



# CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY

OF HALIFAX, N. S.

## **“Former Officers of the Society”**

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ANNUAL MEETING,

17th FEBRUARY, 1918, BY

MR. JOHN W. REGAN, President;

## **“Ireland’s Debt to John Redmond”**

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT CELEBRATION OF FESTIVAL OF

ST. PATRICK, 17th MARCH, 1918, BY

PROFESSOR H. L. STEWART,  
1st Assistant Vice-President.

(Printed by order of the Society.)

## A SKETCH OF SOME FORMER OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

AT the one hundred and thirty-second annual meeting of the Charitable Irish Society of Halifax held on Monday, March 19, 1918 the membership was reported at 257, the largest in the history of the Society, and the treasurer's report showed the finances to be in a healthy condition. The usual grant of funds was made to the charity committee and an equal amount placed at the disposal of the executive for division between deserving charitable organizations.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—John W. Regan.

Vice-President—John P. Quinn.

1st Assistant Vice-President—Prof. H. L. Stewart.

2nd Assistant Vice-President—E. P. Allison, K. C.

Secretary—W. A. Monaghan.

Assistant Secretary—W. F. Healy.

Treasurer—Edward T. Power.

Financial Secretary—James J. Bellew.

Charity Committee—M. Scanlan, Henry Lovett,  
Michael Connors.

Investigating Committee—P. E. Doyle, William Heenan,  
John Ead.

Auditors—T. C. James, J. J. Penny.

Marshal—Philip Boyle.

At the supper following the business meeting the President, Mr. Regan gave a sketch of some past officers and members, his object he stated being to interest present members in an active campaign to increase the membership and make the society strong and worthy of its long history and its great record of real

usefulness in relieving distress and keeping alive patriotic sentiment. Mr. Regan mentioned casually that while the first recorded meeting of the society was in 1786 there was a tradition that another society may have been founded at an earlier date. D'Arcy McGee and N. F. Davin both refer in their works on the Irish in Canada to "the president of the Charitable Irish Society of Halifax having been appointed a member of His Majesty's Executive Council in 1755." Dr. T. B. Akins is credited with the opinion that the earlier society was not continued during the War of Independence and a new society was organized after the close of the war and the return of normal conditions. It remains to be seen if any evidence of the existence of an earlier society can be produced.

The President's address was in part as follows:

Richard John Uniacke, first President of the Society, represented Halifax in the House of Assembly and was Attorney-General of the Province. He was President in 1786, 1790, 1792, 1795, 1798, 1800, 1809, 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1817, in all twelve times. During this period His Royal Highness Edward, Duke of Kent, was a guest of the Society at five annual dinners. On August 15th, 1815, Attorney General Uniacke presided at a public subscription dinner at Masonic Hall to celebrate the victory of Waterloo, when it is reported one hundred and one toasts were given, covering, it may be imagined, more than one night. Crofton Uniacke, son of the Attorney General, was President in 1810, another son, R. J. Uniacke, Jr., was also a member of the House of Assembly and later sat on the Supreme Court Bench, was President in 1819, 1820, 1821, and still another son, James Boyle Uniacke, was President four times, 1828, 1839, 1840 and 1846. Hon. Richard Bulkeley, who was President in 1787-1793, was Administrator of the Province and member of the old Council. Various other members of the Executive Council held offices in the Society, for instance, Hon. Thomas Cochrane, Hon. Charles Morris, and Charles Hill. John George Pyke, who was President in 1808, represented Halifax in the House of Assembly. Other prominent names among early officers are Capt. Alex. Howe, Lawrence Kavanagh, Peter Lynch, John Albrow, Michael Tobin, and Michael Head.

One of the earliest members of the Society was Rev. James Jones, the first English speaking Catholic Priest regularly in the Province.

Oliver Goldsmith, namesake and grand-nephew of the immortal Oliver, was twice Vice President, and was succeeded in this office by Beamish Murdoch, author of Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia. Just here it may be remarked that Dr. Thomas Akins, author of the History of Halifax, and relative of Murdoch, was a member of the Society but held no office. His name first appears in the membership list of 1834.

