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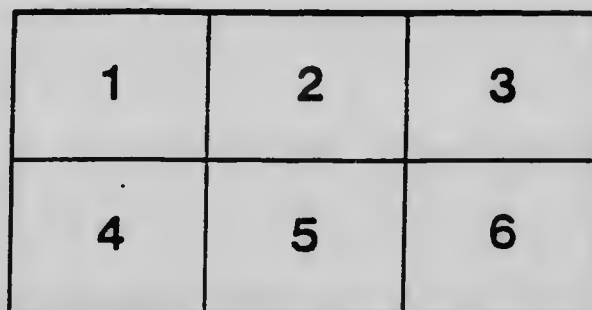
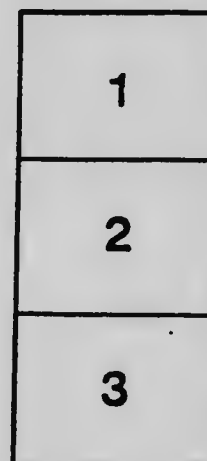
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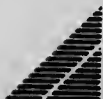
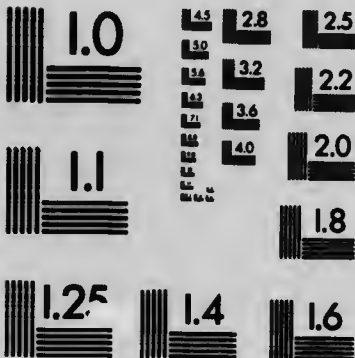
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*de m. Paul Denys*

PAUL DENYS

# GATHERED FRAGMENTS

— OF —

## THOUGHT AND TOIL

*And never an effort is wasted,  
No good thought goes astray  
If we look at life's great problems  
In the higher and broader way.*

ATKINS.

Printed by  
A. P. PIGEON LIMITED, Printers, 105-109 Ontario Street East.  
MONTREAL

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PAUL DENYS

# GATHERED FRAGMENTS

— OF —

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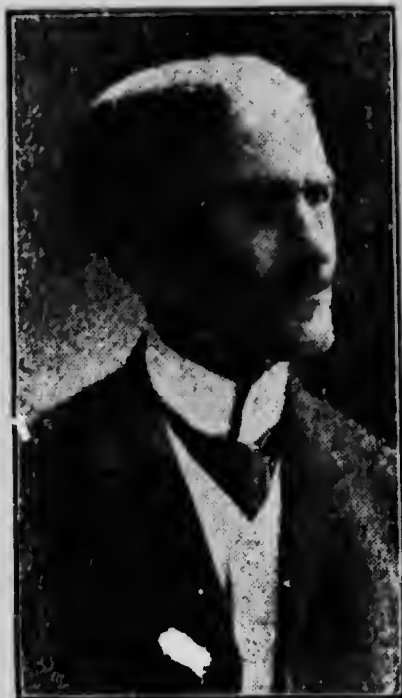
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PAUL DENYS.

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## PREFACE.

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It is not my fault if I was born eminent! I know that on their own merits modest men are mute, but what if the complacency of friends bid me rise to fame! The little nothings I achieved, they, in the warmth of their heart, exalted to the spheres, and hence the production of this little volume, a gleam, as it were, of immortality! To be frank, I will state that the articles, letters it contains were penned with sincerity whatever else they may lack in; passing from pleasant to severe, there may be found therein stern truths as well as words of cheer, but not, I trust, an unkind or discourteous reflection.

Go, therefore, little book. Bring back to mind the gladsome days that once were! Go, tell the friends, tell all that in the evening of life, in my retreat, I think of them, love them still!

PAUL DENYS.

To Sir L. O. Taillon  
with compliments of  
the author  
O. Wenz

PAUL DENYS

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**GATHERED FRAGMENTS**  
**OF**  
**THOUGHT AND TOIL**

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**WILL BE THE RESULT OF THIS TERRIBLE WARFARE.**

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**By Paul Denys.**

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"In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness, but when the blast of war blows in our ears, then stiffen the sinews and summon the blood."

**Shakespeare.**

It is wonderful how men of meekness and known pacific habits will be roused by unwarranted wrath and the consequent crashing of cannon even though the dread clamour of the latter be not at his immediate door. The reason of this is obvious. In the titanic struggle now being waged, not only is supreme justice defiantly set at naught, but the very world's freedom is menaced. Bathing continents in tears and in blood, trampling alike on souls and bodies of men, an arrogant ruler, imbued with

lust of conquest and domination, clothed in stolen texts of scripture and mock piety, has fared forth to ravage the earth, sowing ruin and death and desolation in his wake, subjugating or annihilating minor nations that dare defend with their lives their homes and firesides. This carnage and devastation has appalled the civilized world. Proudest monuments of earlier Christian fervor and faith have been razed to the ground, priceless creations of art and genius swept away, helpless women and babes put to the sword and countless other deeds of untold atrocity committed.

But wait! Stirred to the supreme limit by the violation of most solemn engagements and the unjustifiable crushing of an innocent, heroic little people, the brave British, no less than the fearless French, felt that an imperative duty, dictated by honor, was confronting them. A protest was entered, but with no effect. When soft measures fail then stern Saxon sword, not unlike Gallic gallantry, has a way of its own to make itself felt, hence the victories already achieved and those yet sure to be won. True, many a courageous fellow shall have fallen, many a bereaved home shall no more see the loved one that was its hope and comfort and pride, but reconquered liberty, without which death were preferable, shall, even at this price, be deemed a blessing, lifting in a measure the gloom that long has mantled men's minds and softening the sorrow of many a poor, aching heart.

We earnestly pray that soon the sword may be sheathed, that the funeral voices of shot and shell be silenced and the grander and nobler harmonies of peace and love and concord be once more heard, gladdening the ears and hearts of men. We further ask that the God of Battles protect our defenders and bring them back bearing the wreath of victory upon their brow. With the poet, let me repeat:

Lord God of Hosts, 'neath whose almighty hand,  
Our gallant lads fare forth at Freedom's call,  
Send them the strength Thou gavest Gideon's band,  
And safe return—The Briton and the Gaul.

## A SALUTE TO MEMORY.

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By Paul Denys, Kingston, Ont.

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Happy days I once enjoy'd!  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill.

—Cowper.

After living with those we love, there is nothing sweeter than guarding their souvenir. Years may steal by, struggle for life may induce men to expatriate themselves, yet, through reminiscence, the past is made present and the distant near. Abiding attachment, not only sustains the individual, but cements society, enhancing relations of one with another and fortifying all against the withering winds of adversity.

I was young once and, like other youths, had dreams and ideals. Fervor, hope and resolve throbbed in my breast. The future shone radiant and life's cup seemed full of nectar. Many a smiling vision has since faded away at the contact of stern reality, yet I owe a kind Providence a deep debt of gratitude for countless favors vouchsafed, not least among which having been the uninterrupted enjoyment of faithful friendships. This constancy it was and tender regard made my sojourn in fair, fond Belleville so pleasurable and the recollection thereof a distinct delight.

They are good to me in Kingston, and despite its reputation for "somnolence", it is a chivalrous little city, claiming for her sons Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Henry Smith and Sir George Kirkpatrick. The wigwams of three centuries ago have made room for such establishments as Queen's University, The Royal Military College, Regiopolis, Notre Dame Convent, together with benevolent institutions of most modern and efficacious appointments. When I first came here, I was unknown

to almost everybody, which shows of what a slow growth even "fame" is! One, however, there was who knew me. Little in stature, modest as a child, but dowered richly in head and heart, he received me as a prince would. You have guessed I allude to a former curate of Mgr. Farrelly, the Rev. A. J. Hanley, the present worthy Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, of whom Belleville has retained so affectionate a remembrance. To the world at large, my name conveyed very little. I knew not King George, although I had seen him from a tree top at the Belleville station where thousands had flocked to get a glimpse of the then Prince of Wales, but I knew "Harry Corby", and when I told the people so, there was nothing too good for me in Old Fort Frontenac. The "Whig", the "Standard", the "Freeman", each in turn, had my picture in a prominent part of the paper (not, you conceive, as a penal recruit of Portsmouth) but as a thoroughly welcome member of a genuinely upright and hospitable community.

But I must not dilate, lest I should make you think there is nothing like a "mute" (transformed into a musician) for measureless musings and merriment. Should you, Mr. Editor, or any of the old friends ever visit Kingston, come to the "Randolph" where I and all the Rockefellers commune. It is the place to renew the inner man. Its cuisine, like that of the "Quinte", is ordained to satisfy every palate, proving a signal purveyor of "optimism".

A few more days, and the old year shall have made room for the new. Whether it be empires, knowledge, power, fame or the little now, all things, in time, must and do disappear!... May the dawn of 1913 be, to you, bright with sunniest hopes and promises. I have spoken of my youth; I should now say there is frost on my head, but the days that were and those that are shall, in their "ensemble," have raised a shrine for affectionate memory that not all the coin of the Caesars could purchase from me.

## NO NEED FOR ALARM.

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WHEN KINGSTON HAS GUNS TO TRAIN AGAINST HALLEY'S COMET.

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Kingston, February 22.

To the Editor,

Camille Flammarion, the eminent French scientist, has been informing the world that, some time in May next, we are to be visited, perhaps disastrously, by Halley's comet, which is heading this way at the rate of 25,000 knots an hour. Now, this is not cheering news, and I am glad I am in Kingston, where we have soldiers brave to train on her, at her first hostile movement, the big guns I see at each entrance to the public parks. But why this hurried, weird, wild racing towards us, who have done her no harm? She may find, though, that if we are more wee than she, the discomfort of the crash may not all be on our side, specially if she happens to strike this proud old earth on the Canadian crust. And even her immense contour, let alone the million miles of caudal display, should not affright us beyond reason, remembering how little David worsted the huge Philistine.

Be this as it may, there is one thing ministering to our repose which is the remembrance that, in 1861, a similar attack was planned against us, but without any apparent result. However, we shall continue to keep Lent in case something should really happen. The only thing we cannot promise is to avoid seeing that "wonderful actress" who is reported by a western paper to positively appear each night in "three pieces". From this, really, I could not abstain, which would be asking too much, and I am going if a chance presents.

And now, Mr. Editor, trusting I have not troubled you too much, and that, in spite of disquieting learned predictions, we, all of us, may yet long continue to breathe the life-giving atmosphere of an ideal country, and, likewise, enjoy the charm of this home-like, delectable little city.

PAUL DENYS.

## PROSE AND POETRY.

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From Prof. Denys.

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SCHOLARLY AND TIMELY LETTER FROM FORMER RESIDENT, WHO,  
THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, IS TO MEMORY DEAR.

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Montreal, 7th October 1907.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Does it not seem an age since our last little chit-chat? The pen, it is true, is a sacred instrument, which none but the anointed should touch. Yet, if as Fontenelle asserts, there be "joy serene in simple epanchment", it were injudicious perhaps to withhold from friends the thoughts that, in the solitude of one's study or a promenade through field and farm and forest, especially when nature, as now, is taking on its first delicate tints of autumn—are sure to surge to one's mind. Dr. McCook, the famed entomologist, was never so happy as when studying the habits of insects, some of which he found endowed with almost matchless skill. In my various woodland strolls I cannot say that beyond prodding with a stick an occasional tiny beetle, I was quite so observant, although to those reviewing the old scenes

Every place has a story to tell them,  
Every tree that over them bends  
Bows its branches, as if it knew them,  
All surrounding things are their friends.

In one of my recent junkets through a rural district I came across a countryman of Nelson, with whom it was an exquisite pleasure to converse. Although a mere youth, he had mind and manhood and made a delightful companion. Unlike some of the malcontents for whom Canada has not a redeeming feature, he was captivated by the hospitable spirit of her people, the freedom



of its institutions and the many alluring hopes that gild her horizon. We took "a cup of kindness" together, which would have given permanence to almost any scheme, and if, ere we departed, the All-Red Line was not fully settled, it was not our fault. Returning to this great metropolis, I found the mountain exactly where it was before and the multitude, as eagerly as ever, chasing coin. And here, taking a glance at the world's doings, one must become convinced that "advance" is the formula of the age; that man's mind, like an aurora flaring through the darkness of night, every now and then, scintillates with some fresh conception, making the impossibility of yesterday the triumph of to-morrow; for, not content with talking through space, navigating the firmament, projecting light through flesh and bone and harnessing crashing cataracts, we find the Lusitania—that marvel of modern naval construction—with accommodation for 2,500 people (a good-sized town) developing on sea a rate of speed that must soon make the land flyer look to its laurels! Columbus spanned the mighty deep in 68 days and shall remain immortal despite the ingratitude of the envious. The minute Savannah, in 1819, took 32 days to cross, the Great Eastern 12, and the gigantic Cunarder, defying wind and wave, ploughed her proud way from Queenstown to New York in less time (5 hours, 54 minutes) than any of her present swift competitors, to the admiration of two continents! And of the "Mauretania", her sister ship, still greater things are predicted. But am I not looping the loop, or, if you will, lengthening the length of my letter beyond the permitted limit? Nor am I sure that this hybrid production, built like a crow's nest and as devoid of art, may add largely to my fame. Let my timid hope be that the kind reader may suspend judgment, as once did a little lad who had Cain and Abel to write upon. "Cain and Abel", said the wee one, "were brothers, but when Abel died he went to heaven!"

I remain, Mr. Editor, what I never ceased to be,

Your friend

PAUL DENYS.

FRANCE VS. ENGLAND.

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To the Editor of the "Intelligencer".

Sir,

I am sure every believer in the ancient maxim that "Peace hath victories no less renown'd than war" has hailed with delight the uplifting of the deep cloud which during the past week so seriously threatened the friendly relations of two great countries. Whilst British valor knows not fear nor defeat, an armed conflict with a former ally and friend — with a nation undoubtedly destined, like itself, to advance progress and civilization throughout the world—would seem unnatural and unwise. I know little of the art of governing nations, yet would suppose the present difficulty amenable to diplomacy, unless indeed greed obscure the vision of either or both the disputants. The spirit of one nation may be as volatile, fluid, excitable as the temper of the other is phlegmatic, composed, deliberate, and still fill, each in her own sphere, a necessary part in the destiny of mankind. Trees in a forest, whilst they may differ in form and foliage, help each other's growth and neighboring fires brighten each other's flame. Have we not an example of this in our own bright, young Dominion? Whether we come from the mountains of Scotland, the green slopes of Erin, level England or sunny France, I am sure there are none of us but love this young land—none but are fully prepared to serve her with courage, fidelity and intelligence. In letters, sciences, arts, France has led the van. On the other hand, it is England's boast, among other things, that, under her flag, there shall be no slaves, and if ever there has been a contented, loyal, happy portion of Her Majesty's subjects, it is that of the Canadian descendants of the sons of France. Much as they may love the country of which it was said, "Every man has two fatherlands, his own and France", yet so fully have they enjoyed their liberty, both civil and religious, they would fain forget their duty in a supreme hour. With Cremazie, the sweet

singer of Carillon, they would exclaim: "A la France mon amour, à l'Angleterre ma foi".

