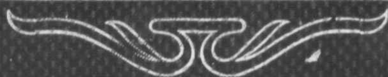
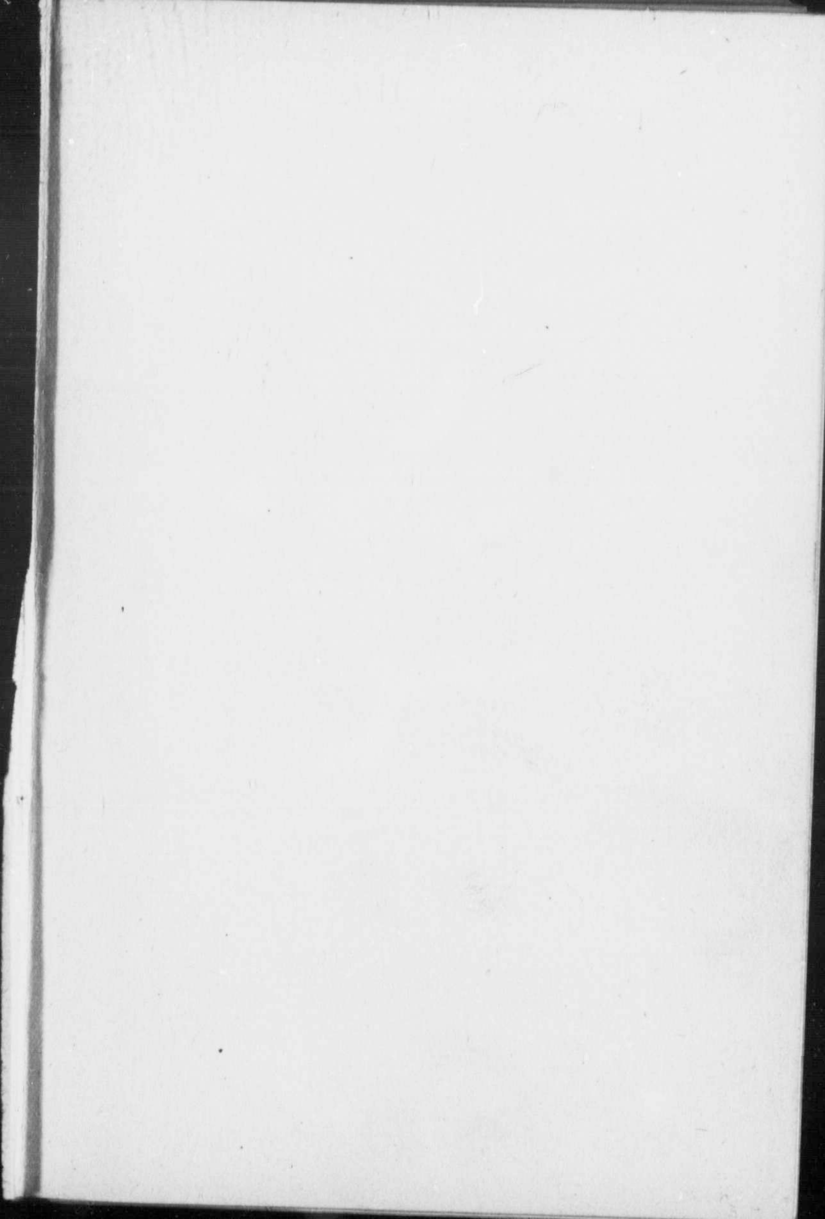
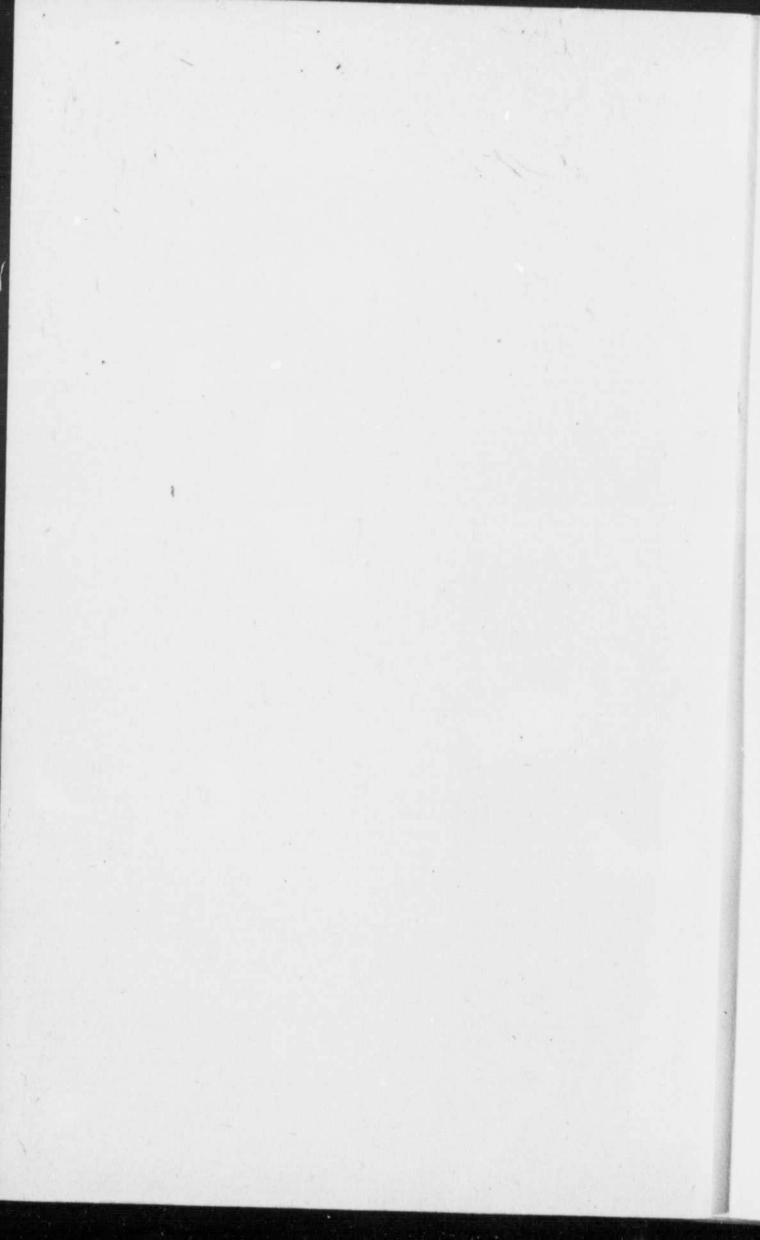
# ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN
## MAN AND CHURCHMAN







Archbishop in 1903.

C. O'Brien

# ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN:

## MAN AND CHURCHMAN.

By Katherine Hughes.

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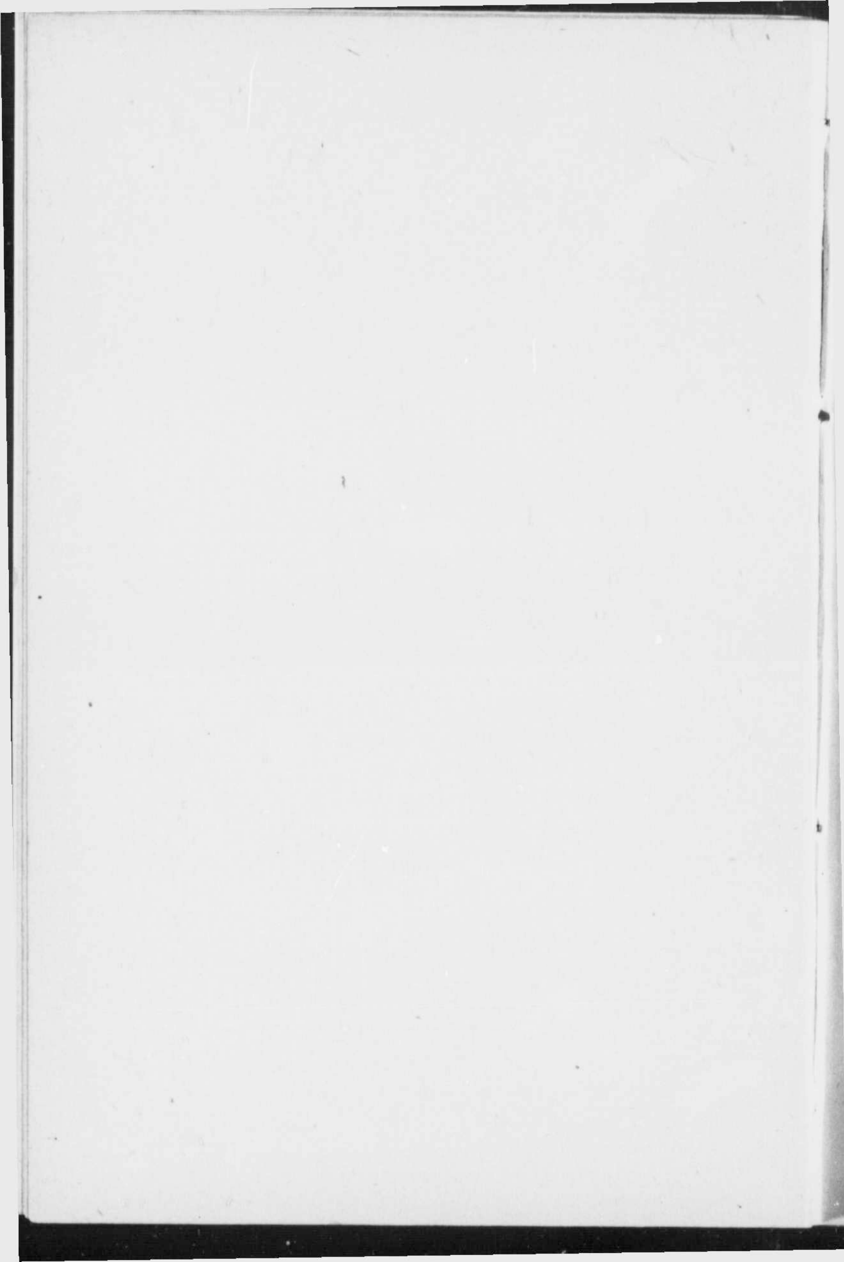
TO

ALL MEN OF HIS TYPE—

"Men of opinions and a will;
Men who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking"—
Men who are not supinely content
to leave the moral responsibility
of the world to womankind.



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## FOREWORD.

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It is not the purpose of this book to chronicle in any great measure the works of Archbishop O'Brien—with which indeed the people of Canada are already familiar; it aims rather to portray the inner life of the man, out of which these works proceeded. Forceful and dominant as churchman and publicist, Archbishop O'Brien was ordinarily so reticent that after attempting an analysis of his friend, Archbishop Howley sums up his personality as unique; somewhat difficult to understand and appreciate, and easily misunderstood.

In many letters of regret and sympathy, written upon the Archbishop's death, it was a coincidence that the writers should express in various ways the sentiment penned by Governor Jones a few days before his own death—"I feel indeed as if I had lost an old friend for whom I had a great admiration and respect." Yet of those who wrote—Catholics and Protestants in two continents—the majority implied or said directly that theirs had not been even an intimate acquaintance with the Archbishop.

They had closely followed his works; they had admired him, loved him perhaps; they had frequently

come in contact with him. But they had not known the man himself. It was all freshly illuminative of a somewhat in the Archbishop's personality, apparent most to those who knew him best—an exquisite aloofness of soul, that notwithstanding broad human sympathies, held its inner self apart, for God alone.

This perception of Archbishop O'Brien's personality, as well as the marked esteem in which he was held by Canadians outside the Church, is more recently indicated in a letter written by Lieutenant-Governor Fraser. Being impressed with a poem written by a Protestant in memory of the Archbishop, the Governor sent it on to Hon. Mr. Justice Meagher, a valued and loyal friend of the deceased prelate throughout his episcopate; and in his own frank fashion, the Protestant Governor declares that for a non-Catholic the writer has given a just and noble tribute to a noble man. . . . "Alas," he adds gravely, "like many other great souls, only fully appreciated by souls that live in the higher altitudes."

It was significant of the Archbishop's rounded nature that this spirituality did not hamper, but rather intensified the practical activities of his life as a churchman and a citizen.

Contemplating the life of such a man, great in his virile goodness of heart and soul as in his intellect, one is inevitably confronted with the popular sentiment that the lives of good men are necessarily rather uninteresting and colorless. Even so lately as in Dr.

Ireland's life of Sir Henry Vane, we find Dr. Ireland making concession to that notion. "The very purity of this great man's life may detract from its interest," he writes.

It is irritating to one's own sense of the fitness of things to take this up, yet being thrust upon one by the popular taste for the melo-dramatic, one should, in justice to the "uninteresting," good and pure man, carry the analysis through. Does the purity and honesty o Sir Henry's life in a corrupt period necessarily imply that his goodness cost him no effort? And are not as doughty battles fought in the inner self as ever in the world's eye? If the good man wears his scars of victorious conflict inside he misses man's applause, but he is content to do without it. A clear conscience is worth vastly more than applause. Yet who is responsible for the feeling that the lives of the clean-living and the honest are less interesting, from an artistic standpoint, than the other sort? Is it tradition, or an apologetic sense arising from individual laxity? Is Adam Bede in fiction less interesting than Arthur Donnithorne, or, in real life,—Matthew Arnold than Byron? And who of these were the manly men?

There have been great geniuses who have not willed to arrogate to themselves unthinkable license of conduct because of their "artistic temperament"—great and interesting men who have actually paid their bills, knowingly defrauded no man and generally observed the Christian standard of morality. And

in these lives there has been much of human interest, something too of charm and colour and inspiration.

It is struggle and action, perceived or understood, that gives colour to life. The good man is not necessarily a pasty gingerbread man. Sometimes there is goodness of this negative sort, but then the man of chequered life is frequently not picturesque; more often he is just commonly, vulgarly, weakly bad. The temptations and victories of the good man are not known because the good man does not succumb to them. Temptation is strangled in the thought, before it can reach out to action.

Even to those who live closest to the strong man comes no spoken word of the inner battles. His progress may seem to be made in the gray commonplace; but this is because the onlooker's spiritual appetite for the fine and wholesome has lost its native keenness under a too-prolonged course of sauces piquantes—has become slightly abnormal in fact. So if to the morally crude mind Galahad is a polite poetical fiction, even such a one must concede that Byron—poor, perverted, brilliant genius—was only a human pyrotechnic, a startling compound of genius and heart that shot through the literary ether with brilliant flame—but left a sad wreck when the fuse had burned out.

The world loves great men for the struggles they have made to conquer the unworthier self, not for a wild-west dash through the Ten Commandments; it pities them, when, being made for higher things,

they have fallen. But the knowledge of this pity, that is all akin to love, yet has in its essence a very subtle hint of superiority—even of contempt—is, or ought to be, to men of spirit, sufficiently goading to make them rise, if only to fling back such inevitable pity.

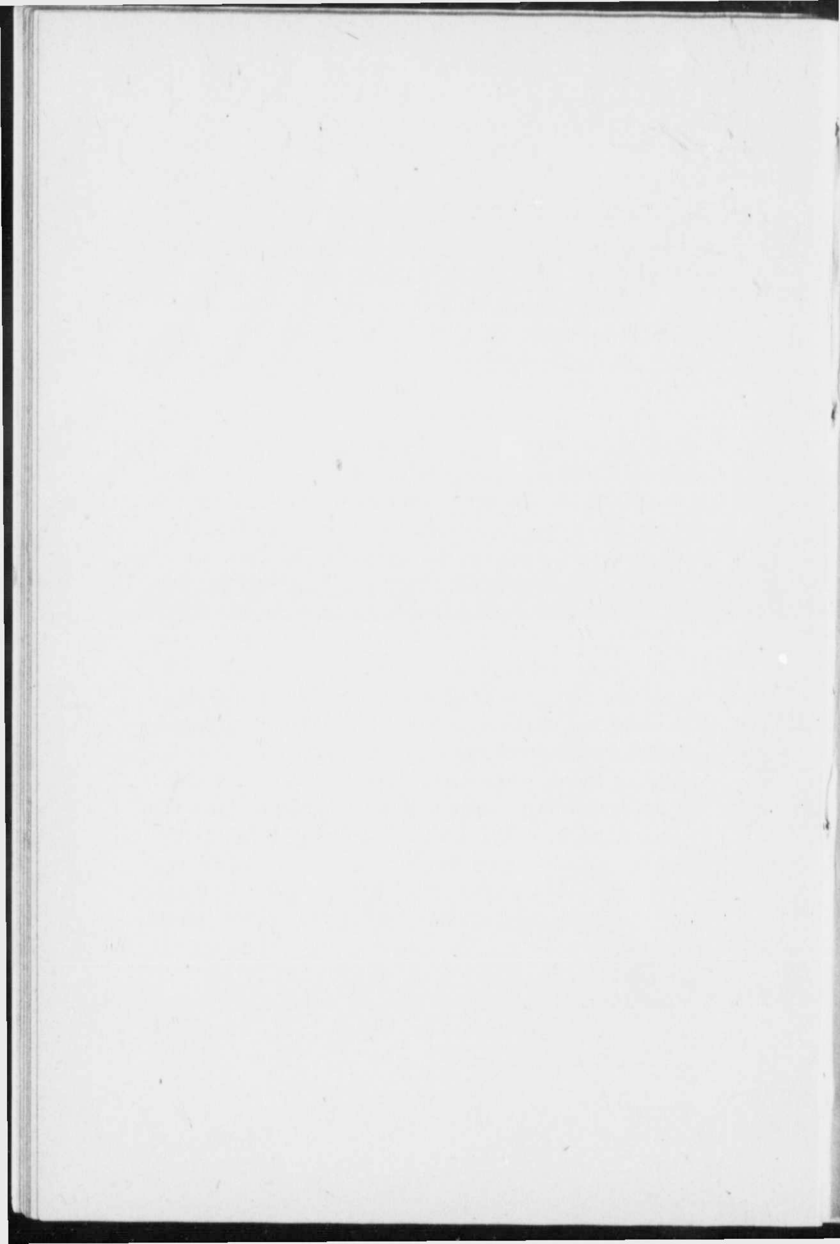
The world can and does reverence the great man, who, having fallen, rises strongly again to his higher self. He may even be placed in a niche above the man who has never fallen, if his triumph over circumstances merit it. But in any case the world, exercising the native moral instincts of the race, loves its great men and heroes, not because of their sins, but in spite of them.

We can loathe the sin, even while we love the sinner. We may love the sinner more than the just man. But while we pardon sin, we must not glorify it. The great man is first king of himself—"the true, right king that dares do aught save wrong,"

Such a man was Archbishop O'Brien, of whose life and character a simple study—rather than a conventional biography—has been attempted here. The study has been made in all too hurried fashion; yet it still, I hope, bears in its essence some echo of the message of his beautiful life.

K. H.

Mortleigh,
Ottawa, Oct. 11th, 1906.



*"For, as the highest gospel was a Biography, so is the life of every good man still an indubitable gospel, and preaches to the eye and heart and whole man."* Carlyle.

# I

## FORMATIVE INFLUENCES.

---

"The woman in her office holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character . . . . .
Then crown her Queen o' the world."—Wych.

There are some phases of nature that catch up the heart in man, suddenly refreshing him, making him sensible of what is best in him. Fortunately for the race there are some men—and Archbishop O'Brien was one—who convey this atmosphere; whose manner, deeds and speech subtly and quite unconsciously work the higher springtime moods in the hearts of those who come in close contact with them. Their very presence imparts a sense of hope and reliance; an impulse of re-birth.

When such a one has passed out of the visible life, it is of interest to essay the interpretation of the inward springs of his nature—strong, finely reticent, with charm as elusive as an early May day, rich with

the hidden multiplied promise of the soul's bud and blossom. And it should be as profitable to enquire into the life of a man who conquered self as of one who has taken cities.

In Archbishop O'Brien there was apparent, not only rare goodness, but genius' attribute—a strong individuality: that individuality which the age rather destroys than fosters in man, yet still enthusiastically crowns in the individual that withstands assimilation. In the vast smelting-pot of the world human interest and research are provoked less toward the seething mass than to the isolated unfused bits of metal standing stubbornly out from it.

The man who refuses to let others think for him and whose everyday life is based on high principles commands the respect of his world, even if possessed—as he sometimes is—with the temper of a thunder-god. But when a man unites, as Archbishop O'Brien did, to this thought-force and principle a pleasing urbanity and an active sense of moral responsibility, he sways men by his presence even, by its suggestion of reserve forces; he is then admirably strong.

In studying such a man we must go beyond the mere outward circumstances of his life and seek the more remote sources of his self-reverence, his self-control and moral excellence. . . . Heredity? It immediately suggests itself as a source. For heredity is much in the making of a man, though early environment and training mean vastly more. In the moulding of Archbishop O'Brien, both heredity and

training, as well as the pre-natal influence of a mother with the loftiest perception of her maternal responsibilities, united to produce a soul of rare grace and steadfastness.

He realized with all the comprehension of a sensitive nature how much he himself owed to his early training, and it was precisely this knowledge which armed him in his constant advocacy of proper education for the young. In his humility, which was genuine, he was wont to object earnestly to any individual merit for himself. His attitude toward those who offered tribute to his ability or virtues was always:

"What portion of good I have the Lord gave me, and my parents fostered it. I am His steward; I have only to use my talents for His honor and glory."

Providence, that could show us no greater favor than the improbable one of permitting us to choose our own parents, was very kind in its choice for the child born at Grovehill Cottage, New Glasgow, on May 4th, 1843. In the immediate generation and in the past, in old Ireland, there was much for which this child grown to maturity expressed deep gratitude. He was the child of no *mariage de convenance*. Great men never are; from such unions, presupposing persons either lacking in the finer feelings of life, or dominated by selfishness, posterity is doomed to be average or less than average for sheer lack of the leavening force of spirituality.

A nature so finely balanced, endowed with "the sanity of true genius," a physique so attractive as the Archbishop's could only have proceeded from the union of quite harmonious forces—spiritual, mental and physical. This was very true of his parentage. His father, Terence O'Brien, a son of Walter O'Brien, Esquire, of Newross, Ireland, was a young Munster Irishman of good family, high-principled, of stubborn will and a marvellous ability for keeping his own counsel. In early manhood he crossed the Atlantic to Newfoundland and engaged there for a time in business with his cousin, Hon. Laurence O'Brien. Some time after, he visited Prince Edward Island where he met and married Miss Catherine O'Driscoll, an Irish maiden who had not long before accompanied her mother and stepfather to the Island from Cork, Ireland. Some idea of her spirit may be had from her declining to remain in Ireland in assured luxury with her paternal relatives who had objected to this second marriage. She willed instead to stay with her mother, cheerfully accepting with her the uncertainties of her stepfather's slim fortunes in a new country; the young girl's action was prophetic of the woman to be.

Upon his marriage Terence O'Brien seems voluntarily to have relinquished all intention of returning to the Ancient Colony with its excellent opportunities for material advancement; money, indeed, was at no time valued very greatly by him. He took his young bride out from her home in the city,

and in the country, with what small means he had then, with strong hearts and mutual affection, they set up a new household. It seems at this distance, not the wisest step he might have taken, as he afterward regretted to some degree that he had deprived his family of advantages and environments he would have desired for them; whilst he had largely taken from himself opportunities for meeting and conversing with congenial minds. This last deprivation, however, only deepened the contemplative cast of his temperament, a trait which came out strongly afterward in his son.

The loneliness of the new country, and its social limitations were conditions as new to one as the other. But the young wife quickly adapted herself, proving to be a sunny-hearted woman whose every day drew fresh strength from the atmosphere of a strong man's love upholding her, no less than from her own growing perceptions of a woman's work in the world. Her influence spreads like a brooding angel's wings over Cornelius O'Brien's youth, and in maturity some memory of it continually arose in his conversation, books or sermons. The dedication of his first book was to her; and in the pastoral letter, written a few weeks before his death, her memory speaks again through this paragraph:

> "There is no spectacle on earth so pleasing
> "to God and his angels as that of a mother
> "endeavoring to consecrate the heart and lips
> "of her child to His service,by teaching it to pray.

"Let Christian mothers realize the nobility, the "sacred character impressed on them by mother- "hood; the tender love by which the Eternal "Father encircles and ennobles them, making "them His co-operators in peopling the heavens "made vacant by the fall of the rebellious angels."

The impulse to consider her life more fully is irresistible; though as Ruskin has said, the best women are necessarily the most difficult to know; their goodness being recognized chiefly in the happiness of their husbands and the character of their children.

Memories cluster about the picture of this mother of the Colonial days. Petite, winsome, archly expressive, with Irish eyes, soft brown hair and exquisite coloring—a blithe young matron, assuming with happy grace the dainty muslin cap that in those well-ordered days distinguished the wife and mother from the maid. She was Irish—so Irish, with the large heart that is mercury without, and gold within; whose outer gates ran up to full instant sympathy with other souls in their joy or grief, but held so loyally, so proudly behind its outer chambers, enshrined and apart—the love of her own alone.

She was not yet twenty when she took up the responsibility of a home, blithely putting out her hands to her woman's work as a blest privilege. Fortunately the love that sheltered her life was much too wise and tolerant to hinder the natural development of her heart and intellect that followed. Her husband was twelve years her senior. Whatever

degree of *Storm und Drang* there had been in his life had passed before he met her, and now in this lovely country-spot he was content to think, to be at peace and in an atmosphere where no jarring element entered.

He was well-content too to look upon his wife caring for the education of her children and the ways of her household with all the grasp of a particularly active and balanced intelligence, developing the self-reliance, the sweet imperiousness, the almost majesty of the matron who is conscious of her husband's absolute trust and her children's worship. Even at the risk of being dogmatic, one might say that not in the sweetheart of many charms, not in the noted beauty, nor in the woman of marked intellectual attainments, but in wives and mothers such as she—*Vera dea patuit.*

As might be expected of a nature both capable and sympathetic, her woman's ministrations were not restricted to her home. It came first and was in no-wise neglected, yet she was often found where suffering or need called her. The advice and sympathy and material help that throughout life she gave to men and women, particularly to those employed on her husband's farm, were so helpful that on her death women came to her home grieving with a sense of personal loss and begged for some smallest souvenir of the beautiful spirit passed away.

Yet if her womanly temperament produced a noteworthy activity in well-doing, it is still incalculable

how much of direction and effectiveness was given her action by the contemplative mind that walked in sympathy beside her. For theirs was an undoubtedly Christian home, of which for each—man and wife—the other was the altarpiece, and while the man was the controlling head of the house, its vitalizing atmosphere was created by his consort.

Out of this union arose the home-influences that surrounded Archbishop O'Brien's youth. Men will understand now why throughout life his devotion to his mother was one of the strongest traits of his private life and a well-spring of love for his fellowmen. Women, turning impatiently from the thought of the indignity offered womanhood in modern society's revival of the decadent Roman matron, will greet the memory of this woman, at once charming and true, with an unvoiced Laudate. Such women lend a lustre to womanhood, and transmit to a new generation the nobility of soul and the physical and moral courage that makes a race of heroic men.

Man, says Schopenhauer, derives his will from his father and his intellect from his mother. The saying invites belief. Certainly the somewhat stubborn though controlled will of Terence O'Brien appeared again, under even better control, in his son, who was as surely animated with his mother's active intellect and zealous spirituality. But it was from both parents, from the eloquent atmosphere of their lives and the unworldly glory of past traditions that the boy

received his faith and the inalienable steadfastness to principle that eventually marked his life.

Anyone who knew Archbishop O'Brien can credit the opinion that his faith in God and God's Church was literally as immovable as the mountains. Long and clear-sighted study of theology and philosophy—begun in youth and continued through life—had confirmed and verified his belief, had made him capable of bearing witness to the faith that was in him. But the faith itself was primarily the dearly-bought heritage of the child of Irish birth. Its elements were in his very blood at birth—the tinge of idealism, the triumph of spirit over matter, of sacrifice for principle.

These took shape through boyhood, as he imbibed religious truths in his own home, and learned through race and family traditions at what desolating material cost there had been earned for him the privilege of being born within the fold of the Ancient Faith.* Not so many generations before there were men of his father's blood who had renounced lands and position in Munster simply that they might preserve their faith.

Only a Celt who knows how passionately, how extravagently an Irishman of the old stock loves his lands, can quite appreciate what these and similar sacrifices by other Irishmen meant. The renunciation was not made without hurt to nature, but, as the only alternative for peace of soul, it was usually made with

*Appendix, Note 1.

all the Celt's spirited disregard of material things; bravely as Hugh O'Neill, in spite of his education at the Tudor Court, razed to the ground the old castle of his fathers and retreated with his decimated army to the hills. Elizabeth's men would never feast as victors in the banquet-hall of the O'Neill.

If a wayfarer in Ireland then were to ask some of those Irish gentlemen the reason for their course, one can accurately imagine the sum of their logical reasoning, as one may hear it still in men of great faith: Plain facts of a God who created man; of man yielding to sin; of the Redeemer who came, and the Church He left with which His spirit would remain for all time; of His command to man to heed it—their guide through time to Eternity.

Such might be the premises; this the conclusion:

> "And, mind you, stranger, the span of a "man's life is a small, small speck on the face of "Eternity. . . .Myself, my wife and my children "are living toward Eternity. Lands and life may "go; we cannot part with the Faith; we cannot "deny Christ's Church."

Then the stranger looking on this man of faith would have agreed with him, that he and his wife and his children could more blithely look into Eternity, dwelling in a shelter on the hills, clear in conscience, than they could choke the soul-cries in a fine old home. Simple logic, this—with the simplicity of truth; that there is more in life than a silken tunic and good meat and drink, however desirable this last might be to the

heart of a mediaeval Celtic chieftain. The fruit of such faith and sacrifice on the part of several generations passed into the blood of their children, and was transmitted to produce just such men as Archbishop O'Brien.

It was during his episcopacy that he met another, Munster O'Brien, who filled a position of dignity in the Imperial Service. It was traditional in this man's family that they should occupy such positions. Luxury and varying rank and the favour of a court, though a conquering one, had been theirs for centuries; but to secure this their ancestors had bartered the Ancient Faith. The two men, the churchman and the diplomat, drawn to each other with mutual regard, brought up the past; weighed likes and differences; found likeness of history and traditions and on both sides the old family names retained—the Terences, the Laurences and Walters. There was always this difference at the end, however—the pitiable difference of creed.

Yet no one who knew Archbishop O'Brien will doubt that, with full appreciation of the other's advantages, he would choose again for his fathers, as for himself, persecution and earthly renunciation, if that had to be the price of his and their faith. And —such was the steadfastness of the man—it is equally certain that if he had lived 250 years earlier, he would have gone to execution for his faith with as unfaltering mien as Bishop Terence O'Brien of Emly went on the order of Cromwell's general, Ireton.

This may seem a digression, yet it is necessary to realize the potency of the faith-instilling atmosphere of such a household as that in which Cornelius O'Brien was reared. This faith and the code of honourable living and high-thinking it implied grew as naturally there as every nerve and muscle and sinew took strength from boyish work and play.

Heart and mind reacted to its vitalizing influence, its outlook on life at once serene and radiant, to its atmosphere of rest and finality.

Into such an atmosphere then the future Archbishop was born, the seventh child in a family of nine. Out of a childhood that was just simple and happy, as childhood merits to be, there is but one incident worthy of note. One in which the soothsayers found material for talk. When he was eighteen months old, an ordinary ailment of childhood developed without warning into a state of prostration. The child's seeming lack of resistance alarmed the young mother as no other illness in her older children ever had.

It was a period and place in which a physician was rarely called to attend a child, yet Mrs. O'Brien was so thoroughly alarmed by the child's sudden weakness that she would not wait for the doctor to be brought to him. Holding the infant in her arms she went by carriage to the doctor's home in Charlottetown—only to find him absent—and through the long night that followed, the child cradled in its mother's lap seemed more than once dead. It was possible

he might live; this was the best hope they could give her.

So for thirty-six hours she sat or knelt beside the motionless body of her child, or cradled it in her arms; watched and prayed with brimming mother-love that her little one might be spared to her. At the end of that long watch he came out of the deathlike state, and made a recovery as rapid and incomprehensible as his illness had been.

Then "Ah," said the wiseacres at a time when medical science dealt little in pediatrics, "wait, and we shall see. This child has some mission of God reserved for him."

