de Hull, d'Ottawa et d'Eardley furent pris à l'improviste; mais pendant les six mois avant l'audition aux Assises de juillet, ils avaient eu le temps de

discuter l'affaire entre eux, de soulever des torrents de préjugés de part et d'autre, et lorsque l'ouverture du terme criminel arriva, le 3 juillet, les esprits étaient tellement montés qu'une guerre en règle menaçait d'éclater dans le district.

Si jamais homme avait les qualités nécessaires pour présider à un tel procès, c'était sans contredit le juge Bourgeois. Anciennement des Trois-Rivières, il venait de monter sur le banc dans le district d'Ottawa. Au physique, c'était un colosse; il avait une voix de tonnerre et un aspect des plus sévères; il avait de plus des connaissances de la loi et de la nature humaine très remarquables. C'était par excellence " l'homme juste." Chez lui point de faiblesse et il était doué d'une rare clarté d'esprit et d'un jugement impeccable.

La première difficulté que la Cour a rencontrée, c'était au début de la cause. Les avocats des Indiens insistèrent pour que les témoignages fussent traduits en anglais, en français et en iroquois pour le bénéfice des accusés. C'était presqu'impossible de trouver un interprète satisfaisant. Vu que M. Périllard, l'interprète, était un des principaux témoins contre les Indiens, on n'a pas voulu l'accepter, et même on a invoqué des lois de procédure à cet effet. On fit venir des interprètes de Caughnawaga, de St-Régis, de Témiscamingue et d'autres endroits; mais pas un d'entre eux ne pouvait comprendre la langue iroquoise, ou rendre en français ou en anglais intelligible les témoignages.

Que faire dans les circonstances ? Le juge Bourgeois, qui n'était pas un homme pour y aller par quatre chemins quand il avait un devoir à remplir, ajourna la Cour pour une semaine — du mardi au lundi suivant. Dans l'intervalle, il se rendit à Québec, auprès du gouvernement De-Boucherville. Il fit passer un arrêté en conseil autorisant la Cour, dans ce procès, d'accepter le témoignage de M. Périllard et aussi de lui permettre d'agir en qualité d'interprète. Muni de son arrêté, le juge revint à Aylmer et, le lundi matin, à dix heures, la cause était encore en marche.

C'était mon intention de donner les détails de cette cause célèbre, mais ce serait trop empiéter sur l'hospitalité des colonnes du *Canada*; d'ailleurs, ce ne serait qu'une transcription des comptes rendus qu'on trouve dans les principaux journaux de l'époque. Il me fait peine de ne pouvoir reproduire le témoignage du Frère Philippe, surtout lorsqu'il fut transquestionné par McLaren. Si je ne me trompe, le Frère a passé plus de dix heures en tout dans la boîte aux témoins; et ses réponses étaient souvent des plus amusantes et humoristiques. Fort dans la justice de sa cause, il se moquait des rages de ses interlocuteurs. C'était aussi intéressant qu'une scène au théâtre — et pourtant il était très habile dans son rôle nouveau.

La scène était très émouvante et très pittoresque. Ce juge si imposant, sérieux et vif; ce vieux shérif aux cheveux blancs et à l'air d'un gentilhomme du dix-septième siècle; ce greffier si agité et nerveux, mâchant sa plume et frottant ses mains ensemble; cet huissier audiencier à la voix de trompette et au regard d'aigle; ce vieux connétable au visage de parchemin et aux yeux perçants; ces Indiens stoïques et immuables dans l'impassibilité; ces avocats actifs, loquaces et méfiants les uns des autres; ces témoins craintifs ou bien impatients; ce corps de jury solennel, attentif, pompeux, sérieux; et cette assemblée de curieux venus de tous les points du district; c'était vraiment théâtral. Chaque soir, à six heures,

il y avait ajournement de la Cour. Nous étions aux jours les plus longs de l'année et aussi les plus chauds.

Si en Cour la scène était parfois dramatique, en dehors c'était la tragédie quotidienne, et souvent la comédie. A Aylmer se rencontraient les catholiques et les protestants, les gens de Hull et les gens d'Eardley, les partisans du Séminaire et les adhérents des Indiens. Quatre hôtels, où on servait de la boisson à flots, furent les rendez-vous de cette masse hétérogène de monde surexcité. Tout le soir, c'était une série de querelles, de disputes, de tapages, de criailleries nocturnes à n'en plus finir. Et le lendemain de chaque nuit de désordre, la foule allait à la Cour pour entendre le procès et se procurer des arguments, des preuves et des armes de controverse pour mieux se débattre quand arriverait le soir. C'est ainsi que la ville d'Aylmer, pendant tout le mois de juillet et une partie du mois d'août, apprit l'histoire du différend d'Oka dont ses citoyens avaient si souvent entendu parler par la voix des journaux. Si jamais un historien quelconque désire écrire l'histoire intéressante d'Aylmer et de la vallée de l'Ottawa, je lui passerai très volontiers mes notes sur l'époque mouvementée du procès des Indiens d'Oka. Ce serait une belle page à écrire.