It was Sir George Etienne Cartier one day calmed the anxiety of certain spirits who looked with suspicion upon the tongue of Racine being used in Canada, by saying: "Why, we are Englishmen speaking French".

We hear a great deal just now about the union of all Anglo-Saxons. If by this is meant the cementing together of the best elements (whether Saxon, Norman or Hibernian) that form the vast majority of the two peoples whose flags have lately kissed each other's folds, we will all rejoice because we shall be able to help. Then indeed, Dewey (Doual), the Charette, the De Salaberry will find countless followers. But whilst war may be necessary at times, let us pray for peace, and prepare—not for bloody engagements in the sandy solitudes of Upper Egypt—but for a worthier rivalry in the noble fields of mechanical, industrial and scientific pursuits, such as we trust may be witnessed before this century, so prolific in deeds humane and great, shall have made place for another.

P. D.

Belleville, 31st October 1898.

## NOTES ON CACOUNA.

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By a resident of Belleville.

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We clip the following interesting letter from the Belleville "Daily Intelligencer":—

Cacouna, 5th August 1890.

Sir,

A sudden desire for a few days' outing has brought your correspondent to this famous and justly popular seaside resort. I am not prepared to say that the suddenness of the decision was altogether without a cause. A younger scion of the family and myself, one valorous morning at home, found ourselves in the hay field armed, one with a rake, the other a pitch-fork, ready to give a good account of ourselves. The forenoon was yet in its infancy, when a change of air was deemed necessary, and a strike agreed upon. We counted our wealth, buckled our grip-sacks and went off. The scenic beauties of the lower St. Lawrence, no less than its commodious system of transit, enticed us this way. The reputed cold bathing here was no hindrance.

The extreme heat that preceded our departure made my companion enter into details regarding the advantages of a lower temperature. He described the nature of icebergs, emphasized their beauty and influence, and while mariners would remain in holy dread of them he would court their incomparable presence. The trip from Montreal was made on one of the magnificent steamers of the Richelleu Company. With waters smooth as a mirror, radiant light from the night's orb, music by sweetest lips and daintiest fingers and a jolly lot of fellows, my companion repeatedly exalted the step we took, and would turn into virtue the sin of our joint hay-field desertion. We stopped at Sorel and Three-Rivers and in the morning found ourselves in Quebec. The old city of Champlain does not expand with the rapidity of either Montreal or Toronto, but besides its historic associations,

It has furnished the world with literary men whose fame has brought honor and credit to Canada. Such names as those of Garneau, Ferland, Chauveau, Fréchette, Routhier and a host of others who will ever shine brilliantly in the gallery of Canadian litterateurs. Nor is this all. Its people seem to possess in an especial degree the gift of sociability. The young Quebecois are both elegant and pretty and at the Hall hold supreme dominion over all hearts. Uncle Sam is well represented here in maid and matron, and easy going lords who have the knack of sufficing unto themselves and who are always nice to meet. The St. Lawrence Hall, the chief hotel here, is a splendid structure, nestling snugly in mountain verdure, commanding a rare view of the water and surrounding country. The cuisine is all that one would wish, while the other appointments would compare with those of the best city hotels. The manager, Mr. John Brennan, is earnest in his endeavors to make visitors as comfortable as possible, and that the house is finding favor with tourists is apparent from the three hundred or more guests now enjoying its advantages. When the tide is in you can see bathers fair and stern start for the plunge. The journey is made under cover of every kind of odd attire, Venuses often disappearing under the most mysterious of costumes. The aquatics offer striking contrasts. Here vies the bandy limb with the straight. The emaciated form of the man who planted corn and kept chickens and the portly physique of the pale-ale merchant will seek comfort under the same wave. The subject of crabs occasionally comes up among bathing Cinderillas, but of course these clinging animals are always assuredly reported to live a hundred miles off. We saw a very fat man get into the water and after wondering what brought him to this place, took note of his mode of bathing. He serenely sat himself in front of the element and kicked his feet at the waves that came to die before him. Music is furnished in the forenoon and evening by Messrs. Wallace, Duquette and Charbonneau, of the Academy, Montreal. These gentlemen acquit themselves in a manner that has merited the highest encomiums.

Mr. F. H. Norman, instructor in dancing and deportment, is also in attendance. There are three churches in Cacouna, one Presbyterian, one Episcopal and one Catholic. The latter church is presided over by Rev. Canon Bolduc, a man of prepossessing

appearance, great energy, courteous manner and oratorical ability. His church is a gem of neatness and, being a lover of music, he spares nothing to render the ceremonies attractive and imposing. Father Bolduc is the right man in the right place and is highly and deservedly popular among all classes. The Messrs. Denys, yesterday, (Sunday) presided at the organ. Probably the greatest wealth in the Province is represented at the gulf. Among the many who have cottages here are the Allan's, Sir Joseph Hickson, Judge Drummond and family, Col. Bond and the Greenshields. Lieutenant-Governor Angers was also a visitor here. Your correspondent had the pleasure of meeting Sir Adolphe, who is spending the season at "Mon Repos", St. Patrick. His kind remembrance and friendly words flattered your humble servant's vanity not a little. The old chieftain, who has his abode near Portage, is expected to visit Cacouna at an early day with Sir Hector. That will be a "fete". You have to go away sometimes to meet home friends. Among the many surprises of this kind I may mention the happening on the same boat at Quebec, with Dr. and Mrs. Murphy, and also meeting the Messrs. W. and E. Fellows at Cacouna. You will permit me, Mr. Editor, to mention half a dozen more names which have become dear to me through kindness extended: Mr. T. A. Poston, Provincial Revenue Inspector, and Mrs. Poston, Monsieur le Chevalier Fréchette, Spanish Consul at Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sclater, of Montreal, Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, M. P. for Ottawa, W. E. Durack of the Savings Bank, Montreal, and Mr. Frank Carrel, of the Quebec "Daily Telegraph". I am under many obligations to the last named young gentleman for repeated acts of personal courtesy. To those who, like myself, are after health, rest and vacation, I would say: "Vade et fac similiter".

P. D.

## OUR FRIEND THE PROFESSOR SAYS NICE THINGS ABOUT BELLEVILLE.

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THOUGH BAKED TO THE BONES HE'S STILL ABLE TO WIELD A PEN  
AND CRYSTALLIZE HIS GIFTS OF INTELLECT.

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To the Editor of "The Intelligencer":

Dear Mr. Editor,

Could I, like that graceful voyager in Belles-Lettres, your esteemed correspondent, Mr. J. J. B. Flint, realize the full glory of impeccable prose, I should feel tempted to scintillate often in the firmament your own eminent work keeps so bright and enticing. But we are not all Anthony Hopes or Washington Irving in soft, melodious, delicate diction, and if, to-day, I again claim the privilege to let my little light wink an instant in your "Tribune Libre", it is to recall a fact of which Belleville herself is a striking example: That where you find a man of literary taste and talent, a dozen will rise to emulate him. And this applies equally to other pursuits, oratory, philosophy, painting, music, etc. The educational advantages of the renowned little city may have something to do with it, or the good stock from which her citizens have sprung and undoubtedly, too, the protection of.

The Press that ever the people's rights maintain,

Unawed by influence, unbribed by gain.

But I have often wondered at the number of noted men — in almost every sphere — the justly proud Bay of Quinte district has produced, steersmen of the state, judges on the bench, writers of fame, educators, barristers of distinction, philanthropists, etc. I name them not, they are known to all.

And now, glancing at history, see how, at the sound of Athens, your memory is stirred by the recollection of Aristotle, Pericles, Miltiades, Demosthenes and Phidias. Indeed, no country ever, with greater brilliancy, ruled the world of culture. A look at ancient Albania, likewise, reveals the home of Pyrrhus, Phillip and Alexander. Twickenham seems specially remarkable, having

given "the tight little island", Pope, Walpole, Swift, Gibbon, Tennyson, Johnson and Dickens! Our own Arthabaska class, at least as a resident, Sir Wilfrid, Adolphe Poisson, a poet of no mean order, and Suzor Côté, the great Canadian master of painting. And so it is that intellectuality begets intellectuality, striking with her sceptre the chains from the captive and letting the glittering light of her beneficent away redeem and rejoice brotherly hearts!

But your readers may grow weary and so I conclude. Though completely demagnetized by the sizzling heat of a never to be forgotten summer, I was longing to indite a word, partly in gratitude, for your warm remembrance of your "friend the Professor", which is so precious to me, and also to give the palliating assurance that, whilst baked to the bone in common with the rest of mankind, I have not, as yet, quite gone out into "the great nothingness", as Ibsen, picturesquely, if not wisely, calls eternal life!

PAUL DENYS.

Montreal, 18th August, 1908.

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### ELOQUENT WORDS SPOKEN.

By Prof. Paul Denys at Belleville Convention.

Among the many educational establishments of which this province is justly proud, few, if any, can boast a nobler mission than that which is pursued by the provincial institution for the deaf, at Belleville. Founded in 1870 it has seen hundreds of silent children rescued from their state of silent isolation and brought into the light and companionship of their more fortunate fellow-beings. A convention of the graduates was held this week at their alma mater. Dr. C. B. Coughlin, the devoted superintendent, received his numerous guests with much kindness and cordiality. Prof. Paul Denys, of this city, who for many years



was a popular teacher in the institution, addressed the members present. Among other things he said:

"If 'good-bye' be words that bring a wail to friends who must part, I know of nothing holding more of sweet than 'meeting again'. Our sky, since leaving this, our alma mater, may have been starred or shadowed, but whatever of gleam or gloom it may have possessed, returning once more to its loving shelter where each is assured of the kindest welcome must, in no small measure, help brighten the brow of life's future journey. Believe me, words cannot express the pleasure I feel at being with you to-day. The past—all the happy past—with its duties, not unmingled with joy, surges to my mind as I survey the happy faces now before me. You also, no doubt, cherish similar memories of the institution as your presence here testifies, memories of earlier days, when you first enrolled beneath its emancipating banner, determined to do or die. Let it be said to the honor of our time and this institution in particular, the joint valor of yourselves and leaders has seen the crumbling of the citadel wherein sighed captive your longing spirits, and your training has revealed to the world a triumph whose glory can never wane. Unfurl, if possible, wider than ever the flag of this noble school that it may be seen from afar, yea, from every home in Ontario, that counts a deaf child. As to you all, friends, let me pray that the goddess of fortune shall so wave her sceptre that the most abundant blessings may descend upon you. I can never forget Belleville nor the kindness I have received while here, but if the bright little city, as is often claimed, be the queen of the Quinte, this institution, to be sure, is the choicest gem on her brow. To her, to you, and to all, I now say:

" 'Adieu! which is the word for us,  
 'Tis more than word—'tis prayer;  
 They do not part who part thus,  
 For God is everywhere! "

## CANADA'S OPPORTUNITY.

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To the Editor of the "Montreal Star":

Sir,

It must be gratifying to every patriotic Canadian to see the well-nigh unanimous sentiment with which the fast approaching celebration of the Quebec tercentenary has been received. Through the length and breadth of this fair Dominion the national spirit has graciously and generously voiced its adhesion to a demonstration which is destined not only to commemorate heroic deeds of old, but likewise to cement closer together the two great elements of our people, and so ensure your young country's future destiny. Not less inspiring should prove the splendid exemplification of the "entente cordiale" which has been going on between two of the foremost nations of the earth. whose individual past, proud history has honored as well as benefited mankind. But here as well as elsewhere progress, to be real and lasting, must be based on harmony and concord, for, as Wendall Phillips once well proclaimed: "You may build your capitol of granite and pile it up to the sky, yet unless founded on justice, unity and peace, it will not stand". And no agency, however potent, is to-day more capable to elevate, instruct and direct than public journals, especially such as possess the prestige and power that go to make giants of them in a given cause. Steering straight, appreciating matters and men without fear or favor, extolling the right, denouncing the wrong, broadening, enlightening, guiding our common citizenship, a glorious mission in truth, whereby we can know that

"Here shall the press the people's rights maintain,  
Unawed by influence, unbribed by gain."

And if, as in election times, the atmosphere gets somewhat "electric with suspicion", it is they again will scatter the storm by letting in the calm light of a fair and unbiassed judgment. For whatever be our political leanings, there is one thing to be sure we would all love to see, which is that principle should

prevail and truth mount her throne, and all for the greater glory  
of the Canadian name—

A name which yet shall grow  
Till all the nations know  
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand,  
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!

PAUL DENYS.

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### HAS NOT FORGOTTEN US.

Montreal October 5th, 1907.

To the Editor of the "Canadian Mute".

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was not insensible to the very kind words you so graciously traced in re my retirement. The flattering tribute, though perhaps unmerited, was none the less sweet, coming from those with whom I left my heart. If, however, as is claimed, "he has achieved success who gave his kind the best that was in him, gaining thereby the affection of little children and the respect of intelligent men", then may I hope, from your warm assurances, not to have lived totally in vain. Many, indeed, are the young men and young women who, having passed through our hands, gallantly won enviable positions in the world, and after thanking Him who has done all things well, that my humble life was consecrated to so meritorious a cause, I, with the poet, would repeat:

Serve thy generation,  
Even though swiftly may fade thy name;  
He who loves his kind,  
Performs a work too great for fame.

Long, then, may the noble school prosecute its mission of benevolence and humanity.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for kindly remembrance and wishing you all many years of usefulness and joy, I bid you a fervent farewell!

PAUL DENYS.