It was a prophecy in no way desirable to a healthy young lad later, when teasing brothers and sisters made too-ardent queries about this mission in store for him. He would not listen to it. Even as a boy, however, he began to think of writing and the making of books. He wrote poems from time to time—very absurd and satirical rhymes, mostly, that were looked upon as the youth's rather ingenious way of saying in rhyme what he could not say with as much humour in prose about individuals whom he did not like. It was a quaint license taken to ride Pegasus, and was considered as in no way connected with "the mission."

This he felt he had decided for himself, when still quite young he resolved to enter commercial life. He looked out to a wider sphere than the old home and the self-sufficing family of devoted children. Not less affectionate than they, not as talented as

some of them, he was conscious that the life was too narrow for his dreams and offered a too-limited perspective for the future; and he possessed, even then, the will to act upon his own initiative. Talent without courage, native or cultivated, is apt to lie barren through at least one generation.

The Island Province was then, even more than now, the charming country Arcadia that writers have since described it to be—a corner of the earth where neither great wealth nor poverty existed, where old-fashioned culture and contentment and simplicity were, and where a fine earnest race of men and women were bred, who have carried broadcast the name of "the Island" motherland.

Terence O'Brien, as might be expected from one of his contemplative unworldly nature had not added much to what he had invested in his property there. He reared his several children in comfort, though with no luxuries. But he could not obtain for them the wider educational advantages he desired—the price the pioneer must pay for a life whose idyllic charm will be potent while a section of virgin-land and grove still remains in the world.

When at sixteen Cornelius O'Brien left home, his tuition, outside of an excellent home education, was quite incomplete. As a little fellow he had sometimes attended with his brother and sister, Lawrence and Anne, a private class taught by Miss Lawson, the daughter of an English lawyer who had also drifted into farm-life in this ideally restful spot. These

classes being concluded, he later attended a small public school near his home, finally entering a school at Rustico, some miles away, in order to learn French.

Having made up his mind to enter business, he asked his father to procure him a clerkship at Summerside, then quite a shipping port. This was done, and the young fellow entered upon his proposed career with high spirits and self-reliance.

The thoughts of youth are surely "long, long thoughts," and their promptings difficult to trace. It is more than probable, however, that in his desire to enter upon a business life, Cornelius O'Brien had been influenced by the visits to his father of Lawrence O'Brien of Newfoundland. The wealth and prestige of the latter were only increased from year to year with the active part taken by him in legislative affairs in the Colony and with his fleets of trading vessels.

Though these circumstances were to Terence O'Brien matters of profound indifference—material riches being to his philosophic mind nothing, wealth of character, everything—they were enough to stir actively the imagination of his son, looking eagerly out then to what life held for him. The boy went to Summerside—to a berth in the largest commercial house of the town, one in which a wholesale and retail trade was maintained. The salary of a beginner, then as now, provided little more than board and clothing, for the growing youth.

He filled his post so creditably that, notwithstanding his youth, he was left in entire charge of the

business in the following year, when his employer went to England to do his purchasing. Throughout his stay he performed his duties in his own self-reliant fashion; he found some recreation in a quite amateur debating club, which produced in public a drama of his composition. But he was conscious of dissatisfaction with his life.

It was the protest of the inner self against remaining at a work which would leave his best individual abilities to rust. He had heard the "*Quid retribuam?*" of his soul, and felt that there was for him no satisfactory answer in the life of a business man. Consistently upon recognizing this, he resigned his berth in the third year and returned home, with the intention of entering college, and with a new desire of a higher vocation.

## II

## DESTINY AND SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

---

"We are not the creatures of blind chance, but under God, the architects of our own destiny."—O'Brien.

It seems reasonable to expect that the souls of the proved in Heaven look out with interest on the course of individuals here; and if they do, one might expect great gladness among them at sight of a man entering upon the duties for which he was manifestly destined, but which, with almost wilful blundering, he so often declines.

The average Christian's mind is clear upon eternal life in some higher sphere as his destined end; but the work which will most fully develop his individual faculties and aid in attaining the great End is not often so well-defined. Unfortunately so, for mistakes in the choice of it assuredly lead to pathetic misfits in life.

To most Catholic youths, religiously trained, there comes at some time the question: "Has God fitted me for the religious vocation or the life of a

layman? How can I serve Him best?" And the matter becomes one of moment for a period. Some idea of how the future Archbishop dealt with his own questionings may be had from his characteristically brief advice to one who asked it:

"It is a matter of prayer and reflection. The definite knowledge of your vocation will come only by seeking it honestly. You need not expect a revelation from God, as to another Paul."

Even in cases of very apparent religious vocation he counselled a debate of mind of the utmost seriousness, not only in the interests of the individual, but in the interests of the Church; which is not best served by those who fancy themselves into a religious vocation or pine into it—and sometimes out of it again—complicating their own difficulties of attaining salvation and not always adding increased lustre to the Church.

So when I shall speak here of religious vocations, I refer to those truly called to such a life, without pretence to their own souls or the world.

From his Celtic Irish antecedents it would be expected that this question of vocation would come early in life to Cornelius O'Brien, and, as he was singularly mature of soul even then, be given serious consideration... It did not take long for him to realize that his strongest desire was to enter the priesthood.

When he returned home from Summerside he informed his father of his desire to enter a college, and, if possible, become a priest. His father at once

complied with this new desire, and the young man entered upon a classical course in St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown. He was then not yet twenty, at that period in early life when the soul awakens to a sense of its own individuality as the body has done earlier.

To the average man it is said this awakening comes with some love-dream as sweet and evanescent as the May-blossoms, usually followed by other dreams more or less fleeting. But there are young souls of such native thought or spirituality that the earliest awakening arises out of their own depths, and the earthly love comes late, once for all; or, as in the soul called to a religious vocation, not at all. It was so with Cornelius O'Brien.

A sudden, imperative inward need to know the why and wherefore of life brought his soul into a new relation with his Creator, so intimate as to be almost a revelation. The rapture this brings to such souls—when even the hills seem "girded about with joy," when mankind and nature alike take on new meaning—has found expression in the exultant cadences of some of the psalms, though not anywhere in English literature. Some day, perhaps, its height and depth may be echoed in words as human love has been by the sweet understanding of Coventry Patmore, the pure passion of the Brownings and Tennyson's fine perceptions.

Another Matthew Arnold—one illumined and fired by Catholic faith—might do it. Then beside the

white fervour of this passion expressed, all the seductive poems of Circe and the sirens, of the witch-woman Lilith, rose-bowers and trysts, would show visibly the phosphorescent glow that marks corruption, and even the glories of chaste earthly love shine only as its reflection.

Some fainter spirit of this first vision walks always beside the soul that needs no earthly mate, the soul that is consecrated to God. It is, they say, preserved to a vitalizing degree by the Holy Eucharist, the guerdon of strength to men and women who realize that it is not the robe that makes the religious, but the heart beating beneath it.

To the Catholic mind attuned by knowledge to sympathetic understanding of the religious vocation, the serene and unselfish life of Archbishop O'Brien, in itself, bears all the tokens of a soul peculiarly drawn to God and voluntarily consecrated to Him. To other minds some understanding of the true celibate's attitude may be had from his writings.

He speaks in his one novel with reverent delicacy of Eleanor's growing love for Lorenzo, adding that human love is treasured in the secret chambers of every heart but those called to a life of celibacy. The call to virginity is by him gravely and sweetly put "the gift of God," and virginity he defines as not merely the state of being unmarried, but the consecration of self, body and soul, to God alone.

> "Without doubt," he says in one book, "pure human love is good; matrimony is a holy

"state and the one intended for the vast majority "of mankind."

But he demands for the celibate equal recognition of the rights and sanctity of his calling. The veriest sceptic, acquainted with the life of the Archbishop and reading the books written out from his soul, must acknowledge that some few souls are created with such an order of spiritual grace that human intimacy seems all undesirable, and as someone has put it—"Intrusion upon their soul's privacy their exquisite agony"—but who will spend their days in the service of the poor, the weak and erring with a love that surpasses the love of a man for his wife.

"There are those," the Archbishop says, in the Life of St. Agnes, "who decry a life of "celibacy, and call it unnatural or pretend that "it is impossible. Well, these do not know 'the "gift of God.' It is not unnatural, it is rather "above nature; it is impossible, certainly, without "divine grace. . . .It is a mistake quite common "among the unthinking, that human sympathy "is frozen to death in the breast of a true virgin. "To those who know anything of the religious "life this mistake appears most grotesque. "Human love is restricted; it may even be said to "be selfish, that is, confined to the immediate "objects beloved. . . .On the other hand, the "true priest, the true religious has world-wide "sympathies. Divine love has replaced, or "rather elevated and ennobled, human affection "in his heart. . . ."

Those non-Catholics who were inclined to regard celibacy as unnatural, His Grace would have understand that it could not be unnatural, when it is directed toward the God who sustains Nature. When no lover can desire to bring to his human beloved offerings of flowers or jewels, more naturally and ardently than the Levite longs to go out into the vineyard of human souls and gather there garlands of blossoms, rich harvests of fruits; jewels—all of human souls—to bring them, if he may, and place them on the bosom of his Master and soul's Beloved—the Christ.

It is the spirit that animated the early apostles and missionaries; that still fires every man worthily receiving the holy orders of the Priesthood. He strives toward his ideal just as the layman does, though in a different calling, as destined in the ordering of the world, each meriting in accordance with his faithfulness to the gifts bestowed upon him. There is, in fact, the strongest analogy between the life of the priest and of the good layman, in the motif as in its working-out.

To each a dominating affection calls, radiant of promise and demanding some consecration, a giving-over, a glad sacrifice of self. Life and the knowledge of life begins then in its fulness. The Levite is ordained, elevated to the august dignities of priesthood; the layman, if fortunate, marries his mate and takes on the new dignity of head of a household. Each has responsibilities, more or less trying.

The radiance of the first vision passes for each, and in the stress of work gives way to a sense of companionship, a strengthening surety of a sympathy that is exclusive in its quality to each, and to be had when most needed. Then when the active period of life wanes, when the mind naturally detaches itself from outsiders and outside affairs, to each in the wise dispensation of the Creator some glory of that early vision returns. To the layman, his wife becomes again the wife of his youth; to the priest, his Master comes again very close, very cheering. So life is lighted at the end, and the enfeebled life-forces gain strength from the spirit.

Having once entered upon a course at St. Dunstan's, it was with the desire of becoming a priest, if judged worthy of the privilege, that the future Archbishop devoted himself so assiduously to his studies. While there his merits singled him out for the particular regard of Bishop McIntyre, a feeling that later developed into a warm friendship between the two, notwithstanding the great disparity of age.

The manner of the young student had the same indescribable charm that marked the Archbishop later. Years altered him little. There were always the urbanity, the sweet seriousness, the independent mind, the gentleness over firmness, with occasional delicious flashes of self-revelation in humorous or tender moments. Portraits and memories of him in those days give us a picture of a tall and slender young man with steady contemplative eyes, a flexible mouth

and a massive brow that was a veritable "dome of thought."

It surprised no one when it was made known that he had been selected by the Bishop to go to the Propaganda in Rome, and take a theological course. The announcement assuredly delighted himself. To begin the studies that were to fit him for his ministry, and to make those studies in Rome, the City of the Soul, this was the earliest answer to dreams not half understood before. The rare delight of realization in life seemed to beckon to him then.

For the first time the will of the young man was a source of hurt to his father, though the older man would not seek to alter it. While not visibly ailing, he had a prescience of the end approaching, and he grieved humanly and deeply at the thought of his son going to Europe for seven years.

"It is well enough for the other members of the family," he said once, "you are younger and will be here when the boy returns. But I shall never live to see him again."

Forced up by stress of feeling from the heart-depths of the strong, silent old man, who so rarely spoke of himself, this saying moved his son deeply, but did not alter his decision. His mother's attitude was again only inspiration and strength to him.

He sailed from Charlottetown for Liverpool in November, 1864, on a sailing vessel. There were few other passengers, and these were mostly ladies from Charlottetown returning "Home" from the Colony

for a visit. The ship was small, the period stormy, and the company, with the exception of the captain, not particularly congenial. For companionship the young man had recourse to his pen, and down into a diary improvised of note paper went the echo of what it had cost him personally to break home-ties.

He had been calm enough in leaving—he was always chary of a display of feeling—but here on the ocean alone he broke through his restraint and we have a glimpse of the feelings beneath. A great storm came up, however, and the threatening danger gave his thoughts another turn. Its passing seems to have left the crew more weary than heavenly in mood. The first display of Japanese courtesy by the oldtime steward, a character who was both ship's-doctor and steward, gradually wore out to sailorlike profanity, the Archbishop tells us; and indeed the only genuine streak of amusement on the sixteen days' voyage would seem to have been afforded by this old man's comments upon the troublesome womenfolk.

In Rome, which was full of new delights for the young Islander, he happened upon stormy times. The attack on the Vatican in 1848, fomented by the leaders of secret societies throughout Italy, had been unsuccessful; but the revolt smouldered, and in 1867, with Garibaldi as leader, broke out again with fresh vigour. The excitement that prevailed in Rome at rumours of the Garibaldians gathering in outer Italy with emissaries in Rome itself, disturbed the scholastic

quiet of the Propaganda and moved hundreds of the students to volunteer for battle.

The Archbishop liked to recall for his friends in later years the emotions of the ecclesiastics as they heard the Zouaves, the citizen volunteers of Rome, and Napoleonic troops march out of the city to repulse Garibaldi; and of their *Te Deums* and the delight of the whole city poured out to welcome back from Mentana the conquering Papal soldiers.

From the vantage-point of the college roof he, with other Propagandists, looked down on the triumphal entry, where amid the huzzaing, flower-laden masses, princes and artisans marched side by side as privates in the army of the Pope. News travelled less swiftly then than now, and Catholics in many parts of the world were unaware of the danger of the situation, yet men from every continent, and of widely different rank, were there, united as one family to protect the kingdom of the Venerable Pontiff.

Although it was not until after the spilling of Laroque's blood at Mentana that a regiment of Canadian Zouaves was formed, there were a few Canadians that day in the gallant, battered ranks and their countrymen on the Propaganda roof were boisterously proud of them.

Rome was saved to its rightful owners by the Zouaves' brilliant dash up the Mentana hills, only to be captured three years later. Rome, whose sovereignty had been vested in the Popes centuries before, at the request of its own citizens, was wrested

from Pius IX, and with it went the Papal States, in large part the gift of the brave princess of Canossa.*

Europe looked on without protest, though regarding Pius IX apart from his position as the visible head of an ancient church, statesmen in two continents had applauded him for his civil reforms. The young men of the Propaganda naturally entertained boundless admiration and respect, with love, for the benevolent pontiff of whose life they knew a thousand tender and winning details that outsiders never knew. His earliest ministry had been in the education and protection of homeless boys, a work to which he devoted the greater part of his inherited wealth. The poor, during all his life, were his particular charge; in young boys he took delighted interest. With the Propagandists he was an idol—*il Papa-Re!*—the Pope-King, the Father-King.

"Nothing, but Moses on the mountain," writes Archbishop O'Brien enthusiastically, as he recalls Pius IX at this period on the balcony of St. Peter's at Easter, extending to Rome and the world the customary Pontifical blessing—"Nothing but Moses on the mountain, praying for his battling people, could be compared to the sublime sight of Pius IX blessing the world."

The young Canadian was among the Propaganda student who begged permission to take up arms in the Papal cause. Their offer was declined, although volunteers from every Catholic nation, hastening then

*Appendix, Note 2.

to Rome, had been gladly accepted. These young men were to be soldiers of Christ on another field.

Of the old college to which the Archbishop retained so loyal an attachment through life, Primo Dochi, an Oriental classmate and friend of his, writes thus happily:

> "The college itself is a little world, as it "contains the representatives of all nations under "the sun. Every shade or hue known in the "human family, every mould that modern "ethnology records is there to be seen and studied. "The tongues in which the Apostle spoke on "Pentecost are never heard anywhere in the "world together as they resound daily within the "walls of the Propaganda. Christian love no- "where displays its strength and charms more "than in that little microcosm. Propaganda "happiness is felt, but never told."

He speaks of the warm friendships formed between men from different quarters of the globe and continues "But they must part. . . .Over the altar "a picture is placed, representing our Divine "Saviour addressing His twelve apostles in these "words: *'Go ye into all the world and preach the "Gospel unto every creature.'* At the end of their "course, ordained priests and fitted for the "struggles of the apostleship, they part—many of "them to meet no more on the face of the earth."

Of the personality of Archbishop O'Brien whilst in the Propaganda, where the personal equation alone

As a Student in Rome.

counts, we learn from one source that "his gentleness of manner, his generous mind and open-heartedness" made him popular with both students and professors. Archbishop Howley, of Newfoundland, a classmate and lifelong friend of his, says that the most pronounced trait of his character then was "the intense

> "personal piety of his private life—the piety that "has no words of self-commendation, but that "regulates man's thoughts—and consequently "his actions. Accompanying this intense religi-"ous sense and arising out of it was an exactness "about the details of the inner life of conscience, "and that horror of the very idea or name of sin—"amounting almost to a physical fear—which has "been the distinguishing mark of some of the "most exalted saints."

At the old Urban College, in friendly competition with young men of selected talent from most nations—white, black and yellow—of the world's people, we find the young Islander winning, as a classmate writes, "more class honours than any other student in our time." During his course, in which he received the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and of Divinity, there were nineteen medals for excellence which he either received or "equally merited." This resulted in his winning the prize for general excellence in the whole college.

The philosophical nature of all his later writings was foreshadowed by his liking for philosophy in the college course. In 1867 his work in this direction

was, as the Propaganda records show, of such extraordinary merit that a special medal was awarded him in recognition:

"*Cum autem Cornelius O'Brien ex Insula Principis Eduardi, in Facultate Philosophica singulare prorsus ingenii ac doctrinae specimen exhibuerit dignus habitus est qui numismate aureo donaretur.*"

The closing exercises of each scholastic year at the old Urban College brought out then, as they probably do still, a brilliant array of men eminent in the sciences and arts, of church prelates and nobles. Among those whose coming the students hailed with welcome, for the charm of his own exquisite personality, was the martyr-bishop of Albano, a member of the princely house of Altieri.

In his historical novel the Archbishop years after gave an inspiring picture of this Cardinal Altieri, picturing him as called away from that distribution of prizes in August, 1867. Whilst he was conferring honours to successful students, a telegram announced the sudden outbreak of cholera among his people at Albano, fifteen miles away. All well-meant advice to remain in Rome and direct from there the battle against cholera was answered with a smile of dissent—and with sweet gravity—this, "The good shepherd lays down his life for his flock."

Setting out at once for Albano he brought with his presence fresh moral strength and order to his panic-stricken people. Personally leading the campaign-force of doctors, priests and nuns, while the Papal

soldiers buried the dead, the Propagandists' hero went unweariedly for three days and nights, preparing hundreds to meet death calmly and helping others to live when even death seemed preferable to life.

In three days the cholera was checked, but at its close the Cardinal died, praying that his death might be the last from cholera in afflicted Albano. At the end he said firmly to those about him: "I believe in One Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, the only Church of Christ." With this last profession of a faith that had been the mainspring of his life and conduct, the great soul passed out, and Rome and the Propaganda had only a glorious memory of the spiritual life, the courteous speech and wistful smile of a patron they loved.

Rome, with the men it produced at this period of persecution, was more than ever calculated to impress the mind of the sojourner. The young Canadian was profoundly influenced by it.

An incident that occurred about midway of his stay in Rome affords the earliest remembered illustration of the psychical nature of the late Archbishop, and the interest he manifested through life concerning psychological phenomena. The trait is not at all a surprising one in the Celtic nature.

In the third winter after he had left the Island a home-letter one day told him that his father was not quite as well as usual. Naturally his father's words at parting came strongly to mind again, to depress him in spite of youth's hopefulness. One day

while out walking with other students his mind turned so strongly to his father that soul seemed calling on soul in anxious love, and an intense depression came upon him. Leaving his companions he went into a church and there before the Eucharist, the Prisoner of Divine Love, poured out his soul in prayer. He prayed that his father's life be spared until his return. . . .or, if God willed to take him then, that his soul might speedily be admitted to eternal rest.

Even as he prayed, at that day and hour, it transpired later, his father was dying—the fine brave death of an honourable man; resigned, but with a deep desire for the young Levite missing from his bedside. He had died before his son's return, as he had feared. Strong, reticent and contemplative to the last; a silent poet and philosopher, out of whose years of hidden thought a voice struggled that was given expression in the son.

In a college as exacting as the Propaganda of that period, the brilliant course made by Cornelius O'Brien necessitated arduous study in addition to native endowments. And the young Canadian hailed with deeper delight each summer the recurrence of vacation on the Frascati hills, sunny, fruitful and picturesque. These seasons of repose became more necessary as his health began to give way before the combined influence of the Roman climate, the Propaganda curriculum and his own love of study spurred by his Bishop's parting injunction to "take all the honours possible."

It must have been on one of the days that he felt both weary and homesick, when Italian fruits had lost their flavour and his appetite its edge, that he told his friends at Frascati of the custards his mother used to make. In such glowing terms too that their mouths watered for this strange delicacy, and as the cooks at the Frascati villa knew nothing of it, the next post brought a letter to his mother asking for the recipe. Students from every clime wanted it; he wanted it, he wrote, and he was going to make it.

It is not difficult to imagine how in weakened health his sensitive nature must have longed then for the little mother at home and the tonic effect of her radiant strength and sympathy; how vastly more desirable than the marble Italian villa, that gray cottage with the lilac-bushes pushing their bloom in at the windows, and the wholesome balm-of-gileads and willows shadowing the drive! What allurement there must have been in the memory of the wild green depths of a bit of the early forest left standing near his old home—because its untrimmed loveliness pleased his father's eye and fitted his dreams when he wandered through it. Always more ardent and strong of feeling than his exterior bespoke, we can understand how his sick body craved the more healthful airs of his Island and the home-tenderness; but the soul of the man who would be a priest had another and stronger appeal. He willed to go on to the end of his studies and be privileged to take up his ministry.

Perhaps, as a result of bodily weakness, or, more

likely from a determined outcropping of his father's contemplative nature, a strong desire to enter a secluded monastic order of priests came to him at this period. He spoke little of it then—if at all—it was a matter for his own soul, with perhaps the counsel of some old and experienced priest. But in later life he spoke of it to his niece more than once. This new interior problem ended as it should with the son of such a woman as his mother; he was fitted for the active life. His soul was strong enough to go into the brunt of life's active battle and to leave it better for the contact, with his own nature strengthened and deepened. He held to his first intention to become a secular priest.

Some time before the end of his theological course his physical weakness became so apparent that there was question among the faculty of his returning to Canada to recruit. But to the young man, even the thought of anything that should postpone the day of his first Mass was grievously painful. He insisted that he would find strength to complete the course. Going down to the Church of St. Agnes, which is dedicated to the young virgin-martyr whom he had taken as patroness, he spent a long vigil there bringing with him before the throne of the Almighty this potent intercessor, to implore that his ordination might not be postponed.

His prayers were heard; renewed strength came to him in the months following. And in April, 1871, on Holy Saturday in the church of St. John Lateran he

was ordained priest by His Eminence, the Pope's Vicar, Cardinal Patrizi. He was then, as he has written of another, commissioned by the successor of the Apostles to partake of the eternal Priesthood of Christ, to continue His work of teaching and example.

The answer to his soul's early *Quid-Retribuam?* was for him pronounced daily in the liturgy of the Mass—"*Calicem salutaris accipiam.*"

Shortly after his ordination he returned home, looking so thin and worn that to his relatives he seemed fourteen years older, instead of seven. Obedient to his Bishop's command he joined the teaching staff at St. Dunstan's College, and after two years, his health compelling his retirement, he was appointed Rector of St. Dunstan's Cathedral in Charlottetown. In both positions he applied himself to his regular duties so earnestly, continuing his literary studies meanwhile, that he made little progress toward recovering his former strength.

Concerned at this, Bishop McIntyre, his kindly old pastor, stationed him in September, 1874, at Indian River, a small country parish where he would have the leisure he craved for literary work, with an opportunity to grow strong. In the country airs and quiet he gradually recovered his health, wrote much that was a basis of future writings, and after two years published his first book—The Philosophy of the Bible, Vindicated.

Father Dochi, his Oriental classmate and friend, who visited him at Indian River, said the rectory reminded him of a motto he had seen on a cottage outside the Porta del Populo at Rome—"*Parve Domus*; *Magna Quies*."

"Order, Heaven's first law, is Dr. O'Brien's daily rule," he writes: "He keeps few books in his study; reflection is his best book. . . .Pleasant as he is, alive to everything around him—as rays dart forth from a central light—sentences flow naturally from his lips, conveying deep thought—and the productions of his thoughts are his own."

Here is the same independence of thought that marked the prelate later in life.

He became very much attached to his parish, and the people whom he served still speak of him with tender affection. Always very fond of flowers, one of his first comforts here was his garden, set in a frame of wild fir and beech trees. He spent many hours of pleasant contemplation in this garden, the subject of one of his unpublished poems, written some day when he was keenly alive to the dumb eloquence of its beds of roses and pansies, and fragrant mignonette.

Portions of his "Philosophy of the Bible" were doubtless planned out here, where

"Sun-flecked, in chequered shades of green and gold,
A sweet oasis mid the girdling wold,
My garden smiles; and ever seems to preach
Wisdom whose hidden depths no soul may reach."

On going to Indian River, Dr. O'Brien had invited an unmarried sister to take charge of his simple rectory, then set about making his new domicile a resting-place, a home of contemplation relieved by activities. In his childhood's home, for which he cherished always the deepest attachment, order and serenity, and a respect for the rights of each individual member, had constituted a beautiful Christian home. And throughout his life these comforts and the individual privacy of a well-ordered and philosophic home appealed particularly to his nature; they were, one might say, essential to it. For his temperament was not only scholarly, but one of exacting refinement and exquisitely sensitive to the human atmosphere about him.

It is not surprising that the man who was later to become "the children's Archbishop" should find his new home lacking something, and so beg a sister with several children to let one come and live with him. He then adopted his niece and god-child, Cornelia Hughes, the daughter of his sister Anne, for whom from early childhood he had cherished a particular friendship. His fondness for children, his rare affinity with their unspoiled innocence gave him throughout life a highly magnetic charm for youth, and it straightway made this little one forget her first home and turn to him for every need and sympathy, even as in his last years, too-often tired and ill, he leaned upon her affection and sympathy.

It was while at Indian River that Dr. O'Brien first manifested his resolve to spread devotion to his patron saint, the flower of early Catholicity in Rome. He gave her name to a niece who entered a convent. After her graduation from Charlottetown Convent, this relative, Annie Campbell, a young girl of talents and spirituality comparable to his own, became a member of his small household for a year. When she left for Montreal to join Venerable Marguerite Bourgeois' daughters in the Congregation de Notre Dame, her uncle asked her to take in the religious life the name of his patroness, St. Agnes of Rome—"the gentle Lady Agnes, who walked the streets of Rome in the year 304, but whose heart was in the heavenly Jerusalem." In this way a particular devotion to St. Agnes was established in the classes of the various convents, where this nun's brilliant talents made for her a notable career in teaching.

To the small rectory friends came and went at intervals, leaving it benefitted by the delightful home-atmosphere, the *magna quies* that surrounded the priest and scholar. Poems and sketches afterward incorporated into his writings date from his life here. One sonnet, written after the funeral of a poor old Indian woman who had been an excellent wife and mother, shows in what tender light he held the lowliest of his parishioners.

But the zealous young poet-priest could not make sonnets about all his flock, nor were his days passed in unalloyed peace. Not all lives so lend themselves

to poetic eulogy as that of the Indian woman, whose saintliness had developed through a most Christian endurance and love for a quite unsaintly husband. There were a few families, whose temperaments must have been allied—perhaps by plain old universal humanity—to the "artistic temperament" of that set which finds temperamental excuses for flagrant offences against decency.

I speak of this with some constraint, for though the circumstances lived in his sister's memory it was not spoken of during his life. Perhaps, this touches too nearly upon the relations that exist between priest and people, the shepherd and his flock. Yet it so strongly illustrates the purity and sensitiveness of his nature and the lifelong sense of responsibility he took on himself with his duties, that I cannot afford to overlook it.

Unconsciously to himself he had formed his early ideas of domestic relations upon those he had been privileged to know. And that other families, professing to be Catholic in any degree, could tolerate indecency and wrong-doing in their midst was unthinkable. The very fact that they had received at least some Catholic training would make the final judgment more severe, he knew; so his first knowledge of grievous lapse among even these hangers-on of the church came with a shock, that brought him intense suffering.

The first day a group of these people came to the rectory with their unpleasant stories, he walked about

his garden and study for hours, weighed down by this revelation of Life in a new phase. He spoke no word of them, but his sister saw his grief. Such instances though rare, were not isolated, and on each his suffering was intense. On the first occasion he could neither eat, work nor rest normally for several days. Distrait, restless, suffering acutely because of the sins of these brethren in Christ—this is the man whom men of casual acquaintance or limited perception have pronounced cold in manner and sympathies.

It was in 1880, while still stationed at Indian River, that Bishop McIntyre invited him to visit Rome with him; and again in 1881 a similar invitation came from Archbishop Hannan, of Halifax. On the latter occasion he was probably chosen not for his companionship alone, but for his ability and personal acquaintance in Rome, as the Archbishop's visit was in connection with a matter of considerable importance in diocesan affairs.

From a diary kept during the visit with his friend, Bishop McIntyre, we learn of their trying in vain in March, 1880, to cross from Georgetown to Pictou by the old *Northern Light*; returning to Cape Traverse and crossing the strait by iceboat. The day was windy, and to those acquainted with that inconvenient but picturesque mode of iceboating, it is not surprising that as they pushed out from the board-ice into the current, with the drift ice running quickly by them, Dr. O'Brien was "slightly nervous at first though he grew accustomed to it." After a while he discovered

that being hauled over hummocks and floating cakes of ice, then sent splashing down into open water gave to their crossing "just enough variety to make it somewhat exciting."

It is an interesting picture we get there of the old Capes-crossing, and worth noting. He leaves us a word of the bustling inn at Cape Tormentine, the Amherst stage, the talkative driver, and of the over-night stop at Pt. Elgin, where we learn, incidentally, that "the poor old man who got dipped when crossing the Strait is all right again." After a wretched drive through a wild snow storm the next day, their five sleighloads of passengers reached Amherst at three o'clock in the afternoon. On the way the Bishop's sleigh upset in the banked roadway, and a whiffle-tree was broken. Altogether, we are not surprised to learn that the Bishop and the older passengers were worn-out by the time they reached the Inn, where they might rest before starting for Halifax on a train that was hours late.

The ocean voyage was cold and stormy, and on the way over, in the Polynesian, the ecclesiastical dignity of the party did not prevent their being thoroughly sick. The entries in the diary for a few days are eloquently, pathetically brief. There is something very human about the tenor of their adjectives—something reminiscent of the uneasy feeling that makes all men akin at sea. Toward the end the comments grow perceptibly more vigorous. And off Moville, where the experienced travellers still

delight in warning you of the approach of the "choppiest spot on the route," we have this, "Horace well rages against the man who first tempted the seas in a frail craft. A steamer is an inconceivable nuisance." The courage of the party was evidently returning; they could express themselves forcibly, but they were not yet open to reason.

Going up to London, through England's unequalled display of what amounts to national landscape-gardening, he has the thought of all Canadians there—"If only our farmers were as tasteful about their homes as the English are, how beautiful Canada would be!" In Westminster Abbey he is moved to enthusiasm about the grand old pile. "Surely," he writes, "the glory of the maligned Catholic ages
"must speak through it to the heart of the beholder. Its altars are gone, its holy shrines "profaned, but the spirit of Catholic truth still "hovers about and awaits the nation's return to "the Ancient Faith." St. Paul's he finds colder and less inspiring, but he adds, "We will make a good church of it yet."

In Paris, after looking on the jewelled beauty of the Palais Royal and the Rue de Rivoli by night, with the streams of gay people animating it, he returns to his diary to note quaintly that "Parisians will miss Paris if they do not go to Heaven." At Lourdes we find him, after a visit to the shrine, climbing the hill to obtain a view of the country about; he had inherited all his father's love for the outdoor world.

