A BIT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY
RT. REV. ALEX. MACDONALD, D. D.
BISHOP OF VICTORIA.
Victoria, B. C.

WILLOWS PRESS
2053 BAUDAIN STREET
VICTORIA, B. C.

"What does the beggar look like, and what has he got to say about himself?"

A BIT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

RT. REV. ALEX. MACDONALD, D. D.
BISHOP OF VICTORIA.
Victoria, B. C.

WILLOWS PRESS
2050 HAULTAIN STREET
VICTORIA, B. C.

FOREWORD

My only object in penning these Autobiographical Notes was to seek help in our financial difficulties. For this I used them among my friends in the East, and for this I now put them in print. Though as keenly alive, I think, as any one can well be, to the feeling which finds expression in the words of the parable, "to beg I am ashamed," dire necessity has made me one of the greatest beggars, perhaps, in North America.

+Alexander MacDonald.

Victoria, B. C., Octave of the Ascension, 1920.

CHILDHOOD

SIXTY years ago today (Monday February 18, 1918), I was born at South West Mabou, Inverness Co., C. B., Nova Scotia. One of my first memories is being carried by my grandmother (Catherine Campbell MacDonald) on her back into the fields where people were making hay. On January 10th, 1873, I entered St. Francis Xaviers College, or rather the high school of that institution. Six years after, in September, 1879, I was sent to Rome to make my studies for the priesthood in the Urban College of Propaganda.

When the time came for my receiving tonsure and minor orders, I wrote home for a certificate of my baptism, but it was found that there was no record of it in the parish register. I was christened (as I learned some ten years ago) in the home of my grandfather, where the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, V.G., of Mabou was holding a station. I was thought to be dying, and they hastened to bring me to the priest for baptism the very morning that I was born. He, no doubt, jotted down the record, but failed afterwards to enter it in the register. Luckily both of my god-parents were still living in the early eighties, and were able to furnish the needful attestation. But, according to them, the 16th of March was my birthday.

Years after I became a priest, I visited the home of a cousin of my father's. She told me that I was

born on the 18th of February. The reason she remembered it so well was that her own son, who bore the same name as myself (we were both named after my grandfather), was born some hours before me—he in the earlier, I in the later hours of the same night (February 17-18).

In 1910, I was able to verify her statement. During a visit to my grandfather's, as I was sitting in the parlor, my aunt said, "It was in this room you were christened." She told me that Father MacDonald was in the habit of holding his first Lenten station in their house. He used to start out from Mabou on the afternoon of Ash Wednesday, come to their place, hear confessions in the evening, and say Mass the next morning. The reason he came to their place first was that he could cross Mabou harbor with his horse and sleigh on the ice, thus saving quite a round. If he put it off till later the ice might not be safe.

I have still among my books a Latin prayer book, "Paradisus Animae Christianae," which I got in Rome. I was told that it had been left for me by my predecessor from the diocese of Antigonish in the same institution—the present Archbishop of Toronto. The book was published in the year that I was born—1858. And it appears from the table of movable feasts placed at the beginning of it, that Ash Wednesday, in 1858, fell on the 17th of February.

Yesterday a booklet on Lourdes fell into my hands. From this also I gathered that the 18th of February, 1858, was a Thursday, and the day on which the Blessed Virgin appeared for the third

time to Bernardette, in a niche in the rocks of Massabielle. The writer happened to mention that an apparition took place on Sunday, the 21st of February, from which it follows that the 18th was a Thursday. I thank God and Our Lady that I got the light of faith in baptism a few hours after I first saw the light of day, and about the time the Virgin was appearing to Bernardette in the grotto of Lourdes. I believe I owe this favor to the Virgin herself, who has been to me a tender mother ever since I lost my own in childhood (I was but 12 years of age when she died), though I, alas, in boyhood's days was very far from being a true son. But she gave me her own name the day I was ordained priest, at St. John Lateran's, March 8th, 1884. It happened in this way:

All of us young levites were prostrate on the floor of the great basilica while Monsignor Stonor (Archpriest of the Lateran) called out our names, to which we answered "Adsum—Present." The list from which he read was made out by some Italian, who was not an adept in the writing and spelling of strange names. Anyhow, the name that he read out and to which I responded was "Alessandro Maria Donald—Alexander Mary Donald."

* *
*

I will mention a couple of incidents of my childhood as showing the close watch parents should keep over their children, and the value of paternal correction. When I was between five and six years of age, I stole a shilling from my father. Other little boys and myself wanted to buy something,

and I undertook to get the money. A chest of drawers stood in a corner of our parlor. One of the upper drawers was locked. There my father kept his money—silver, for bank notes were unknown in those days. I found that by pulling out the other drawer I could get my hand into the locked one. So I abstracted the coin. I know not how it came to the knowledge of my father that it was I who had stolen it, but, anyhow, he found it out. Calling me into the room, he spoke to me in such a way as to make me sob bitterly. What served most of all to burn into my soul his stern words of reproof was his saying that I was going to be like a certain person in the neighborhood who had a well-merited reputation for taking by stealth things that did not belong to him. His words and the tones of his voice are still as fresh in my ears as if they were uttered yesterday. I do not think I have ever since that day been even tempted to steal. May God reward him in Heaven for the salutary lessons he taught me both by word and deed!

* *
*

When I was fourteen, I was present at the raising of a frame in the neighborhood. A "rising," as it was known among the farmer folk, was quite an event in a country place, and always drew a large crowd. The greater number came to work, but a few also to look on and swap stories. The one who was sure of foot and nimble in walking on the upper part of the frame came in for a goodly share of admiration. With boylike eagerness to play the man, I mounted the frame and began strutting

around with the best of them. My father, who came late in the afternoon, was disgusted at my efforts to show myself off, and made me get down instantly. His timely action knocked the conceit out of me, at least for the nonce. I esteem this not the least valuable of the lessons that he taught me. God has taken the conceit out of me several times since, and there is still some left.

* *
*

One or two other incidents of my childhood come to my mind. So far as I can make out, I began to go to school when I was but four years old. I had already learned the alphabet by heart. I was very keen to go, drawn, I think wholly, by my fondness of being with other children. The farmhouse in which I was reared stood just beyond a stout fence of stones gathered and built up solidly by my grandfather. One had to pass through an opening in this fence. There I used to plant myself about half an hour before the time came for going to school. My object was to prevent my eldest sister —who was several years older than I—from giving me the slip and leaving without me. She did not want to be bothered with me, because, while I would walk well enough when going, when coming home she would have to carry me on her back.

* *
*

One winter's day, when I was between five and six years of age, I went to school alone. By noon there was every sign of a snowstorm. The teacher made me start for home at once. The distance was

about a mile. Midway, as I was crossing a high bare hill, the storm broke out with great fury. The wind was in my face, and the drifts were blinding. Seized with terror, I began to cry aloud, which, of course, only made matters worse. How I managed to reach home is more than I can say. It seems my good angel helped me, for I was destined to be Bishop of Vancouver Island—to go to lands far distant, as the old song has it, and with strangers make my home.

* *
*

After my twelfth year I quit going to school, or went only in winter. In summer I was needed on the farm. My mother had died, and things were not going too well with my father. He was deep in debt, and, as he could hardly make any money by farming, there was little prospect of his being able to pay it off. But in the winter of 1872, he and my uncle contracted to build a large addition to the public pier at Port Hood, and netted a handsome profit by the contract. They were able not only to pay their debts, but to send my cousin and myself to college the following winter. He became a priest, and I, in course of time, have become a bishop. I count as one of the chiefest mercies of Providence that successful venture of my uncle and father. Without it, neither my cousin nor myself would ever have been able to go to college.