Hon. Joseph Allison was President of the Society in 1824. He was a partner of Enos Collins and was a member of the Council and the son of a man who settled in Halifax with his family while on the way from Ireland to Philadelphia. Their ship was wrecked on Sable Island. One branch of the family remained in Halifax, and another branch settled in Sackville, then part of Nova Scotia, from which Mount Allison has received its name.

Lawrence O'Connor Doyle, Hon. Joseph Howe, and Hon. E. Kenny were other Presidents of the Society. Howe became a member in 1832 at the age of twenty-eight, while publishing the Nova Scotian. He won his libel suit in 1835 and was elected President of the Society in February, 1836, which was the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Society. In the fall of the same year Howe was elected to represent Halifax in the House of Assembly and commenced his public career. In 1838 while still President of the Society, Howe paid his first visit to England in company with Sam Slick. They were passengers on the brig "Tyrian" which was overtaken near the English coast by the steamship "Sirius" one of the first steamers to cross the Atlantic. Samuel Cunard was a passenger on the Sirius. In London Howe addressed a powerful letter to the British Government urging the encouragement of regular steam communication with America and with such effect that before he left England a large subsidy was authorized by the aid of which Cunard was enabled to make arrangements to start the Cunard

line. The name of Samuel Cunard appears as a member of the Society prior to 1819.

Thomas C. James was Vice-President in 1837, and H. C. D. Twining in 1841. John S. Thompson, father of Sir John S. D. Thompson, joined the society in 1835. He was associate editor of the Nova Scotian with Howe, and later on succeeded John Howe, father of Joseph Howe, as King's Printer. John Howe was also a member of the Society.

Benjamin Wier was President of the Society in 1856, Thomas E. Kenny, 1861, Hon. James Butler, 1864, Sir M. B. Daly, 1868, Hon. W. A. Henry, 1873, Hon. M. J. Power, 1875, and Sir John S. D. Thompson in 1876. Sir M. B. Daly was elected President fifty years ago, just after his return from Paris, completing his law studies. Later on he represented Halifax in the House of Commons and was Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia for two terms.

Hon. W. A. Henry was a member of the Supreme Court Bench. John S. D. Thompson was born in 1844 and joined the Society in 1868. It is interesting to note the close relations between the families of Howe and Thompson, and that Howe became Provincial Secretary, Minister of the Interior, and Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, and that Thompson became Attorney General of Nova Scotia, Minister of Justice and Premier of Canada.

Among many other members of the Society whose names may be noted in the list of past and current years are Benjamin Salter, Hon. S. G. W. Archibald, Master of the Rolls; Right Rev. John Burke, first Catholic Bishop of Nova Scotia; Hon. B. F. Pearson, J. J. O'Brien, who was secretary and president for many years; P. M. Duggan; John Ead, Sr., T. M. Power; M. Scanlan; Michael O'Brien; Hugh W. Blackadar; Henry Lovett; J. L. Connolly, M. P. P.; William Skerry, John L. Starr, John Courtney, Hon. P. C. Hill, I. H. Mathers, W. T. Allen, His Grace Archbishop McCarthy. John Regan was a member of the Society in 1865. Dr. Edward Farrell was President of the Society on two different occasions.

Other living past Presidents besides Sir Malachy Daly are Judge Wallace, Senator Power, Senator Crosby, M. E. Keefe, John C. O'Mullin, Hon. J. W. Longley, former Attorney General of Nova Scotia, R. E. Finn, M. P. P., James D. O'Connor, John A. Gillis, Felix P. Quinn, and last but not least the retiring president, Hon. George E. Faulkner, who is keeping up the record of so many previous officers, in representing Halifax in the House of Assembly, and being a member of the local government.

Two former members of the Society who are worthy of special reference are Governor John Parr, the last Governor and Captain-General of Nova Scotia, and Rt. Rev. Charles Inglis, grandfather of Sir John Inglis, hero of Lucknow, and first Bishop of Nova Scotia, in fact, the first Bishop in any British Colony. Bishop Inglis was also the founder of Kings College. Parr was a native of Dublin, and Bishop Inglis's father was rector of Killcarr, Donegal.

