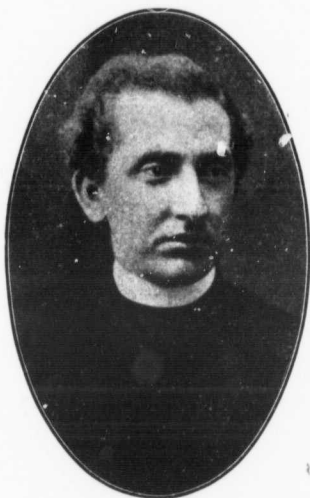


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Rev. Mr. J. Ferguson, D. D.

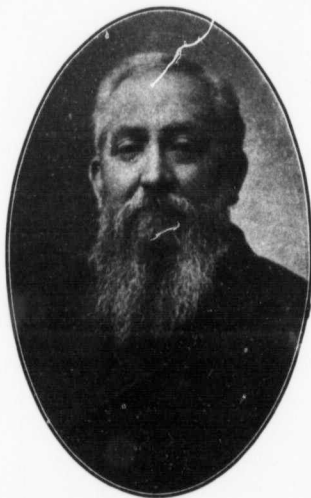
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AT THIRTY



AT FIFTY



AT SEVENTY

Rev. M. J. Ferguson, C.S.B.

A Memoir

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REV. M. J. FERGUSON, C.S.B.

ALL students of Cardinal Newman are familiar with his luminous essay, entitled "Discipline and Influence". There is a class of men whose force in great movements and whose sway over the conduct of others is exerted chiefly through an ability to maintain strict adherence to order and method, to maintain a system of discipline equally inflexible and irresistible. These occupy posts of honor; management of important undertakings, leadership of great organizations and institutions are committed to their care. The result of their efforts under ordinary circumstances is readily apparent. There is another class, different from the former in almost every respect unless in the desire to serve a great cause, who readily acknowledge their unfitness for any administrative position, who never appear clothed in the prerogatives of authority, but who, through a singular foresight and breadth of vision, a depth and vigour of thought, a sincerity of conviction, a capacity for putting their views within the grasp of others, are controlling the motives and shaping the lives

not only of those with whom they come in contact, but even of generations to whom their names will ever remain unknown. These are they whose power for good is described as Influence.

Throughout the course of history great movements have been carried to a successful issue by the co-operation of these two forces; men representing both types were necessary, the one to the other. To a certain extent the contrast explains the difference in contributions made to European civilization by ancient Greece and Rome. If we can consider St. Peter the man of executive capacity, qualifying for the headship of the infant Church, we can easily discover in St. Paul the man of gifted personality and forcible conviction, making captive the minds and hearts of all, leading them on to understand that Church's doctrines and to submit to Her salutary sway. At a critical hour in the Church's history when there was need for strenuous effort in Her defence, St. Ignatius, the man of method and discipline, St. Philip Neri, the man of influence and no discipline, and the societies of which they were the respective founders, united to win back an erring world. In our own day no one fails to recognize that during the re-establishment of Catholicity in England, while Cardinal Manning was eminently fitted for the

task of organization and administration devolving upon the Archbishop of the Metropolitan See, future ages will associate the reconciliation of English minds to the tenets of the Ancient Church, and the submission of England's people to the Chair of Peter, with the unbounded influence of the great Cardinal who spent his days in the quiet and humble avocations of a simple priest.

Assumption College, Sandwich, probably owes most of her greatness to a similar happy combination. In Father — afterwards Archbishop — O'Connor, her founder and superior for twenty years, she possessed a disciplinarian capable of achieving almost any result attainable by the maintainance of order and system in the enforcement of a vigorous policy. The noblest endeavours of her staff, their realization day by day of the greatness of their calling, their breadth of view their intense sympathy with the spirit of the institution, were largely due to the inspiration of one who for twice twenty years lived and moved among them. Both have gone to their reward, but the splendid traditions which took possession of the place under their harmonious guidance have continued to claim the homage of succeeding generations, and actuate the lives of those to whose sway her destinies have since been entrusted.