* *
*

My grandmother was Catherine Campbell. She married my grandfather in the Braes of Lochaber a couple of years before they came out to Nova Scotia. The people of the Braes never lost the Faith, which grew stronger and more vivid in them under the fiery trials of persecution. Silver and gold they had barely enough to pay their way across the Atlantic, after having sold all their belongings. But they had the Faith, and they brought it with them over the seas, and they bequeathed it as a priceless heritage to their children. I got this Faith as an heirloom from my grandmother. I say this because mother used to be busy about the house, and we little ones would be with granny. She seems to have divined, in some way, that I was going to be a priest. When now very old—she died at the age of 92—and unable to go to Mass, she used on Sundays when the time came, to get me, who was too young to go with the others, to take the English prayerbook and accompany her through the several stages of the Holy Sacrifice. "What is the priest doing now?" she would ask me; I would tell her, and then she would go on praying. She did not herself know a word of English; she could neither read nor write; but God pity the one who should say or think in his heart that she was uneducated. She had a culture and refinement that one too often misses in this generation of omnivorous readers. One might adapt and say of our much vaunted modern schooling, which confounds cram with culture, what Tennyson says of rank and worldly position:

Howe'r it be, it seems to me
T'is only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

* *
*

One of the few belongings which remained unsold in Scotland, and came across the Atlantic, was a spinning-wheel. When my grandmother was eighty-six and I was a boy of five, I remember going with her to the turner's to get this spinning-wheel repaired. She bore it on her shoulders all the way, and back home again—a distance of eight miles. When Nova Scotia was still the land of "the forest primeval," people had to carry everything on their backs—"packing" they call it in the West, but few women were vigorous enough at the age of eighty-six to do what my grandmother did. And yet she was but low of stature and slight of frame.

* *
*

There are one or two preternatural things in my childhood, in one way or another connected with my grandmother. When I was about seven or eight years of age, my father went from home with two jet black horses. He was minded to sell or barter one or both of them. He was away for several days, and my grandmother was getting very anxious about him. Every once in a while she would ask me to go out and look if I could see him coming. Some three hours before sundown I went out and saw him entering at a gate opening on the main road a quarter of a mile away. He had two brown or bay horses, and was mounted on one of

them. I ran in to tell that I had seen him, and mentioned the color of the horses. Everybody rushed out to look, but could see him nowhere. Neither was he to be seen. But in an hour or two from then, I went out once more, and saw him in the same place, and with the two brown horses. He was actually there then. He had swapped both of the horses with which he had gone from home. The incident is still very vivid in my memory. I would set it down as an hallucination were it not that I distinctly saw two brown horses and specified this circumstance on my running into the house, as my sister can still bear witness. In the Highlands of Scotland some people had what is known as "second sight." Whether the foregoing was an instance of it, I leave the reader to judge. For myself I am inclined to think it was my Angel Guardian who gave me the vision, so as to allay the anxiety of my grandmother.

* *
*

Another, and very striking instance of "second sight," may properly be recorded here. When my father was a lad of 12 or 13 years he was sent by his parents one cold winter's day to buy some needed articles in the store of Hon. Wm. MacKeen. The store stood on the north side of Mabou Harbor, near the mouth. My father was born and bred, even as was I, at the South West River, about six miles from Mr. MacKeen's, as the crow flies. When he reached the store, he was shivering with the cold. Old William MacKeen, being a kind hearted man, brought him up to the house, and got his wife

to make him a cup of hot tea. She set it on the table, with some bread and butter, and bade the boy come and take it. But he was bashful, and would not come. The idea of sitting down at MacKeen's table was too much for him. At last she turned to him and said—I translate literally from the Gaelic vernacular in which I first got the story: "You need not be so bashful; it is you who will be staying here yet." Staying, by the way, is a good word. That is precisely what we do: we stay in a place for a while, and then somebody else comes along and stays there, when we are dead and gone. While these things were happening, the woman's husband had gone to the other end of the house. Thither she followed him and said, "That boy will have this place yet." Her words pleased him none too well, for he was the father of many boys and girls. Twice married, he had twenty-one children. So impressed was he, however, with his wife's words that, on the way back to the store, he said to the boy: "What do you suppose my wife has been telling me? She told me it is you who are to have this place yet." Forty-five years afterwards, my father bought the farm, and our folks are still living there at this day.

Two things suggest themselves here. The first is that the instance just related does not differ in principle from the vision of my father that I had. I saw him coming with a span of bay horses two or three hours before he was there, and she saw him living on the farm forty-five years before he was there. If you can see one in a place two hours before his coming, you can see him forty-five, or

any number of years, before. The difficulty is in seeing him at all.

The other thing is in the nature of an inference. "Second sight" is from God as its author. None but He can know the future so far as it depends on the free will. Now a bargain between man and man, be it the swapping of horses or the buying and selling of a farm, is a free-will transaction. The issue of the conference that precedes it is strictly incalculable before the event, and can be known only to Him who gazes down from the pinnacle of eternity, and sees at a single glance every thing that comes to pass in the whole tract of time.

* *
*

The other incident belongs to the class of "fore-runners. My grandmother died in December, 1869 when I was eleven years of age. She had spent the summer with a daughter who lived eight miles from our place. That summer I used to sleep with my younger brother upstairs in our house. The house was a new one and still unfinished upstairs. But the floor was laid and there was one bedroom. On the floor was a log sawn through to within four inches or so of the end. In those days saw-mills were few and far between. People did most of their sawing themselves in the woods, with what is known as a "whip-saw." During the night, before I fell asleep I heard a loud sharp noise, as if one were to lift up the top board and let it fall. I felt sure that was what it was, and I was very much frightened. But putting my head under the clothes, in the orthodox way, I presently forgot my fears,

and fell asleep. About six months after, my grandmother lay dead in our house, and I was standing in the bedroom upstairs, looking out of the window, when suddenly I heard, and recognized the sound I had heard that night. The carpenter had come to make a coffin for her, and having examined the upper board, which eventually he used, let it fall.

* *
*

One other preternatural experience later in life may as well be told here. A few years after my return from Rome, I was summoned to attend a sick girl some five or six miles from the town of Antigonish. She behaved strangely, and I could not get any rational answer to the questions put to her. It seemed to me to be a case of diabolical possession or obsession. She used an expression in the Gaelic vernacular which struck me as so singular that I never forgot it: "Flathanas na theine leis a pheacadh!"—"Heaven on fire with sin!" Some years after—five or six, as far as I remember—I was at my father's home in Mabou, C.B., which is eighty-five miles from Antigonish. I was asked to go to see a girl in the neighborhood who was in sore distress. As I drew near the house where she lived I seemed to be sensible of something uncanny in the air about me. On entering I found her to be in much the same condition as the girl I had visited in Antigonish. But her case was worse. So persuaded was I of her being possessed that I read the exorcisms of the Church over her. To my amazement she used the self-same expression the other one had used, "Flathanas na theine leis a

pheacadh!" The coincidence was the more startling, that the one could not even have known of the other's existence. Years after, she got over her trouble, was able to receive the sacraments, and died a good death.

I have often been thinking what the expression used by these two poor creatures can mean, or if it has any meaning. Now I seem to have some light upon it. Supposing these to have been cases of diabolical possession, and that it was the devil who spoke, we may explain it in this way. Our Blessed Lord says: "I saw Satan fall like lightning from heaven." What heaven was this? Without doubt the state in which those angels were before they fell—a state corresponding to the earthly paradise of our first parents. Now, when the angels rebelled against God and fell from their high estate, their heaven was aflame with their own sin.

* *
*

I have told of my going with my grandmother to the turner's the day she went with her spinning-wheel to get it mended. The thing stands out vividly in my memory. That was the day on which I fought my first rear-guard action. The encounter was with a pet lamb, which had been teased by little boys into a proclivity for making frontal attacks. I saw the barn door open as we went by. As soon as my grandmother entered the house, back I went to the barn. The cross pet spied me, and made after me. I managed to gain the barn floor and clamber up on the turner's bench. The lamb stood at the door eyeing me in a way that said as plainly as any

words: "Wait till you come down from that perch and I'll box your head and ears for you!" But I took it standing up till somebody happened along and rescued me.