## IRELAND'S DEBT TO JOHN REDMOND.

OWING to the War it was judged inappropriate to hold the Annual Banquet on St. Patrick's night, 1918, but an informal Supper was held in the Green Lantern. In response to the toast of "Ireland" the following speech was delivered by Professor H. L. Stewart, 1st Assistant Vice-President

*Mr. Vice-President, Your Honour, and Gentlemen of the Charitable Irish Society:*

Irishmen abroad, who rise tonight to respond to the national toast, will differ very widely from one another in the sentiments which they will think it fitting to express, in the estimates which they will think it right to offer regarding their country's present situation, and in the forecast which they will think it reasonable to indulge about what the future holds in store. Someone may remark that this is nothing new, that such divergence in feeling, in judgment and in outlook has been characteristic of men of our race at all times, and that the most bewildering crisis in our affairs can hardly any further confound the long-standing confusion. I remember some years ago, during a general election, that the walls of a certain English town where the Irish vote is strong were inscribed every here and there with the legend "God save Ireland." During the night some wag amended this by prefixing the word "Can" and adding a mark of interrogation, so that as the voters went down next day to their business they were confronted everywhere with the startling and somewhat impious interrogatory, "*Can* God save Ireland?" The newspapers took up the question, dwelt upon the ceaseless quarrels of Irishmen with one another, and asked whether the balm of Gilead itself could minister either solace or healing to a people so torn by internal strife, so resistant against every reconciling hand.

If I were addressing an audience of such unkindly critics, I should try to show a different aspect of this picture. I should ask whether it is not a fact that a charge at least equally frequent is the charge of clannishness, whether we are not reproached just as often because we stand together as a solid block for merely Irish interests, whether our countrymen in Boston and New York and Chicago are not accused of an unscrupulous racial solidarity which has won for them a political influence quite out of proportion to their numbers. I should ask whether this does not indicate a deep-seated underlying harmony of which the differences are a mere ripple on the surface, a harmony of

which a wise statecraft might become able to take advantage. And I should protest that it is a little unfair to attempt to have it both ways round at once, to stigmatise us as unduly quarrelsome when our quarrels can be made appear ludicrous, and to complain that we are unduly unified when our unity makes us unpleasantly powerful. But, gentlemen, we are not tonight on the defensive, and if there is one occasion in all the year when we can afford to make frank admission of our faults, it is to those generous minded friends who come to rejoice with us at the festival of our patron saint.

And so let me frankly confess, as one who has responded here more than once to the toast of Ireland, that during these troubled years this task at the national anniversary has not been free from embarrassment. One cannot, after the fashion of the after-dinner speaker, simply wave the flowers of a panegyricising rhetoric. The record has not been free from stain. What our people has exhibited to the world has been a strange mixture of good and evil, of uncalculating generosity and short-sighted impatience, of disciplined heroism and impetuous passions. These are qualities which have always mingled together in the racial temperament. The story of this war, like the story of almost every war in which Great Britain has been engaged, is crowded with the exploits of Irish soldiers, with the triumphs of Irish generals, with the glory of Irish seamen. It is likewise streaked with the disorder of Irish factionists, with the criminality of foreign agitators who have managed to delude an ingenious but an uninformed peasantry, with the narrowness and self-seeking of partisan leaders, both north and south. We may boast of Sir David Beatty and Sir Bryan Mahon, but we cannot quite forget Roger Casement and Edward de Valera, although the last-named, thank God, like so many of those who have made trouble in Ireland, is an importation from outside. We can speak of the Connaught Rangers and the Dublin Fusiliers, but we must bestow a passing malediction on Sinn Féin.

It is, of course, essential that we should preserve a true perspective in such judgments. If the war were over, and one were writing its history in the calm clear light which patriotism forbids us just now to bring to bear, one would have to assign



and distribute blame with an impartial hand. The strength of Sinn Fein is among the unlettered rabble, worked upon by designing and unscrupulous men. It is no more a reproach to Ireland as a whole that the King's soldiers should have been mobbed in Cork than it is a reproach to Canada as a whole that Canadian soldiers should have been mobbed in Quebec. You can parallel the most outrageous utterances of a Sinn Feiner with utterances similarly outrageous in the Canadian Nationalist Press. And the historically minded are aware of causes in the past, some of them in the recent past, which supply an explanation of Sinn Fein but are by no means available to explain the case of Mr. Bourassa.