This ascent must have brought him some memory from the old student days on the Frascati hills, for as he climbed he recited the "Ave, Maris Stella," the hymn of Italian countrysides. At Luxemburg he is moved to a vigorous protest against modern Continental "realism" in art. He objects to pictures of life, as seen through the eyes of certain men. Grossness, wherever met, was abhorrent to him.

At last their train speeds into Italy. It is his first visit to Rome since he studied there. He watches the hills give way to the level pastures about the Tiber until "The glorious dome of St. Peter's broke on the view in the distance. My heart was too full for speech. . . .*Te Deum, laudamus.*"

At the railway station and precincts he finds many changes made by "Young Italy," but the old portions of the city were unaltered. He does not wait long before returning to his beloved Alma Mater, to the Propaganda "whose happiness is felt, but never told." He enters the old portal that has opened to such thousands of ardent young souls; a doorway whose echoed words of blessing have often proved to be a Godspeed to martyrdom in a foreign field, as well as to the heroic commonplace of more ordinary ministry.

The returned student makes note in his diary that night, "I entered the old doors. . . .O God, I thank Thee for all Thou hast done for me."

Truly, of expression—a *multum in parvo.*

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In 1882, upon the death of Archbishop Hannan, a new Archbishop was to be appointed to the old see of Halifax. The need demanded not only a man of ability and piety, but one of refinement and culture as well—one who should worthily bear out the traditions of a seat that united in a city of old-world atmosphere, a marked degree of social importance with the usual ecclesiastical administration.

The suffragan Bishops of the Maritime Provinces met in council to select their Archbishop. Of the three names sent in to Rome, that of Dr. O'Brien was marked "Dignissimus."

The life of the country priest had been retired, but it had not concealed his merits. The appointment surprised the laity of Halifax diocese, who had heard little of this young Island priest; it surprised no one more than the genuine humility of Dr. O'Brien himself, intent upon the duties of his parish and upon his second book just published.

He felt regret in leaving the "sweet restful spot, endeared by Mary's shrine," as he addressed it in a poem of farewell. The thought of its still green places would be restful to him, he says, in the stress of future duties; he had a prevision that in life again he would never find the uninterrupted leisure he coveted for hours of study and writing.

Upon the arrival of definite news from Rome concerning the appointment, Bishop McIntyre, with his Vicar-General, went to Indian River to offer his congratulations—and sympathy—to the Archbishop-

Archbishop in 1883.

elect, so recently his subordinate. When they met, the venerable old man suddenly knelt to ask the blessing of the future prelate. At sight of the patriarchal figure bowed humbly before him, the younger man would have protested he must rise; then recalling himself, pronounced the blessing in a shaken voice.

"I felt so badly when he knelt to me," he told his sister afterward, and her love interpreted again from his moist eyes and the tremor of his voice the quick pang of hurt humility, of protesting love and reverence felt as his old superior knelt to him. He found relief in turning to the kneeling Vicar, a former classmate, and with mock ferocity that had a tremor in it counselling him to rise. With a fine comprehending twinkle in his eyes, Dr. McGillivray rose promptly. He knew his old friend would make all the finer prelate that he was so essentially a man of feeling.

Receptions, addresses and gifts to the Archbishop-elect from both Catholics and Protestants were many. These were prompted, not only as the usual marks of esteem, but as an expression of the Island-pride that the first native Canadian to be elevated to the important see of Halifax was an Islander.

Dr. O'Brien elected to go to Halifax in January, 1883, to be consecrated upon January 21st, the feast-day of St. Agnes of Rome.

Accompanied by Bishop McIntyre and many of the Island priests, he crossed by ice-boat to the mainland—the party enjoying, according to a newspaper

of the day, "an excellent run across the straits." As the boats pushed off into the ice-barred current cheer after cheer of Godspeed arose from the party of friends who had accompanied them to the edge of the board-ice. And conscious of the occasion, the sturdy boatmen pulled off proudly into the wintry strait. They were bringing toward Halifax its new Archbishop; and he was an Islander like themselves.

The ceremony of consecration took place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, on Sunday, January 21st, 1883. Elaborate preparations had been made for the occasion, as customary, and people flocked to the Cathedral, notwithstanding a very heavy snow-storm. His Lordship, Bishop Fabre of Montreal, had come to perform the ceremony of consecration, and all the bishops of the east, who had agreed upon Dr. O'Brien as the most worthy successor of the late Archbishop, were present.

There was the venerable and handsome form of Bishop McIntyre, of Charlottetown, a representative of a leal Highland clan that had sacrificed much for their faith; Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, stately, vigorous and intellectual; Bishop Sweeney, of St. John, ascetic and distinguished, and Bishop Rogers, the genial, open-hearted prelate of Chatham. Close to the young prelate-elect, as the procession made its way solemnly into the Cathedral, were his friends of Propaganda days, Rev. Dr. Howley (afterward Archbishop of St. John's) and Father Gregory Macdonald of the Island. Somewhere near also was another

priest who was to become his closest friend in his new home, the Rev. Edward Murphy, a man of dignity and culture and rare social charm.

But for Halifax Catholics all interest centered that day in the strong, serene face and imposing form of the young stranger who had been taken from his country retreat and set to rule over them. They looked, and not unlikely were moved to swift confidence, to some foreknowledge of his worthy administration.

Bishop Cameron delivered the sermon, introducing Archbishop O'Brien to the expectant people.

"He comes," he said, "with the humility of a virtuous mind, resting all his hopes of a successful administration on God alone. He comes because he has been sent, a Prophet of the New Law, an Ambassador of God burdened with the heavy charge of Divine interests."

Ambassador—Prophet—Priest—he was all this, as destined; and so faithful and strong and reverent in his calling he had been found *dignissimus*—most worthy.

## III

## THE WILL OF THE MAN.

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> "The responsibility of freedom of will is ours: good and evil are before us, constituting the touchstone by which souls are proved."
> —O'Brien.

"Once I was tempted to turn back, but I do not like giving up, so I went on, and joined the others on the top." This from a letter written by Archbishop O'Brien at Cairo in 1896, refers to his determined ascent of the Great Pyramid Cheops. He had suffered severely from rheumatism before leaving Canada, and when half-way up the tiresome ascent, he became so tired and his heart beat so rapidly that he felt he must turn back.

"But I do not like giving up; so I went on. . . " the Archbishop wrote, and the stray sentence is rather significant of His Grace's will-power. . . .

In his later life, in the quiet repose of his study at night, Archbishop O'Brien has at rare moments spoken of his strong desire when in Rome to enter a contemplative order, and withdraw entirely from the

active world to one of prayer and scholarly work. He had decided otherwise. But the years had brought much of care and responsibility, and he spoke of his phantom-cloister with that touch of wistful tenderness with which we speak of some lost dream of content.

He had no regrets for his choice, however. Chance had not entered into it; it had been entirely the outcome of self-knowledge and the will to act upon his highest instincts. . . .

These two circumstances—the one a mere incident that marked a tour; the other, a critical step in life—illustrate in Archbishop O'Brien's will its qualities of fixity and governance by a sense of responsibility. If his thought was independent, his will was superb in its strength. It could be inflexible; an opponent might be provoked to call it stubborn; at least its acts were prompted by conscience and never depended merely upon the approval of the world.

His Grace's will-power was notably exercised during life in his work for the promotion of religious education. This matter was one of the earliest and latest burdens in that "heavy charge of Divine interests," to which he was introduced at his consecration.

Shortly before his arrival in Halifax, St. Mary's College, a small institution aiming at higher education for boys, had drifted into extinction. The lapse of a government subsidy, enjoyed for some years previous, had seriously handicapped it financially, and the

Catholics seemed to feel themselves unequal to its support. The energetic young Archbishop, looking over his new field of labour, perceived all that the lack of a college meant to the archdiocese.

In this old ecclesiastical province, the Church and its members had long enjoyed a due share of social prestige with consequent public recognition of the rights of Catholic conscience. But, as His Grace held, this meed of respect and status of amicable relations could only be assured to the different portions of any community by continued ability to command it; peace is wisely preserved when all parties hold themselves invulnerable to invasion. This attitude, while the human instincts endure, the Archbishop considered both wise and necessary.

Halifax Catholics in the past had merited all the public recognition accorded to them,—or they should never have received it. They were of a fine old school of British Catholics, mostly Irish, with natural leaders among them in a group of men well-born, well-bred, cultured and honourable. The Archbishop desired to maintain this standard. He had natural prevision, and always a firm belief in the power of education. He perceived at that period, in the coming generation of Halifax Catholics, a sharp need of strengthening in their forces of education generally.

For young women there was an old-established convent of particular excellence, with European and Canadian teachers, and a new Academy making advance to a similar high standard. The ladies of

Halifax of all creeds had long before won distinction for their culture, and this was in large measure ascribed to their convent training. Girls who went abroad for education found nothing better than they had left at home. For young men there was no such happy outlook. The sons of a few more wealthy Catholics were being educated in England, at the famous Jesuit college at Stoneyhurst, and at the Benedictine college of Ampleforth. These young men had the advantage of association with the sons of the old Catholic families of England and Scotland, who had not lost the faith during the religious troubles, and whose modern representatives were a particularly fine type of the Catholic citizen and gentleman.

Other Halifax youths attended various Canadian colleges. But apart from these was a large class of intelligent young men in the city and the diocese generally, who, for lack of a home-college, remained without higher education, unless the few who entered a university to definitely take up a professional career. This in itself His Grace felt would soon prove a serious handicap to the Catholic community of Halifax.

But his prevision went further—to young men with vocations for the priesthood, which would have been fostered in the religious atmosphere of a Catholic college, but which as matters then stood would in many cases be lost simply for lack of encouragement at home or abroad. What such a mistake would mean to the man himself—a misfit in life—the Archbishop was easily aware in his own happy con-

sciousness of the true choice. He feared, moreover, that the diocese might ultimately be affected by the supply of priests becoming limited.

This fear he lived to realize.

It was not long after his consecration, naturally, that Archbishop O'Brien called a meeting of representative Catholics of Halifax, laid before them his views on the gravity of the matter and appealed to the wealthier among them to come forward and meet the need. One or two subscribed generously; but the committee appointed to look into the matter seemed to have lost courage or interest, for no report was ever made.

Some time previously, a Catholic citizen of Halifax had made a very generous bequest to the Episcopal corporation for various charities, stipulating that a portion of the amount should be used for the introduction into Halifax of the famous teaching order of Jesuit Fathers. In this way, the old lack of higher education for Catholic young men was to be met. The system and zeal of the Jesuits as teachers, had apparently won the admiration and trust of Catholics in Halifax as elsewhere. The Archbishop, agreeable to the wishes of the testator, invited this Society to found a college in Halifax, offering them, in addition to the endowment, the archiepiscopal country residence and estate at Dutch Village.

Inasmuch as the college would be at some distance from the city and would not have a parish church in connection with it—until, perhaps, such

time as the city growing larger and richer should approach the vicinity of the college—the Society had doubt of the possibility of maintaining it without aid from the revenue of such church. Moreover, at this period, they were not too strong, numerically, at their other houses in English-speaking priests, and this new college would cause a material drawing upon their numbers. So the Society felt constrained to decline the Archbishop's invitation.

He then invited the Benedictines, although, as he stated, he was unable to guarantee, without the executors' concurrence, that important endowment already mentioned. The Benedictines declined the invitation for reasons similar to those given by the Jesuits; they were at the moment scarcely able to meet the demand upon them in their English province.

The correspondence resulting from these unsuccessful negotiations, carried on up to 1885 by the Archbishop, marks a series of disappointments that would have been more keenly felt then, if he had not been so confident that the delay could be a matter only of a few years. What in his letters he had outlined as necessary for the college to provide for the young men of his diocese then was, "a good commercial education, including of course, a thorough training in English literature and modern languages, together with a classical department for those who might wish to avail themselves of it."

He lived in the hope of attaining this, but in the meantime brought some Christian Brothers from

New York to establish a small Academy, directing his mind meanwhile to other and immediately pressing needs. The orphans, the sick and the outcasts of society needed his help. The college was but one of many interests, and his people were generously working under his guidance to meet other needs.

When toward the end of the eighties, however, the more urgent of these charitable works had been attended to, His Grace resumed the efforts to secure a college. About this time another and smaller bequest was made by a Catholic of Halifax, for the endowment of a college, but its generosity was also limited by a clause specifying that the college should belong to some religious order.

The Jesuits were appealed to a second and third time in England, New York and elsewhere, the same invitation being extended, but with no better success; and a second invitation to the Benedictines was also futile. His Grace was sorely perplexed. The main fact in his mind then, was that the years slipping by so rapidly showed no practical progress toward the college, while the need for it was growing.

Upon land, which he had bought for the episcopal corporation in the suburbs of Halifax, there had risen a rescue-home and reformatory, conducted by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, an orphanage and a theological seminary conducted for the diocese by the order of Eudist Fathers. He had with some difficulty secured French members of this order to take charge of a new college opened for the Acadians at Church Point.

A home for infant waifs, another for boys, and an Infirmary had been opened in Halifax. Two admirable school-buildings had been erected by the episcopal corporation for the Catholic public schools of the city. . . . There was much in the diocese for which he was grateful; but Halifax still lacked the means of higher education in a religious atmosphere for Catholic young men.

The Christian Brothers' small Academy had not flourished. It had been in fact only a stop-gap. Its teachers were not under the government system of education, so drew no salary; it was only a day-school, consequently lacking revenue in itself. The Archbishop had scarcely expected it to prosper. But down in New York he knew there was a province of Christian Brothers—alert, practical, sympathetic and comprehending of the fin-de-siecle boy-nature; who had made a notable success in their New York academies and colleges; who were requiring their men to obtain State certificates and university degrees—and these became his last and strong hope.

In Halifax already the new St. Patrick's Home managed by these Brothers was doing excellent work, although but a humble understudy to their Brothers' famous Protectory and reformatory at Westchester. The Archbishop seized upon the idea of securing some of their qualified college teachers also, and once for all to start the college, relieving himself to some extent of a burden that was growing only the more weighty because many of his people remained apathetic.

The Brothers of New York—the eulogized of Roosevelt—were willing to send men to conduct a college that would meet the wishes of the diocese. The Archbishop saw light ahead, and was glad; but before long was compelled to acknowledge a fresh obstacle. There was no money available to make a foundation—this plan also ended in disappointment.

Still the Archbishop cast about in his mind for ways and means as a basis for further effort. He endeavoured to secure assistance in the form of interest on that rapidly-growing bequest, but some of those controlling it, stated that they could not legally and conscientiously release the money for the maintenance of any college but one managed by the order of teachers originally specified.

"But I have invited them to come, not once alone, but many times. They have refused. I shall not repeat the invitations. But we must have the college," was the Archbishop's attitude.

Finally it was decided that the affair should be settled by the decision of a civil court in the matter. The Archbishop felt that his claim was in full harmony with the intention of the testator, but he respected the workings of any man's conscience, and he agreeably instituted in the civil courts for the episcopal corporation of Halifax what he understood would be a friendly suit, to forward the "essential realization" of the testator's wishes in regard to education.

The results of inability to provide a college had already set in, as His Grace foresaw they should; his

diocesan supply of priests was already too small. Yet some Catholics held back from helping with their mite, because that growing bequest lay untouched. Since the college could not be established without the endowment, His Grace resolved that it must be rendered available. Personally very certain of the justice of his cause, he entered upon the civil suit.

Not to neglect any opportunity to procure the necessary means, the Archbishop made a direct appeal to the people for the proposed college. He issued a circular to such Catholics as he knew to be able to subscribe large sums, asking them for one of various amounts up to $5000. Though personally a poor man and easily expending from year to year his modest income, he promised on his own part to give $5000.

A few generous responses were made to the appeal. The Archbishop by withdrawing his own entire bank-account was able to fulfil his promise. A building was soon commenced on the episcopal property on Windsor Street. The priests of Halifax, realizing the need of the college and the difficulties to be met by their prelate, volunteered to personally visit Catholic residents, and solicit subscriptions.

Their zealous mission met with a limited degree of success, but the Archbishop was not discouraged. "It's God's work we are forwarding. He will watch over it," he used to say confidently then, with pleasure even in the small beginnings.

With the opening of the academic year in 1903, the new collegiate school was ready to admit students.

It contained two classes, of 24 pupils in all, taught by two lay-professors, graduates of old-country universities. There were no dormitories in connection with the school. It was only a collegiate school, but from this mustard-seed the Archbishop looked happily forward to an educational institution of which the diocese would one day be proud.

In the meantime the will-case had been argued in detail in the court and a decision given that the bequest was legally available for the Archbishop's purpose. His Grace was happy to believe the matter settled now.

The decision was not, however, quite satisfactory to all of the executors, and the case was appealed to the highest court in the province. It was again decided in the Archbishop's favour.

The end was now gladly anticipated by His Grace. With failing health he looked forward to transferring the more active responsibility of the work to fresher shoulders.

But the executors were not all yet satisfied, and two of them carried the case into the Supreme Court of Canada. There, on June 9, 1903, a few months before the collegiate school was opened, the two former judgments were reversed. The case was decided against the Archbishop.

The hopes and efforts of twenty years; the obstacles overcome and the disappointments lived down in connection with this college—all these seemed to

His Grace for the moment as nothing meritorious. . . . It was the Gethsemane of his episcopacy, endured in silence. It is not to be dwelt upon.

For a time it seemed as though the Archbishop himself must succumb to this climax of various forces, that through years had balked his efforts to establish a college. But it was only in seeming. The body was frail, but the faith of the man and his will were indomitable.

Late in June of that year, whilst on his annual tour of pastoral visits, the Archbishop was taken ill at Church Point and during the rest of the summer he was unwell. That autumn he was stricken with another severe attack of illness, and rose after the New Year, seriously weakened in system. He endeavoured, as his custom was, to make light of his illness, and people in general knew little of it. But the doctors knew its gravity and future danger, as did others; and there were not wanting among his friends, some who longed to tell him to spare himself, to let many things go, to husband what strength he had and lengthen his days. They could not, however, look in his brave, reticent eyes and tell him so.

One very near him, recalling vague, pleasant plans made during convalescence at different times —of retirement and rest, with leisure to write, when his health would some day make it imperative—suggested seriously then, that the time had probably arrived when he might lay the burden down.

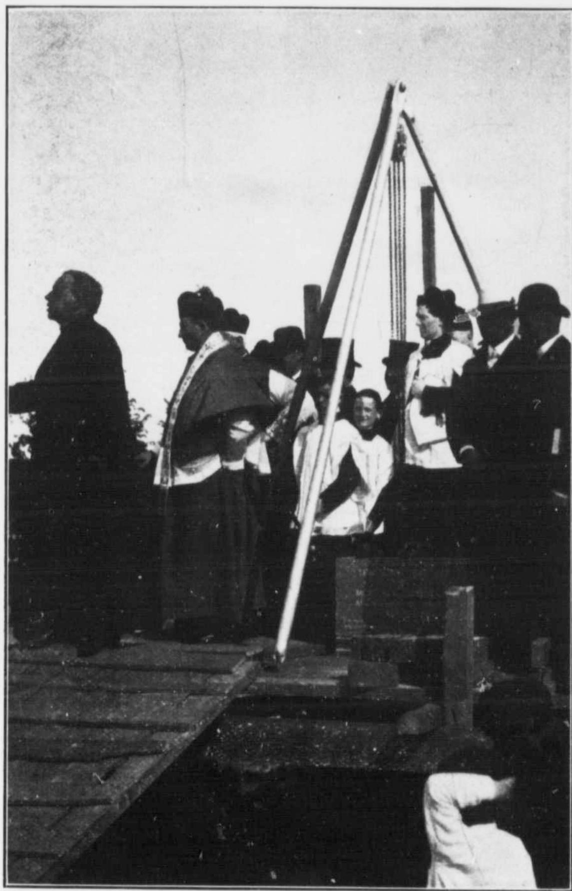
"I cannot see my way clear to it now," he said decisively. "We must have the college. And if I die—I shall only die in harness."

Enjoined by his doctors that some change and mental rest were necessary, he spent a short season of recuperation in Bermuda. He returned greatly benefitted, although not feeling "ten years younger," as he had declared upon his return from Palestine. With his return he brought a needed supply of energy, and set about establishing the college upon a secure financial basis, with that elusive bequest dropped entirely out of consideration.

"We will go on in God's name. It is His work we do, and He will protect it," he said again and again with confidence.

Others interested in the college might need encouragement; his own inflexible will fitted him well for any struggle. When his conscience guided and his will followed he was simply and naturally dauntless. He asked the suffrage of no man to uphold him in principle. He had more than once entered the lists with provincial and civic authorities to insist upon what he believed due to Catholic interests; and he did so with personal unconcern. This college difficulty was another matter, however.

For under the imperturbable will of the prelate doing his duty, was the keenly sensitive heart of the man, that knew so well how to feel for another's sorrow only because it had by nature a poignant sense of feeling in itself. And however schooled it was to a



Laying of Corner Stone of College.

philosophic serenity, there were some things that hurt bitterly, within—always within, for there was no outward expression.

He felt that many of his own people, in their conscious or unconscious lack of support, had virtually withheld the recognition that he was fulfilling his responsibilities as ably and wisely as he could in the face of difficulties. Besides, some who were still his ablest and most generous supporters in other diocesan works, practically withdrew from him their financial and moral support in his efforts to establish a college.

The apathy and criticism, he knew however, were due to their inability to see the needs of the diocese as he saw them. For one thing, they could not feel as he did from year to year the pressure of an absolute need of more priests for his diocese; a circumstance that can never be as apparent to a layman as to a bishop. "The sentinel on the watch-tower sees further afield than the soldier at the gate," the Archbishop wrote in another connection.

When any transfers occur in the pastors of a diocese, average Catholics are only interested to know that their own pastor remains with them, or that he has been replaced by another, or perhaps that he has been given the necessary curate. The layman is concerned in the well-being of one parish, where his Bishop is concerned and responsible for, perhaps, forty.

He does not know what perplexing hours his

Bishop has spent in making the new arrangements, in stationing priests in parishes where they are most needed or to which they are most suited. He cannot realize what distressful hours these may be to a prelate scrupulously conscientious in fulfilling his stewardship as Bishop; feeling as though in his own person the strength and weakness of his priests, ardently interested in the welfare of his people—but seriously handicapped in the number of priests available.

From the year of his arrival in Halifax, Archbishop O'Brien had felt the want of more priests to carry on the spiritual ministry of the diocese; toward the close of his life the want was painfully apparent to him. This circumstance naturally deepened his anxiety for a college that should foster vocations to the priesthood; to do for others what the religious atmosphere at St. Dunstan's had done for himself.

Consequent upon his many efforts to establish the institution and with wider study of the resources and needs of the diocese as a whole, he gradually evolved the plan of a college best suited to Halifax. And in this he was, as has been said, greatly strengthened and encouraged by a long interview and counsel with Pope Leo in 1896, in which that venerable pontiff had expressed his will concerning diocesan colleges.

His Grace planned an institution, which being directly under the control of the episcopal corporation should first meet the requirements of education generally. It was also to prepare young men to enter upon a course of study for the priesthood, sending these—

the brilliant as well as the average man—on to a theological course and training, which should specially fit them for the needs of the country, and from which the majority should return as ordained priests to work in the waiting field of their own diocese.

It was with no thought of flagging in this purpose that the Archbishop returned recruited in health from Bermuda.

The new college was satisfactory in as far as its two small classes went, but he knew it would never grow until dormitories could be built in connection with it, and a boarding-school opened.

More than once the Archbishop had asked the aid of his people in this matter, but now he determined upon an ardent and final appeal. He spoke then from the pulpit of his Cathedral and from others of the city churches as well. Pointing out the great need of the college, as it has been faintly sketched here, he appealed to the Catholics for financial aid. He exhorted them to take in every way a live interest in the work, for—"In God's name *we will go on*," said the earnest prelate, again declaring his purpose and his faith.

"I may not see it," he added, "but—mark my words!—a fine college shall grow up there yet."

This last appeal elicited some subscriptions, but no more general evidence of interest than had previously been manifested.

The roll-call of the school in its second year showed a small increase. Toward the beginning of the third year, however, —in November, 1905—His

Grace was given the opportunity to purchase a large private residence adjoining the college grounds. He had the building altered to meet the requirements of a small boarding-school. As he felt unable to pay a contractor for taking over the work, he engaged a few workmen and went daily to superintend the work. Even on stormy days he was there. At his age and with frail health, he might with wisdom have sent another; with more wisdom—but with less happiness; for each visit and each detail planned brought him untranslatable pleasure. Moreover, there was no one with leisure available for the duty, no one who could possibly take his interest in the work.

A few ladies had subscribed toward the furnishing of the house, and by practising the closest economy, His Grace, personally making most of the purchases, succeeded in furnishing the house in a simple manner, yet with a fair degree of comfort.

"I never realized before how much it takes to furnish a small house," he said one night with a regretful survey of his resources and expenditure. But on the whole, with all the planning to make ends meet, his life as a bishop knew few more genuinely satisfactory days than these, when his cherished college was growing under his eyes daily. Coming home from the town then, with the chill of gray December weather clinging to him, but with a successful purchase or a bargain to announce, there was frequently all the fresh delight of a boy glowing through his restraint.

These may seem trivial details to have filled his days that autumn, but in the light of long years of efforts and disappointment, one can scarcely measure the fine delight he felt in even such a commonplace realization of his dream of a flourishing college. It had been an old desire of his to climb Cheops, and the night before he achieved this, he was, he said, as wakeful as a boy with a new suit to put on. Ten years later, as his college materialized, his keenness of feeling was in nowise blunted. The college was a deep spiritual consolation—and in some degree a human triumph. He enjoyed his final activities for it.

No detail was too small for him to give it personal thought. One day he went to his niece with a final suggestion. . . . Little more remained to be provided but the household linen. . . . They could buy the linen. . . . But would she undertake to make it up? For—

"It will cost something to have the work done outside," he said, "perhaps not much, but we cannot afford now to spend a cent unnecessarily."

She gladly took over the work, and with the assistance of the Sisters of Charity, had the linen-closet filled before Christmas.

This was not the only kindness His Grace experienced at the hands of this Order then. One was like a rope thrown out to a floating man,—the free services of lay-sisters to take charge of the household arrangements, tendered at a moment when the Arch-

bishop could not have afforded an adequate amount for domestic service in the college. His Grace accepted the offer with gratitude and relief, deeply touched by the practical sympathy that had taken a big care from him in a very unobtrusive way.

The appointments of the boarding-school were complete by Christmas, and at the opening of the January term three students were in residence there, with accommodation for about twenty. A few days later His Grace met the various benefactors at the College; it was an occasion of deep pleasure to him, to look into the institution and its future with those who had seen with him its needs. Two months later, when the Archbishop had passed away, a few more students entered the boarding-school. At the opening of the autumn term there were over forty boys in attendance at the college, with fourteen in residence.

Archbishop O'Brien's efforts to secure this diocesan college represent but a portion of his entire work in the sphere of education.

His correspondence contains a letter from Cardinal Vaughan, when still Bishop of Salford, asking the Archbishop for an article upon Education, to be published in England. "It will be a valuable aid to us," the Bishop writes out of the midst of his campaign. The Archbishop doubtless wrote the article, as gladly as he helped to glean facts for their educational party from the experience of denominational-school advocates in Canada. But, as a rule, this was a subject upon which his views ran into actions rather than words.

His Grace believed firmly, taught continually, and acted out his belief that prevention, by moral education, is the really safe cure for society's ills. To such a man, necessarily, education of the young was a social interest of supreme importance. Dr. Alexander McKay, Supervisor of Schools in Nova Scotia, in a thoughtful article published after the death of the Archbishop, speaks first with admiration of his business ability and comprehension of the general scheme of details shown in those schools His Grace had built. But, having come frequently in contact with the Archbishop in connection with these schools, he naturally lays stress upon the latter's attitude toward religious education.

"He believed," wrote the Supervisor, who was not himself a Catholic, "that the only sound basis for "morals was religion, and that therefore religion and "education could not be divorced without injury to "the individual and to the State. This view seemed "narrow to some, but those who knew him best, were "those who had the highest opinion of his broad-"mindedness and charitableness."

The Archbishop had been early introduced to the Church's defense of the religion of a Catholic child being educated under a government system. On his return from Rome he found Bishop McIntyre anxiously endeavouring to secure in his diocese the system of separate schools that prevailed in Ontario, and the young priest became upon several occasions secretary and lieutenant to the Bishop in this struggle.

The manner in which his individual thought reasoned out from his observations then is evidenced in his first book, published in 1876. One chapter—dealing with the civil and religious obligations of a citizen, and developed largely from the teaching, to render to Caesar the things which are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's—utterly disallows the claims of politicians, that parents should send their children to national secular schools, whatever the promptings of their conscience and their belief may be in regard to these schools.

To desire to compel this, would be, he says, "to assault the inviolable castle of every English subject; to storm the domestic hearth." And if that be progress—"in good sooth, it is different from what our fathers looked upon as progressive liberty, when they fought to maintain the immunities of the fire-side."

"Now, two courses are open to the State," he continues, "each one avoids a collision. Either let "it leave education severely alone, or come in under its "proper form of an auxiliary, not as a principal. Let "parents send their children to denominational schools, "if they will, and let these schools draw a *pro rata* "allowance for the average attendance, provided the "inspector finds the pupils up to the required standard "in *secular* knowledge. In this way parental rights "are respected, and the State has a safeguard that its "money is not given without due value being received. "This course, which common justice indicates, is not "pleasing to men who call themselves liberal. The

"name of every virtue, almost, has been abused at "some time, by being usurped to further a wicked end; "the sacred name of liberty is now assumed to rivet "the shackles of religious oppression."

He warns those who would applaud the overthrow of the Catholic system of denominational schools to "be sure that the State which infringes on the liberty of a portion of its citizens, will very soon attack that of all. History might teach them prudence, if religion has not taught them charity."

This question of religious moral training in the school, to supplement the home training, or to supply what an indifferent home lacked, was to the Archbishop a very practical affair, as essential in a basis of rounded education as the three R's are necessary to an intellectual training.

Man, born of woman, may be of few days, but he is undeniably full of theories upon education. The Archbishop, perceiving this, desired to keep religious teaching always removed from the realm of theories or optional subjects; it was to be in some form a component part of every curriculum. Presented there properly, as a vital principle and no dead rule of conduct, he held it would create the desired moral atmosphere that first influences youth in a *tendency* to the right, which tendency, being fostered, deepens to an *aptitude*, and strengthens finally to a *disposition*.

He consequently maintained as a general rule, that the one practical means of ensuring an education

upon a sound moral basis, lay in schools with religious teaching. This for Catholics, could imply only schools with a Catholic atmosphere. But, he insisted that the teachers in these schools, receiving money from the public funds, should be properly qualified according to the State's standard; he did not in any way neglect the importance of material training and direction of intellect.

He upheld the school and teacher who never accounted it sufficient to give youth a rule of conduct. He would, as Dr. McKay has said, have the children, "strengthen their moral fibre by requiring them to conquer difficulties." He would not only have them know what to do, but he would ask teachers and parents to train the will of youth to meet and do it.

No subject, perhaps, recurs more frequently in his writings than this importance of the will in ethical education, the full recognition of man's free-will, which distinguishes the creature placed so high by the Creator that he has even liberty to fall. The Archbishop never tired of sounding this last note, that in youth and age man's will is a free faculty of his soul; that right and wrong being once made known to him, he makes his choice at his own risk, virtually pronouncing upon himself in his actions the judgment of his whole life.

Put boys and girls on their honour, develop their will, protect their youth, but give them no false views of the life they must encounter; create or develop moral backbone in them, encourage them to be men

and women of independent thought and force, not anaemic Christians suffering with a green-sickness of the will, lacking spiritual force to do even the good they acknowledge—this was the Archbishop's ideal of ethical education, based on Catholic teaching.

Development of character, not repression, was its keynote, so he had no sympathy with the protracted paternalism that would ask youth to be good—then place a fence about him. He would, instead, gradually lead youth from the restraining fence and teach it to stand upright, whether the fences were up or down—then to do the right, and thank God "for his unconquerable will."

With the knowledge of a soul to save or lose, with the means of salvation indicated and the will disposed toward it, he would equip each youth who left a school of his. That, however, was but the drilling of forces; the struggle was to come. His Grace's unusually keen perception of all this meant, made him a father in brooding interest to the children of his diocese, and a lion in will and strength to demand that they should be trained to know the good and to desire to do it.