St. Michael's College enrolled its first students September 1852. On the twenty-third day of October was registered the name of Michael Joseph Ferguson, who on the same date nine years later was ordained priest. He was then some months past his twenty-second birthday. Of the intervening nine years—from thirteen to twenty-two—three had been divided between teaching a district school and performing the duties of clerk in a country village general store. During part of the six years devoted to prosecuting his studies in the classical philosophical and theological courses he belonged to the teaching staff of the College. Thus was completed his opportunities for an education. Though called upon in after life to fill in turn every position demanding advanced scholarship, he was, unless in the bare fundamentals, a self-made man. As might be expected he often referred to this with regret, a regret that was shared in universally. It was natural that his colleagues and pupils of successive years were given to discuss what might have been the result had one so magnificently gifted been accorded the advantages ordinarily considered essential to the formation of a college professor. But these were pioneer days in the work of Catholic education and the difficulty of securing competent teachers, and

the ever-increasing demand for priests, consequent upon the rapid growth of population in a new country deprived more than one aspirant to the ministry of that complete rounded-out instruction their more favoured successors in our day are enjoying.

THE PULPIT ORATOR

During the ten years immediately following his ordination, Father Ferguson was teacher of Rhetoric class in St. Michael's College and pastor of St. Basil's Church. His reputation as a preacher and orator dates from this period. At the suggestion of the Archbishop of Toronto he had taken his place in the pulpit when still sub-deacon. To say that the Catholic pulpit of Canada has never produced his equal is a statement to which, daring as it may seem, all in a position to pronounce have ever been willing to concede. Pulpit orators we may have had whose sermons bore a more masterly finish, whose compositions were in more perfect accord with the canons of rhetorical art, who formed their sentences and selected their words with a more punctilious regard for variety and grace of expression, whose training in elocution gave greater advantages in gesture and movement, but none with that originality and lofti-

ness of conception, that brilliancy of imagination, those flights of fancy and impassioned eloquence, that vividness of expression, that marvellous power over language always surprising in its freshness and force. He lacked none of the gifts of the real orator. His voice was strong, clear resonant and pleasing in the highest degree and these qualities it retained with little or no diminution even in the last years of his life. A forehead broad and high, an eye large, bright, and penetrating, a countenance open, cheerful, winning, lighted up as it were by the charms of the magical genius within, at once took possession of his audience and secured their keenest interest and sympathy.

In those early years, and for that matter all his life he preached frequently, and usually with a very limited time for preparation. In another sense he was always prepared. An hour's notice, allowing some leisure to go over the subject in his mind and give it some form and arrangement often sufficed. Many of the sermons which held his hearers spellbound were prepared and delivered under such conditions. For many occasions, however, his sermons were written out in full, though never delivered as written. It was impossible to tie a genius so full of creative power to one set of words and expressions. Of his fifty-two years in

the priesthood there were only a few—five or six perhaps—in which he was not called upon to conduct the May devotions. In college year after year, we watched anxiously for the return of this event. Twenty or twenty-five minutes each evening, thirty-one times in succession never seemed long. Occasionally his words lacked their usual interest and charm—even the most gifted have their dull days; but generally each one of these obscure efforts was a real gem of oratory, solid, instructive, clear, every truth driven home, often rising to the highest flights of eloquence, in language at once forceful, beautiful, edifying, breathing a spirit of deepest faith and piety.

His continued reluctance to appear in the pulpit on extraordinary occasions has probably never been understood by even the majority of his lifelong acquaintances. It was really a question of physical endurance. Call it modesty or timidity if you will, or that nervous condition without which it is said, the real orator cannot be, the effect was fatal. Notwithstanding all his experience in public speaking the day or two immediately anticipating an event at all out of the ordinary so exhausted his strength that when the hour actually arrived he lacked vitality sufficient to carry him through the task.