The coming critic will, I doubt not, emphasize the lamentable weakness on the part of the Executive Government in permitting free course to sedition in the North, so that it deprived itself of the power to suppress a like sedition in the South. A dozen faults of administration will be indicated, faults against which protest was made by Irish leaders at the time, faults which help us to understand although by no means to justify a great deal that followed. This indeed by no means clears our national repute. It is a sad and a shameful thing that even in the darkest spots of Ireland, even in Clare or Mayo, the sinister hand of the rebel should have been raised. The lesson that it does teach is this, that no further time should be lost in placing the whole country under the guidance of those national chiefs whose loyalty is above all suspicion, who still enjoy the trust of the great mass of the people, and by whom alone the reconsolidation of Ireland can ever be effected. This is the remedy for which a passionate but unheeded plea was again and again put forward by the great chieftain whom we have lost. Mr. Redmond declared, not very long ago, that since the forming of the Coalition Government he and his friends had been excluded from all real influence in the determination of Irish policy. There, it seems to me, lies a sufficient clue to most of the calamities that have befallen us.

Gentlemen, the Executive of this Society hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment, as to whether out of respect to the memory of Mr. John Redmond our celebration of to-night

should not be cancelled. We meet under the shadow of a national disaster. It is a disaster which has fallen not upon Ireland alone, but upon that whole Empire which had come to recognize in Mr. Redmond a statesman of imperial significance, and upon that whole brotherhood of free nations which can so ill spare at this time a leader so faithful to the cause of freedom throughout the world. It is the unanimous tribute of those who were closely associated with him and of those who observed him from afar, of men who differed from his policy not less than of those who aided or followed him, of his most candid critics whether in the press or on the platform or in parliament, that in him a patriot of rare insight and of the purest quality has passed away. But we felt that no decision could have been more remote from the mind and wish of the great man whom we have lost than that we should think to do him honour by ignoring that symbolic day which recalls to us the ideals of national unity for which he lived, and that we could not commemorate him better than by meeting here to keep alive the spirit which he did so much to inspire. Perhaps it will be most appropriate to this toast that I should speak shortly of what Ireland owes to Mr. Redmond, of the stimulus which she has drawn from his work, and which, we trust, she will long continue to draw from his memory.

If the democratic temper had not been so strong in him, he might easily have been tempted to an overweening pride of lineage. You will look long and far among noble houses for a descent quite so ancient as his. The poet has warned us against thinking too much of Norman blood, and perhaps our surest guarantee against doing so is that so little Norman blood now survives about which we can think at all. Every English genealogist knows that it is a rare genealogical tree indeed whose roots go back farther than the Wars of the Roses, while most of them come to an abrupt and a very significant breaking point at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. Mr. Redmond, although it was the last thing of which he would have chosen to boast, was one of the very few to whom the description "Norman blood" might have been applied with literal exactness. A direct ancestor of his was one of the ablest lieutenants who landed as the advance guard of Strongbow on the coast of Wexford just

seven hundred and forty-six years ago. He was thus, curiously enough, descended from those Anglo-Norman conquerors who first made Ireland an English province. But his ancestors have long been among those who interpreted their entry into Ireland not as the acquisition of subject territory, but as the meeting of two races which Providence intended to live in friendship. They quickly became, as the old phrase has it, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Throughout those melancholy centuries when a deplorable effort was made to impose by force English customs, English ascendancy, English religion, we find the name of one Redmond after another among the gallant defenders of native rights. An Alexander Redmond took the lead in the heroic resistance of Wexford to that barbarity which has so stained the memory of Cromwell. His successor was among those who suffered deprivation of house and lands rather than abandon his ancient faith at the bidding of Puritan persecutors. At least one woman of the house achieved a glory which reminds us of Joan of Arc. The rising of 1798 was at least as justifiable as the resistance of France to aggression three hundred years before. And an old print still hangs upon the wall of many a Wexford family, depicting a hot engagement of that time, with a female figure in the foreground, and an inscription below; "The beautiful and accomplished Miss Redmond, seated on horseback, and leading the rebels." Through the nineteenth century, from the time when Parliament was opened to members of the Roman Catholic Church, one representative after another of the old house appears as the champion of his native country in the struggle by which grievance after grievance was redressed. Thus the whole atmosphere in which the departed chief grew up was impregnated with the memory of martyrs of freedom. As he once said himself; "I had been reared and nurtured in the midst of the hills and valleys that witnessed the struggles of '98; I had been taught to regard every scene as a monument of the heroism of our forefathers, and to remember that well nigh every sod beneath my feet marked a hero's sepulchre. One of my proudest recollections has ever been, and it is to-day, that in the dark hour of trial there were not wanting men of my race and name who attested by their lives to their devotion to Ireland." Gentlemen, these traditions count for something, especially in a land of romance. Can we wonder