**BEFORE THE ONTARIO DEAF-MUTES ASSOCIATION, MR.  
DENYS SPOKE BRIEFLY AS FOLLOWS:**

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The Roman matron with her boy jewels never was more proud than is Mr. Mathison when surrounded by his large family. The Banner Province does not do things by halves. It was gracious on her part to say to her deaf that their Alma Mater would again be open to them this year that they may revive the pleasing memories of the past, take counsel of one another, and in common accord, drink of new hopes, new inspirations. Belleville, of course, is the capital of the Canadian mute world. It is here that the young sapling is tended and reared and prepared for the spreading groves of useful manhood and citizenship. Apart from that our maple-crowned bay shore is the place to take oxygen into the lungs, whilst the smiling plot of green and flowers which unfolds to gaze as we enter the Institute grounds, is a delight in itself. And once within the walls of the great building I must allow the welcome to speak for itself. This I know, that both Principal and Matron have long been discussing how they could make you comfortable and happy, and if you do not feel at home I should say it is your own fault. I am sure, however, you will all derive pleasure and profit from your short stay with us. All men have shortcomings, so, no doubt, we have ours. Yet I am satisfied you have long since found out that the teachers and officers of this institution are among your best and truest friends. We did not spare ourselves when your interests were at stake. We may have had to administer unpalatable medicine at times, but all to one purpose—your ultimate good. That we have succeeded in forming so large a family of nice, intelligent, prosperous, happy young men and young women is proof enough of the efficacy of our methods and of the zeal and devotion of all concerned in the task. You have met here to-day for purposes of sociability and usefulness. Co-operation is the lever of success. Much, indeed, can be done at these gatherings to enhance the enjoyment of life by advising with one another and linking your minds generally with the world of progress outside. Antacus, in the fable, renewed his strength by simple

contact with mother earth. What should not then be the benefit to us of a few days communing in good fellowship and inquiry and earnest endeavors. Exploit, therefore, this opportunity, not resting content to amble along the level road, but aiming at something better and higher than has yet been accomplished. Continued life calls for continued advance, and he must fall back who progresses not. You remember the old cynic of Greece, looking for a man with his lantern in the broad daylight. This leads us to suppose that whilst indifferent individuals may have been plentiful, true men were not. Honesty, straight forwardness, morality, honor, truth, industry, sobriety are common terms—more common perhaps in the breach than the observance, yet they are the materials of which manly men are built. Industry is a great power, so many excellent qualities cluster around it. He that will not work, said St. Paul, neither shall he eat. Some seem to dread labor, forgetting that

A want of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed,

And whilst trying to raise ourselves in the scale of manhood, which it is our duty to do. I am sure we will not forget that the greatest wisdom is to be "wise unto salvation". I shall simply add that in your trials as in your triumphs, we are cordially with you. Handicapped in the race, the success you have so far achieved compels admiration. That still greater results may crown your endeavors is our wish and prayer.

## DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

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Cacouna, 3rd August, 1891.

Mr. Editor,

Napoleon, fated to Elba, before leaving, assured his men that his heart would be with them in his solitude, and that his pen would be used to recount the exploits due their valor. I may not, like Bonaparte, be preparing a "coup d'Etat" in this distant retreat, but, like him, my heart is among those to whose kindness I owe so much, and whose friendship I have lived to prize.

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Every true Mussulman is supposed to visit Mecca at least once in his life. This is a religious duty. An analogous obligation, I think, rests on every man whose labors are of the arduous kind, and that is, an occasional outing, whereby his strength may be repaired and fresh vigor brought to subsequent efforts. It was this, once again, brought my companion and myself to Cacouna. So well are the benefits of such a visit understood, that this Canadian resort "par excellence", is more than ever crowded with tourists. At the "Hall" alone, there must have been yesterday between four and five hundred persons sitting down to dinner. The "menu" was, as usual, up to the occasion, and the various appetites also, if we may judge from the procession of trays that streamed over our heads in endless succession.

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An event of unusual interest took place here yesterday. The "Parisian", which passed down, had on board Sir Joseph Hickson, whose summer residence is one of the finest in Cacouna. The palace steamer at this point hugged the shore, amidst the

display of bunting, the booming of artillery and general rejoicing of the many who had gathered on the beach.

\* \* \*

What an opportunity is afforded for studying the human species at one of these seaside resorts, whose transient populations represent mostly every clime and tongue. Here Jew and Gentile, doctor and divine, tribune and judge, New Yorker and Canuck enter into colloquy, jointly smiling to the breeze that plays from the sea into the grove above. On a seat of the rustic kind in some sequestered spot may be seen a young Adonis, immaculate in attire, whispering a thousand little mysteries into ears that bend sweetly to their accent. There is the man of millions. He breathes heavy as though the golden gate could open no more. He fills his wine card with orders and faces the office undisturbed. An ordinary purse tries this but once. In a corner by himself sits the man with a poor digestion. He has no love for the world, whose good things he cannot enjoy. People look obliquely at him and pass on.

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Although in travelling you may occasionally come across a gruff mannered individual, still the good and obliging are the vast majority. We are all journeying down the stream of life fast enough, each in his little shell, it is true, yet all bound for the same shore. Courtesy is a coin of universal value. To bring sunshine and joy where clouds may be hanging low is the work of the noble. Steered on these principles our barks cannot but reach that haven where all can meet in warm, constant affection.

P. D.

## DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

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(From a paper read by Prof. Denys before the St. Thomas  
Literary Society, Belleville.)

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"Ye fair, heaven's kindest, noblest gift to man,  
Adorned with every charm and every grace;  
The flame your forms inspire let virtue fan,  
And let the mind be lovelier than the face."

It is with feelings not unmingled with diffidence I have set to myself the task of discoursing for a few moments upon woman. I feel the responsibility I assume. Woman is a being we revere. She is a deity before which all mankind bows. She watches over our cradle, sustains our manhood, and imparts the 'last kiss on our dying brow. Bonaparte, Hannibal, Caesar, Wellington, have filled the world with their names, yet their exploits are written in letters of tears, of blood, of desolation. We vaunt their courage, bravery and skill, although these qualities meant death to thousands. Not so with thee, kind, tender, affectionate woman. Thy sway is in gentleness; thy force in virtue; thy power in love. I bow before thy courage in adversity, thy faithfulness in attachment, thy excellence in domestic worth. In whatever sphere thou art placed, from the throne to the humblest abode, in the mansion of the rich or the asylum of the poor, whether swaying the sceptre of power or ministering to the needy, we find thee just, true, laborious, patient, devoted, loving. These virtues are thy crown. They are thy glory!

I see woman in the home. I see her in literature and in arts. I see her on the battle field and in the rescuing lifeboat. I see her on the throne, and here permit me to thank God that so good, so noble, so gracious a sovereign as 300,000,000 of loyal subjects or more can boast, was reserved for our day, and pray that Her Majesty be long spared to our respect, our fidelity, our affection.

Woman is, primarily, a being who loves. This sentiment



springs from her goodness. Madame de Sévigné has said: "The true mark of a good heart is its capacity for loving". She can also hate, no doubt, but this only when she has been wronged. She can likewise listen. The eyes of a true, sincere woman, will brighten with pleasure or sadden with pity, according as what you relate is joyous or sorrowful. Man is never so confident as when conscious of her support. Donoso Cortis has said: "When God, full of love for man, wished to bestow upon him a first gift. He gave him woman to bestrew his path with flowers and illumine his horizon."

I have spoken of the home. What, indeed, would it be without the warm, loving presence of a mother, or wife, or sister? Woman is the angel of our fireside. She is the sun round which man revolves. Although accounted the weaker vessel, she is the great social force. Her kindly word of encouragement, her tender sympathy in trouble, her devotedness and affection is what keeps man up in the struggles of life. She is his help-mate. "Il n'y a pas de sot métier". All honest work is noble. In the humblest recess of domestic life the daily labour, well accomplished, acquires infinite value.

"The path of duty is the way to glory."

And no other. Nor will the vexatious incidents upon everyday routine sensibly affect a true spirit of ambition. Genius is not bent by difficulties, but made more enduring and resplendent. You harden metal by beating; you polish it by rubbing. It was in prison Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote*. Milton wrote his immortal work when totally blind. Mrs. Stowe composed the greatest American novel while engaged in active household duties.

In literature and arts, woman has won most enviable honours. Time will permit only a passing mention of a few of those who have cast lustre on their sex no less than on letters. With national pride, I may perhaps be permitted to put first on record the name of Madame de Sévigné. Her beauty, her wit, her social tact, her brilliant erudition give her, perhaps, a prior claim. These many traits were more than enough to make lovers and distinguished men flock and sigh around her. But her absolute devotion to her children, after her husband's death, was the

one ruling passion of her affectionate heart. Upon her letters rests a fame that time will only serve in making more secure. Mme de Stael, the "Rousseau in petticoats", may perhaps be given next place. She was brought up with great rigour. Her writings on the enormities of the revolution brought her Napoleon's disfavour. She was ordered to leave Paris, and subsequently France. To have inspired with fear even a Bonaparte reveals sufficiently this woman's genius and power. Her best production is probably her "Dix Années d'Exil". Charlotte Brontë, the immortal author of "Jane Eyre"; Hannah More, the friend of the great Garrick, of Reynolds and Burke; George Sand (Madame Dudevant), Mary Hutchinson, the poet's companion; Lady Jane Grey, the queenly scholar, are representative names in the galaxy of brilliant women, I cannot omit that of Rosa Bonheur, whose brush brought her undying renown. Another name which cannot be overlooked, and one which a Canadian can mention with particular pride, is that of Madame Albani. Ranking with Patti and the world's most distinguished vocalists, her name is synonymous with highest attainment in the art of song. The many marks of friendship bestowed on her by the Queen for her amiability of person no less than her charm of voice, reflect creditably on all Canada.

Among those famous in the annals of heroism rank prominently Joan of Arc and Grace Darling. Let us hope the initial steps now being taken by Mgr. Papis for the glorification of the young maid of Orleans may be crowned with entire success.

Kingdoms have never been more prosperous than under woman's sway. Maria Theresa was the greatest ruler Austria ever had. Encouraging education and the arts and agriculture, and using her gifts and qualities for the greater welfare of her subjects, no monarch was ever more regretted. Small families were not fashionable in those days. She had sixteen children, all born in twenty years, whom she brought up with much care as to their health, but without caprice or pride. What shall we say of the noble queen to whom we owe, in a measure, the discovery of this continent? We all know that Columbus, after a fruitless appeal to King John II of Portugal, repaired to Spain to have his cause espoused and the means provided for his projected discovery. Here also he encountered much opposition from the nobles, and had no hopes till Isabel, becoming in-

pressed with the feasibility of the scheme, furnished the great navigator with funds out of her own personal resources. She had already daunted the Moor and brought peace to Seville. Her reign was one of matchless splendour and wisdom, and, while some have blamed the severity of her government, the verdict of the nation and the world accords her a front place among the best and greatest rulers.

I cannot conclude without another brief reference to the most sovereign lady who, with so much grace, presides to-day over the greatest empire the world has seen. Faithful sponse, loving mother, accomplished woman, possessing every social and domestic virtue, we bow before her personal worth no less than her royal dignity. Having now sat on the throne longer than any other English monarch except two (George III and Henry III), we desire to wish Her Majesty, and all true women of whom she is such a perfect type, continued health, prosperity and happiness. Upon woman rests the nation. Long live woman! God save the Queen!

## ANCIENT FACT—MODERN FANCY.

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(Written for "The Standard" by Paul Denys.)

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Things have changed since I first went to school. Perhaps then the world was not so stirring and scientific. It believed in honesty and honor, respect for woman and the marriage tie, love of neighbor, obedience to parents and all the ancient precepts which to moderns look very old fashioned, and quite incompatible with twentieth century light, knowledge and intellectuality. Original sin may be to blame, but the fact remains that the tendency of the age in matters ethical, social and educational is vastly towards doubt and negation, accepting what suits, rejecting that which is irksome and jogging jollily along, heedless of inviolate principles and truths and commands.

The inspired writings, we find, are distorted if not uncere- moniously dismissed. History is questioned, facts controverted, experience ignored, restraint resented, and freedom in thought and action greeted and glorified to a degree unwarrantable. But this is not so much to remonstrate — though, with our daily, delightful budget of rowdyism, scandalous law-suits, regicides, suicides and countless other diabolical deeds, there is ample room—as to show to what lengths man's mind, left to himself, will go in the name of progress and advancement.

Indeed, of late, not only do we see long-cherished convictions turned into romance, many serene ideas shaken, and the entire field of scientific research demoralized, but the most senseless assertions made and chaos coveted, nay, enthroned, where, hitherto, ample certitude held benignant sway. Alas! what were we not taught in earlier days which up-to-dateness has not endeavored to demolish, except perhaps it be that the sun, as yet, does not quite revolve round the earth, and that noon, for the nonce, need not be called night?

But it will come, as scientists, for whom Tolstoi himself had but faint consideration, have their eye on old Phoebus, which

they declare is neither spotless nor motionless, and who, having now admitted comets in his family, may some day play us a trick or two. Meanwhile, these same savants busy themselves detecting rings in Saturn, and, oh, shame! dusky patches in Venus herself.

As to Mars, owing, no doubt, to its greater eccentricity, it is subjected to all kinds of ignominious remarks, being alternately full or half full, but ever most glorious at midnight—a trait not uncommon among certain earthly bodies. Tired, perhaps, of moving alone, it has lately shown a tendency at going back, an example some of our disquieting theorists might well imitate if all passed notions and speculations are to vanish as a dream, and we, in our advancing years, again must frequent school.

Descending from the spheres above—which, I imagine, will, in accordance with laws higher even than those of Bode and, in spite of all we may say, continue to revolve with undiminished splendor—to this erring, warring world we find things quite a bit less perfect and reliable, but that yet, I opine, we must bear or break down.

And here among the personages against whom overwhelming experts of the period seem to have a grudge, are Columbus, who, it is claimed, never discovered America, Shakespeare who never wrote his works, and Romulus who is accounted a myth pure and simple.

Now, this is pretty hard on the founder of the City of the Caesars, and if he never saw light, why, oh! why was he, could he ever be reported to have been born in the year 753 B.C., when Tarquin the Proud was about losing his job? Diogenes, with his candle, will have a long search before he gazes upon the man who can make good either of the above pretensions. Considerable mental force has, likewise, been expended to prove that Cleopatra never died from the bite of an asp, but this we could stand much easier than the preceding profanations or the following heartless denial, to good old Adam, of the paternity of our race, as though he had not suffered enough already for being too complacent towards Eve and the serpent.

