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MEN OF THE DAY



CARDINAL TASCHEREAU

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU

Every country has its privileged families which seem destined to hold a prominent position in the ranks of society.

This distinction that attaches to particular names is not the result of chance; it is better explained as a mission confided by Providence to certain families as to individuals, and justified by heredity of talent and virtue.

Such is the family of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, one of the oldest and most distinguished in Canada.

The head of this family in our country was Thomas Jacques Taschereau, who came from Touraine and settled here early in the eighteenth century. In the year 1736, he obtained the grant of a seignior in the vicinity of the Chaudière river.

At Quebec, in 1728, he married Maria Fleury-d'Eschambault, the grandchild of Joliette, the renowned discoverer of the Mississippi.

He died in 1749, leaving eight children, all of whom, with the exception of Gabriel Elzéar, died on their return to France. Gabriel left four children; the youngest, Jean Thomas, married Marie Panet, daughter of the honourable Antoine Panet, first president of the old parliament of Canada.

Jean Thomas was named judge, and, having shown marked ability on the bench for some years, succumbed to an attack of cholera in 1832.

His two children shed a lustre on the name that he did not live to enjoy. One of these, the honourable Jean Taschereau, is a retired judge of the superior court; and the other, the subject of this sketch.

Cardinal Elzéar Alexandre Taschereau was born at Ste. Marie de la Beauce, at the seigniorial manor of the family, on the 17th February, 1820.

At the early age of eight years, he entered the Quebec seminary

and finished with the highest honours his classic studies when only sixteen. Immediately afterwards, he left for Europe in company with M. l'abbé Holmes.

Before he was seventeen years of age, he became an ecclesiastic in Rome.

One can readily understand the nature of the sentiments that a prolonged sojourn in the city of the popes must have inspired in the bosom of this young levite, and the strength of the ties that must have formed to bind the sympathies of a heart, pure and exalted as his mother Church.

The illustrious abbé Guéranger was in Rome at this time, advocating the re-establishment of the Benedictine order in France. Young Taschereau, who made his acquaintance, showed a desire to enter an institution so suitable to his natural taste for a life of retirement and study.

But God had reserved him for a different *rôle* in his own country. M. l'abbé Holmes induced him to defer the execution of his pious design until he should return home and consult with his relations. The result was that he modified his intention and entered the seminary of Quebec, where, however, he led a life little different from that of a Benedictine.

Having finished his theological studies with the same brilliancy that marked his progress in the classics, he was ordained a priest on the 10th September, 1842.

From this period he became more and more identified with the history of the seminary of Quebec. For him it was a paternal mansion; and no one could speak more eloquently of its family, having successfully performed the duties of a son, a brother, and a father.

In view of this close relationship with the seminary, we are not surprised to learn from his biographer, Mgr. Têtu, that he has written its history at length, though still unpublished,—“a labour of love” that must have inspired a dual affection, the filial and the fatherly.

Up to 1871, when he was raised to the archiepiscopacy, he never quitted his beloved retreat but for a short time and for urgent reasons,—once, to take charge of Irish immigrants who lay fever-stricken at Grosse Isle, where he caught the contagion himself and narrowly escaped death; and, on another occasion, when he betook

himself to the Eternal City to study the Canon law, whence he returned with a doctor's diploma.

In the seminary, he alternately taught rhetoric, philosophy, dogmas, ethics, and Canon law. All his old pupils are loud in their praise of his scientific knowledge,—of the precision and lucidity that characterized his method of teaching. At the same time, the council of the seminary was careful to invest him with every office of responsibility and honour.

He was one of the founders of the Laval university, in whose prosperity he takes the liveliest interest. His attachment to it is all the deeper because of the many annoyances and anxieties it has caused him, as the heart of the parent holds in especial tenderness the most wayward of its children.

For thirty years and odd he has been the most prominent figure connected with the seminary,—sharing all its pleasures and its pains, its triumphs and its reverses. He has been unsparing of his time and energies in its defence; undertaken transatlantic journeys, voluminous correspondence, compilation of memoirs, polemics, pastoral letters, and mandements; and if the results have not always materialized as he wished, it was owing to no fault of his, as he neglected nothing that might advance the magnificent work he had in view.

No more painful ordeal could have been imposed on him than that which summoned him to leave this fond retreat for the archiepiscopacy. He regarded the dignity of the more exalted position as an inadequate compensation for the loss of the contentment and happiness which were his in the humbler one; and few, if any, will feel disposed to question the sincerity of these words of his mandement: "We take God to witness that we never desired or intrigued for this awful charge, of whose dangers and responsibilities, to-day more than ever, we feel keenly conscious."

When the trying moment arrived for him to take his last farewell of the peaceful roof that had sheltered him so many years, he seemed to break down, the few words he spoke causing the deepest emotion.