that the call to the defence of small nationalities should have evoked an answering response in one for whose forefathers for many a century the spirit of the small nationality had been a passion?

Mr. Redmond's public career falls into two parts, parts which those whose purpose it is to exploit division rather than to effect harmony are fond of setting in contrast with each other. The first part was his continuation of the policy and methods of Parnell. It was marked by the constant proclaiming that his purposes were for Ireland alone, that in matters purely British he stood absolutely neutral, and that he would bind himself to no single British party but would support either with perfect indifference as the immediate interest of Ireland might prescribe. It is not difficult, if you search for them, to find in his language phrases of somewhat unbridled force, denunciations of English rule that are very remote from the tone of his later years, aspirations which seem to point to that separatism which he afterwards came so explicitly to repudiate. In the second stage of his leadership we find a sympathetic entering into imperial policy, no longer an exclusive nationalism but an eager support of democratic progress in the Empire as a whole, and the emphatic insistence that the two countries which God hath joined together no man must presume to put asunder. Some men called this a piece of tactics, an artful time-serving, a system of mental reservations, in short a calculated dishonesty fitting itself to the exigencies of the hour. But was it really so?

Mr. Redmond entered public life in those dark days which, thanks to the inspiration of Gladstone, now seem so very remote as to be almost unimaginable. They were days when there was no such thing as an Irish County Council, and the multitudinous affairs which such a Council now transacts, touching so closely the comfort of the people, were in the hands of Crown nominees, carefully chosen so as to exclude the native Irish from all substantial influence in their own country. They were days when even so insignificant a position as that of Justice of the Peace was looked upon as a close preserve for Protestant settlers. They were days when under the horrors of an agricultural system to which, as Gladstone afterwards declared, there was no Euro-

pean parallel save the parallel of Poland, hundreds of farmers were rendered destitute, and many thousands of their children were driven into exile abroad. They were days when three fourths of the Irish people were deprived for conscience' sake of any effective share in higher education. We live in sunnier times, and ought not to revive too often or too vividly the memories of 1881. But if we would understand some lurid passages in Mr. Redmond's earlier oratory, we must reconstruct the circumstances amid which he spoke, and we must bear in mind that it was the very fierceness of his invective that compelled attention to the grievances that have now so happily passed away.

With milder days came milder measures. The dead leader was not of that stupid and vindictive class which continues to brood over bygone and long satisfied complaints. The case for Ireland's self-government was at length studied in Great Britain with candour, with a spirit of justice, with a readiness to do the right even against difficulty and against prejudice. Mr. Redmond responded with the eagerness of his race to the touch of generosity. It was then that he had to confront that array of circumstances which made the most searching demand upon his leadership, and under which his vast powers were most fully revealed. He had to proclaim to Ireland that a new temper was abroad in British statesmanship. It was due to him, more than to any other leader who could be named, that the Irish party came to believe in the real sincerity of the English and Scottish electorate towards Irish problems and Irish reforms. In season and out of season he preached that the day of violence was over that the day of mutual understanding had come, and that the day of cordial co-operation was not far off. He was the apostle of a reconciling spirit in Anglo-Irish relations. And he gave the pledge of what was to come on that memorable day in August 1914 when he guaranteed the whole strength of his influence to the Allied Powers in the struggle that was impending. Half a million Irishmen from all parts of the world have fought on the side of the Allies. Of these an incalculable number were moved by Mr. Redmond's appeal.