He knew this marked the most trying period in the soul's life, the Crossways at which youth's illusions die; when the spiritual horizon is darkened in the struggle of the individual to find and know—or it may be, to conquer—self in its relations to the world.

The disillusioning perhaps, has taken place gently, at first, as a withered leaf drifts from a branch in

August; then more violently as the knowledge of Life widens and illusions fall like a multitude of leaves before the frost-winds of Reality. Friends and counsellors may be then the best they can be, which is only something external to a spirit at last aware of its own capacity for happiness, its potentialities for good or evil and the wide world's offering of both.

Or should the climax of disillusion be reached in some great personal hurt, there is a sudden storm-burst of grief that sends the soul, a wounded, trembling thing, to its last retreat in self. On its resources of faith and power of will depends mainly then the shape it shall wear on emerging. Youth dies; the man or the woman is born—one broader, stronger, tenderer, asking little of the world; or one deliberately girdled with self in self-defence, strong, shrewd, bitter and maybe cruel, asking nothing of the world but what it may wrest from it.

In any case a time comes when the naked soul, confronting life as it is, stands at the bleak crossways. One road leads to cynicism of many types and degrees —to irresponsibility; the other to a readjusted faith, and love for mankind as it is—and a new sense of responsibility.

It was the aim of His Grace, through the training of the will, to make this sense of responsibility permanent and effective, that when youth's spontaneous pleasure in doing good to others should be embittered or cease, the mature being might awaken to a sense of honourable obligation to do good for others.

The Archbishop made a determined, vigilant endeavour to put these ideals and aims of his into practice. He held it essential that no child of his flock should be deprived of its educational rights, material and spiritual. He deemed it the truest service the world can do a child, to provide a good education, intellectual, physical and religious, which last was with His Grace synonymous with moral.

In the Orphanage, as in the ambitious city schools of Halifax, the teachers were duly qualified, possessed government certificates, and their work was under the superintendence of the Provincial Supervisor. His Grace was as deeply impressed with the need of efficient teachers in an orphanage, as in any academy of his diocese.

The teachers at this particular Orphanage were generally members of the teaching branch of the Sisters of Charity, whose work for advanced education at the Mount had already proved notably successful. Their conscientious and capable work in the Halifax day-schools gave satisfaction, even to a temperament as exacting as the Archbishop's. Dr. McKay in his article recalled that His Grace's last visit to his schools was at an examination in a girls' school taught by these Sisters. This examination, which His Grace conducted in part, seems only to have served in maintaining his high opinion of the work done by the Sisters in Halifax.

In another city school, adjoining the Academy of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the teaching staff

was mainly composed of these nuns. As in other cities where religious orders teach government schools, the nuns were not always permitted to know peace in their work. They were overtly attacked or murmured against from time to time by the prejudice of a small portion of the population, but always without result. The Archbishop, convinced of the ample qualifications and devotedness of these particular nuns, was vigilant in their defence. He was anxious that all the Catholic girls of Halifax should have the advantage of this training, whether or not their parents could educate them in the Academies.

In the case of the Summer Street School, various difficulties raised by the Civic School Board were about making it impossible for the nuns to continue teaching there. The Board's attitude was understood by the Archbishop, by Catholics and by the nuns themselves, as fresh evidence of an intention to gradually supersede these ladies as teachers in the schools.

This, in view of their qualifications, His Grace had no mind to permit, while they maintained the standard set by their own devotedness, as well as by the government requirements. If they had not been fitted to teach the girls of that school, the Archbishop would have been more determined upon their dismissal than even a Board could be, and he would have acted frankly about it. As it was, he felt the action of the disturbing elements of the Board to be an impertinence in one sense, an injustice in another.

The Ladies, members of a highly-cultured order, sensitive and attached to their pupils, were personally very much disturbed over the prospect.

"I regret this matter," said the Archbishop, in conversation with a friend at that period, "because of the pain I know it is giving those nuns—but for the rest!" he smiled, "we will have justice, and—and a little wholesome persecution now and then is good for Catholics! It always was. It makes them vigilant."

The question was amicably settled, more speedily and with less publicity than the Russell Street School trouble, which had, some time before, brought the Archbishop into the public arena in defence of the integrity of the Catholic school-system.

It was in connection with this Russell Street School trouble, in 1893, that the Archbishop wrote the sentence, previously quoted:

"The sentinel on the watch-tower sees further afield than the soldier at the gate."

At that time a system of education had been in operation in Halifax for more than twenty-five years, giving satisfaction to both Catholics and Protestants. The Catholics built their own schools and rented them to the School Board, the teachers employed were all Catholics, but subject to the approval of the Board and paid by this body. The Archbishop wrote at that period of existing conditions:

"Under the arrangement made in 1865 and 1866 "—which was essentially in the nature of a compro-

"mise and a mutual compact—harmony was restored,
"a healthy rivalry and emulation engendered, which
"promoted the interests of education, and the com-
"munity as a whole, took just pride in the schools."

In 1893, however, the school Board, with a non-Catholic majority, decided by a bare majority of one, to erect a new building on Russell Street for Catholic children, ignoring the Catholic corporation and the old compact by which a material hold upon their own schools had been secured to Catholics. In this His Grace perceived the thin edge of the wedge, which would later be followed by a gradual movement against the nuns, who taught in the various girls' schools. Indications of this had not been wanting to His Grace's knowledge, and convinced as he and the Catholics were of the nuns' qualifications, this only lent strength to their resistance.

The appointment of Catholic teachers by the Catholic members of the Board, was a power of theirs only in schools leased from the Catholic corporation. The possibilities in appointing teachers for Catholic pupils in a building owned by the Board were obvious.

His Grace had foreseen something of this trouble a few years before and warned his people from the pulpit, that the integrity of their school system was being threatened. He had judged from the tendencies of the men being elected to the School Board by the provincial government and civic council, as well as

from various direct manifestations of ill-will, not apparent to the people generally.

But the sentinel in the watch-tower had seen farther than those afoot! Catholics were content with their schools, and, judging from their harmonious relations with the majority of their fellow-citizens, could not believe the Board would meditate any change in the compact, without consulting the second or Catholic party. They were roused from this attitude in 1893, however, by the Archbishop's appeal to them from the pulpit, making known the matured plans of the Board regarding a new school. The provincial government, when appealed to, took no steps. It was then His Grace reminded the Catholics of Halifax that the franchise was their voice and their legitimate instrument.

It was not the least of Archbishop O'Brien's faculties of administration that he expressed his will very clearly, and at times very strongly, upon matters intimately connected with the faith and morals of his people. He did so now, calling upon "every Catholic in the city to do his duty" in the matter. They evidenced every desire of doing so, and the public press became one vehicle of their views and aims. Rumours were sent abroad that the Catholics of the city mainly opposed His Grace's views. These were unavailing, their origin even being exposed to the Archbishop.

Catholics united in support of his declaration that their children would not attend a school to which

the Board, under existing statutes, might appoint teachers of any religious belief. The old system had been worked in a manner satisfactory to the Catholic conscience; they wanted as much assured in any future outlook. If compelled to do so, they expressed their intention of "going down into their own pockets," as Catholics in the United States were doing, to support their own schools, even while a portion of the money contributed by them to the public fund would be supporting schools which their children could not attend. In their struggle they had, as the Archbishop assured them they would have, the moral support of "the vast majority of our Protestant fellow-citizens."

The sense of fair-play, to which the Archbishop looked in his separated brethren, was active; the Protestants of Halifax did not forego their reputation as a particularly honourable and broad-minded community. The protest of the Catholics having been kept firmly and with dignity before the public, the government and school-board for some months, was finally settled by the Board's agreement to arrange for Catholic teachers in the new school upon conditions analogous to those governing the remaining Catholic schools.

This matter being settled, His Grace was able afterward to smile affably to a newspaper interviewer in Montreal, and assure him of harmonious relations in their school-system in Halifax, where, in fine, "We have agreed to disagree," said His Grace with happy remembrance.

The battle was over, and he was too loyal to the Halifax citizens' sense of duty when abroad, to recall a disagreeable phase, for which a few only of his Protestant fellow-citizens had been responsible.

However, up to his last days, he in no way relaxed his vigilance to secure a religious basis in education, nor in maintaining a high standard in the curriculum and teachers of the denominational school. At Calvary, during his tour to the Holy Land, there had persisted in saddening him the thought of "the unhappy divisions which exist among Christians." But whilst these divisions continue the Archbishop felt that religious concord in educational matters could best be preserved by a state of preparedness and vigilance.

In institutions controlled by civic or provincial authority, where a Catholic child was being trained, he would have that child guaranteed provision for his training in Catholic belief. His correspondence with a prominent government official, on a question of this nature has been kept. It deals with an institution which, the Archbishop and his predecessors held, neglected to provide for the religious training of some Catholic children necessarily placed there. Yet its upkeep was provided out of the public funds.

His letters indicate, at one point, his resolve not to take the dictation of a politician as to what is or is not sufficient for Catholic education. He says:

"Regarding the school. . . . I shall say that "whilst I freely admit the superiority of your

"judgment on many questions, I cannot admit
"that you are a better judge than I am of what
"constitutes danger for the Faith of Catholic
"children."

At the conclusion of one letter, His Grace, leaving local details, touches upon the principles that animated him:

"I do not wish or mean to be offensive, but
"you must know that so few outside the Church
"care for 'creeds'—provided they have decorum
"—that it is impossible to trust them with the
"education of our children. . . . We who hold
"that the soul of a waif is of greater price than
"the peace of the whole world, cannot allow—if
"we can prevent it—Catholic children to enter
"Institutions dangerous to their faith. The . . .
"is so labelled."

In all, the most difficult portions of his public career as a prelate, lay in providing education for the young under his spiritual care. This was particularly and painfully evident in his last years of effort for St. Mary's college. Through it all he was upheld by his masterful will, that faculty concerning which, in man's spiritual nature, he was so frequently impressive.

With faith and this, he could work on, feeling much, explaining little, and doing all that lay in his power.

A letter written by a leading non-Catholic citizen of Halifax, after the Archbishop's death, is an interest-

ing manifestation of what was apparent to the fine perceptions and sympathy of an onlooker:

" . . . . It must be a consolation. . . . to "know of the high esteem and love in which he "was held by *all* the people, irrespective of creed.

"We did not realize how great a man he "was, how great a work he accomplished and how "truly he lived in the hearts of the people—Pro- "testant as well as Catholic—until that sudden "call to the fuller life upon which he was waiting "to enter.

"But, great as were his achievements in life, "his death has done more to soften all lingering "religious asperities here and bring the Christ- "ians of Halifax together in the fullest appreci- "ation of his worth and love of the man.

"The one regret is that all the kind things "said of him at death were not said during life, "so that the heartfelt plaudits of the people would "have given him still greater strength, courage "and success in his always onerous and perplex- "ing, and often discouraging work. . . . "

There undoubtedly were periods in his later life, when a sincere appreciation of his efforts or expression of trust in the wisdom of his foresight, would have been treasured by Archbishop O'Brien. Yet he was accustomed to say, in private conversation of himself, as of all priests, "A man enters the priesthood of his "own will, to do God's work, not to seek his own ease "or advantage. We must not grumble if the way is "hard sometimes."

## IV

## THE HEART OF THE MAN.

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"The true priest, the true religious has world-wide sympathies. Divine love has replaced, or rather elevated and ennobled, human affection in his heart."—O'Brien.

The heart, finely-developed or perverted, plays a strong part in the lives of notable men; it does not in all men, but that is only because of the limitations of their nature. The great man accomplishes much in the regions of thought or human activity because he has believed much, and loved that in which he believed —whether God and humanity, or country, a woman or self.

History, written and unwritten, records instances not a few in which the heart of a rich nature, that of its own will would have been lavished at one shrine, is instead cast out, and is thereafter locked up in itself in bitterness. Or it has been broken—to pour itself out on the world in healing; and the heart-tragedy, for which this life offers no adequate com-

pensation to the individual, may have so benefitted humanity, that through it a glimpse is caught of the broad, grand, godlike scope of human life controlled by an Almighty Being, the plan of a life that is but the prelude to Eternity.

The heart, however, of one strongly called to a religious vocation breaks the casket of its inner self at the feet of Christ alone; and then, in proof of his protestations the Levite takes up the Master's own work, of succoring the poor and the sick, of making the spiritually deaf and blind to hear and see.

This is the priest whose high office and ministry of the Holies impels him to shape his life closely by that of Christ. "But," Archbishop O'Brien writes of priests as of all men, "human nature is weak and "prone to discouragement in spiritual things; the "infinite distance between us and our Creator casts "us down, the difficulty of realizing God as a "personal being is a great barrier to our imitation of "Him. . ."

At times even the self-consecrated Levite, with the Spirit hampered by the Clay, wearies in well-doing, and the man is goaded by his own weakness and the perversity of others to rebel. Then so much finer the victory of the soul that, long-moulded in good, compels itself to look through the shadowed vista to the Master's light at the end; that rises in the might of its own freewill and cries to the tempter of heart or intellect:

"I am not yours, nor will in any way be swayed by you; I am His; my love constrains me to do His will, which is good."

These are battles, whose scars lie all within; but they are not any the less hard-fought for that, nor less decisive and strengthening to character.

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It is refreshing, heartening, wholesome as a breath of sea and pine-forest mingled to look into the strong, pure heart of a man like Archbishop O'Brien. To look, but only in as far as we may; for so entire and so natural was the consecration of his heart to God and His service through all maturity, that an unconscious exquisite aloofness kept even his nearest friends from penetrating far into his inner self.

In a panegyric pronounced after his death by a lifetime friend prominence is given to his interior sensitiveness of soul, which, in youth as in age, marked his life with strong personal piety and rigorous self-judgment. Of this panegyric its author, Archbishop Howley, has since written—"I tried there to analyse, as well as I could, a character which was very unique; somewhat difficult to understand and appreciate. . . ."

Somewhat difficult to understand it was, though not in regard to his public life which was always very clear, very definite. The quality of elusiveness pertained rather to his own personality, to the inner life which was so reticent of self-revelation, yet so potent in the atmosphere it radiated.

Somewhere in his books, where he has written of hypocrisy in no uncertain language, he states that in a consistent Christian the outward life is a true reflection of the inner. That might have been written of himself. So too might this, where he continues that not even in the perfect Christian is the inner life entirely reflected in action, because "there are waves "that never reach the shore; there are thoughts too "sublime to be winged with words; emotions too "exquisite for expression, lights and shade of feeling "too delicate for other canvas than that of the soul "in which they were engendered."

This last is true, in some degree, of many men and women. It was peculiarly true of the Archbishop. His whole personality was in its reticences so eloquent of the exquisite inner life of the soul that all who met him perceived this quality, and interpreted it variously, according to their own powers of spiritual insight, as haughtiness, shyness, self-conscious reserve, or just what it was—a temperamental reticence as inseparable from his character as the close green sheath is from the calla-lily. With him one felt oneself on the brink of hidden wells of faith and strength and charity, that only deepened from year to year in contemplation no less than in action.

It was these possessions of his soul that protected from too deep hurt a heart that was surpassingly sensitive to unkindness or injustice, even as it was responsive to kindness. There are men of the world of fine natures too, who, lacking his leaven of practical

religion, hide under a mask of cynicism hearts as keenly sensitive as his, as impatient of their own weakness, as quick to feel the world's thrust. But while shafts glance back from the steel mail of the cynic, it develops no power of self-healing; a spring inadvertently touched wakes the new-old pain that first prompted the cynicism in self-defence. It conceals the inner self, however, as effectually as the philosophic calm of the Archbishop, both attitudes carrying out the traditional ruling of what is good form in man. With this difference always that the one leads up to light, the other into bitterness.

It is assuredly less easy in early life in moments of self-communion to school the mind and heart to this philosophic serenity than it is to front the world with it later. This fact is borne out in one of many unpublished poems written by Dr. O'Brien whilst in Indian River. It is eloquent of his inner self; an instance of his early habit of putting into verse what he felt deeply, but might less appropriately render in prose. This "Heart-Cry," which possesses, like most of his poetry, the quality of earnestness and deep feeling rather than melody, runs in part:

"Shapeless phantoms haunt my soul—<br>
Father, give me ease;<br>
Voiceless demons rack my brain;<br>
Mine the folly, for the goal<br>
Can be reached without this strain,<br>
Else, O Father, why a guest

Bidden to the Lamb's own Feast,
Where the greatest is the least?
Thou who knowest, knowest best
That I sorely need a rest.

I have taught the words of life—
Father, give me ease;
I have dressed the wounds of men
Stricken in the ceaseless strife
Waged 'gainst good—yet even then
Heard I oft the stern behest,
"Fly, O wretch, the holy place."
Yet I hoped I was in grace;
Father, free me from this pest,
For I sorely need a rest.

I have borne my pain alone—
Father, give me ease;
I have smiled to cover woe,
Spoken oft with sprightly tone
And appeared no care to know
As the sad I soothed and blessed.
Yet my soul was filled with pain
And I sighed and sighed in vain,
Yearning—as I often pressed
To my lips the Cross—for rest."

The heart of the mother who could see no human misery without an effort to assuage it, was strong in her son; and even as her gifts to the poor

had been sweetened by Christian compassion, so was his. To Archbishop O'Brien's mind the poor man not only wanted wherewith to clothe and feed himself, but his heart craved with the alms some mark of human sympathy from the giver.

So it was that quite apart from all the public charities of the Archbishop of Halifax, there were innumerable others in the private life of the man, and these were marked with genuine personal sympathy. As a boy he used to ask permission to carry his mother's gifts to the poor and sick, and throughout life he took pleasure in direct contact with the poorest members of his diocese. His pensioners—aged poor who received small sums fortnightly—were always received personally in his home, unless the condition of his health interfered. And when, occasionally, there were those whose need was great, but whom memories of former days rendered sensitive, they were received apart from the others, and with the delicate consideration that made them feel the common bond of humanity behind the purple and their own shabby garments.

The man who came for the loan of money to pay his marriage fee in one of the parish churches received not only a generous fee, with something over, from his amused bishop, but sincere good wishes as well on his matrimonial venture. The poor Italian colony was the Archbishop's especial charge; they approached him with entire confidence and quite European dependence. He could speak to them in their own tongue,

and for several years was their confessor; he loved their sunny Italy; so singly, and as a colony they believed they had an especial claim upon him.

Another evidence of his human sympathies was manifested in his attitude toward his servants. As soon as ways and means permitted, after his arrival in Halifax, Archbishop O'Brien made arrangements for a private archiepiscopal residence. His predecessors had resided at the Glebe House with their priests, a mode of life that as a permanency was naturally uncongenial to a man of the Archbishop's temperament.

When he had completed arrangements for a new Glebe House for his priests, to replace that built by Bishop Burke eighty-eight years before, he purchased a residence for himself, less imposing than the Glebe was to be, yet comfortable, and what he most desired —a retired home. His new household included, beside himself, his sister, Miss O'Brien, his nephew and secretary, Rev. Dr. Campbell, and his niece, Miss Cornelia Hughes. It was in its general system, social and domestic, very much like the well-regulated home of any man of scholarly tastes, some means and many social duties. The immediate direction of the establishment lay naturally with his sister and niece, but in one regard he felt that the entire responsibility could never be transferred to them.

Not as the church prelate, but as the head of a private household, he felt an undoubted responsibility for the spiritual and material well-being of every

servant in his employ. The man who was busy with a score of details in diocesan administration, with social and official duties, with plans of study and literary work, still, from time to time, made careful enquiry into the lives of the men and women who worked for him.

He had early instructed that each domestic should have a comfortable room of her own; that in their quarters downstairs, they should be allowed to receive suitable company, and not as frequently happens, be compelled to look beyond their employers' homes for all opportunities for recreation and companionship.

The Archbishop was in fact a remote and indirect, but very thoughtful protector. In case of illness, he was kept informed of their condition, had them cared for in his own house and defrayed their expenses. When, as on a few occasions, the illness was protracted, he would visit the sick servant in her room with words of sympathy and spiritual comfort. For one, who had contracted scarlet fever, he instructed that she should be isolated in her own room—as, whenever possible, he believed in home-treatment of the sick. A trained nurse was engaged and the expense, as usual, defrayed by himself.

This consideration for his employees, which he believed a duty enjoined upon him by his creed, was only the Gospel of Christ lived out in his daily life. He has written in one of his pastorals:

"Our dear Lord brought to earth a cure for all "human misery, a remedy more potent to settle "'strikes' and labour difficulties than boards of arbi-"tration are, a preventative of crime more effica-"cious than police regulations—His Gospel."

When his feelings toward humanity in a broader aspect come to be analysed, we find, apart from occasional gusts of impatience or indignation in his writings, a fine unfailing courtesy that was exacted equally by his own self-respect and respect for the rights of others. Heart and mind—feeling and reason—combined to shape his estimate of humankind. He was not blind to the existence of a great deal of sham in individuals and society generally; and he heartily detested sham. Yet his clear vision saved him from the cynic's protest that sincerity has fled the world. He perceived, at the cost of much personal mental suffering, the prevalence of corrupting evils in society, but he had not the ravenlike intellect that croaks over the carrion of the world and flies unheeding over much that is strong and vital. He was, instead, of those men who come to the world to help it believe in itself; to touch its sore, but at the same time point out the undiseased area beside, and the forces constantly at hand in the spiritual as the physical world, to effect its cure.

His attitude toward humanity, as divided into two great portions by sex, is informing. He thoroughly respected manhood. He delegated to it perhaps a larger share of responsibility than the

average man cares to acknowledge in the moral conditions of the world and in the formation of ideals for the succeeding generation. He looked too for much good and strength in man, and in many men he found it.

His bearing toward womankind was chivalrously fine. His devotion through life to the Immaculate Mother of God, and lifetime love of his mother's beautiful character, with his perception of the goodness of those women with whom he came most directly in contact, had both inspired and maintained a reverence for the sex. For the consecrated nuns, the lilies of womanhood, he entertained profound respect.

His ideal for woman was high, and he could be very stern with the worldly woman, the hypocritical woman, "the childless votary of fashion," the unrepentant corrupt woman, and the wife who, neglecting her home, sowed the seed of all these previous phases. But on the whole, he believed that woman merited a little more consideration at the hands of man that she has generally received. At this phase of social development, he believed, that "laugh as the unthinking and ungenerous may at woman's foibles, the number of men who can really understand and estimate true women at their proper value is smaller far than is that of such women."

To much-counselled womankind it must be refreshing—for the novelty of it, if for no weightier reason—to read in one of his books his opinion "that want of appreciation on the part of man—

"a lack on his part of the proper mode of action—
"and not the wrong qualities of the woman, is too
"often the cause of unhappiness in married life.
"If young men think the affection of a girl worth
"winning, it is surely worth retaining; it can be
"retained by the same means as it was won—a
"little attention and a due consideration for its
"value."

The strong intuitive powers remarked in him by men from his college-days onward would seem to have given him a more accurate comprehension of woman's nature than men ordinarily possess; and his keen sense of man's responsibility in the ethical world probably arose from his perception that woman's influence on the world is not intrinsically so much stronger than man's as it is at all times more actively exerted; that, in fact, with youth past, man's influence on man and woman is only the more subtly strong for its untrumpeted achievements.

The Archbishop, as Bishop Cameron had introduced him on the day of his consecration, was "a Prophet of the New Law, an Ambassador of God," and he found strength and inspiration in his constant, vitalizing studies of the New Testament. But nowhere did he find the quality of sex recognized by sub-sections to the Law, and nowhere modifying the gravity of sin or its punishment.

Goodness, he perceived, was no Minervesque dower of womanhood. Her sex's superiority in virtue, had been developing from century to century,

strengthened by the more jealous protection accorded her and by society's rigid standard for her sex. So nowhere in his preaching or teaching is there a trace of the disciplinary weakness of heart that would too solicitously justify the lapses of man by the circumstances of his milieu. Men of the world might set up one standard of moral rectitude for man, but the Archbishop--not only as a Catholic prelate, but as a man—refused to recognize it.

The high standard for woman he held was very good for the elevation of womankind, but an inferior one was decidedly bad for his own sex, deepening, where maintained, the lower instincts of man from generation to generation. If man's milieu and society's indulgent views, ordinarily, were rife with temptations to weaken his virtue and were unfavorable to his practice of the Law . . . Then—change the milieu,correct the worldly views—was the Archbishop's dictum, for the law of Christ cannot change. It is written, and from the beginning it comprehended all man's weakness, society's indulgence and physicists' influenced decrees in justification of evil.

The Archbishop was a true priest, of whom mankind has as stern need as of true teachers, true statesmen, true average men. And being ordained to preach the Truth, he would not in any way compromise with the wrong. "For, I give you to understand, brethren, that the gospel which was preached by me is not according to man," he more than once reminded his people, as had Paul at Ephesus.

In all things—heart, mind and action—he advocated balance, the "nothing-in-excess" of the Greeks. He had no sympathy with the exaggerated sentimentality of the school-girl's heart, yet neither had he, with its extreme, in such men of the world as would banish all sentiment. There was for him an analogy of mawkishness and unbalance in both. In the first he perceived the springtime brook that might possibly develop into a strong quiet stream of womanly self-sacrifice and devotion. The latter was to him only the cant of men who, wounded early in their higher selves, permit their finer perceptions to become pitifully blunted and set out to ride a futile tilt against the windmill of Human Feeling. Against the old heart of Humanity, which turns now this way, now that; but like Carlyle's belief in God and immortality, will not be reasoned out of existence by Herr Von Voltaire or any other.

In the sickened heart of the man of the world, as in the rhapsodies of the school-girl and undeveloped woman, the Archbishop perceived only varying degrees of a taint of the earth-material, out of which a strong vessel might have been—might be—formed and fired; for in both was the germ of a spirit half divine, the ideal of pure self-sacrificing love, however undeveloped or perverted.

The greatness and littleness of the human heart had each their appeal to his own human heart; the one, to his reverence; the other to the Christlike pity of the priest.

* * * * * * *

Carefully treasured among Archbishop O'Brien's letters was the last one written to him by his father. In this the strong reticent man opens his heart as he never could in conversation, speaks with blessings of his son's choice of life, and expresses regret at his own reluctance to see him go to Italy instead of completing his studies in Canada. He even asks forgiveness for what may have seemed like selfishness; while at the close the premonition that prompted both reluctance and fear raises itself again, in a petition that God may spare him to meet this beloved son once more on earth.

The Archbishop's affection for his father, whom he so resembled in his deeper nature, was one of serious love, touched with reverence; but his feeling toward his radiant little mother was an ardent love that influenced his whole life. Notwithstanding his general reticence of personal feeling, he seems in his Propaganda days, in those seven long years of absence, to have unbosomed himself concerning her and her excellencies to an old Irish prelate in Rome.

The latter—Archbishop Kirby of the Irish College—would seem to have been touched either by the young man's devotion or the mother's character, for thereafter we find in his letters always courteous messages to her, and again a card accompanying a handsome picture for her sent to the Archbishop's "good mother" with the hope "that it may sometimes

elicit a short prayer for this *povero vecchio* (poor old man), her countryman in Rome."

One would not, if one could, look too deeply into the great tender love of Archbishop O'Brien for his mother, the love that guided him first to the love of God, and so to a knowledge of life and self and the work for which he was destined. Her death, which occurred in 1887, a few years after his consecration and removal to Halifax, was a severe trial to him. His feelings found as usual some voice in poetry, for not long after this he composed "The Midnight Threnody" to her memory.

This has been published only in the Proceedings of the Royal Society; as during the session of this body at Ottawa in May, 1899, His Grace presided at a Canadian Poets' Night, and here read the Threnody. It has been written in three parts. In the first it offers a strong, hurried rhythm that of itself suggests the untamed fury of the storm raging as a sleepless poet laments the death of a beloved child. It concludes hopelessly, "*Death conquers all.*"

In the calmer second portion the death of a close friend and companion in scientific research is mourned, and in its course the poet addresses his friend in a strain not unlike Tennyson:

"Thine now the knowledge of the circling world,
How chaos changed, and stars from suns were hurled;
How myriad planets in their orbits vast
Have God's sustaining power about them cast;

How through the eons of a primal night
The earth for man grew ripe by God's own might. . . .
How vast thy knowledge, Friend, how slight is mine!
Earth hath no secrets from a soul like thine."

So, in contemplation of the majesties of God's universe and of Eternity, the poet is carried out of his own loss, and cries with hope, "*Death ends not all.*"

These are but preludes, however, hurrying forward to the thought that has all along dominated the poet, and it is manifestly the Archbishop himself who speaks through the rest. Finely-suggested pictures are here of the mother "with soul so gentle, yet firm-set as fate in good," of the man whose "cold restraint hedged his feelings," even as it withholds the fuller expression he seeks in his lament. The assuring, unselfish mother-heart, whispering "Work for thy kind; win them to God above," suggests that farewell word to the young man setting out for Rome years before.

This third portion of the poem opens with a tender *andante* movement, a note of contemplation, that quickens to a voice of passionate regret as this most filial of sons reproaches himself with his restraint and fancied neglect. It sinks again into a plaintive minor strain, from which it rises at the close to strong major cadences that trumpet the immortality of the soul.

This part of the Threnody is reproduced here, with only the regret that all who read may not now

hear His Grace read it again, as he did at the Canadian Poets' Night, when the stress of great feeling was apparent in his shaken voice, while his spirit ran back in memory to the autumn of 1887. He mourns:

Dead in thy honoured age; dead, Mother dear.
Unknown how deep I loved, till by thy bier
I saw renewed, and fairer by death's grace
The early comeliness of thy loved face.
Like rifted veil the mist of years rolled by,
My thews grew tender, and the infant's cry
Again was mine; again thy gentle hand
Seemed o'er my brow to pass; thy accents bland
To soothe my anguish or dispel my fears,
As erst their wont in childhood's distant years.

Back rolled life's scroll; and then, my startled eyes
Read willing labour, aye! and grand emprise,
For strangers wrought, whilst for my mother dear
How few, how few, O God!—I bowed my head.
Ah, misspent years that to a mother's heart
Of pain no surcease gave, of joy no part!
Thy days of labour and thy vigils late;
Thy soul so gentle, yet firm-set as fate
In good—all these rebuke the cold restraint
That hedged my feelings as it quells my plaint.

I loved thee, mother, yet I gave no sign,
Whilst thou didst smile on me with love benign.
Thy self-forgetful spirit hovers near;

It speaks, it whispers to my ravished ear—
"A mother's heart knew thy unspoken love,
Work for thy kind; win them to God above!"

O, Reaper Death, where is thy victory now?
Thy scythe is near, thy fillets bind her brow.

* * * * * * *

To death thou canst bring back her form of clay
And close the chapter of her earthly day.
Here ends thy power! The noble deeds she wrought,
The course well finished, and the good fight fought,
The faith firm kept, the bright example given
In memory live; and lives her soul in heaven.
*Death, where is thy sting?*

There is the exultation of the resurrection in that finale to Archbishop O'Brien's meditation by his mother's body asleep in death.

During his boyhood, and in a more restricted sense later in life, the heart of the Archbishop was strongly drawn to the charmed world of books. In boyhood this love was shared by his brother and playmate, Laurence O'Brien, who had, in addition, a degree of handskill which the Archbishop quite lacked. So it was usual that when the two tired of more active boyish sports they frequently bargained, that Laurence should make the boat or kite, or other seasonable toy, while Cornelius, beside him, read untiringly. As they grew older they dipped into the books of their father and eldest brother, a veritable

bookworm; but first of all, in addition to books of a religious nature, they read the limited boy's library of those days, the weird tales of Gulliver's Travels and Robinson Crusoe, with the new-old wonders of the Arabian Nights and similar works.

In mature years the Archbishop was a student, rather than a reader, of English and Latin literature. Historical research appealed strongly to him, but after his consecration his time for it was limited. Metaphysics and the Bible were favourite subjects of study. The ancient illuminated manuscripts in his library and all things that pertained to mediaeval days were his delight. He was accustomed to say that when unjust prejudices are dispelled, the masses of the people will discover what students and scholars realize now, that the Middle Ages was a period of profound thought and intellectual progress for many men; and that these have bequeathed to us a mine of intellectual riches by which we are every day profiting.