THE TEACHER

From 1873 to 1913 Father Ferguson was in Sandwich. His class, his books, his flower garden, with now and then a walk to Windsor made up nearly all the diversity his life enjoyed during those forty years. It was the career of one at once professor, student and recluse. His reading was varied and unceasing. Whether it was a novel of Dickens, a volume on constitutional history, a nineteenth century scientific treatise, his interest was always keen, and his appreciation intelligent and sound. Thanks to a prodigious memory little of this was lost. He could at any time reproduce exactly a line of argument developed by an author whose works he had not opened for years previous. The wealth of information thus accumulating week after week seemed exhaustless. No matter what topic came up in the class room or in conversation he entered upon the discussion, apparently in possession of every detail connected with it, and most generally his thorough treatment of the subject left no place for further argument or enquiry. In an educational institution there is of course no estimating the value of one so armed and so disposed. Old and young, students and professors alike, on a thousand occasions of difficulty or doubt presenting itself, a question arising in class

matter, a point bitterly contested in debate, an allusion not explained in the volume at hand, always felt there was one within easy reach from whom a full solution could be secured.

Among the letters addressed to the College upon the announcement of his death the following is from the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Leavenworth.

Kansas City, May 2nd, 1913.

Rev. dear Father,

Your card announcing the death of Father Ferguson reached me this a.m. To-morrow morning I will say Mass for the repose of his soul. If not too much trouble I will kindly ask you to send the papers containing an account of his death, funeral, the sermon preached on the occasion, and a biography of his noble life. Thirty-three years ago I was a pupil of his and I remember very distinctly his noble, edifying life in the classroom and out of it. As a professor he ranked all others that I ever knew. May he rest in peace. Wishing yourself and College, professors and students, every blessing and success. I am

Yours sincerely in Christ,

JOHN WARD,
Bishop of Leavenworth.

Notwithstanding the eminent authority quoted in support of this appreciation the reader must not be surprised to find those who will call it in question. There is a wide diversity of view upon what constitutes the merit of a real teacher. Children commencing school at the age of six will nine or ten months later read almost any article in the columns of an ordinary newspaper. This is certainly a feat, but nevertheless a feat accomplished in our day by ninety out of every hundred of our primary school instructors. Teachers-in-training with no pretensions to ability beyond the ordinary, acquire this in a year of normal school drill. Or from a community of sisters undertaking to conduct parochial schools, we find year after year one succeeding another in the various classes and practically all competent to produce the most desirable results. Nearly every pupil in both higher and lower grades is working nowadays towards an examination. That a student has familiarised himself with the history of different periods, or reads and writes a foreign language with facility, or has made his way through many a knotty problem in algebra or geometry is certainly no mean accomplishment, and the teacher who within a limited period can advance a class through any of these stages has shown an efficiency

by no means to be despised. Generally this is our measure of a teacher, and progress such as this we are disposed to call education. It is doubtful if Father Ferguson ever gave much attention to the methods of class work recommended in schools of pedagogy, or to the text-books in use there. It is on the whole regrettable that they did not receive more of his attention. But usually one who has fathomed so many secrets in the world of learning experiences an instinctive abhorrence of systems and prefers to follow his own lead and work out his own line of procedure, often of course to the detriment of interests with whose welfare he is charged. Were an accurate acquaintance with the structure of Latin and Greek syntax the final test of success in Rhetoric class, were a capacity to review with exactitude the propositions of Hurter the highest evidence of proficiency in Dogmatic Theology, it is altogether likely that most colleges and seminaries provide instructors more highly deserving the title of teacher than the long-experienced Professor of Dogma at Sandwich. It was not to exactness in recitation, or systematic drill, or faithful adherence to the plan of the text-book that class owed its excellence. But if our notion of a teacher is that of one whose words are a constant source of inspiration, who helps us to

grasp profound and all-important truths, who deals not so much with rules and formulae and specific demonstrations as with ideas and motives and happenings which produced great movements among men, whose interest in what is great and far-reaching stimulates our desire to cope with the same, who leads us on to see the great things for time and eternity, if he turns out pupils with aims more lofty and self-sacrificing, anxious to lead better lives, capable of doing nobler deeds, then, certainly, the subject of this essay may be no less than the estimate passed upon him by his illustrious pupil. Any further comment on this question naturally suggests the words of Carlyle:

"My Teachers," says he, "were hide-bound Pedants, without knowledge of man's nature, or of boy's; or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account-books. Innumerable dead Vocables (no dead Language, for they themselves knew no Language) they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of the mind. How can an inanimate, mechanical Gerund-grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured at Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of mind which grows, not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological compost) but like

a spirit, by mysterious contact of spirit; thought kindling itself at the fire of living thought? How shall he give kindling, in whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterschlag Professors knew syntax enough; and of the human soul thus much: that it had a faculty called Memory, and could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch-rods."

It is often said German Universities turn out scholars, scientists and mechanics, Oxford turns out men.

Many of the best results come from teaching which is purely incidental. Residents in Sandwich College were more or less under tuition all the time they spent in Father Ferguson's presence. He possessed in a marked degree that truest of all instincts characteristic of the real teacher—the desire to communicate to others what one has read or been occupied with. No matter how limited his audience, the few within hearing at table, a small group enjoying an after-dinner pipe, a companion on a walk, his remarks at any time were likely to turn upon an event in European history, or develop into an exposition of some theological doctrine, or launch out into the discussion of some problem in psychology or sociology. A

listener now and then may have inwardly protested against the serious form conversation assumed on recreation hours, but generally all were rapt in close attention and entered into the topic treated with genuine enthusiasm. They whose privilege it was to join him regularly on recreation after the midday and evening meals often say that all they heard from a staff of University professors during an entire four years was less of an inspiration than the informal discussions animating those half-hour parades in the long corridor. Father Ferguson was wont to remark that life had no pastime to compare with the study of algebra. Often when he was one of the instructors in this department he would entertain his companion the entire recreation with algebra as the topic of conversation, and through a faculty known to himself alone succeeded in making the discussion a real entertainment.

As it is a teacher's primary duty to watch over and direct the reading of his pupils, so there is no higher evidence of the influence he has exerted over those committed to his care than ability to exercise a lasting control over their choice of books. Father Ferguson's admiration for Newman and Brownson was simply unbounded; the doctrines they respectively taught, the positions they main-

tained, the arguments they advanced, were quoted and turned to account in every possible circumstance. A glance at the private libraries of many Detroit and London pastors discovers the complete works of one or the other or both occupying a prominent shelf. Even in his early years as a priest he had succeeded in arousing a wide-spread interest in the literary character of the great English Cardinal; indeed it is doubtful if at any time any other this side the Atlantic has done so much to familiarise the reading public with the writings of that author, at once among the greatest of modern theologians as he is unquestionably among the greatest masters of English prose.

HIS ORIGINALITY

It goes without saying that his unparalleled success both as teacher and preacher was largely due to the charms of his unfailing originality. In his extensive library, constantly being replenished, no one might ever expect to find the inevitable accession—volumes of sermons. It were nothing short of the impossible that one so constituted could bring himself to deliver the compositions of another. His conception of a subject, his method of presenting it, the striking illustrations drawn from every available source, were peculiarly

his own. Even when the occasion called for a sermon on a topic so exhaustively and universally treated as the Efficacy of Prayer or Our Lady's Intercession, what he had to say was something which would occur to no one else in the world to say.