One might speak much of the inexhaustible tact and patience

and considerateness with which he guided the national movement for Home Rule. He never underestimated its difficulties. He knew well the mountain of prejudice that was to be overcome in North East Ulster. But like Parnell before him he held tenaciously to the principle that not a single Irishman could be spared in shaping Ireland's future, and he was ready for any and every compromise, short of sacrificing the great cause itself, by which fears might be allayed and opposition overcome. His warfare was often with policies but never with persons. In the most heated controversy he could be trusted to say no exasperating word. Amid manifold provocation he could not be tempted to recriminate. For, like him of old on a great national enterprise, he would say to his most insulting detractors, "I am doing a great work and I cannot come down. Why should the work cease while I come down to you?"

Gentlemen, if report speaks truly, the last hours of Mr. Redmond were saddened by the thought that he had lived in vain. Such misgivings, one must remember, are not characteristic of the men whose work has really been sterile, for their work, such as it is, has been all on the surface, and it must be poor indeed if it vanishes before their own eyes. These misgivings are rather apt to visit him who has sown seed that will take time to fructify, and has built foundations that are too deep to be conspicuous. Yet we can well understand what Mr. Redmond had in mind, if it is true that he passed so melancholy a judgment upon himself. The ideals I have mentioned as belonging so closely to his later leadership had, one and all, suffered a disastrous reverse. He had aimed to reconcile Irish parties, yet he seemed to be leaving the note of controversy not less acrid and not less strident than he had found it. He had tried to heal the old estrangement from Great Britain, to bury old memories and to calm old bitterness; yet he was fated to see a fresh and most serious rising, in which long forgotten grievances were once more brandished, and the embers of ancient hate were fanned anew into a flame. The self-government upon which he had set his heart had been again and again deferred until his heart might well be sick, and he was leaving the scene of his long struggle with the prospect that the whole fabric which he had so slowly built up was once more to be taken to pieces.

Most discouraging of all was the thought that the morale of a section of his own followers had been sapped. He lived to hear fantastic nonsense preached and applauded about an Irish republic. He lived to see his policy of peaceful and constitutional persuasion replaced, when it was on the verge of triumph, by the fatuous appeal to force, which dishonoured the Irish race, sent hundreds of Irishmen to their death, and laid the beauties of the Irish capital in ruins. He lived to hear himself reviled as untrue to principles that were dearer to him than life. He knew that most of the long chapter of calamities might have been avoided if the sincerity with which he held out the hand of friendship four years ago had been met with an answering trust. And he was passing away at a moment, when, as everyone knew, and he must have known himself, his special combination of qualities was more essential than ever before to the land that he loved. Where shall we find a more exquisite pathos than in the spectacle of anxieties and disappointments, the misconstruction of enemies and the disloyalty of supposed friends, the whole setting of noble but unrealized purpose, of buoyant yet ever frustrated hope, amid which so magnanimous a career has drawn to its close?

And yet, could anyone but himself have been in doubt as to the vastness of the work that he had achieved? Viewed simply as service to Ireland, his leadership had been marked by at least three capital measures of reform, the Land Purchase Act, the County Councils Act, and the Universities Act. The first introduced on an immense scale a system of occupying ownership. The second established popular administration of county business. The third extended the blessings of higher education without offence to conscience among three fourths of the Irish people. But Mr. Redmond's achievement was not measured by the reforms which he lived to see in operation. The grand purpose of all, the establishing of his race's autonomy under the British Crown, was brought for the first time really in sight. Amid the troubles of the hour, so menacing because so untimely, let us not forget that the Home Rule Act has been passed and signed, and that by universal consent, whatever change may be introduced into its details, the central principle is secure. For that principle is committed to the guardianship of a converted

British democracy, and its reversal is now but the despairing dream of those reactionaries who still look for an ebb in the ever flowing tide of democratic advance throughout the world.

Gentlemen, taking all the admitted risks of prediction, I venture to say that before many years the toast which has so long stood on our annual list, that to the memory of O'Connell, will be not more enthusiastically honoured than another toast to the memory of him who in truth completed O'Connell's work. It will be honored, I trust, with equal warmth although Mr. Redmond's methods were less spectacular, less violent, but not less efficacious. And it will assuredly be honoured not less but rather more because, like another great national chieftain he was permitted only a Pisgah view of the land to which he had marched so many years through the desert. For he will be thought of as inspired by that rarest of all heroisms, the heroism of him who has not only to live but to die in faith, not having received the promises.