In fiction, of which he read little after his episcopal duties began, his tastes ran to Dickens and Thackeray. In poetry to Homer, and Dante and Virgil in the original. Classic in all his tastes, he found as age came on deep delight and repose in reading to himself or aloud to his niece, favourite selections from these poets. Whilst in Rome, in 1896, returning from Palestine, he writes in the course of a letter to her:

"I had a somewhat startling expe ence to-day. "I was at the Vatican Archives, then went into the

"Library, expecting to remain a very short time.
"I came across an old book I have had in my eye
"for some time, and so lost myself in it that when I
"awoke to my surroundings the door was locked, and
"it was of no use to ring. However, although I could
"not go out the way I had entered I succeeded, after
"some time, in being let out another way. I wandered
"through furlongs of halls, until I came out in the
"courtyard of the Palace, and knew my way again.
". . I should like to spend some time in the archives
"and library, but cannot."

Here, as always in his later life, time pressed on inclination. He was anxious to return to the affairs of his diocese, as he had been absent about three months, and his stay in Rome then had only been prolonged at the desire of Pope Leo that he should take further rest.

This visit to Rome was the fourth since his Propaganda days, and was especially arranged for 1896, as the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. Before separating at the old Urban College a number of the newly-ordained had promised to meet in Rome twenty-five years later, if at all possible. Some were dead; the living were scattered at world-wide points; Archbishop Howley and Archbishop O'Brien found themselves without companions at the tryst.

The tour of His Grace through the Holy Land and Egypt that year was the one real vacation of his life, and undoubtedly lengthened his years. The long rides and tenting at night, the enjoyable meals eaten

as they sat about on mats; the constant outdoor life benefitted his health and furnished him with pleasant reminiscences for the last decade of his life.

With him, throughout his trip, were his vicar-general, Rev. Dr. Murphy, and his old friend, Archbishop Howley, with his secretary, Rev. Dr. St. John, and Rev. Father Donnelly, also of Newfoundland. The archbishop's very pleasant and enduring friendships with a couple of Presbyterian clergymen date from this informal trip. The entire party of tourists included sixteen persons, almost all of whom were voted by the Canadians to be very pleasant people.

At Beyrout the Archbishop was particularly impressed with the large and well-equipped college maintained under the control of the Patriarch of the Maronite Catholics.

At Cairo, where His Grace's Arab was anxious to know if he would meet his (the Arab's) friend, Mark-ee Twain, on his return to America, the party made the ascent of Cheops. In a letter dated from Cairo, the Archbishop writes of the ascent:

"One of the dreams of my life was to climb the great pyramid of Cheops, and I think I should not have come to Egypt had I thought I could not do it. I was trying to keep myself in good condition for it. The night before we went out I was as wakeful as a young boy who has a new suit to put on. When we arrived at the place I was half afraid I had come ten years too late; that my legs, and especially the left knee, with its rheumatic pain, were too old for the work.

"The layers of stone which set back one from the other and thus form steps, are very high—generally about three feet—and in some places broken away and narrow. No one is allowed to venture up unless accompanied by two Arabs. . . .By the time I was half way up, I felt quite tired, and my heart was beating rather rapidly. However, I had asked our Mother to enable me to make this ascent, and murmuring an *Ave Maris Stella* I went on. Once I was tempted to turn back, but I do not like giving up, so I went on and joined the others on the top."

His letters from the Sea of Galilee and from Damascus are indicative of his growing strength and fresh enjoyment of this outing on saddle. They contain too an echo of the feelings aroused in such a man, as he passes through the land where the Son of God, with words of blessing and healing hands, once lived in human form. "The blight of Moslem rule is over all," he writes from Jerusalem, "and the unhappy divisions of Christians sadden the heart; yet Calvary is here to speak of love and hope and victory over death."

In his own way of deep contemplation he must often have stood apart at the holy places, with his whole soul steeped in the memories of the land. His few solemn words of the privilege it had been to celebrate Mass at these shrines are characteristically reticent, yet, knowing the man, we can understand how he marvelled and gave thanks again at this incomparable dispensation of divine power, the Sacra-

ment of Love that is so mightily efficacious to bind the Catholics of all ages to Bethlehem and Calvary and that upper room where a revealed God in human form first blessed the bread and brake it, giving it to them to eat.

Of this tour one of the party, a Presbyterian minister from Scotland, writes to His Grace on their return:

"That Catholic and Protestant clergyman—and high dignitaries of the Catholic Church too—should have been able to have such delightful and brotherly friendship was, to me, a revelation. . . It is," he adds with feeling, "a large satisfaction that such an experience makes me feel now that 'brotherhood in Christ' even on earth is not restricted by sectarian affinities."

"I often speak of our Archbishop," but I like best to think of those days when you were to us first 'Mr.', and then 'Dr.' O'Brien. There must have been a spice of romance to you, as to us, in the incog."

A wider social gulf would seem to exist between Catholics and non-Catholics in Europe than in Canada—as is indicated in a portion of a delightful letter from this clergyman of whom His Grace frequently spoke with tender regard. He had been discussing at length in his letter the matters treated upon in the Archbishop's pastoral of 1903, and toward the close he writes:

"To me, often when I reflect, it seems strange that I should feel free to write thus to an Archbishop—

and to an Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church—but somehow, I can only think of you and address you as the Christian friend and fellow-pilgrim of seven years ago. . . .It is to me a very great pleasure that my association with you and Archbishop Howley has given me a wider and truer feeling of Christian brotherhood than I had before. . . .

"Now, let me have your prayers and blessing," he concludes, "as you have mine, for what they are worth."

The letters of an elderly Presbyterian clergyman from New Zealand, another of the friends made on that tour, give insight to the charm of His Grace's company to those who met him on an intimate footing.

In laughing reminiscence he congratulates His Grace upon carrying off honours in an amusing contest of wits about the camp-fire on the evening before they reached Baalbeck, and recalls their enjoyment of it all. Particular interest attached to the story-telling contest, inasmuch as it seems to have been boyishly, mischievously planned beforehand to settle once for all the bombastic stories of a bombastic and aggressive individual in the party.

With outspoken regard, the old man writes at the close of this letter:

"I trust you feel refreshed in body, mind and soul for your work for our common Lord and Master. I enjoyed your company and learned to love and respect you, and I pray that the fulness of the divine blessing may be yours both now and for evermore."

It was a happy circumstance that brought the Archbishop these friends when middle life was past. Even in youth his nature was not one to admit many to close friendship, or to form other than acquaintances readily. In his own diocese there were men whom he particularly admired and liked, but the nature of his office prevented the formation of close friendships. Cardinal Vaughan, with whom he formed an early friendship that lasted through life, lived too far away for the mutual esteem to develop to a degree of intimacy.

Through letters and the occasional visits of the Archbishop to England, they were kept in touch with each other's work. And in 1892, when the Bishop of Salford was chosen to succeed Cardinal Manning, the Archbishop's letter to his friend and brother-prelate evoked this reply from the new incumbent of Westminster:

St. Bede's College,
Manchester, April 25th, 1892.

*My dear Lord Archbishop,*

Your affectionate and thoughtful letter, received while I am under this cloud, has brought me comfort and encouragement. I can hardly understand how the Good Shepherd should have thought of such a one as I know myself to be, for a position of such prominence and responsibility.

You are quite right—I mean I am in hearty sympathy with you—as to the nature of the work to

be undertaken by the Church towards the democracy of the world. I shall try to do in London what I have been doing here—occupying myself with the interests of the people.

I hope, when you come to Europe, that you will come to me in London.

Believe me,
My dear Lord Archbishop,
Your devoted brother,
HERBERT, Abp. E. of Wr.

In a printed form of prayer, enclosed by the Archbishop-Elect, by which he sought the prayers of his friends, this passage recalls a spiritual interest that was very near to the hearts of both prelates. It prays:

> "Fill him with an overflowing zeal and "charity for the immense multitudes of souls "that, led away from the sweet pastures of Thy "Church into the pathless wilderness of error, "are wandering in doubt and darkness, as sheep "without a shepherd. Scatter the darkness, "O Lord; shew Thy face; reveal the mysteries "of Thy most loving heart, and they shall be "saved."

The meetings of the two prelates were necessarily infrequent, and on one occasion, to which the Archbishop had looked forward with sympathetic pleasure, death intervened. "If we are both alive"—the Cardinal had said when inviting the Archbishop over to the

opening of the new Cathedral at Westminster, the crowning work of his episcopacy—but before that time arrived the Cardinal had passed away.

To personal friends the Archbishop was a very leal, very tender and practical friend—less given to words than to deeds. Outside of family ties, however, most of his intimate acquaintances date from the Propaganda days. There was the poetical Oriental Primo Dochi, who was ordained with him, and with whom communication ceased only a few years ago when Father Dochi entered a severely cloistered and contemplative order, shutting himself away from all his friends. There were lesser friendships entertained for several other Oriental ecclesiastics; for, as would be expected in one of Archbishop O'Brien's temperament, there was an attraction in the dignified, contemplative Oriental nature.

Another of his early friends, Archbishop Howley, of Newfoundland, was in the early seventies interesting the young Islander—as he now interests all Newfoundland—in the anomalous position of the Ancient Colony toward the federated colonies of the Dominion. In later life there was much of mutual interest for the two in their devotion to literature, marked with a friendly rivalry in the translation of Latin hymns and an exchange of books, poems and pastorals.

His friendship with Father Gregory Macdonald, of the Island, and the late Father MacTighe, of Pittsburg, also dated from Propaganda days. The latter was the humorist of the American circle at the

college, and it was for his sunny nature and fund of fun that the companionship of MacTighe was treasured by the sedate young Islander. Not that there was no leavening of fun and humour in the latter, however; he was keenly appreciative of humour.

There is one story of his college days that was occasionally told by other Propagandists, and by the Archbishop himself, with reminiscent enjoyment. It turned upon his voice, which, though particularly pleasant and well-cadenced in reading or talking, was not at all adapted for singing. Anyone who has heard him chant the liturgy of the Mass will understand this; though, on these occasions, if his voice lacked timbre and tone and flexibility, one had still to admire the serene way in which he rose superior to his limitations of voice, absorbed in the sublime words of the liturgy.

At college his voice was not more musical than in later years. And when at one time a prize was to be given for singing, a jocose rumour was set afloat that the young Signor Cornelio, who carried all the prizes before him in other branches, was going to enter the competitive examination in singing. The young Canadian fell in with the humour of his companions and assured them smilingly that he would be a candidate for the prize.

The day arrived and Signor Cornelio—he of the impossible voice—was found in the ranks of aspirants, among the melodious-voiced students of Southern Europe. His companions were astonished. When his turn came he comported himself with that air of

Castilian dignity and gravity which lingers, family traditions state, in some of his blood from intermarriage with the Spanish in the seventeenth century. Whatever its origin, he wore this imposing manner to a marked degree that day as he took his place beside the unsuspecting professor.

The voice-examination began. An initial note was struck, and Signor Cornelio promptly raised an unabashed voice, as harmonious as a fog-horn. He started the ascent of a scale of his own evolving. . . .

"*Ebasto*! *Ebasto*!" (Sufficient! Sufficient!), the professor cried with a wave of dismissal, synchronizing with an outburst of merriment in all within hearing; and Signor Cornelio—with the mien of a victor, with dark eyes dancing, and telltale comical lines of repression about his flexible mouth—retired.

He had accomplished his purpose; the College thereafter refrained from chaffing the studious young Canadian upon his choir-voice.

After Archbishop O'Brien had taken up his residence in Halifax, both choice and propinquity united to form his friendship with Rev. Dr. Edward Murphy, for many years his secretary, and afterward Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral and Vicar-General. Some likeness of tastes and culture, with dignity and reticence of temperament attracted each to each, no less than the deeper qualities that command respect. Every afternoon it was their custom to walk out around the sea-girdled park at Point Pleasant. In such harmony had their minds become gradually

disposed that after long periods of silence during these walks—of which the Archbishop liked to recall memories—the two would be moved to resume conversation with the same comment, and this, through half an hour's silence would eventually prove to have been produced by the same train of thought.

As years passed the Vicar-General became the Archbishop's closest friend, one in whom he reposed every confidence, so in 1901 Monsignor Murphy's death left a very apparent blank in his friend's life. His niece, who resided with him, aware that with all their mutual affection and interests, she could not hope to fill this void in his life, suggested to him that he cultivate another such friendship. "Not now," he answered as decisively as gently; "I am too old to make new friends."

But about this time his appreciative fondness of old books and carvings and pictures widened to the realm of old china in which his niece was already interested, and the hobby of collecting quaint or handsome bits—when not too expensive—became gradually the pleasantest recreation of his later years. He entered upon the study of ceramics with characteristic thoroughness, sending occasional puzzling specimens to experts in England for authoritative information.

It was only a new form of his old love for research, so his study table, or mantel, came to have always a fresh bit, where in leisure moments—with a powerful magnifying glass and ponderous tomes of

His Study.

ceramic lore beside him—it was a pleasing sight to see him lost in all the delights of a hunt for blurred factory-marks and elusive facts. In his studies he was assisted by the Rev. Father Hamilton, of Yarmouth, who shared the Archbishop's taste for the beautiful and the antique.

Father Hamilton accompanied His Grace, as secretary, when early in 1904, on the order of his doctor, the Archbishop, with his niece, spent some weeks in Bermuda. These Islands, which formed part of Halifax diocese, were familiar to him from previous visits; but he had never had time before to enquire into their old-china possibilities. This year they proved a fair field for collecting, and his stay was rendered more beneficial to his health by the interest and amusing experiences of a search for antiques. His heart was gladdened with some good finds, and after his return home a precious St. Peter's plate from Bermuda was given the place of honour in his study.

This room, in which His Grace passed so much of his time and where friends only were received, had in itself some suggestion of his own *nature ronde*. Religion, work and pleasing recreation breathed in its atmosphere. A painting of the Immaculate Mother of God hung opposite the door, and the pure face and slender blue-clad form dominated the room. The worn hassock before it told its story of how often in work hours or leisure some moments of contemplation and human petition were spent there.

In summer-time bowls of his favourite flowers—

the pensive-faced pansies and deep-hearted roses—always stood about this room, as elsewhere in the house at his desire. A businesslike desk that stood there was reservedly indicative of diocesan administration; but the bookcases, the book-strewn table with a bit or two of Spode or Derby or pictured Dresden; the mantel with its faces of old friends and the glowing fire beneath made—with the Archbishop to complete it—a delightful picture of scholarly simplicity with comfort and social charm.

Conversation was always easy there, ranging from matters of high seriousness to details of domestic interest, and easily drifting into causerie of people and events. Then it was lit with flashes of gentle raillery and keen appreciation of humour by His Grace; and one had glimpses of the Signor Cornelio who was not found altogether lacking in fun in the old Propaganda days; revelations of the personality that had endeared him to his fellow-travellers in Palestine.

The pieces of china in his own room were only there temporarily for study, or awaiting their turn to be placed in the cabinets in the dining-room below. In this apartment, when a guest had dined or taken luncheon with him *en famille*, the Archbishop would frequently take him to his china cabinets, and, finding him appreciative, point out with relish the fine distinction between an old Derby and a Worcester with Derby colouring.

He would show the subtle beauties of an old piece of Bohemian glass or of threadlike calico patterns

on old English china, dainty and spinsterlike enough to have belonged to Miss Mattie in mythical Cranbrook. Perhaps it was a low-set vase of *faience*, that interested the guest most, because it came from the oven of the Palissy in the long-ago, and had the charm of rare blending in colour. Or it might be a tall antique vase with decided colours, or a quaint little pitcher of gold lustre whose big ears had listened in an old Acadian farmhouse to tales of the days of La Tour.

Whatever the guest's predilection, the Archbishop looked on each piece with a medicating delight that no one but an old china lover can ever possibly understand. As only the man or woman with a hobby for collecting can appreciate his unmixed happiness in acquiring that St. Peter's plate in Bermuda. This was one of the rare old pieces of Spode in which the designer has ingeniously contrived to reproduce St. Peter's, the Statue, the Castello San Angelo and the classic Tiber within the small compass of one plate.

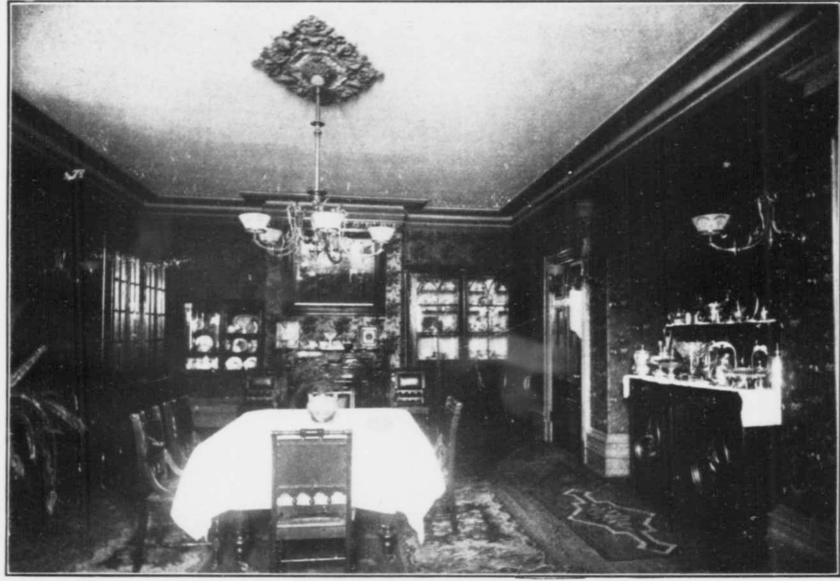
Two Fratri in ecclesiastical gown converse on the bank of the river, where quaint boats are propelled by quainter boatmen, and over all spreads a blue willow tree, instead of the blue Italian sky the Archbishop loved.

Such a find might well have potency to dispel the thought of returning home in a few days to resume duties felt only too keenly, and to the disheartening financial and moral struggle he was then experiencing to put his college upon a firm footing.

Not all who looked at the Archbishop's collection were interested in china, but they were at least held by their host's naive delight in it. There was one guest, however, whose knowledge and love of china was, to the Archbishop's mind, not one of the least of many gifts that went to round out a charming personality; yet this man, Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya, the brilliant young Austrian ecclesiastic, speaking from the fulness of experience as a china-collector, begged His Grace to collect books, stamps or pictures, what he would!—but not to set his heart upon anything so perishable as china; this had an unpleasant facility for getting broken. The Archbishop laughingly declared that nothing could deter him in this hobby.

Men rarely appear to better advantage than when entertaining guests at their own table, and Archbishop O'Brien was no exception in this. Auspiciously; for in hospitable old Halifax it was traditional that their Archbishop should fulfil social duties, unusual to Catholic prelates in America; he, as well as the Governor and General, being expected to extend hospitalities to all distinguished official visitors to the city.

So that apart from receptions and occasional entertainments for friends and visiting prelates, the handsome dining-room was repeatedly the scene of official dinners or luncheons tendered to royal and vice-regal parties, to the officers of the fleet or of foreign warships in port, and to Canadian statesmen. The Archbishop did not ordinarily enjoy dinner-



His Dining-room.

parties, unless he himself was the host. Then, he said, it was a genuine pleasure to invite others who did enjoy them.

Aided by his sister and niece in dispensing official hospitality, he in turn assisted at less formal receptions for their friends, greeting the shyest debutante or most ill-at-ease young man with a courtesy and thoughtfulness for the young person's pleasure not less than that accorded to his most distinguished guests.

Of all his guests, however, there were none more heartily welcomed than the children. Up in his study there was always a supply of sweets for them when they came, and messengers from the orphanage were sure to receive a generous dole. Frequently in summer as he set out for a short morning-walk he delayed to pluck a pansy or two for some passing child, and in his strolls through the beautiful Gardens little ones learned to look for him and his smile. He felt no child to be a stranger.

There is a grace in childhood that was not alien to his own soul. He had preserved in his heart "the place where faith and love dwell," and this a noted Englishman once defined as the fairy-land of the grown-up. So it was easy for him to enter the gates of childhood's fairyland, where dwells Fairy Benevolent in a rainbow of flowers and moon-gleams.

Innocent, happy, well-bred children were to him the "living poems" of life, and each informal visit paid to the convents of Mount St. Vincent and of the

Ladies of the Sacred Heart was as thoroughly enjoyed by the Archbishop as by the pupils. These greeted him with the confiding delight a convent girl extends to a favourite teacher, while the juniors would fearlessly make him a captive in their dainty circles, and claim a story. Looking over his letters from Palestine in 1896, one finds in each a tender message for the children of the different schools and convents, with sometimes a request for their prayers.

Throughout his episcopacy when, in the sterner side of his life of contact with men of state, there was matter for anxiety he would make an occasion to visit the convent or orphanage to gain fresh courage for his work from contact with the little ones of his flock. As he left them then he would ask their prayers, particularly fervent prayers, for his intention.

For the child whose life had been robbed of its due of home-happiness he had a Christlike compassion. On Hallowe'en, the night of Celtic merry-making, a store of goodies—apples, nuts and sweets—would go from him to the Orphanage as surely as his Christmas gifts. He remembered how royally the oldtime fete had been kept in his childhood's home, and he desired that these little ones also should have memories of riotous innocent merriment to carry up the years. He would not permit any distinctive uniform to be worn by them, as it would only further accentuate the difference between them and children who had homes.

The Christmastide brought him no more precious gift than the mysterious parcel always placed for him on the orphans' tree. It was his pleasant duty to be a Santa Claus in purple, and when he had given the children their gifts from the tree, with what finely-simulated astonishment and genuine pleasure he unfolded his own to view; while they looked on with breathless delight in their Archbishop's pleasure.

Their Archbishop. . . . ! He was surely theirs. They knew it from the way he allowed them to swarm about him each time he visited the Orphanage, when with his robe caught fast in their child-grasp, they regretted that he had only one pair of hands to cling to..

He would, if he could, have made all children happy; he loved them so well. He relished the atmosphere that happy children radiate; it was always mentally refreshing to him. Convalescing from a severe attack of illness, he used to have his armchair placed by the window overlooking a lawn where a group of bright children played and their happy voices reached him. To him the voices and hands and sweet faith of children were potent agents to lead the world closer to Truth, and the magic of the child-heart had unconscious skill to find the hidden trails that run behind the forbidding walls of the mature heart.

There comes with these recollections of the Archbishop's love for children a picture of the last evening I saw him. He had given a reception that day, one at which, for the first time, his treasured bits of old

china were taken down from the cabinets and utilized upon the long table in the diningroom, or placed here and there through the rooms with flowers.

Cool airs from the harbour tempered the warmth of a July sun, and through the long hall and cool rooms quaint bowls and vases held his favourite flowers. Men and women came and went, but the centre of it all was the erect form—grown sadly slim again—and the priestly face of the Archbishop, gently thoughtful for each fresh arrival and naively pleased at an intelligent remark upon his china. . . . The guests dispersed, group by group, the last to leave being the courtly old Governor, destined soon to pass into eternity as silently and suddenly as the Archbishop.

But when all had gone a new set of guests appeared—a bevy of motherless children, nieces of the late Sir John Thompson, who had been brought at His Grace's desire from the convent where they were spending their vacation. They were frequent guests at his home, for in the whole world's flower-garden of children this band of motherless little ones were his favourites. Whenever possible, he gave them what pleasure he could.

They had a supper of their own on the lawn, and afterward lured their elders into a game of hide-and-seek there . . . . until His Grace came out upon the verandah overlooking the garden where the air was still fragrant with the rifled pansy-beds and rose-bushes. He had his Breviary, that companion of the

priest of which Matthew Arnold in his last days exclaimed: "Is it possible such a book has been in existence all these centuries, and I have never known of it before?" His Grace soon became absorbed in reading the day's office.

The still figure on the verandah drew the youngest child's eyes again and again; until finally she deserted her playfellows, ran to the house, and the bundle of white organdie and shining curls climbed the high steps slowly, without in the least drawing his attention.

As his custom was, he had grown so absorbed in what he read that he saw and heard nothing oustide of it, until a pair of chubby hands fell on his knees in appeal and a pair of confident child-eyes mirrored their owner's appeal. This charming bitof femininity wanted to talk. So the book was closed, and the child taken up in his arms. Which when the others saw, their game was instantly deserted, and the citadel of the Archbishop's personality was stormed by four other little maids.

It was a complete and happy surrender he made, and as they took possession of him all his powers of entertaining little folk were brought into play. I listened to them—to the flow of chat that was now gravely sweet, now rippling with teasing fun. As eight o'clock approached the guests were, one and all, inclined to subscribe to the youngest's belief that in vacation-time Reverend Mother would not "want them back just so early as any other time of the year. . . ." this, with one eye upon their host to see if he would concur in it.

When they went they withdrew from him reluctantly; the youngest looked like a queen dethroned as she slipped from his knee. We led them away; and the man, whose heart had felt no wavering before the clear-eyed scrutiny of that grave, lovely child, turned again to his Breviary.

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## V

## THE FAITH OF THE MAN.

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"... the soul-rest born of our dear dear creed

. . . . . . . . .

In it alone is reason free;
In it, as peaceful sisters, dwell
God's word and high philosophy."—O'Brien.

"Our creed develops, indeed, on the same lines, and in the same nature, even as a human body waxes stronger and more symmetrical, but can never be revised or changed, being God's own Word. . . ."—O'Brien in Pastoral, 1890.

One expects to find faith in an Archbishop; it is essential, usual, not remarkable. But when the sense of stewardship of this faith in any Catholic is so active as to make his relations toward non-Catholics one of the notable features of his life, it is deserving of more than passing notice.

The Protestants of Halifax were first interested in Archbishop O'Brien by his controversy with Rev. Dr. Burns, provoked by the latter some months after the consecration of the Archbishop. This was only the first of many controversies, unsought by the

Archbishop, it is true, but maintained vigorously if considerately.

Throughout his life Protestants knew him as one who insisted—there is no other word for it—insisted quietly but fixedly upon the recognition due to the rights of Catholic conscience in matters of education and state-aided charities, in anything that could touch upon the faith and morals of his people.

A member of his own flock once confided to a prominent Anglican of Halifax that he, personally, quite disapproved of His Grace's attitude.

"Moreover," said the man, who was manifestly speaking for himself, "Halifax Catholics will not stand for this display of *mediaeval Catholicism*, antagonizing their fellow-citizens."

Yet after Archbishop O'Brien's death, the most beautiful tributes published were by non-Catholics, while Protestant sentiment was fairly echoed in one passage of an appreciation published by a clergyman who had crossed lances with His Grace in the field of controversy; it averred that while his office would readily be filled, his place in the affections of "a host outside his own special communion" would remain vacant.

And even as non-Catholics were prominent among those who bade him God-speed from the Island years before, his funeral at Halifax was accounted remarkable in the number of Protestant clergymen who attended, as a last mark of esteem to the zealous prelate.

The fullest faith is an inheritance coming so easily to the born Catholic that not all appreciate it adequately. With Archbishop O'Brien, however, life was a long *Te Deum* of gratitude for this endowment. He regarded it as a sacred and inevitable duty to mirror his faith in his own life. He studied profoundly the records of truth in past ages, not more for the satisfaction of his own reason and intellect, than that he might in discharge of his stewardship, be qualified to bear witness to his faith, and throw fuller light upon it for less enlightened minds.

In sermons and pastorals he urged his Catholics to do the same in whatever degree their opportunities permitted. He held that prejudice against the Church and its teachings can exist in this age only when the ignorance or apathy of Catholics make it possible. And he had small admiration for those Catholics who, living content with the "soul-rest of our dear creed", make no effort to express intelligently what they believed themselves, or, for lack of proper grounding in truth, sit dumb or bluster ridiculously at subtle arguments against religion.

"Those who have inherited the Faith lose it in proportion to the misuse they make of their reason," he concludes in an exhortation to Catholics to study the right reason of religion.

Throughout life he took part in many controversies. He never provoked these, but he never failed to ride into the lists when an attack was made upon what he held as truth. These occasions were

only too frequent in his earlier life, when there were still expounded from Protestant pulpits and lecture-platforms, as facts, highly prejudiced statements against the church and its practices. And while no one was more painfully aware than the Archbishop of the sins of some members of the Church, he was determined that facts should be clearly defined, and no confusion be permitted to exist concerning the church itself and erring members, singly or in groups.

Many accusations, dating from the heated days of religious separation, have been everywhere dying hard in recent years; in the Maritime Provinces Archbishop O'Brien did much to lay them. And if, as a non-Catholic publication has stated, His Grace mellowed with age, it was perhaps, because early battling had been so effective that there was no longer provocation to draw him into the list. Statements against the Catholic Church came to be weighed more carefully in Halifax, or left unsaid. For the Archbishop was eternally vigilant, and his zeal and research made him an undesirable controversial opponent.

His letters of controversy, written in Prince Edward Island and in Halifax, have been in part preserved, and make interesting reading still. Whilst at Indian River, Dr. O'Brien first responded to an attack made by one Rev. Mr. Osborne, in addressing a Bible Society convention. Dr. O'Brien waited several days, and finding that no one took up the defence, entered the lists perforce himself.

Mr. Osborne's entire address, relevant to a supposed need of bible-distribution in Southern Europe, had been practically an attack upon Catholicity there, and upon what he considered the evil moral influences of Catholicity generally. One of his statements that was not calculated to meet Dr. O'Brien's ideas of justice, ran: "The best evidence of religion to a Roman Priest is that the people cease to think and let him do the thinking; that they pay his salary and hold their tongues." Incidentally he had the inevitable old-fashioned fling against the Jesuits.

One would be inclined to think that an attack of this description would be passed over in contempt by Dr. O'Brien. But at that period, addresses of this sort were widely reported in the press, and influenced certain classes, even among Catholics, if allowed to pass unchallenged. Dr. O'Brien was, consequently, willing to sacrifice his own feelings, holding that truth was as essential to the unlettered man as to the man of culture, and that he, by his office, was bound to make it known.

In replying to Mr. Osborne, he had the advantage of actual knowledge of Southern Europe, a perception of just how useless it is to expect the light-hearted races of those regions of sunshine to look upon life as the serious Northerner might. He made out a strong case against the other's cry of ignorance and superstition. Mr. Osborne, unprepared to defend himself against an opponent of this type, writes a protesting letter about Dr. O'Brien having "commenced a con-

troversy." Whereupon Dr. O'Brien briefly replied that he began no controversy; he had merely "corrected misstatements."

"Does he think me ignorant of Romanism?" writes Mr. Osborne, in the course of his letter to the editor. "No, I *am sure* he is ignorant of it," rejoins the Doctor promptly, "ignorant, that is, of what it really teaches—for I do not want to think him malicious. When he accused it of causing an absence of conscience he must have been one or the other."

It was toward the close of Archbishop O'Brien's first year in Halifax that Rev. Dr. Burns, of Fort Massey Church, attacked the church's teachings upon absolution, and condemned the practice of auricular confession, describing it as a fifth-century innovation in the Church. Again the Archbishop waited for someone to take up the defence. No one appearing, he was constrained to write to the paper that had reported Dr. Burns' remarks, expressing his regret that Dr. Burns had provoked a controversy, and further regret that no one of more leisure than himself had "thought proper to take up the gauntlet."

He considered it his duty to take the matter up, he said, as "some who may not have time or ability to study the history of Confession and Absolution, might be led astray by the arguments so widely reported." Proceeding to the defence, he quoted Irenaeus of the first, Tertullian of the second, and Origen of the third centuries to prove that the sacrament of penance had been practiced in the church

from the first. Some passages of St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom had been interpreted by Dr. Burns as bearing out his arguments, but these supports the Archbishop cut out from under him, proving himself so thoroughly familiar with the Doctors, that his opponent sought no further evidence in their writings.

This controversy attracted general attention in Halifax, during the quiet winter season. The prominence of the participants, naturally lent added interest. "C," the Catholic writer, had soon been indentified as the new Archbishop, while his opponent was one of the most prominent Presbyterian clergymen in Canada. Personally he was satisfied, for while Dr. Burns remained unconverted to Catholic belief on this point, numerous Catholics, who had not previously studied in detail the history of this sacrament, had benefitted by the controversy.

"C," whose letters throughout had been marked with urbanity, concludes wishing "the genial doctor many happy years, some of which, I hope, he will spend in learning what the Church really teaches, and in reading a true account of the Vatican Council." The two controversialists often met afterwards on the happiest of terms socially.

In the following year there was a controversy with one "P," concerning the latter's assertion that the early British Church had been independent and unconnected with Rome, and that the Catholic Church as it exists to-day, is an outgrowth of the middle ages.