In my next rear-guard action with a sheep, discretion (which we are told is the better part of valour), bade me take it lying down. When I was twelve years of age, I was sent to the grist mill with a load of grain. The mill was situated at the bottom of a deep ravine, whence the hill rose steeply. It was the hour of noon, and all the mill hands had gone up to the house for dinner. I tied the horse, and started up the hill in quest of them. When I was midway to the top, a cross "society" ram, a huge fellow, came at me full tilt. I had the sense to fling myself down on the ground, and so escaped being butted and pummeled to death. As long as I lay perfectly still he let me alone; but if I tried to get on my feet, he would back up and come at me again like the ancient engine of war that has been named after him. I was saved at last by the mill hands.

I remember at this time taking part in a game of fisticuffs with a boy of my own age at school. Neither of us would give in, though we were both sore enough to cry with the blows we gave and took. At last the teacher came along, and hustled us into the school-room, where he kept several birch rods in pickle for such as we. I took it that time on the outstretched palms of both hands till the tears came—tears that the worse beating I got with the fists had failed to draw.

But the rear-guard actions I fought with the pets

have stood me in better stead. Thus early was I trained to bear a similar part in what the poet calls, the "world's broad field of battle." For the last five years I have been fighting rear-guard actions against financial worries. By this time I have got so far to the rear that I seem to be beyond the range of the big guns. But alas! it is only seeming. In reality I am still running away. I have run clean across the continent. One lesson I have learned from my experience, which fits me to teach others also. If ever it be given anyone to choose between fighting a pet lamb or ram or goat or any creature of that kind and fighting a Trust Company, let him take on the ram or goat every time. Butt me no butts with the business end of a banking institution. You might as well stand up against an electric trolley going at top speed.

COLLEGE

RUMMAGING in a drawer the other day, I came across a number of The Xaverian. It bears the date of February, 1909. I do not remember to have read that number. I was at the time in the Holy Land. As I glanced over its pages, this heading caught my eye. "St. Francis Xavier's College Thirty Years Ago." Underneath was reproduced a Prospectus of the College for the year 1878-1879. It brought vividly to my mind my last year as a student at St. Xavier's, and stirred many fond memories into life again.

In setting forth the advantages and conveniences of Antigonish as an educational centre, the Prospectus states that the Eastern Extension Railway has "a principal station in the suburbs." As a matter of fact, the railway had not yet reached the town, and there was no station. But the writer could look forward to the time, in the near future, when there should be one. And as the exact place had not as yet been determined, it is vaguely and somewhat grandly described as being "in the suburbs." For the rest, I well remember the day, in late September, 1879, when I boarded the train for New Glasgow at what might be called a suburb of Antigonish—Trotter's Mills. It was then the eastern terminus of the railway. Being on my way to Rome, I was bidding Antigonish a long farewell.

Forty years have brought many changes. The

men that were connected with St. Francis Xavier's in the late seventies are all but "blotted from the things that be." Of the Directors mentioned in the Prospectus, only two are left; of the Professors, only two. The survivors of the former group are the venerable and Right Reverend Mgr. Hugh Gillis, who was also Rector of the College; and Professor Angus G. MacDonald, Esq., M. A., whose newer title of Inspector of Schools can never replace the old one, to his pupils of other days. He and the present writer are sole survivors of the teaching staff of 1878-1879. In sober fact, I could scarce claim a place among the professors, for I did but teach a class in Latin, in that my graduating year. But some one in authority was good enough to set me down as "Assistant Professor of Latin Classics." Men of the younger generation may deem it too high-sounding a title—fit to rank with "the suburbs" of Antigonish. As for me, I am only too proud to have my name linked in this honorable way with the names of men I esteemed and revered so much.

* *
*

2. The Prospectus of 1878-1879 tells us that St. Francis Xavier's was affiliated with the Halifax University in 1875. Few today know anything about that institution. It was an examining university, modelled on that of London. Mr. Sumichrast, later of Harvard, was Secretary, and the Examiners were representative men from the various Colleges. The late Archbishop MacDonald, then the Rev. Ronald MacDonald, P. P., Pictou,

was Examiner in Logic and Psychology. The thing is the fresher in my memory that I took the B. A. examinations of the University in the summer of '79, and failed to pass. But hereby hangs a tale.

At the close of the year '77-'78, Angus Chisholm (of whom more anon) and myself were asked to join the teaching staff of St. Francis Xavier's in the capacity of assistants, he in Mathematics, I in Latin. We were to get board and tuition free on condition of our teaching one hour a day. It was also stipulated that we should board in; for up till that time neither of us had entered the seminary on the hill. Neither of us, I believe (though I can speak with certainty only for myself) had felt the call to study for the priesthood. We entered at the beginning of the term, and I was made prefect, much against my will, but was relieved of the office in the course of the winter. It happened in this way.

During the month of February, if I remember rightly, the late Bishop Cameron, who then resided at Arichat, wrote to the Faculty urging that some of the senior students should prepare to go up for the Halifax University B. A. examinations in the coming June. Four volunteered, but only two faced the exams.—Angus Chisholm and myself. The enterprise was but a forlorn hope from the first, for the work of two years had to be crowded into twice as many months. We failed in Chemistry, but had good marks in all the other subjects, and the Superintendent of Education wrote the Bishop a congratulatory letter on the showing made by the College. There was question at the time of withdraw-

ing the grant from denominational colleges, and the examinations of 1879 were meant to put their efficiency to the proof.

Of the proficiency of pupils I suppose no better test can be devised than a formal examination. But it is far from satisfactory. This my own experience may serve to show. Angus Chisholm attended my class in Latin, in '78-'79. Yet his mark in Latin Classics was almost as good as mine. On the other hand, he could have taught me Mathematics for goodness knows how long. But I did not fall far below him in the several branches of that difficult if fascinating study. How explain this? It was a case of cram, pure and simple. It is wonderful what can be achieved by cramming in a few months, when you have a limited extent of ground to go over and throw yourself heart and soul into the work.

We began the study of Greek that winter, I in the month of February. The subject-matter of the examination embraced a Book of Homer, a Book of Xenophon, and the whole of the Greek Grammar. We got the Grammar by heart, mastered Xenophon in the course of class study, and made the acquaintance of Homer, through an excellent English translation. Our marks in Greek were good—almost as good as in Latin. This was, of course, the result of forcing, not of healthy mental growth. And knowledge got in this way seldom proves a permanent possession.

We tried to cram the subject that we eventually failed in. But Williams' Inorganic Chemistry was too big a mouthful, and too difficult of digestion.

Its very voluminousness was to me, at this time, a perpetual nightmare. And as for class and laboratory work, certain odors had made that too unpleasant to be engaged in, so long as it was not compulsory. H_2O is fixed in my memory for evermore as the symbol of one of God's loveliest creations. H_2S, on the other hand, even at this distance of time, stinks in my nostrils, and sets me thinking what foul combinations the perverse ingenuity of man can make of the elements created by God. I believe what is here set down is now the extent of my knowledge of Chemistry. Having failed in it, I suppose I took a grudge against it, and proceeded to forget the little I knew of it as fast as I could.