Après que les plaidoyers furent achevés, les jurés délibérèrent pendant deux nuits et un jour sans être capables de s'accorder sur leur verdict. Sept ou huit fois, le juge les renvoya dans leur chambre de délibération, après avoir donné des explications interminables sur les points difficiles du témoignage ou sur des questions de droit. Ils étaient onze en faveur d'un verdict de culpabilité : mais un d'entre eux voulut, bon gré mal gré, rendre un verdict favorable aux Indiens. C'était un nommé Bissette, qui était un employé sur la terre de M. Wright, sur le chemin d'Aylmer, non loin de l'ancienne auberge Bisson. Vu qu'il n'y avait pas d'espoir à arriver à une entente, le juge renvoya le juré en déclarant qu'il ne croyait pas que ce serait jamais possible d'obtenir un verdict unanime en cette cause.

Sur les représentations faites par le juge Bourgeois dans un rapport officiel au gouvernement fédéral, le département des Affaires Indiennes se procura une réserve dans le district de Muskoka pour y établir les Iroquois les plus mécontents et les plus chicaniers du district des Deux-Montagnes. Aussi le gouvernement s'est-il chargé des frais de déplacement pour ceux qui acceptaient l'offre ainsi faite. De sorte que, vers la fin de l'automne de la même année, trente-huit famillies iroquoises, avec leurs meubles, leur " bronlant " et des montants d'argent en forme de compensation, s'embarquèrent en bateaux à Oka, à destination pour le Muskoka. C'est là que ces Indiens sont établis depuis; et, comme on a vu dans une chronique précédente, un seul survivant d'entre eux, Louis Frisé vit encore, à l'âge de 85 ans, sur cette réserve.

Pendant des années de procès, à Ste-Scholastique et à Aylmer, l'œuvre de la reconstruction à Oka se faisait; nous en parlerons dans la prochaine chronique. Aussi, durant ce temps-là, et même après, ont eu lieu " les émeutes des clôtures ", c'est-à-dire les troubles causés par les Indiens qui s'objectaient à la construction des clôtures autour des propriétés et le long des nouvelles rues. La période de reconstruction marque le vrai commencement du village d'Oka, tel qu'on le voit aujourd'hui; la période de ces émeutes marque également la fin, pratiquement parlant,

des hostilités entre les Indiens Iroquois protestants et le Séminaire et les citoyens catholiques de la place. Peu à peu les agressions disparaissaient, une bonne entente s'est établie, et aujourd'hui les querelles religieuses du temps jadis sont plutôt légendaires que réelles pour ceux qui habitent ce bel endroit. Si dans ces petites chroniques j'ai insisté parfois sur le côté sombre du caractère indien, c'est parce que la plume du chroniqueur doit tracer des faits et des événements avec la même fidélité et la même exactitude que celle de l'historien véridique.

Toute médaille à son revers. Toute chose, toute personne aussi a d'ordinaire comme les médailles, un bon et un mauvais côté, des qualités et des défauts; et les Indiens ne sont pas des exceptions à cette règle. Si, aujourd'hui, la paix et la concorde règnent au sein de la population heureuse d'Oka, il ne faut pas ignorer les influences salutaires qui en sont la cause. Chez les Messieurs du Séminaire l'esprit de charité qui distinguait leurs discours et leurs conseils était pour beaucoup dans l'établissement de ce règne d'harmonie. D'un autre côté, il faut rendre à César ce qui est à César, et, certes, je ne dois pas oublier qu'il est à Oka un homme à l'âme chrétienne dont le bon exemple et la parole conciliante ont réussi à effacer beaucoup des préjugés et mêmes des haines des jours d'antan. Je veux parler du révérend M. John Oke, ministre actuel de l'église protestante des Indiens. M. Oke est un Iroquois pur sang, et né dans le village d'Oka à quelques pas de la maison où il réside en ce moment. C'est un brave citoyen dans la force du mot, qui unit, à une disposition pacifique une connaissance intime des besoins et des caractéristiques de ses Indiens. Il prêcha toujours la paix, le devoir comme citoyen, la moralité et la nécessité de l'instruction. Le bien que ce seul homme a fait chez les Iroquois qui fréquentent son église se fait sentir dans toute la population et est un heureux présage pour l'avenir de ce village florissant et pittoresque. C'est l'influence des hommes comme M. Oke qui finira par supprimer un jour le fantôme du fanatisme et rétablir pour de bon l'esprit de tolérance en ce pays.

CHRONIQUES D'OKA

IX

Clôtures et Fermes

La reconstruction de l'église, du Séminaire et du couvent a duré plusieurs années, aujourd'hui ces édifices, les jardins, les parterres et les entourages en général présentent un tableau magnifique, témoignant du goût, du zèle et de la dévotion des Messieurs du Séminaire. L'occasion d'une visite à Oka se présentera le 14 septembre, jour du pèlerinage annuel au Calvaire des Deux-Montagnes. J'en parlerai plus longuement dans ma prochaine chronique; pour le moment je tiens seulement à attirer l'attention du public sur cette fête extraordinaire et cette excursion exceptionnelle, un pèlerinage de paix, de conciliation et de réparation.