This controversy contained one passage that might seem melodramatic, if it were not that it only illustrates the intense earnestness of the Archbishop in all matters pertaining to religion. Startled, he says, by the calm indifference of "P's" statement, that he would refuse to accept the conclusions of certain facts, even if these were proved true, the Archbishop is moved to write, and to allow to go to press, the exclamation:—

"My God, my God, is it possible that prejudice can so blind an intellect and warp a judgment; or is it a deliberate sinning against the light? God knows; to Him we leave the judgment."

Unfortunately for himself, "P" quoted as decisive authorities for his contentions, "the writer of the article on the Church of England in the Encyclopaedia Brittanica," and some "Catholic historian O'Driscoll." The proofs of the Archbishop on the contrary had been drawn directly from Bede, the Acts of Eleutherius and several other ancient documents and chronicles. In view of his opponent's authorities, when revealed, His Grace considers it will be unnecessary to discuss the subject further.

Toward the close of this letter, the pen of the scholarly prelate fairly laughs at the simplicity of the man who would pin his faith to authorities as superficial as "P's" had been, and actually to make public statements with no better evidence. "A spurious Bull," he assures him, "is no authority, while the

Catholic historian O'Driscoll is unknown. . . A cousin", he suggests, "or perhaps a step-brother to Finnerty of Chicago, and both of them closely related to the writer of the article on the British Church in the Encyclopedia Brittanica."

But if His Grace objected promptly and energetically to misstatements concerning the Church, he as certainly respected the honest convictions of non-Catholics. He admired the sincere and practical Christian, whatever his creed, and this, together with his own consistent life, was probably a reason for the esteem in which he was held by men outside his church.

For was he not born to the purple of the Ancient Faith? And while he must and did vigorously defend it against attack, he must and did exercise the utmost courtesy toward the individual or body of individuals, whose ancestors had deprived them of a like heritage of truth. . . . *Noblesse oblige!*

This quality of his character, so generously suggested in the tributes paid him after death by clergymen of different creeds, is indicated in the following passage from Faith and Reason in his Philosophy of the Bible:

> "The teachings of faith being absolutely "true, it follows that it must be intolerant of "error. Intolerance of error is, essentially, an "attribute of truth. The enemies of the Catholic "Church upbraid her with intolerance of doct-

"rinal differences. This is an involuntary hom-
"age to her never-failing truth. Were she a
"mere human institution, she would have accept-
"ed at some time in her long career, a compro-
"mise of doctrine to save her from the many
"fierce attacks which she has endured. But, no,
"she is as intolerant of a doctrinal difference to-
"day as she was when St. Paul (Gal. 1-8) wrote:

'But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach a gosepl to you beside that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema.'

"Being absolutely certain of the truth of her
"doctrine, because it was revealed by God, she
"must be absolutely certain of the falsity of any-
"thing which contradicts it. However, although
"faith must hate error, it does not hate the erring.
"In this lies our vindication; *we hate doctrinal*
"*error, because it is an insult to God*; *we love the*
"*erring, because in them we recognize fellow-crea-*
"*tures, made to the image of God and redeemed by*
"*the blood of the Saviour.* Were these points
"properly understood, we would hear less about
" 'cramping reason' and 'intolerance'."

Through all his life he had the intensest sympathy with men and women in spiritual doubt, struggling toward a sense of rest and security. He had never felt the struggle himself, yet the fineness and intuition of his soul made up for the lack of experience. He knew that life at its best was sufficiently a struggle, without man's energies being wasted,

wounded in such a vital part as the spirit that animates the whole being.

He was painfully aware of those other Cloughs, born outside the household of faith, restless and wistful, looking about them on the day-to-day struggle of weak humanity, asking with him as bitterly:

"Is this the object, end and law—
The purpose of our being here?"

Their consciences might not prompt such sacrifices as Clough's; their souls might be less sensitive; yet, to His Grace there was about them what gave that poet's voice the long, insistent sadness of the phoebe-bird's cry for some lost good—the Phoebe! Phoebe! of our summer woods.

He perceived how subtly they were influenced by that phase of thought which tends to materialism, to scepticism, to downright unbelief. And, while this was not new in the history of man, he felt it to be more dangerous in its wider diffusion. The knowledge was a continual source of sorrow to him, rarely voiced in conversation, yet never far away as he wrote or preached. From year to year his pastorals seemed to reach out more earnestly to indifferent Catholics, to restless Protestants and to men of no fixed belief.

It came to him as a personal, intimate grief, that even one soul should be blinded, either by training or environment, to its eternal life, and seek to satisfy itself entirely with material or sensual pleasures. And scepticism he fought bravely, acknowledging it as a potent agent for mischief when admitted to the

mind, even in bravado. Writing of the wave of scepticism that rose in Rome when the lofty paganism of the Emperor Numa had given way before luxury and idolataries, native and imported; when license and self-indulgence had begun to work the decadence of its once imperial people, he traces the similarity of results in the scepticism of today, summing up:

"It took away all incentive to self-restraint, ex-" tinguished hope, made faith a mockery, killed charity " and had no ideal to encourage and to incite to noble " action. Degradation and vice succeeded as a natural " consequence. . . . Today we see how degraded, sen-" sual, how thoroughly *animal* men may become when " they give up belief in God, immortality, or the liberty " of the will."

And again, treating of scepticism and a perverse use of manhood's free-will, he writes bluntly:

"Man may deprive himself of eternal happiness, " but he cannot rob God of everlasting glory; he may " break the laws of justice and morality, but he cannot " escape the Last Judgment."

There was one class of humanity to whom Archbishop O'Brien's faith constrained him to be severe, invariably; men of whom he wrote with a contempt as withering as Carlyle's, though in more restrained language. He calls them "scientific Fops," and sees them strutting through the fields of legitimate science, working with limited vision in one restricted patch, but with a superficial eye and a voice for all the rest. They endeavour to "catch Moses napping," and to

decry revelation; again they rake up mediaeval stones thrown at true philosophy and fit them to a new sling. The Archbishop believed that their influence upon current writings promoted scepticism in the spiritually-undeveloped, and the young; and we know what he thought of scepticism.

So we have, on one hand, scientific fops, pandering to their own vanity, and Scepticism with its train of evils; on the other, the Archbishop, with his fear and horror of sin and its consequences, with his manhood's grateful recognition of His Creator. . . Small wonder the otherwise urbane prelate had no patience at all with these men, that they stirred to the quick the guarded fires of a strong, proud nature!

His quarrel, it must be clearly understood, was not with the really great men of science, or with learned scientists who kept within their proper limits and accepted "only logical conclusions from true premises." It was with what he calls somewhere, "unturned scientific cakes," apt with the "cant phrase of bastard science," with the "glow-worm lights of illogical theorizers," with literary middlings, who would be daring and critically superior concerning revealed truth.

He felt he could not too energetically combat their skirmishing with truth, in their attempt to make of religion "a sort of transcendental medley of metaphysics, chemistry and laws of Nature, with a slight leaven about the 'Great Unknown'." These are the men of whom he writes, that they represent Christian

belief as a superstition developed in the Middle Ages, a mental slavery unbearable to a modern man of strong thought; something, in fact, of which monks and old women may chatter, but to which rational men rise superior. When they can produce a treatise, he says, they are wont to compassionate modern Christians, and with them Solomon, Augustine, St. Thomas, Newton, Milton and other great minds for their blindness in submitting to such superstition.

Dwelling upon the influence of this type, in one part of his Philosophy of the Bible, he at last bursts forth:

"It is hard to restrain what one feels, when reflecting on the stupid obtuseness and intolerable arrogance of these charlatans of science. . . . "

He pauses there. . . . On the principle, probably, that it would be undignified to tell some people what you think of them.

In a tribute to the Archbishop, published after his death, the Rev. Dr. E. M. Saunders, a prominent Baptist, speaking of the dominating influence exercised by the Archbishop's strong character, says:

> "I was especially impressed with his keen "and constant appreciation of the subtle and "hostile antagonism turned against the Bible "by the agnostics of the last forty years. . . . "His love of the Bible and his hatred of the " 'philosophy of dirt,' as Carlyle called that of "materialism; indeed, of all philosophy destruct-

"tive of a supernatural revelation, runs like a "golden thread through *Aminta.*"

Dr. Saunders was but one of many earnest Protestant clergymen who read the Archbishop's pastorals with interest each year, and looked on with admiration at the constant battle he waged with unbelief. They were glad of the good he accomplished, and sympathised with the real grief he experienced, when, as Dr. Saunders wrote, "surveying the world from his watch-tower, hostile philosophy of every sort was a burden to his soul."

The Archbishop would, if he could, make the whole world know that the Church and its tenets have no quarrel with true science, but that it will protest through all time against false science, against scientists pronouncing upon theology, against naturalists, zoologists and physicists specialized in physical laws, promulgating as facts their theories of what pertains to the supernatural.

> "Let all sciences progress; let them use their "own methods in their own spheres," he writes; "but let them keep within their own proper limits, "and accept only logical conclusions from true "premises. . . . We accept every proved con-"clusion of every science, and every revealed "truth, with an absolute certainty that between "them there is no contradiction, no collision, no "repugnance."

In this the theologian was in hearty accord with the greatest scientist Canada has yet produced, the

late Sir William Dawson, President of McGill University.

Thirty years ago he warned the readers of his Philosophy of the Bible to remember that Huxley, Darwin and Spencer were clever physicists, not theologians; that Stuart Mills was not a metaphysician; that there can be no contradiction between proved facts of science and revealed truth; that the rationalists' pretence that nothing should be believed except what can be demonstrated by reason, virtually maintains the absurdity that human reason is infinite, and that Spinoza and his followers in reviving insiduous pantheistic teachings of the univer ality of one substance, "made God everything, that they might succeed in making him nothing."

The same anxiety to maintain the faith of men intact, is evident in all his pastorals, in one of which he reminds us that religious unbelief in the scientist, is often produced by. . . . "a lack of breadth of

> "culture, verified in all specialists, which places
> "the harmony of creation, not in the wonderfully-
> "planned conspiration of diverse forces to an
> "intended end, but in the unvarying identity of
> "results of blind physical action."

In his last pastoral, published a few weeks before his death, the Archbishop rejoices that at last the world, through expanding thought and research, has begun to regard many scientists, including Darwin, Haekel, Huxley and others, at their proper estimation.

## THE FAITH OF THE MAN

Even as a man of business instincts looks well into the possibilities of a monetary inheritance, the Archbishop lost no opportunity of studying what he termed his heritage of faith, and of developing its riches. The sceptic might say that he, and other Catholics, approach such studies determined only to find their tenets right, and would be permitted a knowledge only of Catholic writers,—an altogether false impression of the attitude and scope of any Catholic making a serious study of his religion.

The Archbishop looked for in the Church what he demanded of everything that would command his respect—justice, reason and goodness. That he found it satisfying, inspiring and reasonable, one must conclude from his life. His reasoning upon the reasonableness of Christianity's demand upon the belief of man, is clear and effective. He writes in lucid language, and in a style marked with simplicity, concerning "the Revelation of Christian doctrine, by which the Christian child is wiser, concerning man's origin and destiny, than was the pagan philosopher."

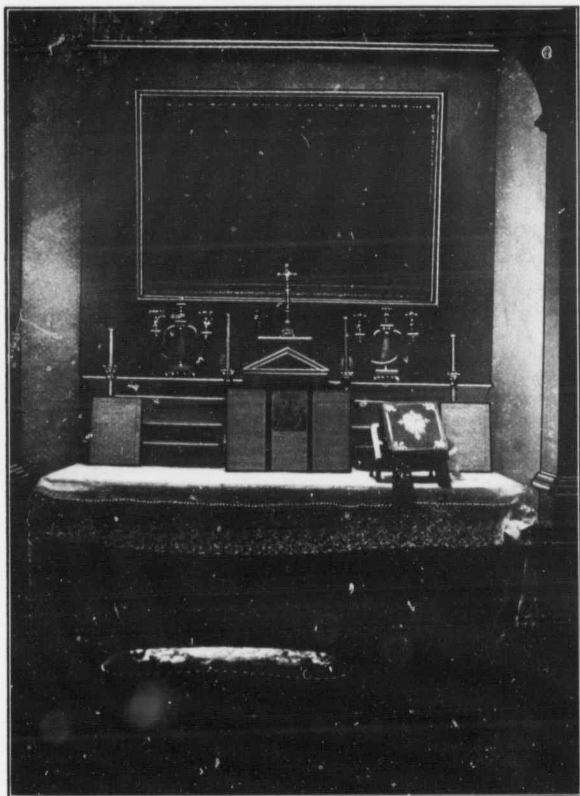
Faith, he defines straightway, as "a firm assent given to a revealed truth on account of the authority of God who has revealed it."

> On faith and reason he writes: "There are "two ways distinct in principle and object, of "acquiring knowledge; in the one we acquire it by "the natural power of reason; in the other, by "divine faith. They differ in object because, by "faith, there are proposed to our belief, mysteries

"which could never be known to us through "reason alone. Our soul is endowed with the "faculty of reason, by which it acquires a know-"ledge limited, and at times, uncertain, of natural "facts and phenomena. . . In the process of "reasoning from cause to effect, and from effect "to cause, we are liable to err; consequently our "deductions are not always true. . . .

"Since God is truth eternal, absolute, neces-"sary, that which he reveals must be true today, "tomorrow, forever. Faith in the soul is, as it "were, the image of God imprinted on the intellect "of man; and since God is one, faith, his image, "can be but one. Moreover, since God is the "author of reason as of faith, it follows that right "reason can never be at variance with faith, for "truth cannot contradict truth. The object of "the reason is truth; the object of faith is truth; "but between reason and faith there is this "difference, that, may err, this, cannot. Ignor-"ance may darken the intellect; passions may "corrupt the heart; self-interest may bias our "judgment; hence our conclusions, from reason, "are often erroneous. In the teachings of faith "this cannot happen; once we know a thing has "been revealed, we are certain of its absolute "truth. . . . "

Again he writes: "Although the Christian "intellect bows to faith, its assent is not a blind "motion; it is a most reasonable act. Super-



Altar in Private Chapel.

"natural faith is not born of a scientific demon-
"stration; it is a gift from on high; still, the as-
"sent given to revealed truths is in accordance
" with reason. . . Right reason can demonstrate
"the foundations of revelation; it can expend
"the motives of credibility; it can prove, from
"miracles and prophecy, that such a doctrine is
"divine; finally it can prove that a divine doc-
"trine is absolutely and eternally true.

"It matters not that the truth in question be
"a mystery, beyond the comprehension of the
"human intellect. Reason can show that God
"has revealed it; that is enough to give us an
"invincible motive of certainty in its regard. It
"may be said; but if the reason does not com-
"prehend a truth, can its assent thereto be rea-
"sonable? Assuredly it can. . . .

"A poor, unlearned hewer of wood who
"would say, 'I do not believe that the angles at
"the base of an isoceles triangle are equal to one
"another, because I do not comprehend it,'
"would not be praised as reasonable in his dis-
"belief; he would, probably, be called an idiot.
"All authority is against him; he stands alone; a
"thousand on one side, zero on the other. Just
"in the same way the man who says, 'I do not
"believe such a mystery, because I do not com-
"prehend it,' should be classed. The authority
"of God who has revealed it, is against him; it is
"more than a thousand against zero. A man to

"whom the gospel revelation has never been "sufficiently proposed, may doubt that it is the "word of God; but once that you prove to him "that Christ was a divine person—which can be "done from His miracles and prophecies—he may "no longer doubt His doctrine."

There is the concentrated force of the strong soul of a whole man who loves justice, burning under the restrained language of these two emphatic sentences: this, "Reason is *not* cramp-"ed or enslaved by faith; on the contrary, its "flight is extended, its base of operations en-"larged, and its freedom made more secure." And this, "Consent to error is a *slavery* from "which faith protects reason."

"The ideal of intellectual perfection in life "is," he continues, "realized when sound reason, "enlightened by faith, cultivates soberly and "piously the science of divine things." And again he strikes, in the same restrained measure of the two earlier sentences, the high note of a conviction that is not to be withstood: "Faith "is *above* reason, but not *opposed* to it. It is "above it, because what it makes known is more "sublime, and it is absolutely certain; it is not "opposed to reason, because the object of both is "truth."

And then he goes on to make this clearer, as his custom was in writing; as if he understood that, notwithstanding an honest endeavour, not all who

read could easily follow him at such moments; words, after all, being a poor medium for the spiritual thought or nature of any man.

> "They walk the same road," he says continuing, "but when reason, on account of its "limitation and its defects, begins to fail, faith "raises it up, and tenderly carries it along a path "which it indeed sees, but whose windings it "knows not. It is as when a father lifts up and "carries his child that can proceed no further. . ."

His own faith was of a sturdy development, that of a man who reflects deeply and dispassionately. And it was from the very depth of this reflection—not alone from his Catholic training—that his sense of the deep import of miracles arose. It was as a philosopher and thinker that he laid such stress upon their recognition by reasonable men.

We are reminded that in Carlyle, the Scotch thinker, his own insight pierced to the truth at the very heart of things, when he reasons out of his own consciousness:

"Deep has been, and is, the significance of Mir- "acles. . . . 'But is not a real miracle simply a vio- "lation of the laws of Nature,' ask several. Whom I "answer by this new question: What are the laws of "Nature? To me, perhaps the rising of one from the "dead were no violation of these laws, but a confirm- "ation; were some far deeper law, now first penetrated "into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have "all been, brought to bear on us with its Material "Force. . . ."

Archbishop O'Brien, as a man of thought as well as a Catholic, believed most firmly in those miracles of the past, which are historical facts, and in the possibility of miracles being worked in every age, when it pleased the Creator of nature and all natural laws to sublimate these. This belief in miracles he held to be a vital portion of Christianity so little understood by the average man that he lost no opportunity of impressing it. His discussion with Sir Adams Archibald upon the Acadian Expulsion, drifted through a mere side remark of Sir Adams', into a determined defence of miracles.

Miracles, he would have us understand, must not be considered an after-thought on the part of God.

> "His infinite wisdom had before its vision, "like a vast panorama, the whole order and scope "of creation," he writes in one book. "In these "were included, not only material things and "laws, but likewise and chiefly, intellectual beings "and laws of morality. The universe was to be "a vast arena, made up of physical matter com-"bined, actuated and governed by firmly estab-"lished laws; and of intelligent beings endowed "with freedom of will, destined for a moral end, "and subject to laws superior to physical ones.
>
> " . . . . Was it not a design most consonant "to reason, and worthy of the Almighty, to "establish, side by side with physical and in-"tellectual laws, a law of extraordinary inter-"vention, not suspensive of the former, nor con-

"tradictory to them; but one by which he might
"give undeniable proof of his providence, and
"promote man's moral end? . . .

"The law of extraordinary intervention, or
"of miracles, enters as fittingly into the plan of
"creation as does that of molecular attraction.

"Miracles, then, are not performed to remedy
"an oversight of the Creator; they are not the
"result of a sudden determination on the part of
"God to interfere here below in an unusual
"manner; they are wrought, in accordance with a
"law constituted from the beginning, whenever
"circumstances known to the supreme wisdom
"warrant its exercise. If this were well borne in
"mind, the world would hear less about 'violent
"disturbances of nature's laws,' and less un-
"scientific declamation against the possibility of
"miracles."

It was not His Grace's intellect alone that faith illumined. The gravely sweet urbanity of his manner arose from a naturally kind disposition, but his actual attitude toward men was strongly and directly influenced by his faith. It made him see in every man—even one of the lowest type—something wonderful, mysterious, sacred even; a soul passing this way to Eternity, once, and with no return.

This recognition of the superhuman behind the human suggests the powerful element of reverence that marked his faith; reverence for God and his revelation, for self and the rights of others. He had

that which Goethe makes his Chief of the Three say no child brings into the world with him, "a higher sense which must be communicated to his nature"—this fine virtue of reverence, the possession of which marks the gentleman; the lack of it, the cad. Just as in religion its presence or absence implies the difference between the believer and the possible scoffer: for irreverence is the handmaid of unbelief.

To the Archbishop, with his matured spirituality and wholesome mind, the irreverent man, the scoffer and the genus of smart young man with cynical pose, were all victims in varying degrees of a spiritual disease analogous to physical anaemia in the school-girl. A disease more pernicious, however, and less easy to remedy. And they were not normal men, these types of whom he spoke with a tinge of contempt. They suffered from "bloodlessness of the soul," he said, not having been nourished in their youth with the soul's proper food, truth.

Had he given details of this spiritual anaemia, he would probably have recorded as a marked symptom of their disease the possession—in some degree—of what Carlyle interprets in Mephistopheles as the Spirit of Denial. Which contradicts, but cannot affirm; which impels him to go along qualifying, confuting, despising; while he deems virtue some bubble of the blood and tempts Faust as an experiment, to pass the time scientifically. A spirit of evil, "at once potent, dangerous and contemptible," as the sage sums it up.

## THE FAITH OF THE MAN

A reflex glimpse of the Archbishop's sympathetic attitude toward a man who had honestly tried to accept Christian doctrine, but who felt he could not, is had from a friendship formed during his tour of the Holy Land. In the correspondence maintained on their return, the man, in the world and of the world, writes freely to His Grace from the other side of the world:

"I am reading your book with care and I find the
" chapters regarding the soul and its state after death
" forcible and consolatory. The Christian religion, I
" always felt sure, saved one in this world, for there is
" hardly one in ten thousand—one whose moral fibre
" is so much better than that of others—who can safely
" walk without the restraining influences of religion.
" One reads that Plato told the youth of Athens that
" only those having within them a Divine impulse and
" a desire for truth could withstand the temptations
" of life."

Sure of the sympathy from man to man, he writes frankly and regretfully, however, that he has not found in prayer consolation or strength in his endeavours to walk circumspectly. He had only been nerved in the right by a sense of duty toward his relatives and a respect for what they believed, and what they expected of him. He had apparently been influenced by what His Grace somewhere terms "the impalpable action of the Gospel on the region of thought,"—a moral condition that sways even those who reject the gospel.

This friend of the Archbishop had doubted with regard to the future of the soul, "our vitalizing influence," he calls it, but he makes an earnest study of what His Grace had written concerning this. The reasoning he pronounces "assuring," whilst he expresses in a manfully sincere way the hope that he may be "moved by the Holy Spirit to accept with perfect confidence and trust your statements in regard to miracles—causing me to yield assent to the miraculous birth of Christ."

Even this last essential belief would appear to have been lacking in this soul, moved by contact with His Grace to seek new light.

The picture we have here is an illuming one—the two men, as travellers, first unaware of the circumstances of the other, drawn by mutual liking and respect; the one, however, at rest in a satisfying faith that has enfolded him since childhood; the other with an insufficient creed, insufficiently taught him, reasoning that the soul demands some religion, that this should best be Christian—but, the bitterness of it! he cannot believe.

Even as a child he says he did not believe; born in a Christian family, man—not God—had deprived him of his soul's heritage, which would have given meaning to a life that pleasure or material success had been unable to fill. His correspondence with Archbishop O'Brien continued for some time, but a few years after the Palestine tour, the poor fellow died suddenly whilst on a visit to England.

"It is inexpressibly sad," writes His Grace on another occasion, "to mingle with men who are kind, "gentle, compassionate, loyal-hearted and eager in the "pursuit of earthly knowledge, but unmindful of, or "indifferent to, the 'light of the world.' Would that "they could be moved to follow the example of the "poor blind beggar by the wayside in far-off Judea, "and repeat his heartfelt petition: 'Lord, that I may "see!' Or say with the father of the dumb boy: 'I do "believe, Lord; help Thou my unbelief.' Not less "kind would our Lord show Himself today, than "when he walked on earth."

* * * * * * *

Looking closely into the faith-animated life and writings of Archbishop O'Brien, one comprehends the feeling of the Bishop of Salford (afterwards Cardinal Vaughan), when a quarter of a century ago he wrote to the young Canadian priest, protesting that he should be in England instead of the obscurity of his retreat at Indian River.

The two men had met in Rome previously, and would seem to have been mutually attracted by each other's personality and mind. Their views on education were harmonious; they were both of a zealous temperament, while there was a likeness in their attitude toward non-Catholics. Each, in public and private life, counselled active defence of the Church and its interests, but with a tender consideration of the conscientious views of all men.

The English prelate in Protestant England talked confidently of "reunion by absorption." As Cardinal he laid stress upon the dignity of his office, and John Bull, whose national temperament has small esteem for the apologetic man or the angel in shabby garments, admired the stately Cardinal, and felt compelled to new respect for the church he represented and championed.

The Canadian priest, whose dominant thought in magnificent, cold, English St. Paul's had been: "We will make a fine church of it yet;" who defended his church in controversy after controversy, yet retained through life in a marked degree, the esteem and friendship of Protestants.

They had met in Rome during one of Archbishop O'Brien's first visits there after his ordination, and during the following winter the Bishop of Salford writes more than once, expressing his desire that Dr. O'Brien could be with him in England.

"I wish you were in England to help us," he says in one letter, "in a number of different ways, as you would do were you here."

They were going through an anxious period for their popular education system, he had said in the same letter; but the fitting education of the children was not the only need of Catholics in England then. At that period, when the long shadow left by the Protestant separation had almost lifted from the face of the Church, and Catholic literature was at the dawn of a revival in modern England, there was a

consequent awakening of interest there in Catholic doctrine and practices. There was need then of men of Dr. O'Brien's type, as Bishop Vaughan clearly perceived.

Even Carlyle, the tempestuous, the unorthodox and unguided, would have been likely to yield to the "sweet reasonableness" of the Archbishop, some measure of his inbred prejudice against Catholicity. One is moved to single out Carlyle as an instance of a great soul tossed about on the sea of spiritual unrest in England—because of strong points of likeness in the spiritual nature and fundamental faith of Carlyle and Archbishop O'Brien. The comparison serves to fuller understanding of the measure in which religious environment, or the lack of it, affects highly spiritual natures; and of how much Archbishop O'Brien had personally to be grateful for in his heritage of Faith.

What Carlyle would have been—with opportunities of acquiring faith in its fullness, with fixed faith and a definite purpose—challenges thought! But he spent his days "struggling to see," and his books, with all their brave flashes of prophetic insight, with Brobdignagian peaks of eloquence piled up by this Titan of language and thought, still only lead the unsettled soul into wider confusion, even while touching them with higher aspiration.

In contrast, Archbishop O'Brien was calm with the still strength of inward harmony. Possessing truth—not too restlessly absorbed in search of it, he

was still frequently and happily engaged in research of its deeper riches. So he helped others to a definite faith and work, becoming—as one has well observed—an unconscious guide in Christian morality and ethics to hundreds outside his church.

Securely and consciously at rest in what he has called "the God-given, God-guarded nature of our Faith," he was free to put his belief into action, and to live out its expression in his attitude toward mankind. Churches, orphanages, schools and rescue homes rose in testimony of his acceptance of the Law of the New Testament.

He was personally secure in his belief, and with a humble, grateful consciousness as of one who asks, "Why have I been thus favoured?" So no day passed on which he failed to remember the souls of those, whom perhaps an earlier generation had deprived of the heritage of faith in its fullness. His concern was not for those who "acted according to their light," and were content, but for the unsettled class he perceived perceptibly increasing. His soul brooded over the lesser Carlyles who rebel against insufficient light; over those others who blindly think to satisfy the soul's desire with the pleasures of the flesh, and again for those who, defying Christianity, will have none of it.

In his every book, in his sermons and in his daily life, this brooding thought was everywhere visible.

In each diocesan Pastoral, he reminds his Catholics that "a responsibility proportionate to their

knowledge" rests with them. None are to forget that from those to whom much is given much shall be required; he warns them. Neither may they be unmindful of those who are borne about by every wave of doctrine; they are to help them by prayer. Above all—for the Archbishop was always practical in religious matters—he insists that it is his people's especial duty to present that most convincing of arguments, a consistent Catholic life.

Through all breathes the solicitude of the true shepherd who has heard his Master's voice:

"And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice. And there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd."

## VI

## LITTERATEUR AND PUBLICIST.

> "The Church and State are two divinely instituted orders; each is for the good of man; consequently, man's obligations to both can never clash. . . . . . The territories of two independent States are not more clearly defined and distinct than are the provinces of church and state. . . . Man can be a faithful subject to both orders; . . . but barracks are not to supersede churches; nor are policemen the divinely-appointed sentinels of Israel's watch-towers."—O'Brien.

When Cornelius O'Brien first set out for Rome he was an Islander, as natives of the Island colony were proud to name themselves, to the exclusion of all other Islanders. He was Irish too, warmly Irish, steeped in the fine history and traditions of the old race. Incidentally he was a British colonial, in sharp, loyal contra-distinction to the Yankees across the border.

The vagueness of all this naturally militated against any very decided sentiment of citizenship. Yet he returned from the Propaganda a thoroughly

devoted British subject, with the foundations laid of that reasoned-out imperialism which marked his later life. His deep admiration for British rule had simply evolved from a comparative study of the world's governments, a study for which the cosmopolitan Propaganda afforded unequalled scope. That his sentiments were known to his companions is obvious from a letter written to the Archbishop a few years ago, by an old fellow-student, working in the mission-fields of Tasmania.

This priest had just celebrated his silver jubilee, and writes that he spent part of the day playing Irish airs on the violin for his "dear old Archbishop," who had made a long journey to spend the day with him. But, he assures his *caro amigo O'Brien*, he did not sing certain Fenian songs, "with which, I'm afraid, I used to tease your loyal ears in 'days of Auld Lang Syne'." In the Propaganda, as in his episcopal career, His Grace would seem to have been at once true Celt and loyal Britisher.

Upon his return to Prince Edward Island in 1871, he found that the Island was holding back from Confederation, very proudly and timidly, while there existed, in all classes, a strong feeling against union. His first counsel to his friends was to treasure their British citizenship, for British rule in Canada, viewed from all sides, had secured for them such freedom and comfort as no other race, white, yellow or black, represented at the Propaganda, knew. From that he reasoned out that only benefits could be derived

from a federation that would strengthen British rule in this half of the continent. Even then his mind in public affairs was unmarred by provincialism.

At this period the Catholics of the Island were making an effort to secure a separate school system, and when in 1879, Bishop McIntyre made a visit to Ottawa in advocacy of his cause, he asked Dr. O'Brien to accompany him. This visit to the Canadian capital gave the young philosopher-priest a fresh outlook upon the social and political conditions of the Dominion. He had previously followed the general course of public affairs with all the interest of an intelligent onlooker, and in the quiet of his study he had evolved the decided principles by which his course was to be directed in a more active sphere.

His citizenship he regarded as a precious inalienable right to the freeborn man, and it never occurred to him that in entering the priesthood, any one should consider he had forfeited his voice and claims as a citizen. He felt, with Cardinal Manning, that where the rulings of state touched upon the faith and morals of the community, he, as a moral teacher and guide to his people, must interest himself in their course. Loyal to both Church and state, he desired the freedom of each order in its own proper sphere. He gives some expression to this in the course of a tribute to Cardinal Manning in 1892: "He loved the freedom of God's Church, hence he longed to see the shackles of the *concordat* broken in France." The Archbishop adds with fervour, "Let us hope that his spirit may soon enjoy that pleasure."

The Archbishop believed further, that in giving serious consideration to the trend of public affairs, he was entitled to express himself as any intelligent citizen might upon matters of deep interest to him. The principle is not an easy one for a bishop to maintain, and is only well possible to a finely-balanced and independent intellect, with purity of motive. Even the possession of these did not at first shield Archbishop O'Brien from criticism. His earnest spirit of Canadian citizenship prompted him, in a newspaper letter, to express his unfavourable opinion of the scheme of unrestricted reciprocity or Commercial Union with the United States. This, spreading from Ontario and Quebec, had replaced with certain politicians in Nova Scotia their earlier scheme of secession from Canada. His Grace frankly denounced the policy and the people who might advocate it, because in its logical tendency toward Annexation the Archbishop could regard it as being nothing short of treasonable.

His zeal brought out a protest from some prominent members of his own church in Halifax, who would inferentially read His Grace a lesson upon the sphere of an Archbishop, and his limitations, It was probably well-meaning, even in its confusion of ideas and spheres. The Archbishop's courteously philosophic reply, correcting a misinterpretation of part of his utterances was, however, further misinterpreted in its mildness. So on receipt of an elaborate letter of thanks for his "disclaimer," His Grace despatched a letter that, in its brevity and pointedness, makes a

veritable *bonne bouche* of correspondence. Its frank statement of his own attitude, and an impersonal one of a Bishop's duties, should treasonable designs ever be made, "under the guise of politics," promptly communicated his determination and justified it. There was no recurrence of similar letters during Archbishop O'Brien's episcopate.