Angus Chisholm was two years my junior. It was my privilege to know him both as a boy and as a man. The boy was father of the man, as the well-worn epigram has it. But in one thing the man fell short of what the boy was and further gave promise of being. That thing was intellectual power. Not that Angus Chisholm was lacking in this as a man, but that as a boy he was something of a prodigy. He was quick to grasp a thing, keen and apt to correlate it with what he already knew, dexterous in bringing his acquired knowledge to bear on each new problem that presented itself. At Quebec he realized to the full the high expectations entertained of him by his friends. At the time of his death in 1893, Mgr. Louis Adolphe Paquet declared that he was perhaps the most brilliant student that ever passed through the Grand Seminary. These, if my memory serves me,

were his very words. The young levite won the doctorate in theology by a public defence of theses before Mgr. Smeulders, Papal Ablegate to Canada, and was ordained priest in 1886. I saw him, from time to time, when he was pastor at Descousse, and was in daily contact with him when he was called to the College and entrusted with the editorship of the Casket. Intellectually, he was not the same Angus Chisholm I had known, as a boy. He had not the same grasp of his subject, lacked the power of concentration, and seemed incapable of sustained mental effort. Perhaps he was one of those who attain too soon their flowering time. My own idea is that his brain was injured by long-continued ill-health and sleeplessness in the seminary.

Angus Chisholm was the finest character I ever met; I do not mean the strongest; I mean the noblest, frankest, most loving and lovable. I do not think I ever saw him angry, nor did I ever see a frown upon his face. He hated all that was mean and ignoble, and could be very indignant at it, but it was not in his nature to be rude or boisterous. What was best in him as a boy did but take fuller form as he rounded and ripened into manhood. It was the difference between the blossom and the fruit, between the morning and the perfect day. Six feet tall, and well-proportioned, he was strikingly handsome. But with all his endowments, physical, mental, and moral, never was there any one more modest than he. There was not about him a trace of self-consciousness. His winning smile who that saw it can

ever forget? Even when the light of life had died out of his face, the smile still lingered there—last earthly token of the gentle soul that had fled.

He died in the prime of his priestly life, stricken with a malignant type of typhoid, which carried off also two other young priests of great promise, Father J. N. MacLeod and Father Donald Cameron. His last sad illness and death nothing can erase from my memory. The room in which he lay was next to mine, and I seem still to hear the doleful notes of the refrain he sang at the top of his voice when his delirium was at its height. That dreadful delirium scarce left him a moment's respite during the latter part of his illness. But just about four hours before he died it passed from him completely, and there came upon his spirit a wonderful calm. It was as if he had already gone down into the Valley of the Shadow, had emerged thence, and could say, with the Soul of Gerontius,

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.

He fully realized that the end was come, and was visibly eager to go hence. He took part himself in the prayers for the dying, and up to the last kept repeating with great fervor the holy names of Jesus and Mary, whispered to him by his cousin, and classmate in earlier years, the Rev. Dr. Dan Chisholm, then Rector of the College. He, too, a man of sterling character, of brilliant intellect that kept growing stronger and clearer as the years went by, a model priest, has since gone, with the calm confidence begotten of a well-spent life, to the better land—has quitted this land of the dying and the dead to enter the land of the living. May our end

be like theirs, and our lot with the saints in light.

It remains but to tell how it came that it was I who went to Rome and Angus Chisholm to Quebec. In the first place, both of us, I believe, got our call to the priesthood in the winter of '78-'79. I am sure I did, and got it in this way. We had for our Book of Meditations St. Alphonsus Liguori's Preparation for Death. I, as prefect, had to read, after the evening prayers, the meditation for the next morning. The vivid presentment of the last things that the Saint gives there burned into my soul, as with words of living fire, the saving truth that one thing is necessary. I made up my mind, if God gave me the grace, to become a priest, and, with that in view, to go to Quebec the following autumn. I had no thought of going to Rome. We knew that there was to be an opening there, but had all, with common accord, picked out Angus Chisholm as the one predestined to go. Yet it was not to be.

In the course of the winter, as we afterwards learned, Bishop Cameron wrote to the other members of the Executive Committee, Rev. Hugh Gillis, Rector; Rev. Dr. A. Chisholm, Prefect of Studies; Rev. Dr. A. Cameron, Vice-Rector, instructing them to send him the names of five likely aspirants to the priestly office. He had been given two places in the Propaganda, and would himself, out of the five, select two to fill them. The names sent were, in the order of seniority: William MacIsaac, Lachlan MacPherson, Alexander MacDonald, Daniel Chisholm, and Angus Chisholm. Many years after, now a priest, I ventured to ask the Bishop why he

selected me. He said the reasons that led him to do so were mainly these two: (1) that I had finished my course at St. Francis Xavier's, and could make a shorter course at the Propaganda; (2) that I was a native of Cape Breton. The only other native of Cape Breton, so far as I am aware, that had been sent to Rome before my time, was my immediate predecessor there—the present Archbishop of Toronto.

I passed the Easter holidays of 1879 in the hospitable home of the Campbells at Pomquet River, "plugging" for the exams. Angus Chisholm remained at the College. I found him alone there on my return. He met me at the door, and told me I was to go to Rome. I could hardly believe my ears, and was in what I can only describe as a state of bewilderment all the rest of that day. It seemed to me absurd and impossible that I should have been taken and he should have been passed by. His not having been sent to Rome must have been a keen disappointment to his friends. As for himself, he was too humble to be unduly cast down, and too noble of soul to feel even a passing pang of envy. The simplicity and sincerity of his congratulations, on that memorable forenoon in April, will be to me a fragrant memory to my dying day.

* *
*

ROME

SET out for Rome in the fall of 1879, to enter upon my studies for the priesthood in the Urban College of Propaganda. Rome, the center of Catholicity, the City of the Soul, cast her spell upon me, and I was keen to go. Yet God knows how much it cost me to tear myself away from dear ones, and from my native land. I then felt for the first time what I have since expressed in verse:

From natal soil forced far to roam—
How keen and poignant is the smart!
The very tendrils of the heart
Are twined about the things of home.

At Rimouski, on the St. Lawrence, I took the S. S. Peruvian, of the Allan Line, for Liverpool. It was about midnight of a Saturday that I got on board. Next morning when I made my way to the deck, I found there four clerics from the Grand Seminary, Quebec, also on their way to the Eternal City. Three of them entered the Propaganda, of whom one is today the distinguished Professor, Rt. Rev. Mgr. L. A. Paquet, V. G., a master of Thomistic Theology; another the Very Reverend Alphonse Lemieux, C. SS. R., Provincial of the Redemptorists of Quebec, who turned aside from a brilliant intellectual career to live the humble life of a religious. The voyage across, through the Straits of Belle Isle to the North of Ireland and thence to the city on the Mersey, took all of nine days. The

first day at sea, almost all of the other passengers were sick; but I escaped, only to fall sick the following day, and stay sick for the rest of the voyage —not very sick, but just sick enough to be very miserable.

I left my new-found friends in London. They were to travel by slow stages, and I had to go direct. I crossed from Northampton to Dieppe—a longish way on the water. The English Channel was fretful, as it almost always is. In Paris I put up at the old Hotel Fenelon, hard by the Church of St. Sulpice. Rome was my goal, and Paris but a stopping-place. I tried to get a railway guide, but did not know French enough. Going into a book stall, I asked for "un guide à Rome," which I got, but it proved to be of no use to me. What I really wanted was an "Indicateur Officiel."

In England I had travelled third class, and found it quite good enough. Thinks I to myself, "Why not go third class to Rome and so save quite a bit of money?" of which I had not overmuch. No sooner thought than done. I bought a third class ticket, and having eaten a light lunch, took the "bus" to the station. My train was due to leave at noon.

Arrived at the station, I found the train ready to start. It was what is known as a "mixed train," and as long as today and tomorrow. I found to my chagrin that I could not go express on a third class ticket. There was nothing for it but to jump on board.

We rumbled along slowly all the rest of that day. In the late afternoon as we pulled up at a

station, I spied in a book stall under my window what I had sought in vain to possess myself of in Paris—"Indicateur Officiel des Chemins de Fer." I bought it eagerly. It was for the whole of Europe, and I read it through till I finally found the train that I was on. It was bound to Marseilles, whither it would have borne me had I not learned from the railway guide that I had to get off at Macon. This I did at midnight.