I remember once hearing him address an audience of young boys when the subject was Co-operation with Grace. In language distinctly his own one illustration was such as this:

"You have often in the spring-time gone off looking for birds' nests. You have watched the mother-bird feeding her young. No trouble is too great for her to take; she flies away great distances, and after seeking here and there carries the worm she has found back to the nest. The young bird opens wide its mouth to receive the food. This is his part; the mother cannot do it for him; if he refuses to do this all the mother's care and efforts would be in vain. So it is with us. There is no describing the tenderness and care with which God teems His grace upon us. But we on our part must accept this grace and use it; if we fail in this, God's greatest love and kindness will not save us. Like the little bird we shall perish and be lost forever."

Preaching the annual retreat to the Father's of his own community he introduced the sermon on Obedience by the following comparison:

"What a mighty piece of construction is a modern locomotive. Seeing it for the first time, its length and height and weight, the large vigorous frame-work of its various parts, we should suppose it was intended not for motion at all, rather to remain at rest, a solid, stationary structure. But when, by the simple process of opening a valve, the engineer turns the force of steam upon the mechanism, it rushes through space with almost inconceivable rapidity and imparts the same motion to tens of thousands of tons in its train. Similarly when we perform an action through obedience we turn into it all the power of God."

Descriptions such as these will be recognized as characteristic of his method of illustrating abstract truth.

IN CONVERSATION

It has often been contended that neither as orator or teacher was his real greatness apparent. He was above everything else a conversationalist. Without pretending to say what gifts are essential to pre-eminence in this art is it not probable that here more than in any other accomplishment

originality of thought and expression are strictly indispensable? Without possessing either, teachers and preachers have often made reputations; conversationalists never. To the peculiar novelty and freshness of his ideas and the interest they aroused, there was added that readiness and brilliancy of expression which revealed the working of an imagination always lively and fervid, of sentiments always broad, generous and sympathetic. Words, phrases, sentences, of singular force and beauty came to him in endless variety and apparently without the slightest effort, and they assumed different shapes and fell back upon one another, or gave way to something entirely new, as if beneath the spell of a magician's wand. Nothing of his gifts is so often referred to with unchanging admiration as this, his wonderful command of language. Students of his early years, now looking back over a lifetime's records never hesitate to say that nowhere, before the bar, or from the bench, in University Halls, on the lecture platform, or from the Halls of Parliament, have they known any one who so revealed the possibilities of our mother tongue as did their old professor at Sandwich. The charm of all this was wonderfully enhanced by that rich, resonant voice, by a manly and vigorous tone, by an articulation rarely

admitting of defects. Though constitutionally entertaining something like contempt for appearances and externals he was accurate, vigilant, almost punctilious in observing the niceties of pronunciation.

THE REVIEWER

For many years Father Ferguson was a regular contributor to the columns of Catholic papers. His contributions, like all literature seeking publication through such mediums, survived little longer than the issue. I am not aware of anything from his pen appearing in more ambitious periodicals. or of his having devoted himself to the preparation of any form of composition with the intention of its being preserved. Perhaps it was better so. His articles discussed questions of the hour in an easy and graceful style, but most probably they who enjoyed intimate acquaintance with the author missed from the words committed to print the irresistible force and charm of the living voice, the breathing forth of a great orator's personality. Intimate friends of Dr. Samuel Johnson were wont to express regret that one of his eminent ability and masterly scholarship spent so much time in what appeared idle discussion, and so little with his pen. Such wonderful effusions should

have been preserved for posterity. No one regrets it now, nor since; posterity has not been cheated of its share. Many keen minds were assimilating the rich food laid out before them in abundance and they and their disciples were storing up treasures to be squandered on future generations. What other among English man of letters is better understood to-day than this burly, frank, unconventional, whole-souled sage of the eighteenth century, and how few know him from the writings he left behind? For similar reasons we can understand that when the subject of this sketch, forgetful of all others, was content to deliver his message day by day to those who lived in the shadow of his forceful personality and caught his words as they fell, he was leaving the impress of sincere convictions so truly indelible that they were sure to survive in all their lustre long after the very name of their author had been forgotten forever.