Looking over the old correspondence, an amusing coincidence is apparent; His Grace's well-meaning advisers were all followers of one party, and that, the party which had produced both secessionists and advocates of Unrestricted Reciprocity.

The Archbishop battled as long as there was any occasion to do so, against any influence that would, directly or indirectly, cause Canada to be less true to her British connection, or more open to union with the United States. Perhaps he was moved by his distrust of political tactics in the Republic, with a fear of the influence of a nation "whose institutions," he said in 1888, "give no warrant of permancy," even as he also believed they afforded less guarantee of individual and religious liberty than did the British.

Perhaps, too, he was moved by his conviction, dating from Propaganda days, of the world-superiority of the British system of government and its relations with its colonies. In any case the Archbishop was an ardent imperialist, and a consistent advocate of Home Rule for Ireland as for Canada, Australia and the sister-colonies, in a federation that should bind the colonies and the mother-countries into a world-empire.

Upon the organization of a branch of the Imperial Federation League in Nova Scotia in 1886, it seemed appropriate that the Archbishop should be appointed Vice-President, with that sturdy imperialist, Sir Adams Archibald, presiding.

In His Grace's address to the League in 1888, he makes a spirited charge against those men in Canada, "who have not courage to face great national problems, but think it wisdom to become the Cassandras of every noble undertaking." Their leader he dubbed, "the peripatetic prophet of pessimism," who had "put his feeble curse on Canadian nationality, and "assumed the leadership of the gruesome crowd of "Mrs. Gummages, who see no future for Canada, but "vassalage to the United States. Let them, if it so "pleases, wring their hands in cowardly despair. But," he asks with indignant patriotism, "are we, the des-"cendants of mighty races, the inheritors of a vast "patrimony, the heirs of noble traditions, so poor in "resources, or so degenerate as to know no form of "action save the tears and hand-wringing of dismal "forebodings?

"It is an insult—and should be resented as such— "to be told that Annexation is our destiny," the Archbishop concluded warmly, and loyal Halifax, assembled in the Academy of Music that night, gave vent to its feelings in prolonged cheers.

Such a man was naturally drawn early to approve of the principles and platform of the Conservative party in Canada at that period. It had then staked

its existence and reputation upon a national policy of tariff that should shut out the United States' too-active trade-competition, and lessen danger in that quarter of commercial or any other union. Its leaders also advocated closer connection with Great Britain. For these principles, it appealed to him as the truly Canadian party. He was convinced of its superiority, as parties existed then; yet no party could ever control an actual or potential allegiance in the mind of Archbishop O'Brien, if it legislated on grave matters according to expediency rather than justice. Moral questions, he believed, should be held beyond party lines.

Perhaps the most striking declaration of His Grace's views in regard to politics, is that contained in his letter to Bishop Cameron in 1890. Some years previously, the latter as a Canadian citizen, had desired the election, in Antigonish of Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Thompson, to the Federal House; he appreciated the worth of this statesman then, as all Canada did later. But, as Bishop Cameron made known in a public statement to the press in 1890, politicians of a sort had, with misrepresentations during the campaign, endeavoured to make the electors believe that Bishop Cameron disapproved of Mr. Thompson as a candidate. Men, aware of the Bishop's opportunities to know Mr. Thompson, were naturally influenced by these statements in many parishes of the diocese.

Bishop Cameron caused to be printed a circular letter to the electors, definitely conveying his

approval of Mr. Thompson's candidature. This circular, in the hands of resourceful opponents of the Minister of Justice, soon became a political instrument in Ontario. Revived in 1890, it was published as that "long-concealed, outrageous and immoral appeal" to Canadian electors. Rumours were set afloat that some Catholics were going to have the Bishop summoned to Rome to answer for undue interference.

Misrepresentations and insults were freely mixed with the authentic facts of the case, and all sent broadcast. It was a painful experience for the Bishop of Antigonish. Suddenly out of the troubled atmosphere this letter came from the pen of the Archbishop of Halifax, and before its sturdy citizenship, its incisive logie and defence of the attacked prelate, the storm cleared away. The letter runs:

Archbishop's House,
Halifax, Dec. 5,1890

"My Dear Lord,

"Regarding the circular issued by your "Lordship on February 11th, 1887, to the electors "of Antigonish County, and about which some "newspapers have been lately saying many silly "things, I would wish to give your Lordship my "views on the matter. It should not be neces-"sary to assert and maintain that a Bishop has a "perfect right to take an intelligent interest in "the political life of his country, and to use,

"should he deem fit, all legitimate means in "favour of those who, in his opinion, are most "likely to benefit the community. In the petty "squabbles of mere party politics, the Bishop "will not, of course, mix himself up, but he "should be anxious on great national grounds to "see our ablest and best men returned to power. "The catch-cry started by European infidels, that "the clergy should confine themselves to the "sanctuary, should be, as it surely will be, un-"heeded by good Catholics, and laws enacted to "give it force will assuredly be despised by the "hierarchy and clergy of Canada. We may freely "choose to hold ourselves neutral where vital "questions are not at stake, but we will never "allow ourselves to be muzzled. From this it "follows that so long as your Lordship used no "undue influence, you were quite justified in "endeavouring to secure the success of the man "you held to be best qualified for the position. "Does not common sense tell any reasonable "being that you, a man of ability, of wide exper-"ience with men, a bishop with a full sense of "your responsibility, could form a more correct "estimate of the relative merits of the candidates, "than men blinded by partisanship or mere silly "prejudice of nationality? I see no trace of "undue influence in the circular. You correct "misstatements regarding your views, and you "advance reasons for your line of action. In

"my view the only regrettable point about the
"affair is, that in a county like Antigonish, it
"should have been necessary for Sir John Thomp-
"son to stand an election.

"Yours in Christ,

"✠ C. O'BRIEN.

"His Lordship, the Bishop of Antigonish."

The Archbishop was not less decided in his attitude that for laymen the remedy of political injustice lay in the conscientious and active wielding of the franchise. His warning to Halifax Catholics, during the Russell Street School trouble, closed with a reminder that they helped to elect the provincial and civic councils which appointed the school-board. "Both these bodies are elective," he said. "Do "not allow those who should be your servants to be "your masters, much less do not allow them to en- "danger under any pretext whatsoever the souls of "your children, or to infringe upon your hard-earned "rights."

And again, "There can be no paltrying in the matter, no ties of friendship or personal preference, or business or politics should be considered." In this he only gave advice which he personally practised. There was no paltrying or evasion in his conscientious advocacy of religious education, or in any other matter which touched upon the faith or morals of his people. He was keenly alive to the attitude of men in public life, who believe that schools without definite

religious instruction, and open to all classes will best provide education and foster a national sentiment: the most efficient system because the most convenient.

The Archbishop, whose own lofty national sentiment owed nothing to public schools, check-mated these well-meant, but illogical endeavours to make Catholics believe that the system of denominational schools necessarily handicapped their children in material competition, and tended to religious narrowness. He had two remedies at hand for his people, "Make your schools equal to other schools; then use your franchise to protect them from interference." To him, as to Lord Elgin, Canada's Governor in the stormy forties, religion was the "motive-power of education," without which intellectual and material training were certain to fail eventually.

One public question brought Archbishop O'Brien out determinedly as an advocate of the Conservative party—the occasion on which it pledged itself to secure Catholic schools to the minority in Manitoba. And now he conducted himself, not as a citizen only, but as church-prelate and citizen. His conscientious sense of the world's duty and his own, in regard to education of the young, left him no other choice. He urged Catholics publicly to vote according to their conscience and regardless of party, to elect the party he believed would secure a separate school system for the Catholics of Manitoba.

The fact that the Privy Council had given an adverse decision to the Catholics' claims, was not

sufficient, he said, to turn people from a struggle for their moral rights. In the old constitutional struggles of England, he recalled, people had to combat a wrong again and again, until adverse decisions of the highest courts were reversed.

His Grace's opinion of existing political conditions was drawn out in 1905, in an unexpected way. In February of that year a Halifax newspaper began the advocacy of a general provincial Reformatory for juvenile criminals. It was only the mooting of the scheme, but the Archbishop thought it wise to object immediately in a letter to the editor. For such an institution, controlled by the government and managed by officials appointed by the government, could never meet with anything but opposition from Catholics in the province.

The work of reform, the Archbishop pointed out, was already being done in denominational reformatories. These, he urged might be enlarged and improved as the need arose, with even greater care in the classification of the boys, but he strongly opposed the large general reformatory. In the end nothing more was heard of the scheme, but not before the Archbishop had brought a storm about his philosophically serene person, when he wrote:

"Let us be honest and speak plainly. Would " not a government reformatory be managed by faith- "ful 'party-workers'? What does that mean in the " present corrupt state of politics? Just this, men " who should be in the penitentiary for bribery or

"perjury or for promoting such crimes, would be set "over the work of reforming boys, whose petty thiev- "ings were due to lack of moral instruction and often "only to thoughtlessness.

"By all means have a 'children's court' and a "'children's code,' but for pity's sake speak not of a "government reformatory—not, at least, until the "methods by which governments themselves attain "power, have been reformed."

The Archbishop did not particularize in his charge of political corruption, but it was taken up by two papers, and when some columns of indignant editorial had been directed toward him, His Grace stated at greater length what he held about party-funds and modern methods, very recent methods, of winning elections. His indignation as a Canadian citizen was clearly manifested, and he did not regret the opportunity. He felt that political corruption existed as widely as it did, only because the average citizen did not fully realize its import.

He had a large measure of faith in mankind, sufficient even to believe that the majority of men could be shaken out of their inertia, if once roused to perceive an accessory guilt in their condoning of active corruption in others. He did not evade this opportunity, but wrote his mind out in the hope of rousing a larger majority of good men to individual activity and to a sense of their responsibility in political affairs.

Apart from questions of grave moral import in

public life the Archbishop made time to interest himself in other ways for the good of the community. Not as the Archbishop of Halifax, but as a Canadian with a warm regard for the Island province, he assisted Governor Howlan in his agitation for the Capes Tunnel. In fact, the developed scheme of a Tunnel was said by the Governor to have evolved from a suggestion made by the Archbishop one night as the two discussed Governor Howlan's first idea of a subway. The Archbishop continued for some years to remind Canadian statesmen that Canada still owed to the Island province the fulfilment of a promise made at Confederation—to maintain adequate means of communication between the Island and mainland.

The love of the Halifax citizen for Halifax is as proverbial in Eastern Canada as is the *heimweh* of the Swiss mountaineers abroad. Archbishop O'Brien loved the old city and prided in the grace of its hospitality and culture, but he was not blind to its commercial needs and looked very confidently forward to a future for it as one of the notable winter-ports of the continent, He urged the promotion of ocean-commerce as the natural and certain means of prosperity in Halifax.

It may have been while dwelling on the future of Halifax in this respect, that His Grace thought first of lighting the harbour by electric buoys. His aim was to obviate any slightest difficulty for ships approaching the harbour after nightfall or in foggy weather. The idea was published in a Halifax daily

in November, 1887, the Archbishop cherishing the hope that this pet scheme might be utilized during his lifetime. That it was practical was shown by the introduction of similar lights in New York harbour in 1888. The plan had been original with His Grace, but it had occurred similarly to an officer of the American navy. In New York it was promptly put to proof and adopted, but Halifax,with less need perhaps, has not yet acted upon the Archbishop's suggestion.

In the last year of his life, the Archbishop lent his assistance to his non-Catholic brethren in their efforts to secure legislation to conserve a uniform and appropriate observance of Sunday throughout Canada. His Grace,whose keynote was moderation in all things, had however succintly expressed his views on Sunday observance nineteen years before. Some parties were then striving in Halifax to prevent the operation of a street-car service on Sunday.

The Archbishop opposed their action. One of his plain arguments was, "If I pay my coachman monthly, to drive me on Sunday, surely the labourer may pay his five cents to the company for the same purpose." And to bear out the assertion that they would both be justified in doing so he writes at length in a newspaper, from which the following characteristic bit of reasoning is reproduced:

"The Sunday rest is for the physical and moral "good of man. . . . Whatever, then, is inconsistent "with the attainment of these two ends is unlawful on "the Sunday; whatever conduces, in an ordered man-

"ner, to one or both, is lawful. Hence, to enact a "statute making penal anything that is included in "the latter category, is to restrict the just rights of "men and to initiate a religious persecution. . . . No "sensible man, much less one loving God, imagines that "a poor mortal should spend the whole Sunday in "prayer or in some pious work. After the devotional "exercises of the day are over we have time left for "our bodily good. That time may be lawfully spent "in any decorous exercise or amusement or health-"giving play. . . . By all means strive to induce men "to discharge the duty of worship, but leave them the "God-given liberty of rational recreation."

Here as elsewhere, the Archbishop was anxious to secure the individual rights of man, even as in all matters he was anxious they should not abuse their liberty. It was undoubtedly a fine thing to be a British citizen and a Christian, but to his mind man had no rights which did not bring corresponding responsibilities.

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It was not without regret that Archbishop O'Brien saw year after year of his life slip by, filled with details of diocesan administration, but without the fulfilment of any of his plans to add something more to the world of literature. Personally, he was never quite satisfied that he had written out all he might have or should have done.

Yet he would have been in any case a man of limited production in literature, because apart from historical matters he wrote out of himself. He observed, he reflected, but in mature life he read comparatively little. This power of resource in his own native thought and early studies assimilated gave his works an originality, a serious individual charm and growing rhythm of diction that invest them everywhere with the identifying mark of each pastoral the ✠ C. O'Brien. They were unmistakably a part of himself.

Apart from his pastoral letters it might be said of the Archbishop's minor writings, as he said of Bishop Burke's: "They are not the carefully wrought-out essays of learned leisure; rather they are the spontaneous outpourings of a well-stored mind in its odd moments of relaxation from the worries and cares of a heavy charge."

From year to year his pastorals grew in spiritual force, in grace of diction and in appropriateness. He came at last to find words a more flexible instrument than when he wrote the *Philosophy of the Bible*. In both he aimed to provide a remedy for the soul struggling with restlessness, doubt or materialism, but the pastorals convey his meaning more intimately than the tabloid concentration of thought in that first book.

Had the Archbishop enjoyed the few years of retirement and leisure for which he longed toward the close of his life, he purposed first to revise and develop

this work and to improve his historical novel. He perceived the crudities in the style of the latter, an early production which was given little revision.

The Archbishop's sense of conviction in any matter advocated by him lent it an impressive note. Even when opposed to individual views in his writings, the reader is drawn rather than repelled by His Grace's serene certainty of his own beliefs. His preparedness was a part of his certainty. Rather dogmatic assertions upon remote subjects sometimes irritated opponents in controversy, but on explanation, it invariably developed that they had a basis in his previous studies or research.

He makes these statements with a finality that assumes of his opponent, "You cannot doubt the purity of my motives in expressing this; and you must not fancy that I have left any stone unturned to assure myself of its accuracy." But they were sometimes questioned, as the subject of miracles in the controversy with Sir Adams Archibald, and again his assertions upon the early history of Catholic education in Halifax. On the one hand his reply closed a controversy; on the other it caused an editor to be more chary of correcting His Grace's statements.

From the first Archbishop O'Brien's pastoral letters attracted close attention from men and women of thought or spiritual culture, both within and outside the Church. The interest deepened, as year after year these lengthy epistles were reproduced in full in the public press. In the later years of his life they

were discussed in Halifax by thoughtful men at the clubs, echoed by society women even in the gay atmosphere of social assemblages, and by Protestants as well as Catholics. Their healthy spirituality and reasonable faith, imparted to them tonic properties for the soul of any Christian.

In recurrent messages of warning or illumination they treat of the evidence of immortality of the soul, the free-will of man and his responsibility; of the inevitable judgment, of the revelation of God in His Church, of the excellence of purity and self-control, of the need of more wide-spread and sound culture among Christians at an age when temptation assails the intellect as generally as it had the senses in previous ages.

One in which he treats of miracles, opens out to the mind a world eminently beautiful, one upheld with natural laws that are virtually the supernatural ordered and regulated to meet the requirements of man and the conditions of his finite intellect—"the natural order that is really the mystery and miracle."

"A perpetual miracle is before our eyes, yet we recognize it not," he writes. "The multiplication of the loaves and fishes is being continually reflected in our harvests and it excites no wonder. . . . What we call the natural order is really the mystery and miracle. . . . "

The tenor of another pastoral is indicated by this passage, "He is infinitely good, merciful and just; "He created all for heaven, wills all men to be saved

Library.

"and gives to all sufficient grace, yet many through "a misuse of their free-will will be lost forever. In life "they made their choice, they lived according to the "flesh, not according to the Spirit of Christ. . . . Be-"fore the judgment-seat they are not so much con-"demned by the Judge as by their own choice in life."

In the same pastoral, while averring that the human mind can as little conceive or define the nature of the punishment in hell, as of the joys of heaven, His Grace touches upon Catholic teaching concerning the Spirit of Evil. We rise from it with a painfully clear vision of the perversion of a fine spiritual nature. It suggests to the mind:

"The prodigy
Of vast brows and melancholy eyes
Which comprehend the heights of some great fall."

This entire pastoral of 1902 deals with the growing laxity of belief, outside the Church, concerning hell and Satan. It is however, no warning cry of an old-fashioned nurse frightening her charges into goodness by threats of the bogie-man; it is a logical refutation of a sentimental error superinduced by a very human conception of the Creator— that of an infinite Being possessing infinite mercy, but with a finite, a quite finite, sense of justice.

In what is but an inadequate effort to express the trend of all his works it might be said that, with an outlook upon the race today and the eternity it fronts, he sought to cultivate piety of will and intellect in distinction from emotional piety: this direction

being demanded by the spiritual needs of an age of widespread, though often superficial, intellectual activity.

There is nothing nebulous in his reasoning at any time. His propositions are clear-cut and cool, with only the warm nature of the Celt bubbling up occasionally in righteous indignation as he condemns vice or irreverence. He never affords the mental recreation of the writer who tosses words about gracefully and nimbly as a bed of blown poppies may enliven the air. He offers meat and drink for the one who has known a spiritual hunger and thirst.

His general appeals to man on religious questions are marked with a "sweet reasonableness." On the other hand his occasional newspaper controversies with individuals on other matters, while they display no less recourse to reason, are sprinkled with vigorous, and sometimes defiantly strong statements in rejoinder. These are not infrequent, and they are delightfully indicative of his strong temperament. This by culture and control was admirably reasonable and tolerant, but by instinct it was proud and strong, and as impatient of opposition as it was royally kind to the man who would give way.

The Archbishop's literary work and studies brought him national recognition in an election to the Royal Society of Canada. His chief contribution to the archives of this Society was his presidential address delivered at Halifax, on the occasion of the unveiling of a memorial tablet to John Cabot. This

celebration at Halifax in June, 1897, was in reality a commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of Cabot's landing, and it took on an elaborate form.

Halifax, of hospitable tradition, through army, navy and civilian officials, united with the Archbishop as President of the Society in extending a Halifax welcome to their visitors. His Excellency, the Governor-General attended, to do honour to the sturdy Bristol navigator who had first raised a British flag on this continent, his wife, the Countess of Aberdeen, unveiling the tablet. Bristol was represented by a delegation from that ancient port; Venice, by the Consul-General of Italy.

The American Historical Association was represented by Dr. Benjamin Rand of Harvard, together with Professor William James. Delegates from various other historical associations in the United States and Canada were in attendance. It was a national and patriotic commemoration of the voyager, whose chart the Archbishop described as the Canadians' title-deed to their vast heritage. In his address, His Grace brought forth new arguments in support of his claim that Cabot first landed in Cape Breton in 1497.

Considering the Archbishop's works in book form, his immediate impulse in writing the *Life of St. Agnes* was to aid in raising funds for the erection of a new parish church in Halifax. This was to be dedicated to the Roman virgin in accordance with the Archbishop's early promise at her shrine in Rome, when he resolved to spread more widely in Canada a know-

ledge of the youthful saint and her matured courage and spirituality.

His *Mater Admirabilis* was written during his sojourn in Indian River. It treats upon the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, and presents testimony of the honours paid her by the Christian Church from the days of the Apostles. It is the natural tribute of a fine devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God, whose love, the Archbishop writes, in a poem of that period, "nerves the lone priest's faltering arm" in his struggles to defend God's truth, and to carry His banner among men. Mary was the liege-lady of the student, the priest and the bishop; he was at each stage her Christian knight, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

> The dedication of this book runs: "To our "earthly Mother, to whom we owe much, this "little work in honour of our heavenly Mother, "to whom we owe more, is lovingly inscribed."

The *Memoirs of Bishop Burke* brought to light from old archives and other sources the record of the labours of the first Vicar-Apostolic of Nova Scotia. It was a work of devoted interest on the part of the Archbishop, written during the spare hours of a busy winter. It affords interesting pictures of colonial Nova Scotia, and gives to Canadian history one whose life as a professor, missionary and bishop was of unusual strength, fine holiness and administrative ability.

In the Archbishop's first and most notable book, the *Philosophy of the Bible, Vindicated*, there is mani-

fest the note of clear religious conviction which animates his pastorals. The book, entirely prompted by his perception that the spread of irreligion is facilitated by ignorance, deals with principles of metaphysics in a way that is readily comprehensible. He aimed in his book to provide a clear basic knowledge of this science, sufficient at least to make the average man capable of refuting false theories that crop up from time to time.

His desire for brevity and clearness has given it a crystal-like concentration, which reveals fresh beauties of truth upon each recourse to it. He writes with philosophical reasoning of the existence of God, the soul and its faculties, immortality, free-will and kindred subjects. The line of reasoning followed is easily grasped by the average intellect, and in more than one academy of boys across the border, the professors, in teaching religion to the eminently practical American boy, use these chapters to aid themselves in expressing clearly what is demanded by the boy's intellect, beyond a bare statement of a basic religious truth.

It was always a matter of disappointment to the Archbishop that this book was not more read by the average Catholic layman. He may be said, however, to have got the better of their unwillingness to read a presumably heavy religious work; his pastorals, which they eagerly read, developed the same truths and in the same line of thought. The matter was simply offered in a more convenient form.

While the Archbishop made a point of carefully

preparing his sermons, delivered at the Cathedral each Sunday morning at nine o'clock, he did not write them out. Others preached upon formal occasions, as at the consecration of Archbishop Gauthier and at the funeral of Sir John Thompson, were exceptions however, and were widely reproduced in the press.

The former was particularly appreciated by Catholics because of its clear treatment of Dogma. The Archbishop set out to enlighten those who, while professing the Christian belief, still cry "Away with dogma; we want none of it in our religion; we are free men; no sacredotal chains shall bind our intellects; the law of love, the golden rule, is our standard. . . . creeds are priestly impositions; perish dogma; we want conduct, not ecclesiastical inventions."

A striking portion of the sermon was that in which he held, "we can no more have religion without dogma than we can have science without principles, or a roof without supports; we can no more have right conduct without it than we can have a correct solution of a problem of Euclid without the postulates of Geometry. Dogma is not, as its opponents assume, an arbitrary opinion imposed on believers regardless of reason or evidence. . . .

"Take even the so-called religion of love, love of God and our neighbour. There are several dogmas in this simple formula if the intellect is to be satisfied. We have first the existence of a God who is to be the object of our love; then we have the fact of our dependence on Him, as well as the nature of that de-

pendence. All these are dogmas. . . . Still others sum up and prove our obligations to our neighbors. . . Now, tell me why should I help my neighbour; why should I manifest toward him brotherly love?

"These questions can be answered, but only by laying down established truths; to do this you must dogmatize."

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The early gift of rhyming displayed in Archbishop O'Brien's boyhood, was never regarded by his home-folk as indicative of any embryonic poetical talent. Still less was it believed by them that the boy dreamed of becoming a poet. He did however, but when he found his desire vaster than his abilities, he wisely turned to commercial life, from which, as his character unfolded, he turned even more wisely to the priesthood.

In one of his unpublished poems, addressed to his Muse, there is a reference to this early phase of his life:

"I loved thee, Muse,
When yet in childish dreaming
I sought to choose
A life. Thy light was beaming
My home around:
When far-off bells were pealing
I thought I found
An echo to my feeling. . . . ."

And yet, he tells us then, words would not come.

He turned from the Muse who would not be won by his boyish pleading; and in later life his poems, with the exception of *Aminta*, were but the occasional

expression of phases of feeling in a nature that in itself was a poem. He had wanted in the beginning to write poetry; he wrote instead prose which for the purity and strength of its idealism, touched on the borderland of poetry.

*Aminta* expressed in verse what he could have more effectively put in his musical prose—the sad unrest of spiritual natures lacking faith. Cardinal Manning, in writing to the Archbishop, particularly commended the good service done by this book in treating of the intellectual unrest that existed among educated women. But the venerable Cardinal, impressed by its truth and earnestness rather than its form, probably read the book with more sympathy than those whom His Grace hoped to reach.

The Archbishop had intended to write a sequel to this. It is most likely that a period of leisure, attained toward the close of his life, would have given us in some form a work that would more effectively reach those souls for which His Grace felt such deep concern. In this "modern-life-drama," as the Archbishop called it, he sketches a young woman who fills her days and seeks to satisfy her soul with her worship of art. But an agnostic training has left a canker in the spiritual nature of this coldly beautiful Aminta, and she has been vaguely dissatisfied throughout a youth of luxury.

One Coroman comes into her life, and straightway she yields to him what she refused to the Almighty—the compliance of her reason and intellect. She loves

him—she believes him—simply because he is Coroman. Her life is filled as her aesthetic hobbies never filled it. The coldly inquiring attitude of the agnostic vanishes before this surrender; life for the moment has no further perplexities.

Coroman, bred in the same school of unbelief, haunted with memories of early dissipation, restless with the unsatisfied demands of his own soul, has her belief in a fate that overrules man's will. But he lacks her power of woman's love. His restless, irresponsible nature drives him at last to Aminta with the plaint that he cannot cope against destiny, which rules now that he must leave her. Fate ordains it. . .

Her youth is suddenly slain by her old fetish, that human feelings and actions are inevitably ruled by other laws than the will of man. What peace she knew before is lost. Her agnosticism is shattered; her heart lies undefended from every thrust of misery. She turns from one philosophy to another, looking for rest, and from an illness that has brought her close to death she rises to accompany a friend to the Eternal City.

On the other side of the world Coroman—driven still by a futile "quest of joy that may with passions wed," and by the protest of the higher self Aminta had loved in him—knows a misery equal to hers. He is "old in his youth," regretful of the love thrown aside. Philosophies cannot satisfy; the world bores him.

Passing through Rome he sees two veiled forms

which he knows and yet does not know. He follows them to a shrine and looks from a distance upon a new and serenely bright Aminta. She recognizes his presence, less by her sight than her feelings, but no word is spoken either of empty platitudes or of the love each has retained. The book closes with the Feast of St. Agnes in Rome; in a temple of the Ancient Faith the two, still apart, kneel at peace.

The sequel was never written.

Archbishop O'Brien's pastorals and sermons were notably clear and direct, yet of his books of fiction it might be said, jesting in earnest as Johnson did of his own letters to Mrs Thrale, they are "written with such noble disdain of irregularity! . . . . such graceful negligence of transition! . . . . that transition of the ancients which now seems abrupt, because the intermediate idea is lost to modern understanding."

The frequent, frankly didactic digressions in the Archbishop's novel, *After Weary Years*, mar its claims as a story, but in their very force of earnestness they carry the reader on to learn the writer's views. In *Aminta* the transitions are abrupt, it takes more than one reading to fully comprehend how the whole is fused in the burning thought that prompted it, the Archbishop's love for the soul in doubt.

Writing *After Weary Years* in his quiet study at Indian River, Dr. O'Brien lived over again many interesting scenes of Roman life in the sixties. The book was called a novel by the public, not by the Archbishop. To him it was always a collection of

historical sketches written piecemeal, with a few imaginary characters introduced to lend it unity. He has reproduced, graphically and conscientiously, the imposing scene of the Vatican Council in 1869, the struggle to preserve the Papal States, the reception for Louis Veuillot at the Canadian Zouaves' Club in Rome. The spirited account it gives of the Battle of Mentana drew a tribute from de Charette, the gallant Frenchman who led the Papal army to victory that day.

The characters are drawn with an earnestness that lends them vitality, but the occasional love scenes are less convincing than the digressional dips into philosophy and history. His characterization of the Americans in it, His Grace hoped to cut out or revise in a new edition. He came to recognize that the ludicrous types taken from *nouveaux riches*, met as tourists in Europe, were unfair to the mass of Americans.

The Archbishop recalls the pride of the Canadian Propagandists in Frechette and Murray and Forget, with their companions. These were the men whom "Canada, the Benjamin of Nations, had sent to guard the throne of the loved Pontiff." There is in this book, as in all of His Grace's national references, a note of healthy Canadian sentiment and an enthusiastic outlook upon Canada's development.

"'If we be true to ourselves Canada will be the great nation of the future," he writes in the preface. "It has all the natural elements of imperial greatness,

and its sons will surely rise to the heights of their destiny."

The note is recurrent in his address to the Imperial Federation League in 1888. He says there:

"The observant student of our progressive system must be convinced that Canada, at least, cannot remain much longer in its embryotic stage of existence. All its pulses are throbbing with the rich blood of a young and vigorous life; its organism has well nigh reached perfection and its intellectual faculties are keenly alive to the grandeur of its destiny."

The healthy growth of Canadian patriotism in the new century owes incalculably to those men who, like the Archbishop, fostered it during the seventies and eighties of the last century.

The Archbishop loved Canada and believed in it and its people with all the force of his strong nature.

Great nations had come and gone in the world

> "But thou shalt spread Time's funeral pall,
> Sweet Canada of ours."

he sang in his national hymn.

> "All nations girdled in thy belt—
> The sum of Empire thou,"

he addresses her again.

> "But autumn of the world—its host
> Of garnered fruit is thine;
> With thee earth's form and dowers.
> The failing sun shall gild thy face,
> Sweet Canada of ours!"

And what Archbishop O'Brien wrote concerning Canada, he wrote out of the essence and enthusiasm of his own lofty patriotism.

## VII

### MAN AND CHURCHMAN.

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> "In a bishop true Christians recognize a successor of the Apostles to rule the Church of God, —one who though human and subject to human infirmities, still wields a divine power and holds a commission to teach and preach the saving truths of Redemption. . . . But this height of dignity has its corresponding weight of responsibility. Power has been given for action, and action must be judged by an inflexible rule of right and wrong."—O'BRIEN.

Archbishop O'Brien's conception of his duties as a prelate was epitomized in this brief paragraph from a sermon preached by him on the occasion of Bishop McIntyre's silver Jubilee. Responsibility, power and action—to be directed by an inflexible rule of right and wrong! It is the sum of his own career.

Something of the difficulties attendant upon a Bishop's duties he had learned from his connection with Bishop McIntyre and Archbishop Hannan, while still pastor of Indian River Church. He particularly appreciated among the letters received upon his own elevation to the episcopate one addressed to him by Bishop Rogers, a suffragan bishop of the archdiocese.

In this the elder prelate says:

" . . . . To yourself, I do not presume to "offer consolations or congratulations—but fra- "ternal and filial sympathy—for all who wear the "mitre *feel* it to be a crown of thorns! Others "at a distance may appreciate the gems. I "assure you that my humble and fervent prayers "shall not cease to be offered, begging God to "enable you to fulfil faithfully, meritoriously "and fruitfully all the responsibilities of your "position."

This sense of responsibility was potent in determining all of Archbishop O'Brien's actions as a prelate. It was so vital that the welfare of the immortal soul, of even the least of his flock was immeasurably precious to him. It nerved him at every phase of his episcopal career. It lent force to his endeavours which, in the realm of moral cultivation, were as active as his prevision was keen. There was not an apathetic fibre in his spiritual being.

He went to the archiepiscopal see of Halifax with youth and energy. He at once set about acquiring a knowledge of the diocese in every portion. His first year's pastoral visits brought him to the larger and more prosperous parishes. But on the second tour his way lay among the smaller villages and remote mission-places. He went into the details of their needs and possessions, urging the people here to secure a house for the priest; there, a church, or some repairs. Priests and people bent with a will to carry out their new bishop's desires, and the results were admirable.