Nous avons vu que l'ancien village indien d'Oka n'avait ni rues, ni clôtures, ni barrières quelconques; les Iroquois, des vrais enfants des bois, voulaient leur pleine liberté et se révoltaient contre toutes choses de nature à gêner la circulation ou restreindre leurs movements; ces apanages de la servitude leur répugnaient et ils n'en voulaient pas. Quand les plans des rues furent tracés et les lots de construction alloués et vendus, il fallait commencer à construires des clôtures le long des rues et autour des lots. Le premier enclos fut fait par M. Fauteux; c'était une propriété dans le haut du village sur le chemin de La Trappe, tout près de la résidence de M. Saint-Mars aujourd'hui. Aussitôt la clôture complétée, les Indiens vinrent pendant la nuit et, à coup de hâche, ont complètement démoli le tout. Le séminaire immédiatement commença à bâtir la grande clôture le long de la commune, et au fur et à mesure que les travaux avançaient, les Indiens les démolissaient. Plus que celà; il menacèrent d'arracher et couper les sapins plantés sur les collines de sable. Pour mieux les surveiller, les agents du séminaire avaient construit une cabane ou maisonnette dans le bois sur la côte, où ils pouvaient se réfugier en cas de pluie. Les Indiens incendièrent cette cabane et chassèrent les agents à coups de hâche et de faucilles. Les choses étaient à ce point quand on fit venir des policiers provinciaux et même une compagnie de soldats; finalement, sous la garde de ces gens-d'armes, le séminaire et les citoyens d'Oka ont réussis à compléter les clôtures nécessaires pour la protection de leurs différents emplacements. Des conseils, bons et sages, amenèrent les Indiens à constater la folie de leur conduite et à force de pourparlers la paix se rétablit dans le village, le dernier obstacle au progrès de la place fut écarté, et depuis ce temps-là la prospérité et la bonne entente règnent entre les divers éléments de la population d'Oka.

Entre autres attractions qui rendent le village d'Oka si pittoresque et si attrayant, sont les chemins conduisant à différentes places dans les alentours. Il y a le chemin de La Trappe qui conduit à St-Joseph et St-Eustache; le chemin St-Benoit, passant par des grandes terres cultivées, des concessions; le chemin de Ste-Placide, passant par le village

indien de l'Anse, et La Pointe aux Anglais — très pittoresque le long de la rivière Ottawa. Sur ces différentes routes se trouvent les fermes, au nombre de seize, appartenant au séminaire; notamment, la ferme modèle des Sulpiciens et la ferme école des Trappistes où l'on forme de jeunes agriculteurs. L'exploitation de ces fermes est une histoire très intéressante pour notre province agricole.

Dans une des premières chroniques nous avons vu que le but des Sulpiciens en transportant les Iroquois du Sault-au-Récollet, au Lac des Deux-Montagnes, en 1722, était, entre autres choses, de leur enseigner à cultiver la terre; depuis 146 ans les successeurs de ces premiers missionnaires ont continué, en dépit des obstacles innombrables, à marcher dans la même voie, jusqu'à ce que leurs fermes et leurs enseignements constituent aujourd'hui un des plus grands bénéfices dont notre province peut se glorifier. C'est, pour ainsi dire, une époque agricole que nous traversons; partout on entend parler de la culture intensive, des travaux pour fertiliser la terre et améliorer ses produits, des besoins du pays de plus en plus de productions agricoles, de patriotisme qui prend la forme de main-d'œuvre dans les champs; nos gouvernants, tant à Ottawa qu'à Québec, nous exhortent à faire l'impossible pour que notre sol soit le plus productif possible. C'est parfait, c'est juste ! Mais il ne faut pas oublier que depuis de longues années, dans le district du Lac des Deux-Montagnes, à Oka, et dans les environs, les messieurs du séminaire ont jeté les bases et construisent aujourd'hui toute une forteresse agricole, pour le bien-être des Indiens, le bénéfice des Canadiens et la plus grande prospérité de la province. Ils étaient les avant-coureurs de la civilisation dans la région inculte il y a un siècle et demi; ils sont encore les pionniers de l'agriculture sur toute cette grande étendue de pays. Pour bien se rendre compte de l'œuvre de ces messieurs du séminaire il faudrait visiter leurs fermes et constater les moyens de culture qu'ils employent et enseignent. C'est vraiment merveilleux !