PROMOTIONS

The teacher of rhetoric class at twenty-three continued to possess the title, practically without interruption, until his days for regular class work had come to an end. Having in the year 1883 entered upon his duties as superior of a new found-

ation in Plymouth, England, he was obliged for reasons of health to relinquish his post and return to Sandwich a few weeks later. In 1889 he was named Provincial of Canada; why nothing came of this appointment has not yet been explained to the public. Except on these two occasions his well-known aversion to anything like promotion was respected in the councils of the Community. Modest and retiring in disposition, as willing to avoid dealing with the public as escape the excitement and strain of administrative duties, his life of study suffered no interruption. The peculiar activity which the bent of his talents lead him to exert was given every scope for fullest development. We read how St. Thomas Aquinas prayed never to be appointed to any position in the Order, and are almost tempted to say, "Yes, as a matter of course." The prayer he humbly breathed forth might in another similarly gifted have been inspired by the mere desire to cling to that for which he was most eminently fitted and in devotion to which his greatest achievements and greatest distinction could be obtained. A contemporary of Mr. Disraeli full of admiration for the work he was accomplishing in the field of literature was heard exclaiming, "What a tragedy that he should have abandoned all this to become

a mere prime minister." Certain it is that Sandwich students of all those years have no reason to regret that appointment to posts of honour never tempted Father Ferguson away from pursuits which made his life so great a benefit to them.

THE RELIGIOUS

Those of us whose duty it has been to deal with college boys and young men year after year have more than once experienced bitter disappointment because a student of exceptional ability evinced a corresponding indifference to the interests of his soul. Not unfrequently this is the case. We know how often abroad the leading pupil, brought up in the very bosom of the Church has become her most unrelenting enemy. No one in sane mind, of course, pretends for a moment that there is anything in religious teaching that should not appeal to the intellectual student. But there is such a thing as being absorbed in the fascinations of secular studies to the neglect of what is more important, just as it is possible for a man in business to give all his attention to this world's concerns and thus forget the next. It is always easier to do one thing than two. He is truly great who knows how to keep one in proper subordination to the other. Outlining principles of Catholic educa-

tion in which he was willing to make profession of faith Cardinal Newman did not hesitate to say:

1. "That as a rich man or a man in authority has his serious difficulties in getting to Heaven, so also has the learned."

2. "That the more a man is educated, whether in theological or secular science, the holier he needs to be if he would be saved."

3. "That devotion and self-rule are worth all the intellectual cultivation in the world."

4. "That in the case of most men, literature and science and the habits they create, so far from ensuring these highest of gifts indispose the mind towards their acquisition."

And with this possibility confronting the student's future it is with a feeling of relief, with mingled feelings of reverence and delight, that we turn to take one more view of the great scholar whose career we have been examining. As it may be said without any fear of giving offence that among all the students who have crossed the portals of old St. Michael's during her five and three score years none other possessed intellectual endowments so great, so none have been more remarkable in their child-like simplicity of Faith. His was the life of one to whom familiarity with great things accomplished by man only served to show

more clearly the greatness of man's Creator and Master. In everything he saw the Hand of God and this spirit was constantly reflecting itself in his conversation, in all he said and did. Nor is this at all surprising to those who know the simple story of his youth. Brought up by the best of fathers (his mother, equally pious, died when he was a child) he was early schooled to remember that there is only one thing necessary. This venerable man of whom Father Ferguson used to tell that he had learned to read but could not write, amid unceasing toil and struggle, such as all Ontario's first settlers endured to provide for their homes and families, had always found time and opportunity for many forms of private devotion and faithfully trained his household to the same. It was the very model of a true Christian home. A second, third, and fourth generation in large numbers—among them several priests and religious—to-day by the faith and piety of their lives tell of the noble lessons handed down to them in the example of their saintly ancestor. Thus it was the impressions received before the age of fourteen, before he left his father's home for college, that more than anything else stamped the character of the future priest and religions. They were never forgotten and as is exemplified in almost

every instance, no other influence in education is capable of taking their place. As a religious Father Ferguson's life admitted of positively no deviation from the fixed routine. He was regular almost to a fault. The Breviary and daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament were always attended to at the same hours and these the first possible. Up to his last illness he never failed to take part in the regular exercises of the house, making it a rule to be in his place in the community room when the bell rang. It was edifying beyond the ordinary to watch the old man, who for a half a century had preached God's Word to others with such understanding and unction, still following every sentence of the spiritual reading with all the attentiveness of the most scrupulous novice.

