

## The Archbishop on Sir John Thompson

On Sunday last after the Gospel, in the course of the sermon His Grace Archbishop Walsh paid fitting tribute to the memory of Sir John Thompson. His Grace said:

"Let me ask your prayers for the repose of the soul of the late Sir John Thompson, who died so suddenly and unexpectedly at the very foot of her Majesty's throne. His death has been a grievous loss to Canada, and has left a void in the public service of the country which few, if any, can be found to fill. Like most of God's best gifts he was not fully appreciated until he had left us. Sir John Thompson was a true man, a good and great man. By sheer force of character, by matchless ability, and by the purity and nobility of his life, he worked his way up step by step from an humble position in society until, by the time he had reached the meridian of his life, he occupied the proud position of Premier of this great Dominion. Other men attain to political power by selfish cunning, by base intrigue, by wicked appeals to religious prejudices and the blind passions of fanaticism. Sir John Thompson scorned such base and ignoble methods. The country raised him to his proud position because it recognized in him a true and noble man, a sterling patriot, and a wise and able statesman, and it was not mistaken in its choice. With tireless devotion, intelligent zeal and consummate ability he labored in its cause, and by the great and important services he rendered it more than amply repaid the confidence it reposed in him. One of the elements of his greatness was his fidelity and loyalty to principle and conscience. After prayerful and patient study he became convinced that the Roman Catholic Church was the one true Church of Christ, and at the risk of sundering the closest ties of friendship and at the peril of his worldly prospects and interests he had the courage to embrace it. In his search after truth he but followed the Protestant principle of private judgment, and yet for daring to do so, for daring to do that which Manning and Newman and hosts of other brilliant, learned and good men had done before him, he was abused, vilified and denounced with the rage of bigotry and the fury of fanaticism. All this abuse he bore with the contempt of silence, and as a rule the only answer he gave to his vilifiers was the manly profession of his faith and the fervent practice of its duties. On one occasion only of late did he condescend to notice the abuse heaped upon him. It was at a picnic held in Muskoka last summer, when speaking before friends and enemies he said that he scorned to account to any man for his religious convictions. Sir John Thompson would have been another Sir Thomas More had the times and occasion called for it. There are, however, periods when a democracy can be as cruel, unjust and tyrannical as an absolute despotic king. Even belated in this country men of the religious minority, though not called on to shed their blood for their faith, have to make many a bitter sacrifice for it in feeling, in social relations and in worldly interests in consequence of the brutal attacks made them by unprincipled demagogues and unreasoning crowds. For men so situated the life and example of Sir John Thompson teach lessons of fortitude, constancy and patience, and bid them hope that right and justice and fidelity to conscience will in the long run prevail over bigotry and intolerance. After all, the great heart of the people is sound and true, and though at times it may be led astray it will eventually return 'ad vias rectas' to the paths of rectitude, and beat in harmony and sympathy with what is good, noble and true. Of this we have had a striking exemplification during the last few days. The innumerable testimonies of respect and esteem which the people of all classes have given for the departed statesman, the deep condolence and sympathy expressed by them with his bereaved and stricken family, the public funeral honors given his remains in Imperial England and to be given them in this country, all prove that men living under the benign and humanizing influences of free institutions and enjoying the blessings of civil and religious liberty know how to respect worth, to do justice to merit, to value patriotism, to be grateful for public services faithfully and disinterestedly rendered, and how to admire the man who by the faithful practices of his religious duties maintains the sovereignty of soul and conscience over the base and degrading passions of fallen nature. Such a man was Sir John Thompson. May God have mercy on his soul, and may the merciful Saviour comfort, strengthen and uphold the bereaved family in its irreparable loss."

## Sir Galahad.

A Knight there lived all in a royal court  
Whose love was duty;  
Who went not on adventure for the sport  
Nor yet for booty.  
Right much he learnt of Launcelot-du-Lake,  
In joust and field,  
The fairest knight that e'er a lance did break  
Or dressed a shield.  
Beside the knightly table, well I wit—  
Full marvellous—  
There stood one seat wherein no knight durst sit—  
Siege Perilous.  
Fast bedded in a stone was seen a sword  
With jewelled hilt;  
Who took it thence was first at knightly board—  
Pure without guilt.  
Sir Galahad hid hand upon the blade,  
And took the seat:  
Full plentifully his teacher he repaid  
Sans all deceit.  
His mind was set on quest of Holy Grail  
Without surcease;  
And though, like all his human kindred, frail,  
It brought him peace.  
He was the purest knight, the lily flower  
In morning dew;  
The rose of great perfection in a bower.  
Anon he knew  
The Fountain that with gracious mercies stored  
Makes angels weep;  
And looking up he saw his heavenly Lord—  
So fell on sleep.