In a lesser field, not a few of our pet ideas have also been quashed without a qualm. How proud as a boy I used to be in reading of that monarch of the jungle, the lion, whose might none could withstand, till, alas and alack, I, one day, in a book

of travels, gathered the information that the gigantic brown bear of sub-Arctic America, contrary to tradition, was the more powerful of the two. I wanted to snuff out the torch that cast such unwelcome light upon my ideal. And the cuckoo, then! In my day it laid its eggs in the nest of another bird, a wood thrush or a robin. Not a bit of it, protests the present ultra wise one. The cuckoo mother deposits her eggs on the ground, and her galant male friends take them up and put them in different nests. Very well. Thanks! And what else is being exploded? Oh! lots else, but I must stop, though not without adding that rice paper is not made from rice straw at all, but from a pithy plant found in China, I believe, or elsewhere—the farther the better, if another imposition has been perpetrated!

And so it is in this doubting, ratiocinating, subversive era, if we only listen, all our past conceptions and aspirations will find a necropolis, as life's vain philosophy is wont to perniciously unroll her erratic theories, not only in the physical, but likewise, the metaphysical world. Still, fear not! Negative conditions have frequently been known to turn into means of positive value. Truth is a sovereign of unchanging dynasty, and not all the canons of error, no matter how subtly conceived, will ever succeed in wrenching the crown from her resplendent brow! Individuals and even states may challenge her sceptre, but no power, however proud, can long occupy her throne.

Might is right for a passing day,  
But right is might for ever and aye!

**"NEW CONDITIONS CREATE NEW NEEDS."**

OUR FRIEND THE PROFESSOR WRITES A WITTY AND INTERESTING  
LETTER, AND GIVES THE CAPTION OF THIS ARTICLE AS  
A REASON WHY THE QUINTE SHOULD BE REBUILT.

To the Editor of "The Intelligencer".

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your friend the Professor's heart, since the disastrous fire of the 4th, has been sad, yet might have been even sadder but for the kind sympathy extended on all sides. Great men, like oaks that defy the tempest, may remain seemingly calm under withering winds, but the reed (for such I must be) is easily wounded, drooping at the first chill of adversity. Tradition tells of a certain holy man who, after being decapitated, was able still to walk. Trying as this would appear even for a saint, I doubt if there can be a keener sensation of misery than being thrown on the world without clothes; for, even a "swallow tail"—that pride of the social function—cuts but a dismal figure on the street on a crowded market day. Had Nero's trunk been burnt in the conflagration that tyrant set up, it wouldn't have been so bad, he never wearing the same coat twice. But it was different with our beloved little surplis which had to be husbanded. True, I might have remained comatose till spring and, Cato-like, have saved considerable expense, but this were perhaps neither fine nor fit. As it is, however, things are mending, having now again procured thread and thimble and a Venus Packet of needles admirably arranged all the way from a cute little cambric to a variety meant, I should judge, to pierce iron.

But I must not sully too much paper with futile ink, except to express the hope, with every progressive citizen, that the peerless Quinte—which many of us learned to love as a home and whose ruins it pains us to view—may speedily and with still greater splendor rise from its ashes. Other hostelrys we have, good and creditable, but new conditions have created new needs, and prompt action in this matter should, to all interested, be the supreme word.

Votre ami,

PAUL DENYS.

Belleville, 22nd January, 1907.

# SOME INTERESTING COMMENTS.

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By Prof. Paul Denys.

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Kingston, March 16th.

To the Editor:

The extreme kindness with which you received my earlier communication emboldens me to another little chat with you and your many readers. Not being, as yet, largely acquainted in Kingston, those I do know have a big share of my heart, and hence my repeated call. I shall, however, try not to abuse the privilege and thus avoid falling into the fatal error a very worthy parson once did. Learning of his intention to resign because of his unpopularity, a congregation, elated at the news, offered him a banquet at which sundry speeches expressive of "regret" were made. So pleased was the reverend gentleman with this unexpected tribute that he decided to remain, and to this day not one of his "enthusiastic admirers" has been seen to smile. And so it is, a considerate act may at times be taken undue advantage of, yet courtesy must long continue a coin of inestimable value, as it lifts the clouds in the sky of life and gives price to existence, stamping with nobility him whose words and ways are those of gentleness and sympathy, and confirming what we have read, that "the greatest are ever the tenderest."

The world is advancing, we are told, and I believe it, for, in spite of repeated sad cases of crime and degradation, the poor, the blind, the sick, the afflicted in the palmiest days of pagan Rome and Athens never, as now, received the care and consideration of the humane and good. A few things I saw in the papers this last week struck me as being very pertinent. First, it was a distinguished prelate calling "joy innocent the daughter of virtue" and warning people against peevishness and perpetual discontent. Then came the mayor of a large city urging the school children to practice politeness with their little comrades



on the playground and everywhere else. We had, likewise, the declaration one day that the secret of Madame Tetrassini's success was the fact that she sang as much "with her heart as with her throat". And, to crown all, behold the statement recently made in the Canadian commons by one of the deputies that "great as the British empire is, it is inferior to the benignity of its sovereign—Edward, the Peacemaker—whose heart so true had won the world". This surely shows the generous sentiment abroad, which we must have if a national edifice is to be reared worthy the name and age.

Let canines get mad, if they will—and they are madder now than ever because of the curb put on them — but men should need muzzles no more than, by and bye, we should need still to see nation arrayed against nation and deadly dreadnoughts wiping sister countries from the face of the globe. Then, and only then, shall the lord of creation have fully emerged from barbarism and peace proudly proclaimed the brotherhood of man.

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### A MORE CHARITABLE SPIRIT.

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HAS MADE ITSELF FELT AMONG THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.

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By Paul Derys, Kingston.

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Every one, to be sure, takes his pleasure where he finds it, and what a field the world affords with its dreams and realities, its trials and triumphs, its vagueries and earnest endeavors! Men of high ideals or of low designs seeking their respective ends with or without reason; things paltry or potential occupying

minds great and small; deeds heroic or infamous daily brightening or darkening the page of human existence. Hopefulness in one spot, despair in another, life everywhere a problem to which the present cataclysm of carnage and blood lends unprecedented anxiety and anguish. To every cloud, however, there is a silver lining, and how comforting in these desolate days is the indomitable spirit, honor, valiance of the entente nations whose gallant sons know how to die but not to betray!

Trials too, bring hearts closer together. See how good, generous and noble were non-Catholic countries to their suffering little sister, Catholic Belgium. On last Twelfth, likewise, did we not see men high in church and state forget their former differences and have on their lips words of charity, concord and peace. There may have been exceptions, but they prove the rule. In Montreal, this week, 'midst the splendors of a special Eucharistic celebration, the Protestant press, as a whole, showed itself kindly and Christian-like. The echoes of the great Notre Dame church were on the other hand awakened with accents most vibrant in both French and English, loved idioms of two races made surely to live side by side in harmony and mutual respect. The public powers, the press, the men of rectitude and judgment can do much to prevent or remove any cause of friction that might prove prejudicial to the advancement of our common country.

O! Canada, oh, land that we love best,  
 We pray that you ever be free and blest,  
 Thou art noble and fair,  
 And true are we to thee;  
 Thy sons in pride declare  
 Grandeur thou could'st not be,  
 Then, in thy name, do we proclaim  
 A future bright with joy and peace and fame.

## OUR FRIEND THE PROFESSOR STILL PHILOSOPHIZES IN HAPPY VEIN.

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THE VAGARIES OF KAISER WILLIAM AFFORD HIM OPPORTUNITY  
TO POINT A MORAL ON THE BEAUTIES OF MEEKNESS.

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To the Editor of "The Intelligencer":

Dear Mr. Editor,

If there be one temptation more difficult of resistance than another it is to remain modest, even though accounted not a little sagacious. Yet what can you do when bubbling over with thoughts — some wise and others medium just—and that, too, when friends, in their kindness, are pleased to vaunt your many rare gifts. Are you to touch the sparkling cordial of public expression or die of thirst beside a running brook? I confess that at this special time, when the air is fragrant with greetings of friendship, good-will and cordial hopes, and the snow-clad scenes enhance the vision and the silver ring of the sleigh bells makes glad the ear, it were well nigh impossible, if your blood be warm within, not to exult a little and add your note to the gleesome harmonies of the hour. Victor Hugo, somewhere, is spoken of by one of his ardent admirers as having been born specially to adorn his race and honor humanity. We are not all Victor Hugos, yet each humble one of us, if shy, at duplicating "Les Misérables" or enriching the intellectual world, can, at least, well feel the throb of man's brotherhood in his breast and re-echo the sentiment that brought the Judæan shepherds to the lowly couch of the Infant Divine.

And, did time permit, what a light could not a glance at some of the events of the now fast receding year cast upon days that are to come. A noted writer has said that extravagance of speech and tyranny have shaken more thrones than the most loyal devotion could ever defend. And oh! for the law of love,

that silken thread stronger than all the ~~arm~~ of steel! There is a Japanese proverb to the effect that "after having tasted of bitterness, one becomes a man". If that be true, we know of one or two little dictators who, to-day, must be a trifle wiser than once they were. A tout seigneur tout honneur! And so we will not consider Castro nor any of the minor men that cumber the earth, but come to that picturesque potentate from whose lips, as from the precincts of the ancient historic cave, have periodically issued storms and tempests which shook the continent. Whether William, of Germany, had a gay Christmas or glum, I know not, but it must be owned that the experience he recently acquired is not of a kind to eradicate wrinkles. Perhaps his youth it was, no less than his station and elaborate attire at first made him so popular and captivating, the ladies, in their admiration, inventing the "Kaiser kiss", a culinary creation fit for the gods, whose supply was never known to equal the demand! All went well till the ambitious youth, armed with an old motto: Suprema lex, regis voluntas, made it his business to teach everybody, a method the more stern spirits among his proud people began to resent. We know the rest. May he now long bridle his tongue and continue meek, as the Master would have us, and his example be a lesson to all such as, alas! in the day of their fame, dream far too many dreams!

Hearty good wishes to you, Mr. Editor, and a fervent farewell.

PAUL DENYS.

Montreal, 29th December, 1908.

## CHATTY LETTER FROM AN ESTEEMED FRIEND.

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Kingston, August 7th, 1911.

To the Editor of "The Intelligencer".

Dear Mr. Editor,

Is not this a strength-sapping season? As I sat here sweltering, and watching myself going into a shadow, I wondered how you were faring in the little Bay City—very much the same as we, I imagine. Old Sol is certainly burning a lot of coal, whatever his object, and melting men are saying a lot of things not in the prayer book. With the temperature at 105 in the shade, it is time we went on our knees, for we are surely nearing the pit. Kingston, with her customary breeze from the lake, and thriving 'midst countless green isles, is accounted one of the coolest cities in Canada, yet I assure you the continued fire from above has been all that one could stand in garb most primitive, and remaining as far as possible in a wise and masterly inactivity. However, as to bear is to conquer fate, we must not let our serenity be shaken beyond measure, remembering that in a little while the shoe will be on the other foot. Politics, too, are far from frosty just now, yet I am sure our Canada has enough fair-minded men—men of the old stock, dominated by principle, not self—to guide her destinies to triumphant issues, presided over as they soon will be by that Prince Patrick of Connaught, than whom glorious England could send no worthier representative.

And now, Mr. Editor, you remember this saying that when good Americans die, they go to Paris. By way of paraphrase I might be tempted to remark that when a good parish loses its pastor, he comes to Kingston! But in coming to Kingston, the one who has been the idol of the people among whom he labored, does not say good-bye for ever; he will go back to them in the plenitude of his sacerdotal power and continue in a higher sphere, his loving care and ministrations. Your loss will be our gain, but we will let His Grace go and see you occasionally if you will stay good!

Yours as in the past,

PAUL DENYS.

**OUR FRIEND THE PROFESSOR WRITES ANOTHER OF HIS  
BRIGHT EPISTLES.**

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**AND REFUTES THE STATEMENT OF A WISEACRE, THAT "NO ONE  
MAN IS ESSENTIAL TO ANY CAUSE."**

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To the Editor of "The Intelligencer":

Dear Mr. Editor,

Remembering the kind words with which you have ever welcomed my humble letters, I should feel tempted to importune you yet more with my rhetoric, did I not know that others must, likewise, be heard; and there being almost as many minds as there are men and subjects for consideration constantly arising. It is well perhaps not to be too enraptured with one's own conception of things, it revealing wisdom not to appear too wise. And if, to-day, I once more give rein to my dazzling diction, it is to question a statement recently read in a leading periodical to the effect that "no one man is essential to any cause", and that which one accomplishes another would perform, were the first wanting. Now, if that be correct, why strive after any special ideal, be it ever so grand and noble? Why make yourself anemic pursuing an object, a science, an art which is sure to be compassed with or without you, aiming at the highest achievements, dreaming of destinies divine if the individual instinct and skill and soaring spirit be immaterial? Why should a Newton, a Pasteur, a Phidias, a Watteau, a Milton, a Paganini, a Patrick, a Savonarola, an Edison, a Marconi, not have crossed their arms and rested instead of spending themselves proclaiming verities, executing works, producing masterpieces that, it is true, made for them imperishable names in the world they advanced, but that yet others might equally and as fully have enriched? How was Mozart able to compose a sonata before he was six and his first mass when nine about? Why did Wilberforce not tire of the cause he so faithfully fought for, making slavery in England a thing of the past? Why did Leverrier live in the stellar universe watching, per chance, a Sirius stalk on her heavenly pathway

and so keep the torch of science aglow on our own earth? Why did a Martin, soldier and saint, called by posterity "Bellator Domini", appear in France at a time when a giant was wanted to crush the power of paganism and win that fair country to Christ? Why should a Lincoln, "the gentlest memory" of a stirring nation, fall at the hand of an assassin that a whole race might rise into freedom? What! If Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon had not appeared, others would have shone forth with equal power and brilliancy? Permit us to doubt it, and whilst not commending that which may have been reprehensible in the career of those geniuses, the military world, at least, would seem the poorer without the exemplification of the strategic strength and triumphant spirit which made them well-nigh invincible.