Father Faber says somewhere that the sanctification of the student is the first purpose of dogma and controversy perhaps not even the thirty-first. The standard had always found a faithful follower in the theology teacher at Sandwich. Nothing better describes his conception of his task. It was of much less importance to discourse with all the learning of the schools than to know God and His ways because in them we find the path to eternal salvation. The teacher of theology, he said, it was in whose outstretched hand should shine that

beacon light high and clear. He tried to make his students understand that as leaders of God's people less depended on their being able to say at what point the law ceased to oblige, to draw the exact line between what is grievous and what is only partially so, than upon inspiring them, when God's interests are at stake, to give themselves to His service with generous and courageous hearts. No doubt his pupils after years in the exercise of the sacred ministry have still visions of that old theological class room as a canvas on which was portrayed the character of the devoted exemplary priest.

AS A COMPANION

The picture is far from complete. To all who knew him the mention of his name recalls the genial, kindly smile, the easiness of access, the keen sense of humour, the fondness for dwelling upon trivial incidents in the distant past, the disposition to magnify the heroic deeds of his childhood acquaintances, the lasting affection for all who at any time commanded his admiration. Some will also be reminded of certain occasions whereon that mild, cheerful countenance grew stern, when strong feelings found expression in unqualified disapproval. He had nothing but contempt for a

line of conduct which revealed an evident disregard for principle, he had no patience with those who would insist on saying or doing what was clearly unreasonable. We meet people of the world given to express their indignation in forms which the Second Commandment will scarcely tolerate, and though not condoning the terms, in the spirit which provoked them there is something we cannot help admiring. Behind that outburst of passion lies an unswerving regard for sincerity and truth and a consequent intolerance for everything that takes its rise in mere sham and dishonesty. Men of broad intellectual grasp are usually actuated by the deepest regard for principle, and the deeper the regard the greater difficulty in understanding the attitude of those who can be lead on by a baser motive. And the explanation is just here; principle has little force with minds incapable of conceiving it. As the philosopher has said "For the man of true intellect is the noble-hearted man withal, the true, just, humane, and valiant man".

THE END

Though of a constitution on the whole robust and vigorous Father Ferguson was from early manhood a victim of physical indisposition which at times became acute and wrought him intense

suffering. It is not God's way to give his servants immunity from what is painful; the quiet, peaceful life of the cloister is ever visited by the keenest trials. In the early summer of 1912 the old trouble asserted itself once more, this time in a form unusually serious, and before long it was evident that the last illness was at hand. Gradually growing weaker he lingered on month after month, and the ever active mind which had always sought occupation either in work or books had now the distraction usually meted out to the bed-ridden patient, the privilege of gazing upon the four walls of a sick room. Through all his patience was admirable, and his manner even bright and engaging. What most impressed nurses and visitors was his delicate sense of gratitude for the least service rendered him. The many years of calm deliberation, the years of ready submission to the exactions of religious life, the oft-repeated acts of resignation to sufferings and sorrows, had not been in vain. Slowly and quietly the long dreary fall and winter passed by. Towards the end of April the figure so long familiar to everyone in and around Assumption was seen no more.

Within the walls hallowed by his memory, professors, old-students, visitors, enjoying a few minutes together live over again some scene or

event of bygone days and breathe a prayer for the eternal happiness of one the mention of whose name brings back so much that is pleasant to recall. The lessons of the great master live on though the voice that gave them forth is silent forever.