Pour encourager la communauté des Moines de La Trappe et pour établir une école d'agriculture dans le district, les Sulpiciens ont donné gratuitement aux Trappistes mille acres de terre, sur le flanc de la montagne, distance de deux lieues du village d'Oka. Là ces religieux silencieux ont tellement travaillé leur propriété inculte qu'ils ont bientôt transformé en jardin ce désert immense; là ils ont construit, de leurs propres mains, pierre sur pierre, leur monastère, leur église, leur école agricole, leur fromagerie et tout un village de bâtisses affectés à l'usage de la vie contemplative, de la vie active, de l'agriculture, et de la vie formatrice de l'enseignement. Quand nos amis les fanatiques anti-catholiques, par la voie de leurs journaux nous parlent " des moines paresseux ", (ils aiment tant l'expression) la meilleure réponse serait de leurs payer les frais d'un voyage à La Trappe. Là leurs yeux seront desillés, et un rayon de la vérité pourra pénétrer leur esprit — suffisamment pour leur faire voir l'imbécillité de leur méchanceté et de leur perfidie. Là, au moins, ils pourront apprendre ce que c'est le travail, la prière, et l'utilité de la vie d'un religieux catholique. Entre autres, que le rédacteur de la " *Sentinel* " de Toronto, se donne donc la peine d'y aller passer deux ou trois jours; je puis lui assurer qu'il serait le bienvenu !

Je n'aurai pas l'espace nécessaire dans cette chronique de donner les détails de tout ce qu'ont fait les Trappistes dans les différentes branches

de l'agriculture — leur ferme et ses produits sont connus d'un bout à l'autre du Canada; leur collège agricole est doté de professeurs agronomes les plus expérimentés et les mieux renseignés de la province. L'œuvre des Trappistes est excessivement utilitaire en tout temps et exceptionnellement patriotique par le temps que nous traversons.

Sur la route de La Trappe, et un peu en dehors du village d'Oka, est la grande ferme modèle des Sulpiciens. Ca demanderait tout un volume pour faire la description des seize fermes que le séminaire possède et exploite dans la région du Lac des Deux-Montagnes. La ferme modèle suffira pour le moment. Ici deux grandes fermes sont combinées en une seule. Le site est magnifique. L'aspect du paysage est incomparable. Des hauteurs en arrière on a un coup-d'œil sur ces vastes champs unis, sans inégalités, inclinés doucement vers le rivage où les eaux du grand Lac viennent baigner la terre fertile; là on voit à cette saison les moissons dorées qui ondulent aux zéphirs, les troupeaux d'animaux qui parcourent les pâturages, et ces immenses bâtisses qu'on est en train d'ériger pour les besoins de la ferme, l'exploitation et l'exportation.

Un mot maintenant, de cette ferme modèle. En général il y a plus de 25 employés qui y trouvent de l'ouvrage toute l'année. Sur la construction des édifices nécessaires à l'exploitation de la ferme et l'enseignement de l'agriculture il y a au-delà de 40 hommes qui travaillent. L'édifice principal est construit selon les derniers modèles et les dernières règles de l'hygiène. C'est ce qu'on peut appeler une grange-étable, ou bien une étable complète. Les fondations sont en ciment et la charpente est en fer; les murs solides entre les différentes pièces sont en brique pour empêcher l'odeur de pénétrer d'une pièce à l'autre. Les bâtisses ont 154 pieds de long, avec deux immenses ailes de 138 pieds chaque en profondeur. Les écuries pour les chevaux, les étables pour les vaches, et les compartiments pour leurs nourritures sont la propreté même. La laiterie et la glacière sont sur le côté opposé des étables et à distance suffisante pour que l'odeur ne puisse aucunement pénétrer. Dans la partie nord de l'établissement se trouve la remise à fumier, et les déchets y sont transportés en chars poussés sur des rails en fer. Enfin, il n'y a rien qui laisse à désirer dans l'équipement de cette ferme et les constructions qui s'y attachent. Le système employé sur la ferme pour l'instruction des cultivateurs de cette région est plutôt par le moyen d'expériences que par l'enseignement direct, comme à l'école agricole de La Trappe : plus en pratique qu'en théorie. On y fait toutes espèces d'essais dans le labourage du sol, le choix des grains, la méthode de semence, des appareils à récolter, la manière de conserver les produits des champs et des jardins, la conservation de ces produits dans les granges ou dans les caveaux à racines, et les cultivateurs qui suivent attentivement ses procédés et constatent les résultats peuvent améliorer intelligemment leurs propres fermes et augmenter proportionnellement leurs bénéfices, tout en diminuant le coût et le travail. C'est ainsi que les messieurs du séminaire remplissent leur mission à l'endroit des Indiens et des cultivateurs du Lac des Deux-Montagnes.

" Il ne faut pas juger de l'arbre par l'écorce " est un dicton des Indiens. Rien n'est plus trompeur que les apparences. Celles-ci permettent de présumer, mais non de juger de la valeur et du mérite des personnes : Il n'est que juste, qu'avant de terminer mes humbles commentaires sur