And in the other spheres of life, too, less exalted perhaps as human standards go, yet not less appreciable in their way, how happens it that an inquisitive mind, in his shop or laboratory, will, at a given moment, leap into prominence by evolving some scheme destined to benefit mankind, and who, dying without perhaps, divulging his secret, caused the same, in not a few cases, to have been irretrievably lost? We cannot build as the ancients did, said some one lately, their mortar being of a sort that had greater durability than even stone. Luigi Taranti, an Italian priest, once invented a method unequalled for coloring glass, which has disappeared with him; nor do our inks and dyes, reds and blues, show the enduring qualities the mediaeval producers of the kind possessed. True, there are in our own age and time discoveries made that more than compensate for what we may have lost in other respects, but the men to whose untiring labors we owe these improvements, cast a light resplendent with their own potential personality as epochal men always do, and that is just what we have endeavored to prove.

But I must desist—for a sage even must have excesses—yet not before having claimed the honor again to subscribe myself.

Yours very truly,

PAUL DENYS.

Montreal, 5th May, 1908.

## ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR.

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SYNOPSIS OF WORK BEING DONE BY REV. FATHER HALLIGAN, N.  
E. O'CONNOR AND PROF. DENYS.

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If there be one art which more than any other appeals to the emotions of man, music—heavenly made—undoubtedly has first claim to that prerogative. Specially it is when turned towards God in canticles of praise and thanksgiving that it reaches its highest power of charm and sublimity. Had a Raphael and a Phidias with brush and chisel exercised their gifts in a lesser cause than the exaltation of the Infinite, their works, great as they might have proved, never could have attained to the excellence which is their boast. So also with the great masters of divine melody. They touched because they were inspired from on high. All may not rise to the splendor of a Handel, a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Gounod and yet, in their more modest sphere, accomplish for faith and religion successes such as to merit most fervent praise.

These thoughts have come to us through observing and assisting at the various musical services of the Church on great festivities, Christmas, Easter and other special occasions. In this regard St. Mary's Cathedral has nothing to envy of other prominent places of worship, specially since the new regime has been in force. Mindful of the Holy See's decree that music rendered in the Church should not partake of the frivolous spirit of secular spectacles and that, where practicable, men and boys be required to interpret chants, hymns, masses appropriate to Divine service, no effort was spared throughout the Catholic world to conform to the Supreme Pontiff's desire. Accordingly, a choir of about thirty male members was soon formed in Kingston by the Rector, Rev. A. J. Hanley, the leader being Mr. N. E. O'Connor who, to a voice of rare sweetness and flexibility, joins an intense love for the sacred art. Then it was also that an Altar Boys' Choir was decided upon with Rev. R. Halligan as Di-



rector. About this time, too, came Prof. Paul Denys, a trained organist and choir-master whose work in various churches, notably in St. Michael's, Belleville, is still remembered with gratitude and with pride.

It was the concerted action of these earnest, sincere lovers of sweet song gave so much charm and "éclat" to celebrations still fresh in our memory and which formed the theme for highest praise by prelates, priests and people from near and far, as well as by our own congregation. It may not be generally known that not a few of the vocal selections heard from time to time in the Cathedral, were compositions of Prof. Denys, the last of which being the "Mass" rendered on St. Patrick's Day by the Altar Boys.

To the men and boys, as well as to their leaders, we extend our appreciation and hearty good wishes for long continued success in promoting the cause of song and God's sacred service.

## EASTERTIDE AND ITS LESSONS FOR MANKIND.

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OUR FRIEND THE PROFESSOR CONTRIBUTES ONE OF HIS  
POLISHED HOMILIES— "FOOD AND FUN", HE THINKS,  
CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED BY THOSE WHO EARN THEM.

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To the Editor of "The Intelligencer":

Dear Mr. Editor,

In this glad, glorious Easter week—glad for many, yet not without sorrow for those who are still weeping over departed friends—pulses beat a little faster, hearts warm up to one another, and the mind—man's proudest attribute—insensibly glides into restful reflection. In the olden times "panem et circenses" was a cry very much in evidence and, to pagan Rome, seemed to have sufficed; but in this age of strenuous struggle for existence "food and fun" will not long come in concert for the mere asking. This being a fact, and knowing the importance of striving for mental power as well as physical, so the battle of life may be fought and won. I have repeatedly wondered how it is that men seemingly intelligent, should, as you so often and so picturesquely put it "do the statue act" from dawn to dark, and this with every recurrent sun! You could excuse a knot of sad-eyed, indolent Bedouins in a desert, with not an incentive to action, but in this broad light and life, with every one astir around you, those parasites on the body social, at a time when growing industry clamors for workers of all kinds—almost defy comprehension. The trouble may arise from a mistaken conception of the real aims of life. There may be also a plausible excuse in the fact that now-a-days "a good time" seems the one great desideratum. Add to this the spreading passion for sports of diverse descriptions, and you will have the secret, with some, at least, of their indifference as regards learning. It was, therefore, with not a little pleasure I saw the other day the "little sermon" you preached to young men, calling upon them to fill up the place they are in;

to fit themselves for higher usefulness, adding that there was something else to do besides play." But why delve into the mysteries of science or fix their eyes upon higher goals, where a baseball pitcher will receive more salary than the best bank manager or the most erudite editor? Not long ago a Senator and a pugilist died the same day in the same town. By a coincidence, both funerals took place at the identical hour. Behind the sluggard there marched, with cast-down countenances, an almost endless procession of the people; as to the lover of his country it was found difficult to secure a cab for his family, whilst other mourners could have been counted on your fingers. Now, that's a sad perversion of standards! You have no doubt read, Mr. Editor, about the lad who, on returning from college, was asked by his anxious father, who, of course, defrayed the bills, how he was in rhetoric, mathematics, and social science. "Well, pa", said George, "I'll be frank with you; I am not much in any of these, but wait till you see me at football, and if I don't kick that wind bag out of sight into ether, then I am not your boy!" No doubt play, plenty of it, is good. "Mens sana in corpore sano" will long remain a commendable maxim, but it were well to remember that we, all of us, were born for something else besides fun and that life's chief purpose is not of the passing moment. I once knew a physician who, whatever the ailment, bled the patient, a method having its uses as likewise play when not carried too far. How different with the lad that hungers after priceless knowledge. Longfellow, when nine years old, was asked by his teacher, Mr. Finney, to go out and write a composition on anything he liked. Finding a turnip growing behind the barn, the lad who was to shine forth in the land wrote as follows:

Mr. Finney had a turnip  
 And it grew behind the barn,  
 And it grew, and it grew,  
 And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,  
 Till it could grow no taller,  
 Then, Mr. Finney took it up  
 And put it in the cellar.

Simple, this first flap of the wing of genius! But it reveals the

spirit that later was to rise to masterly wrought productions. There are in all latent possibilities of one sort or another, which with toil and a proper direction, should mark a new era in our history. Right thinking will then be so apparent and brain storms so rare that no man's race or religion shall be accounted a bar to advancement in this fair land of Canada, which we all love, and, to the best of our ability, endeavor to serve.

At the risk of trespassing, I would fain submit one further word. Oh! how yesterday's spirit of "allégresse", song and festivity appealed to us, and how the words of the gifted pastor of St. Michael's moved and thrilled us as he, in peerless periods, recalled the delcide drama of Calvary and then painted in colors so vivid the triumph over death of the Son of Man and the all-important doctrine regarding the resurrection. Not forgetting those whose hearts were still bleeding by reason of recent bereavements, his thoughtful, kindly assurances must have proved very consoling, indeed.

PAUL DENYS.

Belleville, 1st April, 1907.

## GREETING TO OLD FRIENDS

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From Prof. Paul Denys who writes the Whig.

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LOOKS FORWARD TO THE BUDDING OF BUSHES AND THE SONG OF  
THE ROBIN—PLAYED THE PEDALS ON THE BEDPOST.

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Prof. Paul Denys, formerly organist of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, now living retired in Montreal, writes in this refreshing way to the Whig:

How often in nightly vision men's spirits will stray into days that were, tinting the days that are with their fond memory! The morning of life has its joys and dreams, so also the evening its thoughts serene and merited rest. And whilst the world is white with snow and the breath of winter bedlams the pane and sparrows in their hedges twitter, we observe the broadening of light, the swinging of the sun to the north and hopes are born that bushes ere long will again bud, rivulets intone their canticles and the robin and thrush vie in songs divine. True, the calamitous cloud of the continental butchery still hangs low, yet there may soon dawn the day when all these atrocities may cease and joy and freedom permanently possess the land.

And now, while the flames whisper about the dogs in our fireplace and memory's bells chime low we love to sit on our tiny throne of wicker and think and tell of things our mind tabernacles. I have read that rhetoric helps longevity, but it didn't say whether the reader survived or not. Be this as it may, I like to waft an occasional greeting to friends, one of the few privileges left this side of the eternal gates. And when I speak of the eternal gates, I do not mean that I have begun to sleep under "eight" blankets, that my pulse is irregular and syncope imminent. Not at all. True, one night I found myself playing the pedals on the bedpost, but that can't be helped — "music" will out, and if assisted by a little extra plum-pudding and cognac

before retiring, the vigor of the rhythm is sure to be in excess of all conception. Yes, friends — genuine ones — are gifts of the Gods and dark indeed were the thread of life but for the respect and affection they dispense.

Fame is the scentless sunflower  
With gaudy crown of gold;  
But friendship is the breathing rose  
With sweets in every fold.

And when they possess so perfectly as in Kingston the art of being kind they are sure to be sorely missed.

But I must abbreviate my literature; there are other ways of prolonging life. Our old friend Epimenides for that purpose, went to sleep and after fifty-seven years rose up quite refreshed we are told which is quite conceivable. Taking so long, however, is not to his credit. Perhaps the hotel clerk, without warning, presented his bill and the new rates knocked him senseless in which case he had a good excuse; but where he made a mistake is not to have stayed dead, a fate which will overtake us all unless prices for the necessities of life cease to soar. Eggs, among other things, are dear as they are scarce, and to make matters worse, hens seem to have declared against conscription. Fish, too, is advancing. Submarines have either scared or angered them and they are harder to catch than ever. Perhaps they were trying to climb on shore when the earth shook! Times are certainly serious and how long some of us shall be able to continue to live on philosophic contemplation just remains to be seen!

PAUL DENYS.

## LOVE AND HARMONY.

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OUR FRIEND THE PROFESSOR REVIEWS THE PASSING HOUR IN  
HIS OWN BRIGHT WAY.

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To the Editor of "The Intelligencer":

Dear Mr. Editor,

After the varied abstinences of the renunciatory season one feels—perhaps not unnaturally—a little colloquial. At this date of the world, when advance is king, and aviators laden with humanity pierce the clouds and new planets are being sighted, and every avenue of knowledge and thought is probed anew and broadened, there should be no scarcity of themes for consideration and entertainment, specially when this can be done under the aegis of editorial judgment and sympathy. And here, have we not, among many problems, the question of "Dreadnoughts", those death-dispensing devices, imposing in peace, redoubtable in war, at all times terrible to ordinary mortals, and yet that a nation must have in order to elicit respect and, if necessary, demand it.

There is, likewise, Theodore Roosevelt, an uncrowned prince, who, after fighting trusts, is going to tackle tigers, and he'll win, I ween, though I won't be with him. In the woods of my Laurentian home, frequent is the chase I instituted against squirrels and other irate game of that stature, but facing a hyena, even when laughing (and he would if he saw me with a gun) is, to be frank, out of my line and I am willing it should remain so.

And the bilingual privilege of our young nation! It is gratifying, in the broad light of this twentieth century, to see men rise in Parliament and councils of higher education and ask that the constitutional prerogative of the land we love, be taken a fuller advantage of, and that the dual tongues of Norman and Saxon be taught colloquially and more generally and practically than has been done before. Many, I may state, is the premium I presented to the school in my own little village of St. Julienne

for the best boy or girl in "English" composition, feeling that each time one mastered a language would he be a man. Thus it happened, I once could question a French lad on this too literal translation of "Il fait chaud"—it makes warm, and persuade a sturdy little Saxon to alter his ingenious rendering of "The Grand Trunk Railway—Le Chemin de Fer de la Grande Valise". I am also reminded of Victor Hugo, who, pressed by London friends by whom he was being entertained, for an impromptu couplet either in French or English, or both, took his pencil and, in the twinkling of an eye, apologizingly handed them the following:

Pour dissiper le spleen  
J'entre dans un inn,  
Souvent je bois le gin,  
God Save the Queen.

There is, it will readily be granted, something very gracious in the language of sunny France which our mothers taught to us and, joined to the energetic idiom of that kingdom over which the sun never sets, and to which we are proud to belong, must prove the ideal trust this time in matters mercantile as well as of the mind.

And now, Mr. Editor, in this glad Easter week, when the message of the cross has been conveyed to us, and the Son of Man, in splendor, has risen from the tomb, more than ever should we feel it incumbent upon us all to live in harmony and love one another, whatever our color, speech, race or creed, deeming not wealth superior to worth nor being strong above being straight, but generously combining our efforts towards the rearing of the national edifice, such a one as, based on equity and right, shall stand and endure!

PAUL DENYS.

Montreal, 13th April, 1909.



## THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

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HAVE COME WITH FALLING LEAVES AND FADING FLOWERS.

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The melancholy days have come  
 The saddest of the year,  
 Of wailing winds and naked woods  
 And meadows brown and sear!

With the leaves falling and flowers fading, the days grudging us their light and nature everywhere taking on a more sombre aspect, man is made to realize one grave truth, that through the portals of time all things must pass, and we with them! Where are the birds, bees and buds, it seems but yesterday, we so rejoicingly welcomed? Where the summer with its soft breezes, its luxuriant verdure, its balmy days and dreamy nights? Departed all these, and no counterfeit joy can remove the mantle of melancholy that passing life spreads before our gaze for our meditation, detachment and profit.

Apostles of perpetual pleasure would have mortals close their eyes to this opportune object lesson, crave but for distractions and like the Romans of old clamor but for "panem et circenses", losing sight of the fact that instead of a show, existence is an intensely earnest proposition.

There is, to be sure, a time for relaxation, honest amusement, but minds that vibrate with life's greater things and know how to grapple with them are not those ever turned to the flare and glare of a distracted world. Where sorrow is held as intrusive, there wisdom will not enter nor aught that dignifies humanity. Grief is medicine; it is antidotal to heedlessness. Heaven often dispenses it where it most loves. "Laugh and grow fat" is fine, but Peter's gate, though opening mansions of matchless magnitude as well as splendour, is a mighty narrow one which those thin with fear and trembling will have a far greater chance to squeeze through than the pot-bellied feasters of the "pantagruelic" variety.