Every place was closed for the night, and I could get nothing to eat. I hadn't taken any food with me from Paris, and could get none along the way. The movements and shuntings of our accommodation train at stations were so uncertain that I was afraid to fare forth in quest of something to eat. I sat in the third class waiting room at Macon till four a. m., when the train that was to bear us toward the Swiss border was strung together and slowly pulled out.

That day was a replica of the day before—even down to the enforced abstinence from food. About two o'clock in the afternoon we stopped at a station where there was a general exodus of passengers. I managed to make out that I, too, had to get off and take another train, which stood ready to bring us to Turin via the Alps and Mt. Cenis. The train that we were on was going to Geneva.

As we drew up to the foot of the Alps, their grandeur held me spellbound. For the first time in my life my eyes rested on snowy mountain tops. Along their lower slopes lay the terraced vineyards, where the ripe grapes hung in clusters. My mouth watered for them, and my stomach ached for them,

but all in vain. The fear of losing my train kept me tied to my seat, for our stoppages were still for the most part very short, and wholly uncertain.

All that mid-October afternoon we kept climbing the Alps, the temperature growing ever chillier as the short autumn day wore to its close. By six o'clock, when now the shades of night had fallen, we reached Modane, a frontier village in the Alps, where we had to change cars and have our luggage examined before passing through the tunnel. I jumped out and made for the nearest restaurant, where I bought a bottle of wine, a chicken, and a loaf of bread. At this distance of time that meal stands out distinctly as the greatest feast I ever satisfied a hungry stomach upon.

Presently our train was made up and we were off once more. At Modane there were six inches of snow on the ground, the sky was overcast, and the chill in the air was wintry. In less than half an hour we were through the tunnel. I glanced out of the window of the car, and the vision that met my eyes was heavenly. Thick-sown stars gleamed like jewels in the wonderful sky of Italy. I opened the window; the air was balmy. In the short space of half an hour we had passed from winter to summer. Never, I think, since, have I gazed upon a lovelier scene at night, save perhaps, once in July, at Venice, twenty years ago, when the sky, itself invisible, served but as a dark background for the stars to flash their light from. We reached Turin at midnight.

Early next morning I was astir to get my third class ticket exchanged for a second class one. I

was determined not to travel third class further: the seats were but rude benches without backs; I had all my money in English gold about my person; and I did not like the looks of my fellow-passengers of the night before.

That evening we got to Pisa, where we stayed for the night. As we drew up to the station, I heard a voice calling out "Leaning Tower, Leaning Tower." I had not for days heard the sound of English, and it reached my heart. Leaving my luggage at a near-by hotel, I foolishly walked with this stranger for about twenty minutes through the streets of Pisa, to look at the famous Leaning Tower, which was barely visible in the failing light. Next day at two o'clock in the afternoon, we reached Rome.

* *
*

Right across the street from the Church of San Andrea delle Fratte, where the Blessed Virgin appeared to Ratisbon, stands the Urban College of Propaganda. It thrusts itself well forward into the Piazza di Spagna, of which it fills the southern extremity. The huge old stone block, which houses both the College and the Congregation, was at one time a palace of the Barberini.* Pope Urban the Eighth, himself a Barberini, gave the College liter-

*This, as far as my memory serves me, is what I was told in the Propaganda. I gather from the current number of "Alma Mater," the yearbook of the Urban College, that a palace purchased and given over by Mgr. Gianbattista Vives, a Spaniard, formed the nucleus of the present pile of buildings. This was enlarged and remodelled by Cardinal Antonio Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban the Eighth, and built up into its present form under the direction of the architect Borromini, in 1647.

ally "a local habitation and a name." The big beetles carved in stone on the walls of the building attest the original ownership; for the beetle is part of the heraldic decoration of the Barberini family. Many a time and oft, as we passed in our daily walk through the streets of Rome, did I hear the little children call out after us, "bagharozzi!" which is Italian for "beetles." And indeed we did look not a little like beetles, with our long flowing black robes furnished with wing-attachments.

For almost five years, from the early days of November, 1879, till June 30, 1884, Rome meant to me the Propaganda. In a very real sense, it does so still. Save for the short daily walk, and the long summer vacation, there was where I lived, and moved, and had my being. After the first year, I came to look upon it as my home, in all the wealth of meaning which that little word conveys. There all we students dwelt together, some one hundred and twenty of us, gathered from the ends of the earth, fused into one great family by common interests, a common life, and a common purpose.

The year I entered Propaganda there came into residence as professors two men who were destined to bear a not inconspicuous part in the ecclesiastical world. They were Benedetto Lorenzelli, from the University of Bologna, and Francesco Satolli, from the rectorship of a rural parish in the Archdiocese of Perugia. They were both men of a high order of intellect, trained in the severe mental discipline of the Schools. Both were picked out by Leo XIII in the beginning of his pontificate, and sent into the Urban College to imbue with pure

Thomisim the budding minds of its alumni. In them Neo-Scholasticism found its most zealous advocates and its most eloquent exponents. The former of the two was in the prime of manhood; the latter verging upon middle age. They were both very able men, Satolli being, I think, the abler, the more profound. He was the especial favorite and almost pet of Leo XIII, who used to call him "Mio Satolli."

I remember distinctly his first coming to the College. We were out at Frascati, still in our summer home amid the Tusculan Hills, about the end of October of the year I entered. Who should walk in among us, unannounced, one morning but the new Professor of Dogmatic Theology! The students at once set themselves to "size" him up. And sooth to say, he did not, to outward seeming, measure very well. A slight figure, clad in a black and somewhat threadbare cassock, he answered fairly the description of him that had come to us from one who knew him by sight. It was only some eight days after, when he took the chair in the lecture hall of the Propaganda, and began to expound St. Thomas, the boys realized that the master was there. He was great in the lecture room. But his printed commentaries are hard and obscure. To the old saying, Lege Thomam ut intelligas Cajetanum, may be added, Lege Cajetanum ut intelligas Satolli—To understand Satolli you must study Cajetan.

An incident that comes to my mind will show how highly his intellectual attainments were rated by the greatest scholars in Rome. One day a num-

ber of us students were present at a discussion in the Academy for the advancement of Scholastic studies established by Leo XIII. Cardinal Zigliara presided, and there sat beside him two other Cardinals, Massela and Joseph Pecci, an elder brother of Joachim, reputed to be a deeper theologian even than the Pope. There were also present Liberatore, the Jesuit, himself a giant; Lepidi the Dominican; Cornoldi, also an able Jesuit philosopher, and many other men of note. A philosophical difficulty arose in connection with the subject that was being discussed, and it was referred to Professor Satolli, who promptly solved it, to the satisfaction of all. After that his preeminence in the intellectual world of Rome was unquestioned.

To have sat under two such men was in itself a liberal education. There were others, too, to whom I owe much; especially the learned and saintly Ubaldi, in Holy Scripture, and Checchi, the famous Professor of Moral Theology, who made even Canon Law, in which I had him as teacher, a fascinating study. Of course the fascination was wholly in the man himself, not in the subject.

Newman, in a memorable passage, has told us that "one main portion of intellectual education of the labor of both school and university, is to remove the original dimness of the mind's eye; to strengthen and perfect its vision; to enable it to look out into the world right forward, steadily and truly; to give the mind clearness, accuracy, precision; to enable it to use words aright, to understand what it says, to conceive justly what it thinks about, to abstract, compare, analyze, divide, define,

and reason, correctly."* If this is a true discipline of mind—and who can doubt it? there can be as little question that a course in the Philosophy and Theology of the Schools, under competent masters, is one of the very best ways of attaining it.

And yet such a course has its drawbacks. So, indeed, has the study of any and all of the exact sciences. One who specializes in them learns to think in straight lines, if I may so express myself. That is very well in its own place. But when you leave school and enter upon what Newman calls "the action of life," you have to think in curves. The world of action is very different from that of exact thought. There is no such thing as a straight line in nature. All natural forces run in curves. God has made His universe curvilinear.