Oka, sa population et ses attraits, que je rende témoignage aux bonnes caractéristiques qu'on trouve chez les Indiens — les Iroquois comme les Algonquins. C'est vrai que par le passé il y avait des esprits agités parmi eux; mais les plus tapageurs sont partis depuis des années pour le Muskoka et ailleurs, et les prédications qui ont causé les désordres n'existent plus. Le sentiment de révolte a fait place à un désir bien arrêté de vivre en paix et de jouir de l'amitié et de la confiance de tous les citoyens de la place. Passant sur le chemin de St-Placide, à deux ou trois milles d'Oka, on rencontre les maisons et les terres des Iroquois groupées autour de la résidence du chef Peter Angus. Plusieurs de ces Indiens sont mariés à des femmes blanches, de langue anglaise aussi bien que de langue française. Or, en grande partie, ils sont des Métis; les Indiens pur sang sont de plus en plus rares parmi eux. Ils cultivent leurs fermes et font le commerce des récoltes, des animaux et des produits laitiers. Beaucoup d'entre eux prennent avantage des récentes modifications à la loi des Indiens permettant à chaque individu de se faire émanciper de la tutelle du gouvernement et ainsi jouir en plein droit des privilèges de citoyens canadiens. Ils ont leurs écoles, en outre l'école paroissiale pour les garçons et le couvent des Sœurs de la Congrégation de Notre-Dame pour les filles. Parmi les Indiens protestants l'école est faite en anglais, mais la langue française est également enseignée. Presque tous parlent trois langues; ils apprennent l'anglais à l'école, le français parmi les citoyens de la place, et l'iroquois à la maison et en famille. De plus ils affectent beaucoup les modes et les manières de la civilisation.

C'est vrai que les Indiens et leurs produits ne sont pas beaucoup connus sur les marchés; n'empêche que proportionnellement parlant ils sont loin d'être misérables. Si vous désirez avoir du blé-d'Inde sucré de bonne heure, c'est un Indien qui vous le vendrait; si vous voulez avoir les services d'une laveuse propre ou une femme de journée fiable, c'est une iroquoise qu'il faut chercher; vous avez besoin des œufs frais et certains demandez-les à un Indien — comme, par exemple, le vieux Beauvais des concessions. Dans toute la région des Deux-Montagnes, et peut-être dans le Canada, le meilleur beurre est celui de Joseph Tioichat; et ceci est sans réplique. Oui, ces Indiens ont un grand mérite qui les rend dignes de l'estime du monde.

Je touche à la fin de mes chroniques d'Oka — je n'ai qu'une autre à faire; aussi le terme de mon séjour en cet endroit charmant approche. C'est avec un sincère regret que je constate ces faits. J'ai, néanmoins, l'espérance d'y revenir une autre année pour jouir de la paix et de l'air salubre qui règnent sur les bords du Lac et dans les sentiers dessous les sapins, au milieu de ce peuple si hospitalier et si affable. Mais le regret est plus profond quand il s'agit de dire adieu aux nombreux lecteurs avec qui j'ai eu tant d'entretiens amicaux pendant ces beaux mois de l'été. Nous nous sommes jamais vus, mais nos idées et nos pensées ont coulé dans les mêmes canaux, et il me semble que j'ai réussi à tricoter les mailles d'une amitié réciproque. Il y aura toujours entre nous un trait d'union; c'est l'amour de notre cher pays et le désir absorbant de tout faire pour l'harmonie, la prospérité et le vrai bonheur au sein de sa population. Que tous apportent leurs morceaux d'émail, diversement colorés, pour compléter la mosaïque d'une vraie et solide nationalité canadienne; c'est mon souhait sincère !

CHRONIQUES D'OKA

X

Pèlerinage et Pèlerins

C'est le 14 septembre, samedi de cette semaine, qu'a lieu le pèlerinage annuel au " Sanctuaire du Lac ", autrement dit le calvaire d'Oka. C'est en ce jour que les pèlerins (et les pèlerines) s'acheminent, des villes, des villages et des campagnes, vers cette place historique et ce lieu sacré. Au début de mes chroniques j'ai donné une courte histoire du chemin du Calvaire à Oka; c'est une page à relire aujourd'hui.

Nous avons vu comme Oka est salubre et pittoresque; nous avons parlé du sable qui absorbe l'humidité et les sapins qui jettent l'arome capiteux sur l'air; nous avons parcouru à la hâte l'histoire intéressante et instructive de la fondation de la mission des Sulpiciens, de l'apostasie des Indiens, des émeutes anti-catholiques, de l'incendie de l'église et des autres édifices, de la poursuite des inculpés, des procès à Ste-Scholastique et à Aylmer, des troubles concernant les clôtures, et enfin, de l'encouragement de l'agriculture chez les Trappistes que visiteront les pèlerins le 14 septembre.