The tragic days through which we are passing, likewise, suggest more reserve in our modes of living. The colored clergy-

man who urged his congregation to "tribulate when the Lord sent them tribulations", in an ugly phrase, taught a potent truth.

But, as to be too wise is not to be wise enough, permit me to suspend here my sage reflections which, sad as they may seem, start, believe me, from a right cheerful, if sensitive, heart.

PAUL DENYS.

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### EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE ON "TEACHING".

Rest has been had. And now we should be up and doing. Enthusiasm is perennity in action; fame the echo. Shall we then be of the Trojan throng or of the seven sleepers? Work without system shall fail, true: a stroke at every tree fells none; yet I would rather have it than system without work. The man who rests content with yesterday's achievement shall not fill to-day's measure. Know well the ground you profess to cover: the imparting will of itself cost you sufficient effort. Order will facilitate work and a proper manner induce order. The pupil will not be still whilst you are flippant. A boy knows when, as Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once put it, you preach cream and practice skimmed milk. Babel and fame shall not rise side by side. As a rule, discipline shall prove comparatively easy where the lesson is made to interest. Do not base your government on the birch. To beat a child into duty seldom works well. Win him to you if you can. Punishment should only come after every other means has failed. To pump perpetual thunder is to take away much of its efficacy. A day thus spent in storm shall bring no fruit and well may you then exclaim with Titus: "Diem perdidit".

## PROF. DENYS IS GLAD VENUS IS WITH US.

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EVEN THOUGH THE SEERS PREDICT AN UNCOMFORTING OUTLOOK.

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By Prof. Paul Denys.

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Our bow the most gracious to 1916 For a young debutante, the time is pathetic in the extreme. No wonder there is sadness in her smile, and but for her youth, drear indeed were her countenance. Students of the stars inform us that the new year is portentous of evil of every kind, events startling, we are told, will astound the world and grief and pain fill the land. Upheavals of nature, cataclysms the most somber will visit our planet and the waste of life will be appalling. Not comforting these predictions and serious were the outlook but for the gleams of light, here and there, to which the prophets of peril are good enough to direct our vision. How the seers know so far ahead about these tremendous happenings, is a mystery to us, simple mortals. They scientifically revert to Jupiter and Saturn and Mars, and we tremble lest those divinities really be in league for the destruction of the human race.

Counterbalancing all these dread previsions, however, we have the assurance—Allah be praised!—that Venus, at least, is with us and that upon her love and sympathy we can fully count. Woman-like, ever ready to soothe sorrow, or as the poet puts it:

When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!

Knowing which, bachelor blindness, obdurateness is inexplicable! Nor are we not a little surprised to find such hesitation on the part of the young men of England as to which to choose between conscription and a gentle, loving helpmate. They must be, not only, blind, but dead to the finer sensibilities. Trenches or matches, boys! Nothing between. Serve your country in one capacity or the other or you are doomed! Sad as all this may

seem, we shall live in hope that things may not prove so disastrous as predicted. On Sunday, supplications, in which we shall all fervently join, will mount to the God of peace and mercy, justice and truth that He stay the foul hand of the tyrant, lift the darkness of the hour and ring in and restore once again union and joy and confraternity among the nations of the earth! We shall not have prayed in vain.

PAUL DENYS.

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**AT BANQUET TO CHOIR OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL,  
PROF. DENYS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, SAID:**

"There is a legend in the Greek mythology to the effect that so captivating was the music produced by Orpheus that the very stones were moved by its strains. Now, however delightful these refrains may have been, I doubt if they could equal in sweetness the words just fallen from the lips of our most worthy rector. In this case it was not cold, material things were touched, but hearts warm, sincere and true. In every age has music been known to influence not only men, but all living creatures. Hence we see David singing before Saul to propitiate him, kings using lyrics to soften and polish the customs and manners of their subjects and churches adopting the "Art Divine" as a means of bringing souls to God. Likewise, do we not remember how a little melomaniac of a spider came out of its tiny retreat each time the great Paganini drew his peerless bow; how canaries will swell their throat and join in any melody they hear, how, too, the mighty charger prances and paws and craves for the fray as he catches the clarion call of combat. No wonder Shakespeare looked with suspicion upon any man whose soul responded not to sweet sound."

The toast to the "Clergy" brought to their feet Rev. Frs. Macdonald and Halligan, both of whom had kindly words to say, of the choir. The Press was next and drew replies from Messrs. P. Beaupré and R. F. Maguire. "Our Host and Hostess" also came in for their meed of praise.

The banquet proper over, all repaired to the parlors, where another most enjoyable hour was spent in social intercourse and song.

## DUAL LANGUAGE SOLUTION.

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LET FRENCH LADS WED IRISH LASSES—THAT'S THE CURE.

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By Prof. Paul Denys.

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Is it not true that man, endowed as he is with social instincts, will at times crave a colloquy with his fellowmen, and if he is of a reflective turn of mind, passing events in their swift succession will not fail to furnish ample opportunity for indulging that inclination. Indeed the difficulty would almost seem in the superabundance of subjects and the choice made trying by the variety of tastes. To spread a table so as to meet all appetites entails thought and toil, and even then, rest assured, there will be some who will not be served as they would wish. Intellectually, too, what oftentimes gladdens one grieves the other, pleasure and pain ever being in such close contact, and hence it is each, I presume, must yet long continue to take his enjoyment where he finds it.

As to myself, when not playing, I preach, which is a trifle easier than practising, and if there be a law I love to extol, it is to treat others as we like to be treated, which excludes advocating cream in one case and dealing out skimmed milk in the other. Were this rule of regard but a little more remembered, we would hear less of dissensions, strikes, rebellions. Unfortunately, most men nowadays seem not to have time to be considerate. Their whole running is after coin and all it brings: power, pleasure, pomp, pride. These, to some, are as many Caesars whose car may crush whosoever will resist them. They are apt to forget that perhaps in the lowly lot which lies in the shadow of their ambitious abode there are souls sighing for a word of sympathy, nay hungering after a crust, but no one gives them heed. It has been said that "the greatest happiness is found in making others happy", and, truth to tell, no star on the brow of night can be more sweet than the smile a kindly, thoughtful deed will bring to the lips of suffering. How is it then so many will wait

for a man's funeral to say something nice, whereas had they shown the same spirit whilst he lived, he might not have died at all. True, there are noble exceptions, large-hearted citizens whose presence in a community is a blessing, manly men who love justice and right and fair play; they are the oaks that defy the storms of intolerance and bid the gales of prejudice be still.

So also with the nations. Whilst some are ever intriguing, others you find whose strength and dignity are an object lesson to the world. What an inspiration was the raising of the British flag over the scene of a melee in Lisbon the other day, and how thrilling the thought that the moment the glorious banner, whose folds spell truest freedom, appeared in the air, the firing ceased as if by enchantment. All praise to the liberty-loving land that becomes the home of the homeless and crownless and whose power is as pre-eminent as it is prized.

And, now, too, in the near future, Ireland and Scotland are to have their local government as we have in Canada. Then, indeed, will Erin's skies gleam with grateful joy and Caledonian hills resound with hosannas, and the thistle and shamrock and the rose thus entwined in mutual confidence and love shall consecrate a bond too holy ever to be broken.

Pining as I do for the perfect I cannot but touch, en passant, on the burning question of the day—dual language. I see only one solution—let French boys wed Irish lasses, and vice versa, and all this trouble will cure itself, unity of speech not being at all necessary to union of hearts as we have many living examples. Meanwhile I may soon do the Rockefeller act and send you, Mr. Editor, three million dollars for erecting a temple of conciliation in this bright young land of Canada, which, I am sure, we all love and want to serve to the best of our ability. Come now, therefore, gentlemen of all tongues and of all languages, let us please put away all rancour, which is unmanly and unchristian and productive of no good, and, without denying the blood that runs in our veins, which we could not do, unite our varied gifts towards the rearing of a national edifice worthy of the name; and that it may not crumble let it stand on the one solid foundation of absolute regard for one another's most sacred rights!

## SINGS KINGSTON'S PRAISES.

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PROF. DENYS HAS A LAUREL WREATH FOR THE LIMESTONE CITY.

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All have opinions,  
Wherefore may not I?  
I'll give judgment,  
Or, at least, I'll try.

There is not a string attuned to joy but has a chord of melancholy. Sounds of sincerest welcome oftentimes have scarcely subsided before the drear dial decrees the sorrowing farewell. The "Old Boys" have come and gone, and the souvenir of their flitting visit shall not cease to be precious.

Kingston grows on one's affection. I am here but a short time, yet have I learned to love the classic little city, not only for her urbanity, the integrity of her citizens, absence of the loud and uncouth, but for her own dear, sweet self. Enthroned as a queen upon her tranquil shore, with countless emeralds at her feet, robed in probity and honor, rejoicingly crowned with the glory of her sons past and present, the throbbing within her breast of a heart with a care for everything worthy, here she appears loving and lovable, prepared to greet all who are near and dear and that genuinely, without fuss or affectation. She is a mother tried and true and deserving of all the respect and regard with which her dutiful sons can surround her. A word, a whisper to her detriment were an offence unpardonable, a dart that long would quiver in her bosom. The quiet of her existence may seem strange to bounding youths with lips on life's enchanted cup, but charm, surely, does not rest with a resounding search after Roman holidays, bubbles, hum, revelry and distraction.

Frank and fair friendship has a far deeper meaning. We would not think so well of such as pine only for sport, levity and tumult. Restlessness is one of the ailments of the age, forgetting there is a multitude of sensations helpful neither to mind, body or soul. We are not against a measure of merriment, far from it;

yet, to us, at a home-coming the mingling of prayer with pleasure the reviewing of the old church, the placing of a wreath on the tomb of the loved and lost were far more appealing than either a horse race, a boxing bout or a cock fight. Perhaps we are not sufficiently progressive, but we own certain modern methods and nerry notions, marriage by motor sundry social aberrations, the magnifying of mammon, muscle building at the expense of brain, straining after every passing fad and fancy do not impress us potentially. Of course everyone thinks as he has the gift, but for our part we would rather "weep with the wise than laugh with the loon".

Nor are big things necessarily great. At home we had a strawberry patch hardly bigger than my hand and to this we went when large and luscious fruit was wanted. A mile or so north of this city there still stands a modest dwelling that gave the Canadian Episcopate one of its most brilliant members. Kingston, therefore, my adopted home, be ye "e'er so humble", I love thee as thou art. Were we to search for spots we would find them even on the sun. No, I would rather look to your rational rising based on rectitude and right and enjoy the unconfined comforts you afford to body and mind. I glow with pride at being one of your own and gladly will add to the joys that were the associate and ample satisfaction that now is.

To close, with Byron, let me say: "What is writ is writ, would it were worthier!"

PAUL DENYS.



## THOUGHTS PHILOSOPHICAL AND NOTES BY THE WAY.

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PROF. DENYS PENS A BRIGHT LETTER FROM HIS "SYLVAN  
RETREAT" IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS.

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St. Julienne, 4th July, 1902.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Since leaving our bright little City of Belleville I have done little except taking by the way the goods the gods would provide. True to my programme, I hastened to my sylvan retreat midst hills rendered, by frequent rains, unusually luxuriant with foliage and verdure. Passing through Montreal impressed me with the constant growth of this already important city. It is not here we shall see any lack of activity in the increase of population, the scriptural injunction being heeded in a manner that leaves no room for complaint. The clatter of cars and shrills of whistles, the hum of factories and tread of heavy-footed commerce, the hustling of the crowds and general stir would likewise indicate that in trade expansion the metropolis of Canada more than keeps pace with the rest of the world. At one of the stations on the Grand Nord where our train made an especially long stop, a number of us were amused at a little tot wanting to know from its mamma the cause of this tiresome delay. "Mother", he would ask, "are we going no further? Do you think the engine went without us?" And the mother tried to defend the Company against the taunts of the little grumbler. Through the peevish temperature, certain contemplated expeditions had to be abandoned and in-door pastimes substituted. Strawberries and cream and other mediums helped not a little to mitigate the situation. I own the mediums were not altogether on the lines of the referendum, but this, John, the one who is always wise, easily condoned by saying gerns must be guarded against. And lo! as I write, Phoebus, forth of his palace royal, does condescend to issue, but it will take more than a few blinks from his majesty to redeem the disheartening appearance of the crops in certain districts. And whilst on the subject of royalty, can we

ignore the joy that thrilled the millions of free, happy people who glory in their British connection, as the news was flashed across the continents, that hope for the recovery of our Sovereign was bright and cheering. The good habitant himself, with his vague idea of all that the crown honorably worn may mean, seems to have an intuition that the sceptre could be in no more worthy hands, and, in church and humble dwelling, offered up a fervent orison. How true it is that each one takes his pleasure where he finds it. Across the street are now an aged couple evidently deliberating about something. And awaiting a conclusion I suppose the man has just lit his pipe from which he draws puffs most savage. His companion, bent with years, yet comely of face and action, after long protracted fumbling at her pockets at last resuscitated the object sought: a snuff-box of imperialistic proportion. Into this she plunged her nervous fingers, smiling to herself in a way that left no doubt as to what she considered the height of happiness. The faithful pair moved off, leaving us to muse on what is so delightful: quiet content and enduring devotion. It was old Seneca that once remarked that thought is to the mind what bread is to the body. However joyously days may glide midst scenes of our earlier life, there is a recollection of the absent to which the heart is wont to revert. Kindly acts make memory dear and, in truant hours, we love to dwell again, if only by souvenir, among friends long tried and true. But I abuse the privilege I owe to your hospitality; and besides, before Cicero, Catiline should be brief. I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours very truly.

PAUL DENYS.

## TO PLEASE HIS NIECE, P'TITE JEANNE BY NAME.

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OUR FRIEND THE PROFESSOR WRITES FOR FAME—ANOTHER  
POLISHED AND DELIGHTFUL EPISTLE FROM "NOTRE BON  
AMI," MR. PAUL DENYS.