This is a truth of great practical moment. We have to learn to think curvilinearly, to make allowance for the curves of life. When thinking in straight lines becomes a fixed habit, the result is red tape, and rigid conservatism. Witness this instance in our college life at Propaganda. All the year round, through the broiling heat of summer, as in the winter, we had to wear a heavy woolen soutane, to which was added an equally heavy woolen cloak, known as the "soprano," when we went out for a walk. Light garments in summer would have been a real boon to us, and much less expensive. But what would you? Exactly the same dress that had been worn by the students from the foundation of the institution must con-

*Idea of a University, p. 332.

tinue to be worn to the end. That is what I call thinking in straight lines—with a vengeance.

* *
*

The years glide quickly by, especially in an ecclesiastical seminary. At the end of my term I went up for degrees. There were two tests, an oral and a written one. I stood the latter creditably, but broke down in the oral one. At the end of a long and arduous course of studies, with my health none too good, my nerves were unstrung. And, anyhow, I was always lacking in self-confidence. I belong to a race that were downtrodden for generations, and I fancy a sense of inferiority must have been burnt into the very marrow of our bones. Well for me that my class record was good; and I had a firm friend in the Rector, Monsignor Conrado, one of the truest men I have ever met. They gave me my degree, and I was invested with the cap, and gown, and ring of Doctor in Theology by Cardinal Simeoni. I left Rome at the end of June, 1884. It was like leaving a peaceful haven, and as Newman says of his leaving Littlemore, "going on the open sea."

* *
*

In these Notes I do but just touch on a few things. What was the greatest benefit I got from my five years in Rome? Incomparably the greatest was this. I came to realize that Jesus Christ is the Son of the Living God, and that He dwells

evermore on our altars under the form of bread. This, of course, I believed before I ever went to Rome, but with a faith that was dim and feeble. It is one thing to believe; it is one thing even to know; it is another thing to realize. To do this, in the things of the unseen world, you must first pass through the crucible of suffering. At any rate, that is what I had to do, and I think, what every sinner has to do, before finding out for himself that the medicine of our wounds is none other than He who hung upon the Cross. Perennially present for our healing in the Eucharistic Sacrifice and Sacrament of our Ransom, is He of Whom it was written aforetime: "The bruised reed He shall not break, and smoking flax He shall not extinguish." —Is. 42:4; Matt. 12:20. I also learned in Rome to know and love the Virgin Mother Mary; to feel, too, that she is our Mother. And in truth, given any one with a heart, and with faith even as a grain of mustard seed, he could not fail of gaining this sweet assurance in that land, of all lands where she is Queen; where

All hearts are touched and softened at her name.

* *
*

I went from Rome across Italy to Loreto, and from there, by the shortest way, to Liverpool, eager to get back home. What should I find in Liverpool, as if waiting for me, but the Peruvian, the same that I had crossed in five years before! Two years after that, I came to Halifax to take ship to St. John's, Newfoundland. There was the

Peruvian once again. It seemed as if I were fated to sail by her whenever I went to sea. From what I learned about her afterwards, I suspect she knew me for the future Bishop of Vancouver Island!

A few years ago the late Father Hylebos of Tacoma, one of our early missionaries in the West, told me that he crossed in 1870 from Liverpool to Quebec. In the same ship with him were the Right Rev. Modeste Demers, first Bishop of Vancouver Island, and Father, afterwards Archbishop Seghers, who succeeded him in the same see, and came back to it again as Archbishop-Bishop from Portland, Oregon, only to meet his death, two years later, at the hands of his own servant during a missionary tour in the wilds of Alaska. Just one day out from the straits of Belle Isle, a terrible storm arose, and the ship was in great danger of foundering. All on board were sick but the captain and Bishop Demers. Father Hylebos was so sick that he no longer wished to live. The Bishop made his way to the Father's stateroom, floundering through the water, of which by this time there were several inches in the rooms. He said the captain had very little hope: it seemed but question of a few hours till the water got into the engine room, and then they should be done for. "But I have great confidence myself," added the Bishop. "I have many holy relics with me. I have vowed two candles every day for a year to St. Anne de Beaupré. And I have promised to say twelve Masses in honor of Our Blessed Lady." He had seen Father Seghers, who had promised six more, and now came to

Father Hylebos to get him to give as many. But he would do nothing of the kind. The Bishop set himself to satisfy the young missionary that he really ought to wish to live: he had but just been ordained, and as yet had done nothing for God or the salvation of souls. At last the Father let himself be persuaded and the Bishop left him. Shortly after, the wind went down and the ship was saved. "What ship was it?" I queried. "It was the Peruvian, of the Allan Line." The first Bishop of Vancouver Island had, by his faith and prayers, saved her from going to the bottom—and that was why the good old ship took such a fancy to me! I have in my possession the reliquary, (containing a relic for every day in the year), which Bishop Demers brought across with him on the Peruvian.

* *
*

I have been back in Rome three times since I left there in 1884. Once with the Canadian pilgrims, in 1900; a second time, when I was made bishop; and on my first visit ad limina, six years ago. This last time I arrived in Rome about ten in the morning, and went straight to the Canadian College. After an exchange of greetings, the Rector said to me: "Today at two o'clock, the Holy Father gives His blessing to Spanish pilgrims from a little balcony overlooking the cortile of San Damaso. If you wish, it is your privilege as Bishop to be with him on the balcony. Take your black cassock, purple fariolo, and hat, and tell the Maggiordomo at the Vatican you want to be on the balcony with the Pope." I made my way to the

Vatican, went up as far as the outer room leading into the audience chamber, and there found several Monsignori in purple robes, lolling about. They seemed curious to know what I could be doing there. I told them what the Rector had said to me. They thought the thing could not be. As good luck would have it, the Maggiordomo, now Cardinal Rinieri de Bianchi, came out at this moment from the audience room. He had been Bishop of Loreto, and I had had dinner with him in his own house five years before. I informed him of the purpose of my coming, and he said: "Why, yes, by all means. Just go ahead and await us in the little room that opens out on the balcony." I did as he bade me. Soon the aged Pontiff, so shortly to be taken from us, entered the room, preceded by the Maggiordomo and a Monsignor. All four of us went out on the balcony. I stood at the Pope's left. Below was a sea of upturned faces. Among them I recognized those of several of my friends, Bishops and Archbishops. I had only come to Rome that morning, and they did not till then even know that I was there. I shall never forget the look in their eyes—surprise mingled with something akin to indignation. Interpreted, and put in plain English, it was this: "What the devil is he doing there!"

ODDS AND ENDS

COMING events," quoth the poet, "cast their shadows before." Three times in my life I have been homesick—more times, may be, but these times stand apart and are fixed in my memory forevermore. My first experience of the malady—nostalgia the doctors name this sickness born of sadness of heart and soul, was but a shadowing forth of other and far more bitter experiences. People are known to have died of homesickness. I almost died of it myself. But my first attack of it, as I have said, was light and easily cured. I got rid of it by the simple expedient of running away—fighting a rear-guard action and falling back upon an impregnable position. When I was in my seventh year, in the summer of 1865, the free-school system came into operation in Nova Scotia. The confusion arising from the reforming of sections while the old order was yielding place to new, led to our school being closed that year. I was sent to stay with cousins of mine, five or six miles from our place to attend school there. I was quite keen about going; but after having spent one night under their hospitable roof, I ran away, and came home.