La question principale qu'on se demande maintenant est celle-ci : " Comment allons-nous faire pour nous rendre à Oka ? " Vous pouvez y aller en chemin de fer, en bateau ou en voiture. En chemin de fer, vous prenez le trains de 8.45 le matin à la gare Windsor; descendez à Como, à 9.30; prenez la traverse de M. Léger, et vous vous rendez à Oka quelques minutes après dix heures. Si vous y allez en bateau vous avez votre choix; soit par le " Victoria " qui part du quai de la rue Colborne à une heure de l'après-midi, le vendredi, et vous débarquez ce soir même à Oka, veille de la fête; soit par le bateau " Empress " qui laisse le débarcadère de Lachine vers 8 heures chaque matin et qui arrive à Oka un peu avant 11 heures de l'avant-midi. Mais si vous aimez mieux y aller en voiture, les chemins sont bons, et pour les véhicules et pour les automobiles; passant par St-Eustache soit par St-Benoit. Nulle nécessité de chanter les louanges d'un trajet sur l'eau de Montréal à Oka — rien de plus agréable et de plus pittoresque dans cette province. Un tour en voiture ou en automobile à travers cette belle campagne et le long de la rivière Ottawa, entre la métropole et le lieu de dévotion, est des plus attrayants. En un mot, la fête du pèlerinage d'Oka doit attirer une foule immense vers cette place si pleine de souvenirs, d'attractions et de bénédiction spirituelles.

Permettez, maintenant, que j'emprunte quelques réflexions au livret que Monsieur le curé Tranchemontagne m'a fait l'honneur de me donner quand j'ai commencé ces petites chroniques — l'auteur exprime mieux que je ne puisse le faire les sentiments qui découlent de l'idée d'un pèlerinage. " La sainte et salutaire pratique des pèlerinages, que les miséricordieuses manifestations du Ciel viennent de remettre en honneur en Europe, en France surtout, ne pouvait nous trouver indifférents, nous, catholiques du Canada, enfants toujours aimants de la France catho-

lique. L'admirable élan qui a entraîné et entraînera encore tous les peuples chrétiens vers les sanctuaires privilégiés, où le Cœur de Jésus et de Marie ont fait jaillir les sources de la grâce divine, s'est vite communiqué à nos âmes; et, regardant autour de nous, nous avons cherché si nous n'aurions pas aussi quelques lieux choisis du Ciel, vers lesquels nous pourrions, en union avec nos frères, diriger nos excursions de pèlerins. Notre religieuse recherche n'a pas été inutile; et le pieux concours qui se fait, depuis quelques années surtout, au Calvaire du Lac des Deux-Montagnes, prouve que notre foi a trouvé, sur ces collines, un lieu saint qui rappelle et promet les bénédictions d'en-Haut."

C'est encore dans le même petit volume que je prends ces quelques lignes : " Heureux donc le chrétien qui, comme l'illustre archevêque de Milan, le grand St-Charles Borromée, vient de temps en temps se recueillir dans la solitude de la montagne, et nourrir son âme de la contemplation de vivantes images de la Passion du Sauveur ! La solitude des bois, le mystérieux silence de la forêt, l'immensité de l'horizon, qui dit la petitesse du monde et la grandeur du ciel, les Stations du calvaire qu'il faut atteindre par des chemins difficiles, comme il faut parvenir par de durs sentiers aux diverses Stations de la vertu; les images saintes qui mêlent à toutes ces choses les plus touchants souvenirs de sacrifice et d'amour, rien de mieux fait que tout cet ensemble pour faire entendre au cœur, des enseignements ineffables et lui faire produire les plus ardentes oraisons."

Pour le renseignement des pèlerins de cette année il est bon de savoir que " les Souverains Pontifes, ont accordé une indulgence plénière pour tout fidèle qui visite l'église du Lac des Deux-Montagnes, et qui, s'étant confessé et ayant communié, y prie aux intentions du Saint-Père. Cette indulgence peut se gagner une fois chaque année, et est applicable aux âmes de nos chers défunts. Il suit de là que le pèlerin peut gagner deux indulgences plénières dans sa journée; celle de l'église et celle des Stations du Calvaire; nouvel encouragement pour le pèlerinage. Il suit de là aussi, qu'une personne fatiguée ou hors d'état de suivre les pèlerins sur la montagne, peut se consoler de cette privation en gagnant l'indulgence plénière attachée à la visite de l'église." Il est bon aussi de savoir que " la relique de la vraie Croix est exposée toute la journée du pèlerinage sur un trône dressé exprès, et dans le sanctuaire de l'église. Le soir, avant leur départ, les pèlerins reçoivent la bénédiction de cette croix divine et couvrent avec transport, de leurs baisers, cette relique sacrée dans laquelle ils adorent le divin Sauveur mourant pour notre salut. C'est après cet acte de foi et d'amour que l'on reprend le chemin du foyer domestique, le cœur plein de grâces et de pieux souvenirs."

Voilà ce que c'est le pèlerinage du 14 septembre, à Oka.

Maintenant, une petite suggestion. Chaque année, durant les beaux mois d'été, presque tout le monde fait des voyages de plaisir ou va en villégiature quelque part au bord de la mer, à la campagne ou dans les montagnes. Les uns passent un mois ou deux en bas du fleuve, des autres sur la rive sud, encore des autres dans le nord et ainsi de suite. Chaque petite place a son cachet à elle, son origine, ses traditions, en un mot, son histoire. Si chacun, qui se sent ainsi disposé, voudrait bien se donner la peine de se faire renseigner sur tout ce qui est intéressant dans la localité qu'il visite, d'en prendre notes et d'écrire quelques chroniques,

bientôt nous aurions toute une histoire, véridique et intéressante, de notre province. Cette histoire s'impose !

