

the Gospel message. Indeed this overmastering sense of the sacredness of the office may rule out all human passion as a thing unworthy in the expositor of the Word. And yet is not the preacher more than an expositor and is not his aim other than instruction? Is not exposition preparatory to appeal, and the direct purpose of both the fate-deciding verdict?

Dr. Caven's splendid power in debate had many illustrations during those months when the notorious Jesuit Estates Act held public attention. On the passage of that Act the piercing voice of this man of peace, supposed by many to be a medieval theologian rather than a nineteenth century statesman, was raised in solemn protest, and the conscience of the country was aroused as it had not been for a generation. From the very first he was looked upon as the leader in the movement, and when the Equal Rights Association was formed he was, contrary to his wish, elected president. Without discussing the merits of the questions involved, it is safe to say that Principal Caven did more than any other man to awaken public interest in the subject of "Jesuit Aggression," and that his wise leadership saved the discussion from degenerating into a rancorous race and creed controversy, and the Equal Rights Association from becoming at an earlier date a piece of political machinery. His firm grasp of the fundamental principles of government, his keen and analytic insight into historic movements, his thorough knowledge of Canadian political and ecclesiastical history, his cautiousness of statement which made retraction unnecessary, and his almost perfect command of trenchant English joined to a deftness of thrust, made him at once a powerful debater, a wise leader and a dangerous opponent. His commanding ability and reputed blamelessness of life gave prestige to the movement which might have carried the country, and which for the time politicians could not afford to despise. Some of his speeches during that campaign are, in their distinguishing features, unsurpassed by anything in the annals of Canadian eloquence. They were just, even generous, to all opponents, but merciless in logic and unsparing in denunciation. Quiet humour lit them up here and there, and then they would quiver with just and holy passion, and burst out in earnest appeal. Who will forget the scene when more than five thousand men rose to their feet as one man in response to his thrilling "I protest!" Or when, with hand raised in ominous warn-