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To the Editor of "The Intelligencer":

Dear Mr. Editor,

A little niece of mine, Jeanne by name, whose starry eyes and sunny sayings have enabled her to creep far and deep into our hearts and whose faith in her uncle's wisdom does not ease matters, has just made a request that I should pen another missive to "The Intelligencer", which, en passant, she loves to read by way of promoting her knowledge of King Edward's idiom. And why write, was she asked. "To win glory for you, uncle, and bring joy to me". Oh! the sweet candor of the child! Win glory! But I have "nothing" to indite on. "Well, indite on that". And the many patrons of the paper, what would they think? "Then invent something". But to create takes thought and I am growing old and must soon intone my "Nunc dimittis". — "No, no, no!" With what pathos and emphasis did she not protest and what tenderness shone in her bright blue brace of eyes! Yet there was in her appeal a theme for a thousand letters; the optimism of youth, living and loving, pleasure and pain, the day at its dawn and its decline, infancy and virility, a precocious intellect, presaging, perchance, a soaring flight into the firmament of fame. Oh! yes, childhood is the preface of manhood and the present the anvil upon which to forge the future. Clad, then, the child in the dual armor of education and religion, for you know not what brave deeds, fadeless laurels may slumber in the rugged, care-free lad whom you now see at play, but who tomorrow shall be shaping destinies, directing events in church and state.

And speaking of education—secular and religious—brings back to mind a sad memory, the recent loss of that grand priest.

the late Father Twomey, who held these things so near to his heart and upon whose grave you, Mr. Editor, among many other sympathizing friends, laid such a fitting, touching tribute. Oh! what a will was his, and what a mind! How eloquent of force his face and stirring his words. now smooth as a stream softly stealing over silvery sands, then dashing like a torrent on to the endless, boundless sea! Having given his substance to the service of humanity and so successfully and admirably wielded the sceptre of the Cross, fond and precious must ever remain his recollection while—

En un sommeil pleux,  
Il repose dans les cieux.

And if—

"The world does sound no trumpets, ring no bells,  
The book of life the shining record tells."

And now, Mr. Editor, having endeavored to emparadise the little niece — as, with her, to give in was the only way out — I trust I have not lingered too long, thus, by my fault, turning a roseate hope into a sore apprehension.

Toujours bien à vous,

PAUL DENYS.

Montreal, 15th February, 1909.

**"CLOSE TO THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE."**

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IN A LETTER BRIGHT WITH EPIGRAM AND SPARKLING WITH  
IMAGERY, PROF. DENYS INDITES US FROM THE WILDS  
OF "OLD QUEBEC".

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St. Julienne, Montcaim Co., Que., July 25th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Editor,

From this remote and quiet portion of King Edward's mighty realm I indite you. If beauty of scene and charm of solitude be among one's dreams, it were difficult to have fuller content and still remain a mortal. Land of lake and mountain, of valley and cascade, few spots would seem better designed for a life of "splendid isolation" and restful enjoyment. How quickly, too, will thoughts of a meditative kind steal upon you as you get closer to the great heart of nature and behold in their captivating magnificence the work and elements of Omnipotence. Here no discord, no strife or strike; only order, harmony and peace. And why should man, to whom so much was given — reason, freedom, strength, conscience — be first to covet, rebel and infringe? Let wiser ones answer.

But if the panoramic grandeur of this northern zone be inspiring, equally delightful and appreciated is the fresh, fragrant woodland, midst which the most refractory appetite is bound to revive, the mental and nervous powers improve and longevity itself lengthen. Our lady cake-maker, at least, is quite pleased so far with the progress achieved, and that, despite the ever climbing prices of alimentary products. The Sage of Lu, who once pronounced poverty an incomparable blessing, may have been right, but when you are asked a dollar for the tiniest pail full of ill-picked blue berries, the problem assumes a phase that would confuse Confucius himself. At such a moment even the man of force feels like repining and querying if he has labored all these years that the fruit thereof might vanish with the price of one small mouthful of indispensable sustenance! I

own I almost felt an anarchic idea sprouting in my bosom. What was the use of being true to your task and time if your purse would not cope with modern conditions? These irritating thoughts, coupled with the news just out of the insane intention in some quarter of levying contributions on gentlemen of single purpose—not so much to swell the treasury as to steer them into broader social channels—added fuel to the flame. Fortunately, John, my companion, who always views mildly what ever may happen, and to whom we refer everything, counselled fortitude and moderation. John is an expert at clearing mists and rekindling content where all before was darkness and ennui. So we surrendered to his words. There is a silver lining, we remembered, to every cloud, if not to every pocket, and the hopeful light in this case was the conviction that bright Belleville would never imitate the retrograde move of the Bytown Alderman. It was not a gallant proceeding. Henceforth the fair maid to whom a proposal is addressed might well ask herself if the aspirant came through a tender sentiment or dread of the tax! I am ashamed of you, my compatriot, and may, from this forward, sign "Dennis" and be an out-and-out Hibernian.

To this enthusiastic race belonged, I believe, the valiant youth of whom I read the other day. While out sailing with two young lady friends, one asked which he would save, Emma or herself, should they upset, and it were impossible to rescue both. "Oh!" was the prompt response, "I would save Emma and sink with you".

PAUL DENYS.

# **CHEERY WORD FROM PROF. DENYS.**

Montreal, January 23rd.

To the Editor:

It is well nigh a year since I last had a little chat with you, Mr. Editor, and your many kindly readers. A year is quite a stride in the march of time, especially to those journeying down the hill of life. But with remembrance sweet, the past is easily made present and its fond associations revived. If the dawn of our brief day here below has its hopes, its waiting pleasures, triumphant noon its glory, so also has the serene sunset its joy and comfort, and friendships firm are among the latter. Why should we nurse a fear so long as we have a friend? The recollection of countless, kindly deeds of which we have been the object, is a treasure even the ruthless hand of time is wont to respect. Faithful yesterdays, too, are marvelous builders of glad some to-morrows, and there need be no dreary hour in a soul confident of duty done.

But while we thus "tie all our cares up", we are not indifferent to certain misunderstandings between the two prominent races forming our Dominion. Common weal cannot be promoted except the rights of all be scrupulously safeguarded. Hatred is a sorry councillor, and it should be the aim of all prudent, generous spirits in the community to avert further friction disruptive of the entente necessary to the full expansion of our fair young land.

And now, if we are not yet at the front, it's not altogether our fault. Whilst we never were very gay with guns, we own we might have hastened to the scene of conflict and by soft melodies endeavored to tame the "savage breast", but this was considered inadequate with the modern Hun.

Before closing I might say the question was asked if "Zaccheus", a former contributor to the Whig, was dead! No positive answer was given, but hope expressed that he was not. Of course all who write for newspapers will go straight to heaven. They are not like those awful men who wear kilts; ages and ages of purgatory at least await them. As to Zaccheus, he had opinions of his own no doubt, being a strong believer in the golden maxim that "He who will not be ruled by the rudder, must be ruled by the rock".

PAUL DENYS.

## ADDRESS DELIVERED AT UNVEILING OF MEMORIAL TO PROF. GREENE.

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Friends,

I esteem it a rare privilege to have been requested to pronounce a few words over this respected grave. The occasion is suggestive of many thoughts, many reflections. Can one, indeed, enter this—the abode of the dead—without becoming vividly impressed with the littleness of life, the weakness of human strength, the vanity of all earthly things. Yet, is not this delicate shell, this mortal frame animated by a living soul, enlightened with intellect, capable of the highest conceptions, the greatest achievements?

We have met here to-day on an errand of sorrowing affection. We have approached this grave with softened tread. We feel the sacredness of this spot. Here, begirt with cold, gloomy clay, slumber many whom we have loved and can never forget. Death is the monarch to whom great and lowly, rich and poor, mighty and weak, learned and untaught, must bow. You can draw bolt, yet the thief will enter. It is well sometimes to gaze upon the fleeting things of this world through the dark, stern reality of the tomb. A little while and we shall all pass away as yonder wave dies on shore. Beneath this chilly mould sleeps our brother. The enemy, death, has done its work:

For him the tear be duly shed,  
And mourned till pity's self be dead!

Yet, if it be true that "to live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die", can our friend's name and work and memory ever perish? True, when ties of domestic affection and social sympathy are wrenched asunder, it is hard to bend to the trial; but religion, like a balm, will soothe sorrow and find us submissive under the stroke of a loving Father's hand.

We are here to-day at fond remembrance's behest. We have come to render tribute to worth. This monument has been raised by the gratitude and regard and sympathy of many. It speaks of one who on his work reflected honor, on himself credit, on us



all pride. Not a heart who knew Samuel T. Greene, but will, in the shadow of this memorial, utter a word of regret and of prayer. This hallowed stone shall watch with tender vigilance over his ashes. To the deaf and dear ones he loved so well, it will be a new Mecca whither their footsteps shall often bring them. Friend, to-day there are tears for thy loss—honor for thy name! Better than my feeble words does the proud marble echo the sentiments of our hearts for you. Speak, noble monument! (here the covering was pulled aside) speak of the loved and lost! Speak to him and of him! Speak comfort to his wife and children! Speak hope! Speak love!

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### THE POLICY OF THE "FREEMAN" APPRECIATED.

To Editor "Canadian Freeman":

Sir,

It is with no little pleasure that I renew my subscription to The Canadian Freeman, a paper eminently deserving the increased patronage it has of late been receiving. Its recent appeal for a broader sympathy between the two dominant races in Canada was timely and to be commended. Hatred, however deftly disguised, is a bad counsellor. This fair young land has no need of fanatics of any kind. They are a thorn in the flesh, a disgrace to our age and a hindrance to higher things. Distrust creates distrust, engenders animosity and does incalculable harm in a thousand ways. The Fathers of Confederation justly and proudly proclaimed a glorious future to a united, enlightened people. He is an enemy of his country who, by misrepresentation or for motives not avowable, dares disturb this union, the very corner-stone of our national edifice. Watch the subverters, wherever they may appear, and spare them not; you will have gained the gratitude of all fair-minded men.

Yours,

PAUL DENYS.

## THE IDEAL INSTITUTION NEWSPAPER.

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By Paul Denys, Belleville.

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PRESENTED TO THE CONGRESS OF INSTRUCTORS OF THE DEAF,  
CHICAGO, JULY, 1893.

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Gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, I salute you. This I do not without trembling. My faith in you is limitless. Were I your lord instead of your client, I should give you not fourth but second place in the realm, your power being subordinate only to that of the nation itself. Your mission is universal: religion, letters, arts, government, law, history, men, all give themselves rendez-vous at your door looking to you for support, encouragement, guidance, interest, defence, action. No sooner has an idea been conceived than you are called upon to grapple with it, unfold it, clear it of mystery, pronounce upon it, prune, dissect, kill, approve, exalt, battle for, carry! Here sorrows and joys reveal their depths side by side. Love comes to weep, fortune to smile. The little truant cherub that lands on our shores is not content to fill a mother's heart and a babe's cradle but must forthwith crave space with you, crowding perhaps its hoary sire whose fate may be mourned beneath. Kings know your power, and fear. Subjects, from under your pen, drink inspiration, fealty, emancipation, love, revenge. Your mission is indeed great; your privilege proud!

To respond to such a calling but in the worthiest manner should certainly be the earnest aim, the one ambition of him who, favored, sits down to instruct mankind!... Nor does this apply to the leading organs of the nation only. Every periodical, journal, review, magazine, paper great or small can, each in its way—whether the vehicle of wealth or the cry of want, whether speaking to crowns or peasants—becomes a Golconda replete with gems if knowledge be not divorced from rectitude and the word from principle... Yes, truth, wisdom, charity, justice,

right shall soon voice your fame, proclaim you afar. . . To distribute mental gold, to light up the dim aisles of imperfection, to lead public sentiment to the right, to lift man up from himself, to make the world better and happier; such, we believe, is your vocation, such are the enviable prerogatives of the true public press.

And now having said this much, let us see how far the Institution paper, in its own sphere, can go or has gone towards that "Ideal" for which the most fervent among us may have prayed. I confess I do not approach my task without misgivings. Charles Dana's advice "never to sail under false colors" has just rushed to us and made us dubious. We know we are not the man Diogenes was looking for, nor, we are sure, a relation; yet we are asked to attempt judgment on our betters. And again, the peculiar circumstances that surround institution journalism hedge the question at so many points that, to get at your standard, you must know well the ground you are treading. To start cavalierly up the steep ascent would not only savor of presumption but surely land you in the gaping abyss below. Humanly speaking, there always will be a wide gulf between design and execution. To daguerreotype a paragon, an Apollo Belvedere of the press might be easy enough if fancy were the optical instrument. But to have practicability, expediency, achievement enter into your plans, then must you halt before every barrier on the road you pursue and consider how, if at all, the obstacles can be overcome. Having attained, even to a limited extent, the object of your foundation is, we take it so far as you are concerned, to have walked in the path of our ideal. And here we would like to ask what that particular object was. . . whom you profess to address. . . if it is parents you wish to enlighten on certain duties too often neglected (unintentionally no doubt) towards their afflicted off-spring, or the state you desire to quicken into espousing a dream dear to your heart? Is your aim to throw more light on the work or simply to entertain your pupils? Has the paper you edit authority to speak for your Institution, or is it merely the voice of the children? Are you teaching printing only, or is encouraging the reading habit a cognate purpose? Are you for latest local news alone, or general lasting theories as well? In fine, is your table modestly set for the family circle

only or do you intend the feast to be sumptuous, princely and like Cimon's gardens, open to all?

Tell me what you are and I will tell you what you want. . . But no—each of you must have laid out for himself a particular task and towards that task is, we feel assured, earnestly tending. Speed on, then, faithful, firm and fervent. "Labor omnia vincit". With uplifted heart and the sun of hope brightly shining, success must be with you or nowhere.

In a late issue of the "Annals", I read something which struck me very forcibly. It is Dr. E. M. Gallaudet who speaks. I give his words the importance his high position commands. Recalling his earlier days and the work done by the Mother of American Institutions, he goes on to say with emphasis and without reservation, had the Hartford School with its 250 children given articulation a little more scope, it could, even in those days, have served as a model, an ideal in the endeavor of educating the deaf. A noble tribute to a noble work! All hail, therefore, men, women who, gifted, labor with heart and mind and will and joy in the great, humane cause! Dr. Gallaudet saw a good man at the helm and good men all around to manage the gallant ship and hence the rapid time, smooth sailing and happy remembrance of his scholastic voyage. And here we are reminded that perfection is not the plant of any particular clime nor the fruit of any particular age or season. Neither does it apply to any special line of industry. The secret is largely in determination. If I were a boot-black, my endeavor should be to outshine every other fellow in polish. The girl who only knew how to make toast realized a fortune when her novel art was once revealed. If my profession is to teach the deaf I am in the wrong place if full of everything but it. Were I born to the prodigality, the munificence of a gifted pen, I would ask no greater privilege, no prouder distinction than that of daily communing with my fellow-men through the printed page of an honest, discreet journal.