Par exemple, celui qui descend le fleuve trouvera entre l'Ile d'Orléans et Tadousac, différentes places où il y a beaucoup de faits historiques et de légendes, des récits merveilleux et des anecdotes. Celui qui voyage sur le Richelieu, de Sorel à Chambly, passe par St-Denis, St-Charles, St-Marc, St-Antoine; ou bien s'il visite les bords sur le fleuve, il se trouve à Contrecœur, à Verchères, à Boucherville — toutes des places dont l'histoire remonte aux jours des premiers colons, des découvreurs et des martyrs. Et celui qui a choisi le nord et les environs de Montréal pour son séjour, a tout un pays parsemé de souvenirs historiques des plus instructifs où il peut trouver de la matière pour faire des chroniques interminables. Ainsi chacun pourrait contribuer un grain de chapelet dans le rosaire historique qu'un écrivain bien inspiré de l'avenir serait à même de fabriquer pour l'édification, l'enseignement et l'usage des générations qui nous succèderont. Et cette histoire doit être écrite dans la langue française; car c'est la langue naturelle de cette province, celle des premiers missionnaires et fondateurs, celle de nos lois et de nos institutions, surtout celle de nos légendes, nos traditions, nos grands patriotes et de notre littérature.

Je désire maintenant exprimer mes vifs remerciements au " Canada " pour l'hospitalité de ses colonnes depuis la fin de juin dernier; des centaines de lecteurs aussi lui sont des plus reconnaissants. Je dois aussi exprimer mon appréciation des bienveillants services que le curé et les Messieurs du Séminaire, aussi bien que les principaux citoyens d'Oka m'ont rendus en me procurant — de si bon cœur — les renseignements nécessaires. Il n'est que juste que je déclare, maintenant, mon triple but en écrivant ces chroniques. J'ai dit que c'est un triple but.

Premièrement, j'ai voulu mettre en pratique moi-même ce que je prêche aux autres; l'exemple est plus éloquent que les paroles — même quand cet exemple n'est pas impeccable.

Deuxièmement, c'était mon objet de présenter des faits dont plusieurs sont déjà oubliés et dont un grand nombre sont absolument inconnus, qui se rapportent à la fameuse " affaire d'Oka ", et aussi de donner aux lecteurs un compte rendu véridique des événements mouvementés d'une époque des plus intéressantes dans l'histoire de notre province. J'ai visé l'impartialité et la justice afin de déraciner bien de ces préjugés préjudiciables qui abondent, comme des mauvais herbes, sur notre sol.

Troisièmement, sans avoir aucun mandat à cet effet, j'ai voulu faire comprendre à certains extrémistes l'énormité de leurs calomnies et de leurs imputations mal fondées à l'endroit de nos institutions religieuses et de nos communautés catholiques. Dans le bon vieux temps quand quelque chose n'allait pas à son goût, si les récoltes faisaient défaut, si une vache ne fournissait plus de lait ou si la tempête ravageait les champs, on disait toujours, " c'est la faute à Papineau ". Avec vous moins de logique encore, même de nos jours, si les affaires vont mal, si l'administration est défectueuse ou si une politique est désastreuse, si les années sont mauvaises ou si la disette menace, lorsque tous les autres arguments sont épuisés, on se console en disant : c'est la faute aux Messieurs du Séminaire ". Le séminaire est le but visé par les économistes sans ressources et les fanatiques sans logique ni raison; sur les

Messieurs du Séminaire ils lancent leurs flèches empoisonnées de fiel et de haine. Qu'ils viennent visiter le séminaire, qu'ils examinent les œuvres de ces Messieurs, qu'ils se rendent compte de leurs missions et les résultats pour la province et le pays en général, et ils constateront la vérité, et, peut-être rendront-ils un jour justice aux Sulpiciens.

Tout ce que je demande, à mes amis les lecteurs de mes chroniques, c'est de bien vouloir conserver le récit des faits que j'ai recueillis et exposés.

Permettez que je termine, après en avoir changé deux ou trois mots, en citant une strophe qu'il y a quinze ans mon vieil ami, feu William Chapman, m'avait adressée :

" Et si mes humbles écrits survivent à mes pleurs,
S'ils résistent au temps devant qui tout s'efface,
C'est que l'âme canadienne, forte comme la race,
En aurait prolongé l'écho dans tous les cœurs."

LETTRE D'ADIEU A SON EXCELLENCE LORD DUFFERIN

Le chansonnier ne fait de lettre
Que pour écrire des couplets—
Tout d'abord vous pouvez y mettre
Qu'à penser à vous je me plais—
Bien que le destin vous éloigne,
Des honneurs vous suivez le cours
Par l'amitié qu'on vous témoigne,
Sur nos cœurs vous règnez toujours.

* * *

Vous apparaissiez sur nos plages
Précédé d'un renom brillant;
Bientôt, les villes, les villages
Vous acclamaient en souriant.
Et maintenant, chef tutélaire,
Malgré l'assaut des mauvais jours,
Vous avez gardé l'art de plaire
Règnez encore, règnez toujours.