When Archbishop O'Brien opened St. Agnes' Church in Halifax in 1890, in the seventh year of his episcopate, he might be pardoned for a pleasurable survey of the tangible accomplishments of the whole diocese. Outside of Halifax, where St. Patrick's Church with new schools, glebe houses and charitable institutions had arisen, twelve churches had been erected, two were in course of construction, fifteen parochial houses had been built or purchased, and necessary church lands acquired.

Other buildings followed, though at longer periods, as the needs were more generally met; there were seven churches, several parochial houses, the Acadian college at Church Point, and different charitable institutions in Halifax. This excellent material showing was not without its attendant sacrifices on the part of the people, and a consequent deepening of the spiritual life in the individual. The Archbishop was profoundly happy, in his undemonstrative way, with this splendid co-operation of his people.

Through his diocesan visits he speedily acquainted himself with his priests and the conditions of their parishes; for in his estimate of human character and surroundings he was aided by a faculty of intuition unusual in so virile a being. What he was to his priests, only his priests themselves know in his guidance and fatherly sympathy; as a conscientious monitor and a father, at once strong and considerate. He was most to them when they needed him most—a bishop and wise elder brother.

Some time after Archbishop O'Brien's consecration, the venerable old rector of St. Mary's Cathedral died, and not the least of the tributes rendered to the memory of a holy priest were the tears of his Archbishop, an unusual mark of feeling in the self-controlled churchman. From another saintly priest on his death-bed, His Grace was very much moved to receive the following letter:

A Sa Grace Monseigneur O'Brien.

Monseigneur,

Je tiens à declarer au premier representative de Dieu dans les provinces maritimes que je meurs enfant fidéle et soumis de la Sainte Eglise Catholique, Apostolique et Romaine.

Je suis très attaché au diocese d'Halifax, à son Archevêque; et, si, comme je l'orgieul, je vais au ciel, je travaillerais à procurer le bien de son troupeau comme je desirais le faire ici.

Au ciel on se revoit. Je vous attendrais là, Monseigneur.

Votre enfant tout respecteux.

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To His Grace Archbishop O'Brien.

My Lord,

I desire to declare to God's chief representative in the Maritime Provinces that I die a faithful and submissive child of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church.

I am deeply attached to the diocese of Halifax and to its Archbishop; and if, as I pride myself upon it, I go to heaven, I shall work there for the welfare of his flock, as I have desired to do here on earth.

In heaven we shall meet again. I shall await you there, my Lord.

Your very respectful servant,

This priest, a member of the Eudist Order, had as a portion of his duties filled the chaplaincy of the Good Shepherd Monastery and reformatory, in the foundation of which the Archbishop supplied a need that had urgently called to him from the beginning of his episcopate. Its three departments, to protect small girls from evil influences, to receive prisoners sentenced by the court and to help reclaim fallen women, were severally needed.

The establishment of the institution imparted to His Grace a sense of relief in duty done to a very unfortunate portion of his flock. The work was put well under way, but, as was to be expected in reform-work, mercifully carried on with little publicity, it roused at first much curiosity, and in some quarters active comment with unjust criticism. At last there came to those who criticized, and would have liked to condemn, satisfactory evidence of the institution's bad management and the Sisters' cruelty!

The occasion was that of an immigrant girl who had a pitiful tale to tell of her treatment there. Her story was plausible; it had in fact, previously proved profitable to the girl in different localities. While not exactly of the "walled-up nun" and "coerced-heiress" type, it made a passable modern substitute. Set forth in the columns of a denominational journal, it created something of a sensation. This case being no exception to the rule, that there are always two viewpoints of a story, the Archbishop recognized that the public must at once know the rights of the affair.

Attacks of this sort upon an important institution under his care are to a bishop what an impeachment of his colleagues would be to a conscientious prime minister. However baseless the attack, it must be looked into. The Archbishop gave permission to a party to conduct a thorough examination of the institution and its workings which were under the supervision of the strictly cloistered order of nuns in charge.

Hon. William Chisholm, who had been His Grace's most generous supporter in this work, personally conducted the editor of the paper, a Protestant clergyman, through the cloister, workrooms, dormitories and cells. They found that the girl in question had been sentenced there by the court for a long term, and had several times, of her own will, sought shelter in the protectory. The nuns had a fairly accurate idea of the return she was making for their kindness, yet each time the friendless creature threw herself on their mercy they gave her shelter.

The robust maid had complained of the cruelty of being put to work at the furnace occasionally; but the editor found three nuns, cultivated women, who had qualified as engineers. These, with the aid of their charges, took control of the entire heating and laundry system within the cloister, as men are not permitted to enter there.

The visitor left the building marvelling at the moral atmosphere created by the small band of white-robed sisters. It was proving there, as elsewhere,

more efficacious in restraining vice and strengthening good resolves, than the padlocked cells of the city goal had been. The editor made the *amende honourable* in his paper, in an article that was not only a vindication of the institution, but a tribute to it.

The incident is one of many that are significant of the Archbishop's jealous vigilance that the standard and reputation of the institutions in the diocese be beyond attack. The *amende* was the outcome of the writer's own fairness. Yet had it not been written, His Grace would, in all likelihood, have come out in print with the facts himself.

The work of such an institution, more particularly in its protective or rescue branches, was directly in accordance with His Grace's attitude toward the curing of the world's evils of oppression, lust, dishonesty and dissipation. His type, as churchman and educationist, was constructive rather than evangelistic.

The diseases in the world's social system struck as deep into his heart as to that of any great reformer or sincere evangelist. But he did not come before the world and, pouring out the sympathy and loyalty and fear of God in the depths of his own strong soul, endeavour to "win man to God." It was not in his nature to work so.

With him the instruments were reason, and a will to cleave at the evils clear to their roots. To demonstrate the truth, to strengthen the basis of reason and will and faith in the child-nature, to guide

man to a fresh sense of responsibility toward the next generation; to create a new atmosphere, in the slow, determined way the sea encroaches on the land, this was the Archbishop's method. His indomitable purpose to secure the most rounded form of education, intellectual and moral, was a consequence.

In the Archbishop's endeavours to promote religious education and other matters beneficial to the community, His Grace more than once clashed with public men; or more accurately, with the principles they held and which he opposed, or, occasionally with their lack of principle, which he despised. His battles were always of principle, waged against what he believed to be wrong principles. He fought evil principles, not men. His charity of mind was so practical that, while he would condemn a public man's policy, as readily to himself as to others, he would permit no uncharitable word of the man in his private capacity.

His charity in material ways ran to such practical expression, that his income, as with many bishops, did not easily meet all the demands upon it. It was shared generously with the needy, and in giving to the very poor, he held it was better to err on the side of generosity than of prudence. He was particularly open to making small advances, asked as loans, to establish modest business undertakings, from peanut stands to corner-groceries. He liked to believe he was encouraging self-reliance and industry in this way. He was sometimes disappointed, but it was still a

matter of amusing reminiscence to himself and his friend, Monsignor Murphy, that they were "silent partners" in so many non-dividend-paying forms of enterprise.

When the Archbishop died his entire savings lying in the bank amounted to scarcely two hundred dollars. He had lived and died poor, as material wealth goes, but essentially rich in his own complete nature as a priest, administrator, thinker, writer and citizen.

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Independence, strength and an underlying tenderness, lay in Archbishop O'Brien's face in repose. The deep-set lines, usual in his family, lying at either side of the flexible mouth, told their own story of inherent authority. When relaxed, his face held more graciousness with a winsome play of feature, as when he talked in his study at night. But even those who knew him there, were aware of that aloofness which would presently drop about him as a curtain, and conversation would end.

Enjoyment lay not so much in what the Archbishop said in those moments of social communion, as in what he was and in the elusive grace of his spiritual atmosphere—that "central light" of which his Oriental friend, Primo Dochi, wrote when describing him in his study at Indian River. This revelation

of personal charm was not made to other than congenial minds, and to such persons as retain in maturity the naturalness that was his delight in children.

His Grace instinctively dropped the gates of his personality before the vulgar or affected, and withdrew into his inner home. It might be said to have tasked even his priestly resolution to love all mankind, when he was obliged to come in contact with affected persons, or with the ill-manners and crudity of superficial pride. Honest pride he rather encouraged in a man's character, as a lever against other and unwholesome influences.

He advocated the pride of self that prompts a man to keep his character clear, clean and strong; unafraid of the world's scrutiny—and of his own; the pride of family that spurs a man to be no less honourable than honourable forbears; the pride of achievement that would move a man to leave a good record of deeds, public or private, behind him. The pride of learning, of luxury, of mere money he despised, as befitted an Irish Celt of the old stock.

As a man, he held admirably the balance of soul and mind and body. There is significance in the impression left upon two men of the world by the Archbishop, whom they met on one occasion on an intimate footing. Both were men of keenly critical sensibilities, developed by opportunities of knowing the world's flimsiness as well as its wonders, and aware of the weakness as well as the strength of its great men.

To one, with native perception fine enough to gauge the Archbishop's soul, there was left a vivid impression of "the *holiness* of the man, as of one who lived up to all he believed." The other, who must have looked for an all-pervading austerity in a Catholic Archbishop, and instead found tolerance, comprehending sympathy and appreciation of humour, had only words for the pleasure of the meeting, "I enjoyed him. I did not believe a great prelate could be so 'human'."

It was as though one had read the spirit reflected in the unwavering, honour-sure eyes; the other, the tender lines and the play of comical repression about the strong mouth.

There is an amusing instance of another occasion where this "human" quality of His Grace was enjoyed by a man of the world. When Bishop McIntyre with Dr. O'Brien went to Ottawa, during the regime of the Marquis of Lorne and his charming Princess, Dr. O'Brien dined one night at Rideau Hall. He had for his neighbour a dashing young officer of the suite. The latter told in rattling fashion some rather impossible stories of adventure.

The quiet young priest perceived the embellishments designed to dazzle the civilian and colonial. He was always more of a philosopher than a raconteur, but inwardly piqued and amused, he then made an effort to spin a yarn, a very fine yarn, gravely—and not without embellishments—of rather impossible

deeds of colonial adventure. It was again the spirit of Signor Cornelio of the singing episode.

The two Britishers parted with mutual respect as of men who have tried each other's mettle—but with no admission of exaggeration in their stories.

These came almost twenty years later, amid much merriment, when the Archbishop and an English officer, appointed to a prominent position at the Halifax post, met again at dinner at the Archbishop's House and recognized in each other the man who had told the Munchausenlike story at Rideau Hall. Neither had forgotten the stories or the other's personality. The English soldier courteously assured his host that his own story had been quite eclipsed; and the Archbishop, who had been human enough to meet the officer's mood years before, was human enough then to want to believe him.

In the details of his life, the Archbishop finely blended the man and churchman. As churchman he was holy, vigilant and impartially just, equally accessible to every member of his flock. In his homelife he was tenderly thoughtful in his care for his sister and niece, and considerate of his employees. As a citizen he was conscientious and assertive. In this last aspect he was not recognized outside the Maritime provinces until 1888.

In that year His Grace, already an ardent imperialist, went on a visit to Baltimore, and in a newspaper interview there, gave a forcible impression of Canadian patriotism. His statements, which in-

cluded a practical comparison between the systems of government here and in the United States, were commented upon widely on either side of the border; in Canada, with not a little pride by loyal Canadians. The period was not too prolific of men who would talk so stoutly of Canada's constitution and independence within British protection; who would laugh so unfeignedly at the absurdity of Annexation, or grow so indignant if Canadians lent themselves to the idea.

In 1886, in private audience with Pope Leo, he was again the loyal Canadian abroad, imparting to the Holy Father some of his own enthusiastic belief in Canada, her boundless west, and her future as a nation. He found an appreciative listener, who "knew more about Canada," said His Grace, "than any other European I have met."

In 1892 the Archbishop, with Lieutenant Governor (Sir Malachy) Daly of Nova Scotia, Rev. Dr. Murphy and Father Gregory Macdonald, made a journey across the continent by the new transcontinental road, the steel band which had physically welded the Canadian Confederation. Such a trip, with Canada's panoramic beauty daily unfolding before him, would under any circumstances have been memorable to a man so ardently Canadian; taken in the company of three such friends, it was distinctly enjoyable as well.

The Archbishop was stirred to fresh admiration of the statemanship, "the sublime faith in Canada," that, at such an early period, had thrown the Canadian

Pacific Railway across a wilderness into the fertile west, "capable of affording homes for millions and food for hundreds of millions." Then as now, it was to the visitor a notable quality in the people of Winnipeg, that "they took such intense pride in their city and had such confident belief in its future." The Archbishop returned to Halifax, "profoundly impressed," he said, "with the magnitude of the undeveloped wealth of our heritage."

Archbishop O'Brien did not confine his patriotism at this period to interviews, to newspaper letters or aid in organizing Imperial Leagues. He had been negotiating for some time to secure some priests of the Eudist Order for the Acadian college to be built at Church Point; and it was not the least part of his anxiety, balanced churchman and citizen as he was, that a community coming from a foreign country, should understand clearly that their college must be animated with a healthy admiration for Canadian ideals and Canada's adaptation of the British Constitution, that the English college course should be given due prominence with that in French.

He desired to feel sure of the attitude of a foreign community upon this point, and it was one of the pleasant experiences of his episcopate, that the Eudists set themselves so energetically to adopt Canadian ideals and sentiment.

The Archbishop's own loyalty to legitimate authority, ecclesiastical and civil, was sincere, his obedience uniform. He has written that peace comes

to those souls who "self to Duty grandly yield." Something of this peace would seem to have deepened in his own life from year to year.

As man and churchman, his religious belief was the most vital, practical quality of his life. Back of the Goethelike calm and strength and urbanity that united so potently in the exterior of the Archbishop was this faith, the motive power of his whole life. Working outward, guiding the natural inheritance of a determined will, controlling the fires of a strong nature, giving to his whole life a definite inspiration and aim, it built up, phase by phase, the character which exercised, as the Rev. Dr. Saunders has written, a dominating influence on the sphere in which he moved.

It was mainly faith of a philosophic type, sane, balanced, clear-visioned, striking clear to the essentials, to the worship of God, to the fulfilment of His law as bequeathed to the Church, and to eternal salvation. It gave as its highest profession good works and consistent conduct.

His Grace had resisted the impulse of his contemplative student-days to enter a cloistered order, but in his later life it was at the cloister built in his own heart that he found fresh calm after action, and regained interior—he rarely lost exterior—poise. In the summer-time, after his luncheon, he would frequently sit out-of-doors for almost an hour, contemplating a velvet-faced pansy balanced in his fingers, or absorbed in the thoughts unfolded from a verse in

his breviary. Out of these still moments of monastic silence, and the train of thought engendered much of the Archbishop's serene strength developed.

"Thoughts which come with dove's feet rule the world." The strong, silent man in his study or garden, lost in contemplation, would, a few hours later, be the active churchman, intent upon some work, making haste slowly, being led no hair's-breadth away from his determination, persistent, somewhat impatient of obstacles—but always adhering unflinchingly to the course, which in that hour of contemplation, had shone as the only one good and just.

The seven-years' course of study made by the young Islander in Rome, had been the most brilliant known at the old Urban College in many years. But this success had not been achieved without serious cost to his health. Overstudy and the Roman climate undermined his strength before his return to Canada. It was at that time that Bishop, afterward Cardinal, Vaughan, in one of his letters to our future Archbishop, said: "I wish you were settled over here instead of being planted on the side of that Indian river." Yet it was his sojourn at Indian River, where his easy pastoral duties were compatible with outdoor life and congenial mental work, that he really secured a fresh lease of that physical strength which enabled him to go to Halifax well-fitted for his new duties.

His portrait of 1883 reflects the vigour and energy of the young Bishop, and his confident outlook upon

the work that lay before him. As in his portrait of 1903, the frame growing slim and the worn hand on which the Episcopal ring has loosened tell their story of the passing years.

The diocese had many needs when he came to it, and he set earnestly to work to meet them. But, in a nature so sensitive to responsibility, the strain told upon him. In 1890 he suffered from an attack of rheumatic fever. A few years later his health gave signs of breaking, and his physician counselled him to avoid severe mental work or care: his system demanded upbuilding. The Archbishop first smiled at the precaution, but found that during the last decade of his life, any particular mental effort, even the writing of his pastoral letters, left outward evidence of the strain upon him.

A few years before his death he was again warned by his physicians to take rest. His friends learned then that mental exertion and worry could only bring on more acutely the recurrent attacks of rheumatism, which might some day reach his heart with fatal result. His Grace felt there could be no rest unless he resigned, but duty seemed to call otherwise.

In the autumn of 1905, and through the winter he planned to leave in the following spring for his *ad limina* visit to Rome. He looked forward to personally offering the tribute of his filial obedience to Pope Pius. When the New Year opened the Archbishop was enjoying unusually good health, happy in the completion of the residence in connection with

St. Mary's College. This was a very partial realization of the hopes of twenty years, but he took pleasure in laughingly planning where the future Halls of Arts and Science in his dream-university should rise.

In February he went to Parrsboro to attend the funeral of Rev. Father Butler, and whilst there took a cold. He was afflicted with rheumatism on his return home. On March 7th, His Grace attended an examination at St. Mary's Girls' School. That night, his niece perceiving his fatigue and the pain he suffered from rheumatism, asked him to rest in bed for a few days. He declared, with a smile, that having begun the year so well he hoped to pass through it without an illness and he did not want to be a semi-invalid then.

It was his custom to rise each morning about seven, and celebrate mass in the oratory of his home. On the morning of Friday, March 9th, he felt unable to rise until much beyond his usual hour. Apart from some rheumatic pain he felt sufficiently well, however, to notify the various parish-priests of his intention to be at the Orphanage on the following Sunday to meet his people there as customary at the annual reception.

In the early afternoon he retired, as he was now suffering severely from an indeterminate pain which he felt moving upward through his chest. A physician summoned pronounced it an attack of indigestion, from which his Grace sometimes suffered. But the Archbishop feared it was a fresh attack of pneumonia

threatening, and re-summoned the doctor at ten o'clock. Later, assuring his sister and niece that he felt more ease, and that they must not worry about his suffering, he endeavoured to sleep.

From time to time, his niece, who had been his constant attendant during various attacks of illness, came in from the next room. At half-past ten she spoke to him and he answered her only that the pain was very hard to bear. Startled at the suffering his voice revealed, she hastened in the hope of relieving him, to bring him the medicine prescribed.

When she returned with this, a moment later, his face was calmer, as if the pain had gone and he rested. But he did not take the medicine offered him. She implored him to speak to her; he was silent. . . . Mute, for the first time, to the voice and misery of one, who, as child and woman, had taken a place beside his mother in his affections.

A priest and doctors were hurriedly summoned, and as life was considered not to be extinct, the body of the prelate was anointed with the holy oils, and the last absolutions pronounced. . . . The passing of life was imperceptible; he lay as one in a deep sleep.

The strong, pure soul of the consecrated man had broken earthly bonds, and was with God. His *ad limina* obedience and account of his stewardship were not rendered to Peter's successor, but to the Master of Peter; not to the Visible Head of the Church, but to the Invisible, the Divine.

* * *

The announcement of the sudden death of the Archbishop carried a shock with it. . . . Halifax mourned the loss of the great-hearted prelate and citizen. Canada mourned a most loyal citizen; and at Rome, his "City of the Soul," the prelates, assembled there from many parts of the Empire, said that the Church had lost a son whom she could not easily spare.

But he had attained the *summa* of life; the soldier of Christ had been recalled; he had gone home to new and blissful activities in the very presence of his King. To those who knew him best and loved him most, there was happiness in this thought of attainment.

At St. Mary's Cathedral the following Sunday, its devoted rector, Rev. Father McCarthy—who was soon to be chosen as the successor of the dead prelate—conveyed to his congregation in a feeling address, the last message of their Archbishop. It was an appropriate last word from one who had so loved children, the invitation to visit and interest themselves in the Orphanage he had built, and the orphans to whom he had been a father.

On Wednesday, March 14th, the funeral of the Archbishop took place. The occasion brought together many of the Catholic prelates of Canada, with His Excellency, Monsignor Sbaretti, the Papal Delegate, the priests of Halifax diocese and many from neighboring provinces. In the funeral procession the provincial and civil governments were represented by

their leading officials, as was too the military force then in Halifax. Clergymen of different denominations were in attendance, and Halifax laymen of all classes and creeds.

The procession made its way through streets lined with people, from St. Mary's Cathedral, where the body had been lying in state, to Holy Cross Cemetery. The interment was made in a grave there beside that of his friend, Monsignor Murphy.

Among the tributes offered to Archbishop O'Brien, one of the most beautiful in sentiment was an editorial appearing in the official organ of the Methodists in Canada.* In connection with his funeral and the assemblage in the Cathedral, there appeared in the Halifax Herald, a very interesting article from which the following extract is made:

> "An unprecedented fact in connection with "the assemblage, was that ministers of all de- "nominations were present. That is too signifi- "cant a thing to have escaped the least observant, "and, while from the merely human standpoint, "His Grace's death appeared to put a premature "end to a splendidly effective career, the very "stones of the Cathedral still seemed to cry out "that he lived quite long enough to contribute "enormously to the growth of the spirit of re- "ligious toleration in Halifax. It speaks vol- "umes for his 'sweet reasonableness,' and his "breadth of opinion that the tie between him

* Appendix, Note 4.

"and the Protestant ministry in Halifax was so
"close, that his death was sharply felt by men,
"whose religious views were widely different
"from his own.

" 'Come in to see me,' he said not very long
"ago to Dr. Allison of Mount Allison University; 'I
"want to have a talk with you about the church
"union of which the air is now so full. It in-
"terests me greatly.' Characterized from young
"manhood by utter devotion to the Catholic
"church and the promotion of her interests, zeal
"in him ever went hand in hand with respect for
"the convictions of others; and the sweet, sound,
"wholesome nature of those fresh years, years
"also of splendid intellectual and spiritual pro-
"mise, but deepened and intensified as time
"passed, and the gifted and zealous boy matured
"into the effective, far-seeing, strong man."

A bias of mind will cause books of polemics to be left unopened, but the world cannot close its eyes to the influence of a good man's life. It was not phantasy on the part of the man of the world, who was so strongly impressed by the Archbishop, as one "who lived up to all he believed." His life was a textbook of Applied Catholicity.

In one poem the Archbishop makes his poet express a desire that over his grave there may be placed pansies and a cross, the pledge of the prize he sought during life; and on the cross, simply the words, "He shall arise".

It is a fitting phrase with which to record the close of his own life on earth: He shall arise!

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"*Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus;*
*Et veritas Domini manet—in aeternum.*"

## APPENDIX NOTES.

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NOTE 1.—It is humanly impossible now, to understand or appreciate the Irishman's faith, without recalling these conditions of Ireland, at a period of which the details are less written in books than in the hearts of the Irish people. . . . Under the laws of a foreign dominance, no man might hold to his old faith and retain his estates. The estates, needless to say, went down in the balance. . . . The story is old, yet worth repeating, as significant of the strain of blood transmitted to men like Archbishop O'Brien, from a race of landless, homeless, persecuted men, who yet lived up to their highest faith, and so held an empire of which "every man's possessed that's worth his soul."

Among the O'Briens there was one weakling, lax in faith and patriotism, but worldly-wise, who yielded up his heritage of sovereignty for a paltry earldom from an English King, with the retention of his domain. And in Cromwell's time his descendant "Morrough of the Burnings," educated at the English Court, confirmed by cruel massacres of the Catholic Irish, the new title of these O'Briens to their old principality, and to the favour of the new rulers. Ireland had few

such Murroughs in any province, however. For one that held to his hall and turned to a new altar, there were hosts of others who turned to the wide road and the hills, to poverty and faith and freedom.

The grim determination of these men, lord and peasant, and the heroic endurance of their wives, passed into the blood of their children. The Mass heard on the hills by stealth, the school sought under pain of punishment; the proselytiser's soup spurned by starving northern peasants, and the "souper" thrown into the duck-ponds, all these went to crystallize national loyalty to the religion in which they believed.

It was then that Ireland learned to smile with the tears in her eyes, and with few exceptions, to suffer anything but the loss of faith and self-respect. Small wonder that worldly possessions grew to be of slight account in comparison, and that what sense of thrift they had went under in the struggle! Macauly has said that to him the Irish race's fidelity to its Faith through such wasting persecution would always be inexplicable, Perhaps, he said, if he could look up at the dome of St. Peter's with the eyes of faith he would understand. Probably he would.

NOTE 2.—The sovereignity of Rome had come to the Pope at the citizens' own desire, when Constantine's empire was breaking, and neglected Rome was becoming the victim of its own lack of organization. The Papal States had been in part the free gift of

various princes, and in greater part the gift of Mathilda of Canossa, the daughter and sole heiress of Boniface, "the richest Prince of Christendom," an uncrowned king in power and extent of territory.

This mediaeval heroine of a traditionally zealous house, spent her life and devoted her army to the defence of the Papal See and the lawful Popes, against her cousin, Emperor Henry IV of Germany, and his tool, the simonist anti-pope Guibert, who called himself Clement III. The latter was expelled from Rome by her army, when, on the death of Pope Gregory, he tried to prevent the lawful election of a new Pope. Several years before her death she gave all her territories to the Papal See. These were the States to which Pius, King as well as Pope, succeeded in 1846. They had not been commandeered by the Vatican in the Middle Ages, or gained by the oppression of an ignorant and helpless people in the Middle Ages, as the uninformed sometimes assert.

Pope Pius was a notably benevolent man, but he had no intention of yielding to force what was the Pope's to administer, as rightfully as are the pence of the faithful contributed now for the support of missions, and he set about that government in a way which won, on this continent, the enconiums of non-Catholics like Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan, ex-Presidents of the United States.

Modern methods of civic government and wider enfranchisement had begun to prevail in Europe, but the Vatican, traditionally conservative, had first

looked on at the working of the systems elsewhere. It fell to Pius IX to make the innovations. He gave to laymen an even larger share in the government than heretofore; he originated reforms in the conduct of religious institutions, in prisons and hospitals wherever needed; he remitted taxes, punished fraud and authorized the building of railways and introduction of gas.

Van Buren wrote of him: "Regarded only as the political head of a State, laboring in behalf of the enfranchisement and consequent happiness of the people, the sovereign Pontiff justly claims the best wishes, the hearty cheers and all proper co-operation of the friends of reform, in whatever country they may reside, or to whatever sect or class they may belong."

And this from James Buchanan is in no uncertain strain: "I have watched with intense anxiety the movements of Pius IX, in the difficult and dangerous circumstances by which he is surrounded, and, in my opinion, they have been marked with consummate wisdom and prudence. Firm without being rash, liberal without proceeding to such extremes as might endanger the success of his glorious mission, he seems to be an instrument destined by Providence to accomplish the political regeneration of his country."

The Secret Societies of Italy, however, wrested from Pope Pius or his successors further opportunity of government.

NOTE 3.—Truth-Hunting.—One's heart aches for the poet Clough in his wistful search for the Aim of life, its goal and the means to obtain it. We have learned of his consuming desire to know what is the Truth, of his way harrassed with unrest and uncertainty, before and after he resigned his professorship at Oxford. We know of the sad end when he went to sleep like a child in the dark, to awake, one surely hopes, in the tender light of his Father's face. For he had honestly sought the truth.

But in "these trivial, jeering, withered, unbelieving days"—which phrase will readily be recognized as from the tempestuous Carlyle and not the urbane Archbishop—Truth-hunting, of another sort, is a favorite avocation for restless minds outside the Church. Even a brief stay in England suffices to convince one that it is there, as Augustine Birrell says in a delightfully serio-satirical essay, "a most fashionable pastime, and one which is being pursued with great vigour." It is to be met with in Canada, and the Archbishop was painfully aware of it, as his poem "*Aminta*" reveals.

It is not always a prayerful study of "comparative religions" entered on by earnest souls, dissatisfied and determined to accept truth at any cost. It is not always prompted by that curiosity of the humble soul which is said to be the seed of faith, but is rather a travesty, a chase after Truth in company with such congenial minds that stumbling over truth

the hunters would almost turn from it—to prolong the recreation of the chase.

These truth-hunters talk much of truth; they slight faith, forgetting that a mind opposed to faith will frequently not recognize truth when met; and that at least the acceptance of truth is less an act of the reasoning intellect than a submission of the human intelligence to the Divine. They would not seem to grasp that saying of St. Paul to the Hebrews: "Now faith is the substance of things to be hoped for; the evidence of things that appear not."

One must necessarily bring to Truth-Hunting, they will tell you, an open mind which knows and believes primarily only that there is some "First Principle," some "Architect," some Being; perhaps they will condescend to your belief and say "a God," from whom Truth emanates. So with a mind of swept, open places and of painfully few crannies of faith, fashionably guiltless of deeps of spirituality, they enter on the chase, exercising all the while their treasured freedom of thought. At the end—they are still seeking for truth. They have dared to play with God and God's truth, as analogous personalities play with human hearts; and with like results—leaving the chase weakened in their powers of belief, and with laxer principles.

But by word and frequently by pen, they record fresh eulogies of the benefits of "modern thought." As this darkly-defined phrase has been treated of by the Archbishop, I shall quote again from his Philosophy of the Bible:

"If by 'modern thought' be meant the ever-
"expanding intellectual wave, that increases with
"the march of centuries, every sensible man must
"revere it; but it is too commonly used as a
"taking gloss to cover a misshapen error. Again,
"if by 'free-thought' be meant that play of mind
"which, in considering matters not revealed, is
"not confined to the well-worn grooves, and
"which does not blindly follow a master, then
"that is the kind of thought developed and en-
"couraged in great Catholic seats of learning,
"and nowhere more than at Rome. But too
"often by free-thought is understood the right of
"thinking what you please, be it ever so absurd
"in philosophy, or impious in theology.

"It is in this latter sense that we combat
" 'free thought.' Just as man is not at liberty,
"in a moral sense, to do as he pleases; so, in a
"moral sense, he is not at liberty to think as he
"pleases. There is an internal, as well as an
"external order; an intellectual, as well as a
"physical one. Each order was established by
"God, and he exacts from us an observance of
"both. Our intellect is from him, and to him it
"must pay homage. That homage consists in
"receiving, at once, what we know to be true.
"God is the source and origin of truth; when a
"known truth is rejected we injure God by closing
"our eyes to his light, and we injure ourselves
"by hindering the perfection of our intelligence.

"It can never be too often repeated that the "power of erring argues a defect, and that the "mind is elevated, not degraded, by unhesitat-"ingly assenting to truth. . . . Anterior to man "there are principles which claim his subjection; "which limit his sphere of lawful action and "thought. It is, then, a metaphysical absurdity "to proclaim the mind emancipated from all law; "hence liberty of thought must never be constru-"ed into a permission to accept, or reject, at "pleasure, an evident truth."

NOTE 4.—One of the most beautiful tributes paid to Archbishop O'Brien's memory was that contained in a leading editorial of the *Wesleyan*, the official organ of the Methodist Church in Canada. It is reproduced here in full:

SAINT AND SCHOLAR.

By the death of Archbishop O'Brien at Halifax last Friday night the Roman Catholic Church has lost a great leader, and the province a noble citizen. Ever aggressive in the interests of the Church over which he presided and surcharged with modern ideas and a healthy optimism, his horizon became widened with the years, and he lent his influence to all that tended to better the condition of the people. One of his latest utterances was that to the Lord's Day Alliance in which he gave loyal support to the movement for a better observance of the Sabbath, and any scheme

which had for its object the moral welfare of the citizens was sure of receiving his sympathy and influence. With an urbanity which charmed his friends and disarmed his foes, he united a saintliness of character which compelled everyone to admire. Having laid in youth a solid foundation of learning, the breadth and depth of his mind found scope in numerous poems and essays, and though burdened with the labors of his diocese, he sent forth to the world in his moments of leisure, which were few, several volumes of theology, biography and fiction. He was a great ecclesiastical statesman, beloved by the people of all denominations for his purity of motives, broad outlook on affairs and sterling character. His ability was recognized by his election as President of the Royal Society of Canada, but greater than the gifts of his mind and the grace of culture was the genius of his heart, for he was a man who loved even the unlovely, as he was ever the friend of the poor. We mourn the loss of a saint and scholar, and we drop a flower upon his bier, for he was worthy of our love, and the best we can give.

THE END.