The next time I got homesick I had fallen foul of the Atlantic Ocean. It rolled between me and my old home. I was in Rome, and was there to

stay for five long years—such they seemed to me when I looked forward in the fall of 1879, only long is not the word: they seemed interminable. I have since learned that eternity alone is long. All time is fleeting, for it passes, and all that passes is so short. But only for the broad ocean I am sure I should have run away this second time, too. The Atlantic, however, was too mighty a barrier, and I felt that the die was cast. I realized that if I ran away this time, I should keep on running away for the rest of my life. So I stayed. And I learned in the stern school of experience the useful lesson that in life as in war, no supreme issue is ever decided by a rear-guard action. In the long run you've got to face the foe, with your back to the wall, and die at your post, if need be.

That is what I did the third time I was homesick: I died at my post. Homesickness, as any one who has experienced it will tell you, is a species of death. Physical death is the separation of the soul from the body; this other kind is the separation of the soul from everything else—the severance of every tie that binds men to this earth, and the soreness that comes of that severance. Well and feelingly does the poet sing of this heart sickness,

> An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
> Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again.

After my return from Rome, I spent twenty-five years in Nova Scotia. I had plenty of time to take root in my natal soil once more. Then came the call to the West—to the city of the setting sun. I had to uproot and transplant myself, and the process, to a sensitive soul, was a sore one. It was

death—that is the only word which fitly describes it. My funeral procession passed through the streets of Antigonish on the day of my departure, and woe was me that I lived to take part in it. I had literally to tear myself away from all the friends of my youth and middle age—and not from friends only, but from places and things as well. The very tendrils of the heart are twined about the things of home, and bitter is the pain of the rending asunder. I fancied that once I had settled down in the West this pain would be over; it did but deepen day by day and week by week, during my first summer in Victoria. Gladly would I have packed up any morning, and gone whither my heart yearned to go. But I had burnt my bridges behind me, and there was no going back. "I would not stay four hours," said a young postulant to me, in St. Anne's Convent one day, "only for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament." I can say frankly that only for Him, I would not have stayed four days in Vancouver Island.

* * *

Things seem to come to me in threes. Triple was my experience of the preternatural; thrice was I homesick; three times I came very near drowning. I was born and brought up by the side of a singing river, and within sound of the sea. Not that I could hear it always. It was audible only at odd times, when stirred to its depths by the wild spirit of the storm-king. Then it lifted up its voice and spoke out in a white passion of rage. And

to me, as to the poet, there was "music in its roar." It gave me thoughts that were too deep for utterance then. The growth of boy's vocabulary does not keep pace with the growth of his ideas. In this, indeed, we are still but children of a larger growth. Out of the deep sea of consciousness—of imagination, mind, and memory—there spring up ideas that, in the words of the priest-poet, "never float into speech." Some are too elusive for the touch of a word, some too bold and free to be caged in a network of articulate sounds. But all this by the way.

In the river below our house there was a deep pool. One hot day in summer, before I learned to swim, I plunged into this pool and soon got beyond my depth. Luckily for me, it was not a wide pool, and I was able to crawl along the bottom on all fours till I gained the shallow water at the side. The moral was to keep out of deep water till I had learned to swim.

It was in the sea that I came near drowning the second time. While still a boy and not an expert at handling boats, I went with my younger brother and another boy in a small sail-boat to the fishing grounds, some four or five miles off shore. A stiff breeze sprang up, and the other boats made for port, but we foolishly remained a while longer. The wind was somewhat off the land, and blew in gusts. In one of these gusts our sail was torn from the cleat. We had to take to the oars, and as we were none of us strong rowers, it was a toss-up whether we could reach the shore. We failed to make the harbour,

and were fain to run in on a point of land which jutted out about half a mile to the north of it. Parents and friends were gathered there, and were loud in their thanks to God, who had saved us from a watery grave.

The last time I had a narrow escape from drowning was in May, 1916. I was on my way to Hesquiat, on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. With me in the gasoline launch were a Benedictine Father and two Indian boys from the Christie Industrial School at Kakawis. Within Clayoquot Sound the sea was comparatively smooth. We could have gone along the straits on the inner side of Flores Island, but it would have been about twice the distance, and in any case we should have had to take to the open ocean on reaching the upper end of the island. So I proposed that we should at once make trial of the outer waters. We had not gone far, when our frail craft began to be tossed about in a lively way. The sky seaward was ominous and dark. The Indian boy who was steering put right about. But I, anxious to reach Hesquiat that evening and unknowing the passionate moods of the Pacific, prevailed upon him to turn once more and face the angry sea. Of course our great Western Ocean is pacific in calm, but in tempest is—equally of course—Pacific in name only. In rounding a headland we were caught in a tide-rip, caused by the conflict of tide and wind. The sea was very ugly, tumbling about in a nasty way. To make things desperate our steering gear broke, the rudder jammed, and we circled around perilously till our steersman managed to grasp the rudder with his hand. By this

time I was so sick as to care but little whether we ever made land or not. I had about reached the stage the Yankee got to on his second day out, when he was afraid he wasn't going to die! It took us three hours battling with wind and wave to fetch the far end of the strait. We were cold and drenched to the bone with sea water, but thankful to God, who had brought us safe to land once more.

* *
*

Poets go into raptures over the sea—from some point of vantage on the dry land where the footing is firm. Dooley, who is not a poet, but only a humourist, found the pavement of the Atlantic very unsafe for pedestrians: he could put his foot through it anywhere. He would much rather walk the streets of Chicago than ride the bounding billows.

For myself, I am free to own that, much as I love the Sea, my love is unrequited. The Sea has never been a mother to me; at best a stepdame, at worst, a beldame. She smiles upon me now and again, and beguiles me with a simulated friendliness. But when I cast myself into her arms, she is angry with me on no provocation; storms at and buffets me; leads me a dog's life. If she rocks me in her cradle, it is with no gentle hand; if she takes me in her arms, it is but to fling me as an outcast from her. When I fain would be friends with her, she repels my every advance, till I am sick with longing to be rid of her.

The Sea is a fickle jade—to one thing constant never. Now the sun sleeps quietly in her placid bosom; the next moment a breath of air ruffles her,

and she sends the awakened sunbeams scampering over her waves. Presently she lashes herself into a fury, and her face scowls darkly in the shadow of the storm-clouds.

The Sea is of many moods. Often angry, she is always sad, and so, I think, her dominant mood is melancholy. She never lifts up her voice but to weep, and every sea-sound dies away in a sob or a wail. When her crested waves break into foam, what are the spray drops but the tears of the sobbing sea! She not only yields a grave to the countless multitudes that have been swallowed up in her waters, but weeps for them ever and chants over them an unending requiem. And her loneliness is beyond words. Mid-ocean is the native home of solitude. What a tale this lonely moaning Sea could tell of the men who sleep their last sleep in her bosom "unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown." But till she gives up her dead, that tale shall not be told.

From the Sea I have learned a lesson. Nature is sternly just, but never kind, never merciful. Her laws are inexorable. In vain you sue for pity the raging sea, the wild tempest, the devouring flame, the winged lightning. Time was when these forces of Nature were friendly to man. It was when man himself was friends with God. But man turned against God, and the forces of Nature have turned against him. They seem to us cruel when they are only true to their Author, for we have been untrue to Him.

Nature is just, but ruthless; fallen nature, so far forth as it is fallen, is not even just, It nailed the

Just One to the tree; and the experience of the race bears out the saying that "The inhumanity of man to man makes countless thousands mourn." Kipling has put into the mouth of "Matun, the old blind beggar" in his "Truce of the Bear"

> "He left me blind to the darkened
> years and the little mercy of men."