But, if the Institution of to-day with its broad principles, improved methods, eminent results, has so far progressed as to almost claim perfection, can not the same, in a general sense, be said of its progeny—its press. A good tree produces not bad fruit. That we owe much to its suggestions, comparisons, timely hints, admonitions and encouragement, will not be disputed. It

is they who quite often put the irons in the fire, getting them ready for beating. They are little Warwicks in their way making and marring many things. Nemesis is not my divinity. Yet whilst deprecating rashness, truculence and all unfair thrusts at friend or foe, I own I like a ready lance. An occasional tilt sharpens wit and out of the sparks comes light.

Long-winded, drawling, dreaming dissertations no matter how finely-spun are out of date. The first parts of them are old by the time you get to the end. They might have been all right in the days of Mathusalem but in this fast closing century, ponderous editings should be exclusively reserved for literary or scientific reviews. Charles Dana, the prince of journalists, will have none of them. Give us, then, brief caustic paragraphs. They will be found more savoury, more digestible. Remember the world is in a hurry. You must fly to win. People not only live but die fast. To string a man up is now tedious and no longer fashionable. You simply ask your "patient" to take the chair. The voltaic flash does the rest. This is quicker—more elegant. And since everything has become "instantaneous", serve us the pith. Let the husks go. He who in three strokes of his pen has the question put, probed and pronounced upon, is the man for this period.

Cultivate the art of simple expression. Large words will not make a small thought look big. The hat should fit the head. From the nature of things, we have to come down to the child's level. To be able to so clothe an abstract idea as to render it comparatively intelligible to the young is the attribute of genius. No man, in fact, but of intellectual parts, erudition, prudence and judgment should be allowed to cater for the reading appetite. An editor, like Fouché's police, must be omniscient. We look to him for information, direction, advice. That newspaper men as a class fully sustain the high opinion we have of them, it is our pleasure to believe. The profession boasts scores of miniature journals whose intellectual nerve makes little giants of them. They are bright and fresh and witty and can get right on their muscle if needs be. We could mention those we know were we not fearful of overlooking others equally deserving; but the discriminating eye has them all counted. They know not gossip, eschew politics, disdain personalities and like the goddess Ops, always abound with good things. And whilst we have men-

tioned no names, we trust a passing allusion to our publication—the Benjamin of the flock—will not be deemed egotistical. I was asked to give an opinion of what an "Ideal Institution newspaper" should be. Did our own organ sin in the manner that has called for strictures at our hands, you might turn round and say, why does he not make his virtue felt nearer home. It is because I believe "The Canadian Mute" singularly free from blemish that I hold it so high among the candidates to proud merit and enviable distinction. I say this all the more unreservedly as I can claim no share in its origin. Eminent experience brought it forth. Unlike most younglings, it rose from its first rock a Titan. Ontario blood, somehow, does not sleep long. It springs from along the shores of our great lakes and soon swells into action. And if modesty be not our distinguishing trait, we can only say we have faith in ourselves and that whatever we can do to advance the cause we have espoused and love, we shall do unsparingly, unhesitatingly and with God's help hope to hold our place in the race for excellence and honor on this wide, progressive continent.

And now, Gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, I beg to take my leave. This paper, like the heel of Achilles, has, I fear, missed the Styx. Yet, if good-will and an honest purpose may count for something, your favor may not be completely withheld. Carlyle has said that a man's greatest ornament is his work. Applying this to nations, I know not one which in the light of her past can have a grander, more promising future than this broad, starry land of liberty. America and her progress have excited the admiration of the older world. Your press is first and foremost and well nigh omnipotent. Your enterprise, wealth, strength and spirit rule the hour. We Canadians, your half-brothers, sit not by cold and indifferent. All legitimate success merits commendation. The bark of our young Dominion has not the majestic proportions of your stately ship, nor perhaps her speed; yet, she is a solid, trim little craft whose mainsail has not as yet been unfurled and whose log shows she can catch the breeze.

But enough. All of us are here to stay. The smile of Hope is upon our continent. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder. Let courage, truth, wisdom, honor, be read on our standards and our progress, like that of a conquering host, shall be one steady march on to fame and freedom!

## THE ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF.

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MR. R. MATHISON, M. A., PRINCIPAL, IN HIS REPORT TO THE  
GOVERNMENT FOR THE YEAR 1906, SAYS:

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Coming down to our own times, our Historian, Mr. Paul Denys, a valued teacher in the Institution at Belleville, published recently a little pamphlet, from which the following is reproduced as worthy of being preserved in permanent form:—

There is in every human heart  
Some expectant, workable part,  
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,  
And flowers of generous virtue blow;  
To plant, to watch, to water there—  
This be our duty—be our care!

Every age boasts its own special achievements. Whether it be in the fields of valor or the avenues of art and learning; whether in mechanical progress or scientific discovery; what man, mind, inquiry unearths, unravels, unfolds, the annals of fame, in their good time, proudly proclaim. And whilst we may with wonder dwell on dauntless daring, pause before the seeming endless march of human genius, watch with keenest interest all the developments of modern research and study, there is one attainment, one exploit, one triumph which to-day stands out in single, sublime splendor—one that lifts itself high above all that this century, rich as it has been in skilled accomplishments, can show—one that the humane, the good, the noble shall not cease to exalt in, rejoice in and give praise for; the emancipation, deliverance, redeeming, by heroic efforts, of the great silent family from the prison of darkness, the shackles of forced isolation, the slumbers of an intellectual night, the famine of a hungering and thirsting soul! . . . The sun that first broke upon the humble home of Montmartre, that later touched our shore with one of its gleams and is now shining full over both continents, has, it is conceived, brought glad hope to many an anxious, loving heart. And why so glad? . . . Ah! Have we, upon whom nature has lavished all her choicest gifts, ever given a thought to the poor, dear ones from whom the unspeakable



blessing of speech and hearing were withheld? Have we not time and again seen the big, warm tear rolling down the parent's cheek in the sight of the afflicted offspring? Has not the bright eye of some silent child as his glance, full of appeal, rested upon you, awakened an echo in your inmost feelings? Has not your heart gone out to those poor, innocent little ones as their tiny hand was extended to you at, perhaps, a father's bidding? There they were, bright, young, yet captive, and you would almost imagine—imploing with their look your reclaiming action in their behalf—awaiting the "epatha" that was to open their mind to light, loosen their chains and bring them to our society and companionship. Yes, we have seen and felt all and rejoiced that this age could boast the grandest conquest Christian heroism and love, philanthropy and zeal could inscribe upon their standards! And if the light brought was in proportion to the darkness that hitherto prevailed, one will easily understand the joy with which the breaking beams of hope were saluted.

We need not here recall how Greece and Rome, Aristotle and Lucretius looked upon these disinherited of nature, not allude to the causes which in Biblical times, were believed to preclude speech... Was it not the late General Butler who gave it out that a deaf-mute at best was but "half a man"?... Add to that the early testimony of Augustine, who would make faith depend on the possession of hearing and all the other negative appreciations that, at various times, were passed upon these ostracised beings, and you will not wonder at the world rejoicing when, as in the days of miracles, the news was not less wonderfully proclaimed, "the deaf hear and the dumb speak".

Confidence, says Locke, will carry us through many a difficulty; and when that persuasion is supported by power of mind and fed with noble impulse, be the task ever so arduous, it eventually must yield. It was no doubt under the incentive of similar reflections, heightened by burning charity, that the great De l'Épée, rising equal to his sublime mission, "built himself an everlasting name" when he severed, as with Orlando's sword, the thousand ties of past impossibilities from the car of future triumph. Skill and benevolence made one, brought forth the regenerate principle that obtains to-day throughout the civilized world, and has set 600,000 or more interesting fellow-beings free. All hail!

1760 sees the great Abbe at work.



1815 sends Dr. T. H. Gallaudet across the water in quest of the processes used in the art of teaching the deaf. England is cold. France opens wide her arms. He returns with Clerc and in 1816, founds, at Hartford, the first school of the kind in America. Quebec, Canada's eldest daughter, soon follows, opening an establishment in 1831. Forced to suspend after five years, her children are excluded from the benefits of instruction until 1847, when the Mile-End Institution, now so prosperous, is started. Nova Scotia, whose school began in August, 1856, comes next for the honor of a step in the laudable direction. And here we may well ask why the sum of \$80,000, voted some years before by the old Canadian Parliament towards the erection of an asylum for the deaf and dumb and the blind in Upper Canada, was never expended? The only apparent reason may be sought in the complications and political changes of those times and the engrossing of the public mind therewith. It was not long, however, before a better day dawned for the cause in this part. Mr. John Barrett McGann, a man of scholarly attainments and benevolent nature, in 1858, opened, at great personal sacrifices, a school in Toronto, in which many prominent citizens soon became interested. As the commencements of a work of this kind are always trying, many were the difficulties encountered. In 1864, Mr. McGann removed his school to Hamilton, where he met with more generous support. Public attention had now been aroused, and a grand move, one worthy the Banner Province of the Dominion, was made, which resulted in the establishment at Belleville, in 1870, of the Ontario Institution which stands to-day a monument of the liberality of the people as well as a credit to the profession. Ontario does nothing by halves. Less prompt than her sister Provinces, when she realized that the time for her had come to execute the grand work, she set to it with a will, a munificence that rivalled similar efforts in any clime. A large tract of land was purchased in the immediate vicinity of Belleville — a pretty, young city with a fair name and fairer people — and a majestic building was seen to rise on a commanding spot, casting its imposing proportions upon the placid waters of far-famed Quinté.

The 20th of October of that year witnessed the opening of the school, which was done amid pageant, pomp and ceremony. Lieutenant-Governor W. P. Howland, Attorney-General John Sandfield Macdonald, Hon. Treasurer E. B. Wood, and a host of

other distinguished visitors were present. J. W. Langmuir, Esq., Government Inspector, and W. J. Palmer, Ph. D., first Principal of the Institution, 1870-79.

The "three" pupils who made their appearance that day were: Duncan Morrison, Ettie Grace and Sarah Earl. The same term closed with 100 children. Having marched from prosperity to prosperity, the Institution, as to number of pupils, now ranks seventh among the eighty-seven establishments of the kind in the United States and Canada, whilst in effectiveness, generous provision, careful management and general results, we have the ambition to believe ourselves second to none.

In 1879, Dr. Palmer resigned, being succeeded by Mr. R. Mathison, the present Superintendent and Principal of the School.

A late distinguished visitor, vividly impressed with what he saw, paid the school this very high tribute: "From time to time the staff has been changed, until now it seems impossible to improve it". Sweet as this is to our ears, we shall not cross our arms content with past laurels, or sit down and weep at no worlds to conquer. Amphion with his lyre could charm the stones into the walls of Thebes, but there is no such magic for a teacher of the deaf. Unsparing devotion, constant toil, method, patience, such are the instruments with which the sublime edifice is reared. The world goes on and the success of to-day should not be the sole contentment of to-morrow: a reason for continual effort. And why should we not be all heart and mind and spirit in this grand, glorious movement? Caesar took 800 towns and the world was dazzled, but what if I unfetter a captive, if I redeem, save one immortal soul? . . . The divine eloquence of the eagle of Meaux, the songs of the swan of the Meander bring less joy to a mother's ears than does that sweet name on the heretofore sealed lips of the child of her bosom. Let you be heartened. Venus gave Galatea life at the instance of Pygmalion. Our work is arduous, but the recompense shall not be beneath Him who dispenses rewards in the eternal mansions.

As sorrow brings friends together, so often do joys. At this particular time we know not of a land that has greater reason to entertain thoughts of thankfulness and tenderest pleasure than this broad American soil and its host of noble schools. Geographically, we may be two peoples. In aim and heart, we are one, whilst in proud results we fain stand peerless!

## LIFE !

The thread of our life would be dark Heaven knows  
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;  
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose  
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.

—Moore.

With frost upon my hair and the sun of Hope gradually going down, I love yet to think and rhetorize and keep bright the memory of earlier days and joy of living! A talk with past hours is a solace to solitude, a comfort and a light in the evening of our terrestrial journey. It helps stay the hand of the grim reaper and lends calm and confidence for the conclusion of our earthly pilgrimage.

Life is a parenthesis between the cradle and the grave. Its dawn is tinted with smiling prospects, not unfrequently baffled by fate, yet full of promise and exuberance. The energetic faculty clears any cloud in the springtime of existence, it determines the glory of summer, the abundance of autumn and the provision of winter. A cheerful disposition, too, facilitates the task as we press through the path of duty. If mokey and repining, we leave the world even before our knell. See what a little philosophy can do! In our silent retreat, we have dreamt of disseminating wisdom. (Better late than never.) Work, therefore, young man; don't roam the streets. There is no real life but useful life. Dive deep into the mines of knowledge; to know is to conquer. Shun idleness which is good neither for the body nor the soul. Success waits on diligence only. If in your prime, beware of arrogance; if advancing in years, do not let despondency destroy your happiness and that of others. But, whether young or old, let not passing things supersede supreme things.

Silence is the best school for reflection; ancient sages made it their rule. I think I owe to my having been so long with mutes the faculty of preaching, if not of practicing, that which is right

and good and noble! Once, too, I was a piano pedagogue, and to that heavenly maid, music, as well as to my pen, I am indebted, no doubt, for the power to fascinate!...

And if I often pass from profound to pleasant, it is because there is nothing more comical than a man who cannot laugh. There will not be lamentations when such a man dies. He was ever griveling and grunting, and the budget of nature's delightful things left him totally insensible. A day fresh with dew and fragrant with roses, he declared dull. A night balmy and set with stars struck no chord in him. Light-hearted lads and lasses, too, know how to meet little mishaps merrily and great troubles bravely. Not he. Colleens and Canadlennes shrunk from him; and if his picture was hung anywhere, it's because they couldn't catch the original. But enough.

Literature may prolong life, but to be immortal in the next world, one must not be eternal in this; moreover the fund of sensible discourse is limited, if not that of jest and badinage. The Greeks sent Aristides into exile because he had been a just man too long. I hold no such fear, yet pray that, when my sun sets, all may be well in that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns!



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