

## THE LATE R. J. ELLIOT.

We mourn, for Elliot is dead. "dead, ere his prime and hath not left his peer." And when we say *see*, it means as large a band of friends as ever were attracted by a man's ability and brilliancy and retained by honesty of living and warmth of nature. We miss him as much as we mourn; we miss his strong assuring presence, his keen intelligence, always active in the service of his friends, his calm counsel, and the example of a serene purposeful way of life. Nothing can be lost, and these high things are with us still, entwined with the memory, and not to be separated from the name of our dead friend. We are not permitted to peer behind the veil that shuts us off in some degree from him, but we can never cease wondering why he should be taken and another left, why we can no more be cheered by his friendly grasp, his bright speech, and earnest, sympathizing face, why his light should be transferred from where it is so much needed.

Raleigh J. Elliot was born 29th February, 1856, in the Township of Durham, Drummond County, and after attending St. Francis College, Richmond, for three years, entered the McGill Normal School in 1872, where he remained two years, and went out with a Model School diploma. During 1875 he taught the High School at Durham, and next year went to McGill again, where he obtained the Academic diploma and carried off the Governor-general's gold medal. For the six years following 1877 he taught in the academies of Inverness, Shawville, and Aylmer, then he returned to the University for another period. His next change was the Dorchester Street School and Boys' High School; at the same time he was carrying on his law studies, and was admitted to the Bar of the Province of Quebec in 1886, after passing a brilliant examination and reading the valedictory for his class. In the counties near his home he was known by everybody and pointed out with pride; he came prominently before them in election times, and on one occasion was publicly complimented by his opponent, Hon. Mr. Laurier, for his management of a contest and his victory for their party.

While at Richmond, Mr. Elliot belonged to the 58th Regiment, and on coming to Montreal entered the 6th Fusiliers, in which, for the past year, he was a captain, and by whose members he is sincerely regretted.

Wherever he moved he drew men to him, in University, legal and military circles, and it is needless to add one tribute of worldly praise, for this has been already done by the graduates, by his *confrères* at the Bar, and by the officers and men of his regiment.

Every one was astonished at the promise he gave, no less than at the work he had already done—and with good reason; for the qualities of a hard and diligent student, a close observer and brilliant speaker, with a chaste and genial manner, and tastes cultivated and refined, are indications of no mean things. What though they were nipped in the bud and the thread of his vigorous young life clipped by the "abhorred shears;" with this neither we, nor the steadfast, conscientious, brave one himself, had anything to do. Let one but remember the tributes he received, and the sorrow and sense of loss his death inspired, if he would know what manner of man has gone from amongst us. His opponents joined his friends in their testimony to his honesty of purpose and goodness of heart even when they disagreed, and his thorough way of working, even when they were beaten.

We might sum up his work on behalf of education in his own words, written in his eulogy upon the late Mr. Ralph Murray, a man of his own stamp:—"He wrought hard for the Graduates' Society, and assisted very materially in infusing that new life and vigour into its meetings which have marked its recent history; he was one of the organizers of the University Club, and a regular attendant at the meetings of the University Literary Society. In all these institutions he was a leader among his fellows; of urbane and polished manners, of great good humour, and an agreeable disposition, his influence was deeply felt and seldom resented."

The details of his death are fresh in the mind; it was purely accidental, and we can only say "he is not." Those were sad days, but his companions were not slow in showing their sympathy with the bereaved family, and it is there he will be missed and longed for; they, too, were accustomed to look in his clear mind for guidance and in his large nature for comfort. As we laid away to rest all that remained of the brilliant, young attorney and true friend, amidst the hills of his Ulverton house, the companions of his youth and later years gathered around the grave and wept together chastening tears for themselves and not for him.

A word about his connection with THE GAZETTE: he was THE GAZETTE, and his whole course was nobly indicated by an expression that fell from one of the most honored members of the Graduates' Society and the Bar, "I feel quite sure that all he said was in his belief based on truth, and I am not prepared to say but that his articles on the Law Faculty were largely instrumental in actually accomplishing the object for which they were intended." The space in this issue that was to glow with his brilliant ideas and vigorous style is occupied by his portrait, but the blank in the minds and lives of his friends is not so easily filled.