* * *

Sous les arcades de verdure
Où nous nous plaisions, deux ou trois,
A causer de littérature,
D'histoire et de nos vice-rois,
Un autre prendra votre place :
Ainsi vont et viennent les cours
On vous change : qu'on vous remplace !
Parmi nous vous règnez toujours.

* * *

Vous allez parcourir le monde :
Vous êtes " citoyen romain ";
Par vous, sur la terre et sur l'onde,
Albion raffermit sa main.
Dans les conseils du grand empire
Nous invoquons votre secours :
Que notre passé vous inspire
Règnez sur nous, règnez toujours.

* * *

Puissiez-vous, heureux et prospère,
Suivre gaîment les pas du temps,
Et ne subir l'âge sévère
Qu'entouré par des cœurs contents
Près d'une compagne chérie,
Aux souvenirs ayant recours,
Vous vous peindrez notre patrie
Où, tous deux, vous règnez toujours :

" Là-bas, dans la jeune Amérique,
" Au bord du sauvage Ottawa,
" Au seuil de ce château rustique
" Où passent les hommes d'Etat,
" Je revois les fils de la Muse
" Chantant la gloire et les Amours " . . . .
Un cœur bien né jamais ne s'use.
Oui, vous règnez—règnez toujours.

* * *

Ou, plutôt, que le ciel propice
Vous ramène au milieu de nous.
De Carleton, de sa justice
Vous rappelez les temps si doux
Comme lui venez nous surprendre
Par trois beaux et joyeux retours
C'est dit : nous allons vous attendre;
D'ici là, vous règnez toujours.

* * *

Mais, quelle agréable surprise !
On m'apporte un cadeau princier
Mes petits vers, simples de mise,
Ne sauraient trop remercier . . . . .
Dans le sanctuaire où j'installe
Les œuvres de nos troubadours,
Le portrait, le livre ont leur stalle :
Auteur, vous règnez toujours.

* * *

Ces vers ont été écrit à la demande de M. Benjamin Sulte par le Dr Foran, le 2 octobre 1878, il n'avait que 21 ans.

CREMAZIE

Une humble voix irlandaise se fait l'interprète d'un peuple reconnaissant à l'endroit du grand poète canadien-français.

Un sculpteur canadien cisèle un monument
A l'honneur du poète et de sa poésie,
Et depuis le levant jusques à l'occident,
On acclame la mémoire d'Octave Crémazie.

Dans ce concert d'amour, de fierté, de joie,
Laissez vibrer aussi une voix irlandaise,
Mêlant ses accents aux élans des grandes voix
De ses compatriotes de la race française.

En chantant l'avenir, combien il nous rappelle
L'exemple si pratique, au pays de mon père,
Quand les enfants d'Irlande, pour le grand O'Connel,
Ont donné librement " l'obole journalière ".

Pour ces pauvres exilés, contemplant leur triste sort,
Il demande le concours d'une sainte charité,
Soulagement pour les mourants, prières pour les morts,
Et pour l'orphelin, asile et liberté.

Nous nous joignons à vous—nous voulons à notre tour,
Célébrer et sa gloire et ses rêves infinis;
Nous vous tendons la main d'amitié en ce jour,
Pour accomplir les vœux du poète Crémazie.

Que l'union des deux races, au nom de notre pays,
Soit à jamais affermie et perpétuelle;
Que du poète national le travail chéri
Soit pour nos enfants une jouissance immortelle.

Montréal, 1 Décembre 1903.

LA GRANDE VISITE

Il est venu ici, conduit par prêtre,
Me rendre visite, comme un fidel ami;
Il reviendra encore, plus qu'une fois, peut-être—
Il est si bon et humble, ce Jésus-Hostie !

* * *

Il est venu ici dans ma chambre me voir,
Cachant ses splendeurs à mes faibles yeux—
Ouvrant devant moi le sentier du devoir.
Et indiquant la route conduisante aux cieux.

* * *

C'est le Roi de l'univers dans toute sa grandeur
Qui m'a rendu visite sous mon humble tôit.
C'est mon désir qu'un jour, dans toute sa splendeur.
Là-haut, il se souviendra de moi.

Ces lignes tracées d'une main tremblante sont la dernière composition de l'Auteur. Etendu sur son lit d'agonie Jésus-Hostie venait encore une fois consoler son serviteur. Qui redira les derniers élans de cette âme à la vue de son Bien-Aimé ? Un peu avant de mourir, une joie toute extraordinaire se répandit sur son visage, qui parut beau comme celui d'un ange. Il souriait à Jésus dont il entrevoyait l'ombre ravissante.

The Grave of the Poet in Côte-des-Neiges Cemetery, Montreal

"But some day, not distant adown the years,
I too will sleep 'neath this very sod;
And this silence bids me to have no fears,
In my soul there's a Faith that ever cheers,
For when I am here I will be with God."

"Solitude and Silence"

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Ville de Montréal