J. C. WALSH.

## St. Nicholas.

'Tis the children's own ev'ning, St. Nicholas night,  
And while mem'ry dictates I am going to write  
Of how it was spent in the dear, happy past  
In the halcyon days, all too lovely to last,  
When bright rose tinted dreamings, great castles in air  
And a darling old home, with friends faithful as fair,  
Unclouded by sorrow, unruffled by strife,  
Formed the pure placid source of the river of life.  
'Twas the rule, and we followed it promptly this eve,  
That at seven we all our amusements should leave  
And each take her place as if lesson to con;  
But alas! 'twas not tasks that our thoughts dwelt  
upon.  
For we noted that out of all danger were placed  
The more breakable things which the study-hall  
graced,  
And sundry such incidents all seemed to tell  
There was something expected, and what we knew  
well.  
But the silence was short-lived; for hark, there's the  
sound  
Of the door-bell! and hurrying footsteps resound—  
Admittance is granted, and listen—the air  
Beams the jingle of sleigh bells—St. Nicholas is there;  
Then before we recovered the shock, at the door  
Wholly fur-clad and bell-decked with parcels galore.  
A smile on his face tho' a whip in his hand  
Doth the patron of childhood, good Santa Claus stand,  
For a moment we gazed on the vision so queer,  
Curiosity now, as of old, drowning fear;  
Then shriek after shriek echoed loud thro' the hall  
And the desks are vacated—all crowd to the wall—  
The strange visitor follows with menacing look  
And all scatter for shelter to corner or nook.  
Thus the chase is repeated till tired he grows  
While the fugitives breathless, seek naught but re-  
pose.  
But still more will be granted, for changing his tune  
'Tis the smile, not the whip, becomes paramount soon,  
Then free fall the candy and fear dies away;  
And, as bon-bons can triumph where threats would  
not sway,  
Each now owns to her faults and makes promises  
strong  
To amend in the future and root out the wrong,  
E'en the little ones gather, forgetting their fear  
And stroking his furs, whisper, "Santa Claus, dear."  
But he now is contented—so gathers his pack  
Grasps his whip in his hand, straps his goods on his  
back  
And amid the "good nights" and well wishes of all  
He departs, on his numerous errands to call,

And the clatter of voices, the laughter and fun  
Which belong to a "free night" had fairly begun  
Ere the tinkling of bells o'er the fresh-fallen snow  
Could have told them the route on which Santa  
would go.

Ah, I would we could more of such customs preserve  
And more faith in the fables and legends which serve  
To give to the season of childhood a charm,  
'They leave sweet recollections, they're free from all  
harm,  
Soon enough will "the shades of the prison house"  
close  
Till they hide the bright clouds whence the glory still  
flows,  
Let childhood enjoy the fair vision to-day  
For to-morrow it fades—'tis too precious to stay.  
—ROSS FERROUSON.



## The Flight into Egypt.

FATHER PROUT.

There's a legend that's told of a gypsy who dwelt  
In the land where the pyramids be  
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt  
With devices right wondrous to see,  
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child  
On His mother's immaculate breast;  
When He fled from His foes—when to Egypt exiled  
He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,  
And the future was given to her gaze;  
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx  
On her threshold kept vigil always.  
She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen  
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd;  
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs I ween,  
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,  
With a maid on his mule by that road;  
And a child on her bosom reclined—and the way  
Led them straight to the gypsy's abode  
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path,  
From their home many, many a league—  
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath  
Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling and prayed  
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile;  
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,  
Who had come many, many a mile;  
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress  
And she begged the old man would repose;  
Here the stranger, she said, ever finds free access  
And the wanderer balm for his woes.

Then her guest from the glare of the noonday she led  
To a seat in her grotto so cool;  
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits, and a shed  
With a manger was found for the mule;  
With the wine of the palm-tree, with dates newly  
culled,  
All the toil of the road she beguiled;  
And with a song in language mysterious she lulled  
On her bosom her wayfaring child.

When the gypsy anon in her Ethiop hand  
Placed the infant's diminutive palm  
Oh, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned  
Of the babe in his slumber so calm!  
Well she noted each mark and each furrow that crossed  
O'er the tracings of destiny's line:  
"Whence came ye?" she cried, in astonishment lost,  
"For this child is of lineage divine!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,  
"Where we dwell in the land of the Jew;  
We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed  
In the gore of the children he slew:  
We were told to remain, till an angel's command  
Should appoint us the hour to return;  
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,  
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in joy,  
"And ye make of my dwelling your home:  
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy  
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles) would come."  
And she kissed both the feet of the infant and knelt,  
And adorned him at once; then a smile  
Lit the face of His mother, who cheerfully dwelt  
With her host on the banks of the Nile.