The "little mercy of men"—it is even so. God alone is all merciful. Thanks be to God for His abounding mercies through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen! When Kipling speaks of the "little mercy of men" he means, I take it, men individually. Collectively, at least, when there is question of persons banded together for business purposes, men have no mercy at all. In the course of the reminiscences of my boyhood I took occasion to pay my respects to Trust Companies in humorous wise. I am minded to add a word about trusts viewed in the cold light of reason. These combinations of capital are the finished product of modern finance. Sociologically the Trust may be defined as an organism which has for its characteristic that it is all brains and stomach, and no heart. From a mechanical point of view, it is a machine cunningly put together for the sole purpose of grinding out money. All is grist that comes to this mill—the tears of the widow and the orphan, the sweat of the toiler, hunger's empty stomach, the desperation of the shipwrecked "cast forlorn on the shores of life's unresting sea." Everything is ground into the meal which is tied up in bags to feed this modern Moloch—this ugly monster as ruthless as the German submarine and as little amenable to the law of fair dealing. There

may be in all this a deal of mixed metaphor; I don't know, and supremely don't care. One thing I do know: It's God's truth, and this is the only thing that matters. Some one has wittily said of corporations in general that they have neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned!

It is high time that men of all classes should unite to fight the foe that has entrenched itself in the Trusts. Why should the few be allowed to corner and control the wealth of the world? These huge accumulations of surplus wealth are contrary alike to the Law of Nature and the Gospel of Christ.

As a Bishop of the Catholic Church I am authorized to speak for her. I say that what I set down here is in accordance with her teaching. Under the law of nature man has a right to as much of the goods of this world as will enable him to live his whole life, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. He has this right on condition that he be willing to work, with brawn, or brain, or both; for, as the Apostle puts it bluntly, "If a man will not work, let him not eat." Now, first of all, make a generous allowance for a man's own needs, and the needs of those that are dependent on him. What he has over and above is, in the strictest sense, surplus wealth. Of this he is not the owner under the law of nature, but only under the conventions of men. He is, in truth, the steward, the dispenser. He may not do with it just what he likes, as the owner of a thing may do, so long as he does wrong to no one. He may not go on ever more adding to it, piling up hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands.

He may not waste it in luxuries, or follies, or extravagance. He is bound to spend it freely for the benefit and betterment of his fellowmen—to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to lift up the fallen, to succor the distressed. His duty to his children is to bring them up in virtue, the greatest legacy he can leave to them; to give them the best education he can; to start them in life, and then let them "paddle their own canoe." There surely could be nothing worse for the sons and daughters of a family than to be made to feel from childhood that they need not work for their living, because, forsooth, their parents are so rich. It is by battling with the world, and earning one's bread in the sweat of one's face, that character is formed. And it is the moulding of character that should be aimed at by all who are intrusted with the training of the young. It is character that makes the man and the woman; it is character that counts.

When I say that a man is bound to spend freely his surplus wealth for the benefit and betterment of his brother man, I do not mean that he is bound to spend all of it. If he did, he could no longer be a benefactor. What I mean is that he is bound to spend it generously, and to begin spending it generously as soon as it is in his power to do so.

Against this fundamental justice, rooted in the law of nature and embodied in the Gospel of Christ, the millionaire sins, and sins grievously. He has vastly more than his share, vastly more than he himself can ever need. He has cornered a great part of the world's wealth, with the inevitable consequence that many others must go short. He is a

breeder of Bolshevists; a foe and a menace to human soicety. Of him preëminently are the words of Christ true that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for the rich man to enter the Kingdom of God. He, emphatically, it is who lets Lazarus die of hunger at his gate, and whose end is foretold in graphic fashion by the Saviour and Judge of Mankind: "The rich man died, and he was buried in hell."

I've climbed the hill of life to the top, and am now beginning to go down on the other side. Life, seen from the summit, looking back, is very different from life seen near the foot of the hill, looking forward, under the golden rays of the morning sun. You see vastly more of it from the top of the hill, and the vision is vastly less alluring. You see it in the sober—sometimes sad—light of experience, not in the garish light of expectation. The toilsome ascent knocks most of the poetry out of life for one. "Alas!" cries Newman, "what are we doing all through life, both as a necessity and as a duty, but unlearning the world's poetry, and attaining to its prose!" But how much more clearly one descries from the top of the hill the land of promise across the dark river, which itself is almost wholly relieved of its gloom by the light that shines beyond. In that light, and in that light alone, we read aright life's meaning.

* *
*

With the eyes of my soul I can see today the flowing river, emblem of time, by the side of which I was born. Its passing waters, hurrying so swiftly by, who can stay them, or who can call them back again, once they are past! See yon bubble floating by, a moment brightly gleaming, then in the twinkling of an eye, melting away in the dark waters. It is an image of life, for man is but a bubble on the stream of time.

EPILOGUE

Sixty-two years how swiftly have they flown! When I was a boy I used in summer to sit down and watch the shadows that chased one another across the landscape. Little did I dream then that the day would come when, on looking back, the years of my life should seem like those shadows. The thoughts of a boy are long thoughts, and the years that lie before one in boyhood, stretching out into the great unknown, appear to be almost endless. But quickly they pass, and recede into shadowland.

Apage umbras!—away with the shadows, and let God's sweet light shine strong and bright into our souls. The dog in the fable lost the substance by grasping at the shadow. That bone was his summum bonum, his supreme felicity, and he had but to carry it across the stream to enter upon the secure enjoyment of it. But being a fool-dog, he dropped it in mid-stream. While crossing the stream of life let us beware of grasping at the shadow and dropping the sure hope of happiness that awaits us on the further shore.

* *
*

This poor world of shadows and of dreams, of short reunions and of long partings illumined by memory's fitful light, only when the Angel of Death shall have lifted the dividing veil shall its shadows melt away and its partings be at an end.

[The End]

Books by the Same Author

STRAY LEAVES, OR TRACES OF TRAVEL

"I have enjoyed its sketches of travel immensely, and have only one fault to find with them—they are too short! One wishes for a great deal more of the same easy, graceful, vivid writing."—Christian Reid.

"The whole book is light and airy, and makes interesting reading."—The Brooklyn Tablet.

"If the reader likes a book of travels written as is 'Stray Leaves, or Traces of Travel,' with that touch of elusive charm and that power of expression that brings the scenes described before the mental vision as if vividly as if painted, then the reader will be glad to have this book on a quiet day, an opportune and secluded reading-place, with no companion to interrupt."—Mrs. S. M. O'Malley.

"It is full of interest and charm, the impressions, keen and artistic, of one who was on familiar ground in his wide range of journeys."—The Catholic World.

THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO

"The book before us cannot be disposed of by any supercilious assumption that 'scholars no longer doubt that the Holy House is a fraud.' "—The Ave Maria.

"Puts a quietus on those gentlemen who thought they had proven that the translation of the Holy House of Loreto was a myth."—The Western Catholic.

"My warmest congratulations on your scholarly and, in my view, successful defence of the beautiful and time honored tradition of the angelic translation of the House of Nazareth."—Cardinal Begin.

RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

(3 Volumes)

"It is in the firm mastering of these permanent truths—the wisdom, principles, divine and human, the clear insight into their meaning and bearings, together with the practical method of their application to certain subjects now occupying men's minds—it is these qualities that constitute the permanent worth of these essays . . set forth with the author's characteristic precision, perspicuity, and beauty of diction."—The Eccleesiastical Review.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

"A second reading has deepened the first impression. I really think you have made a valuable contribution to theological science."—Most Rev. N. MacNeil, Archbishop of Toronto.

"Theologians will find this book luminous and interesting."—The Pittsburg Catholic.

THE SYMBOL IN SERMONS

Twenty-five Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed

"It is lucid and easy in style, concise in arrangement, and magnetic in its erudition."—The Catholic Register.

THE SYMBOL OF THE APOSTLES

A Vindication of the Apostolic Authorship of the Creed on the Lines of Catholic Tradition

"A splendid example of critical scholarship."—The Guidon.

"It is a relief to come across a work like the Symbol of the Apostles after the dreary waste of academic discussions that centre about this well-worn Confession of the Christian Faith."—Rt. Rev. Bishop Shahan.

"The author . . . . builds up a new defence too solid and strong for the artillery of historical criticism."—Rev. Dr. Campbell.