"It has always been to me," he said, "a fond and agreeable sight to witness the reunions of the large family that met in the seminary of Quebec, in the Laval university, and the college of Lévis, over which Providence willed that I should preside as superior and rector. In these haunts of study and retirement I always felt that loving

hearts beat in unison with mine, — that we formed but one body and one soul,—united in the common desire to champion the cause of Church and State, an object that, we recognized, would be subserved by ceding to some the right to command and instruct,—to others, the duty of obedience and study as an indispensable preparation to fit them for carrying out the behests of Providence. Must, then, these affectionate ties be sundered in a moment?

“Nigh forty-three years ago, a diminutive school boy, aged eight years and six months, for the first time donned his coat and hastened with his books under his arm to the seminary of Quebec, there to begin a course of classics. Nine years later, after travelling through Europe, he entered the grand seminary and studied theology. After five years, he officiated for the first time at the altar as a priest.

“Such is the early history of my life. The venerable directors of the seminary, who were good enough to make use of my services, with one exception, sleep the sleep of the just, and enjoy their reward for serving that institution well and faithfully. Their kindness of heart in all that concerned my unworthy self no words can describe, and sorely grieved I was to see them disappear, one after the other, from this earthly scene.

“My twenty-nine years of priesthood have been as happy as can be expected in this vale of tears, passed, as they were, in the shelter of those dear old walls constructed two centuries since by Mgr. de Laval. Thus, you see, I spent more of the fifty years that have streaked my hair with grey in the seminary than in the home of my childhood.

“Alas! once more I am constrained to desert an abode where I was blest with the society of devoted fathers, affectionate brothers, and grateful youth who ever repaid me a hundred-fold by their sweet docility for any little good I may have done them. I would have wished to live, to die, to mingle my ashes with those who, in life, were my trusted guides and masters.

“Sad is the fate of the sons of Adam! Too often do their most legitimate aspirations prove illusory. Unfortunately for myself, I have all along taught with too much emphasis the necessity of obedience to think now of escaping its obligations myself.”

It is difficult to peruse the foregoing narrative without emotion; but more touching far and sweetly tender were the words he addressed

to the pupils of the little Seminary when they came before him to offer their congratulations on his elevation to the archiepiscopal throne :

"Formerly," he began, "I owned a beautiful garden which I lovingly cultivated in common with trusty friends ; no thoughts of elsewhere could drag me from the cherished spot ; I loved to promenade its peaceful walks ; to watch the opening of the nascent roses that the return of each scholastic season caused to expand, that the warm rays of study, alternating with the grateful dews of piety, little by little made to ripen into salutary fruit.

"One morning, whose dawn I must be pardoned for regarding as other than auspicious, these tidings were brought without any previous warning : Your garden has been enlarged into the dimensions of a vast territory, into a diocese, in fact into a whole province !

"My answer was : *Fuit voluntas!* But my little garden will still be all in all to me and I to it. It was there that the divine Providence first placed me, an humble plant destined to take root and fed by the sap of benevolence. The fibres of my being have struck too deeply into its soil to be eradicated without endangering my very existence. Bowing to the force of necessity, I am willing to become a gigantic tree, o'erspreading with its umbrageous foliage the surrounding country, provided my little garden be near me, under the protection of my branches, to cheer me, in return, with its fruits and flowers."

From my knowledge of the various known styles of sacred eloquence, and I flatter myself I have some acquaintance with the subject, I can recall nothing more happy in conception, pathetic in sentiment, or more picturesquely descriptive than this admirable discourse. Neither St. Francois d'Assise, the poet of nature, nor St. Francois de Sales, the florid exponent of the sentiments, has ever written anything to surpass it for beauty and *naiweté*.

The episcopacy was not likely to be the last step which our eminent compatriot should take on the road to preferment.

After fifteen years of incessant toils and struggles, apostolical visitations and voyages, undertaken in the interests of education and the Church, he was found worthy of a grander distinction still, that of the Cardinalate.

Universal rejoicing followed close on an event unparalleled in the

history of Canada. The press of all shades of opinion, of all creeds and nationalities in the community, vied in the warmth of their felicitations, conveyed to the recipient of an honour so exalted, and to the Sovereign Pontiff for so signal a mark of his favour.

To celebrate the occasion, festivities were inaugurated on a scale of grandeur never before witnessed in Quebec. The investiture of the insignia of the Cardinalate and of the barretta gave rise to the most imposing solemnities and wide-spread rejoicing. All classes, in all parts of the land, wished to be represented at these festivities and to participate in the general jubilation. The streets wore a holiday appearance, flags and decorations were everywhere displayed in the gayest profusion; the city was brilliantly illuminated; whilst the procession that wended its way through the old city of Champlain was conducted with unprecedented pomp and magnificence. The *éclat* of the grand proceedings and the dignity of him in whose honour they were instituted, were embalmed in the choicest music, poetry, and eloquence.

In fact, a description of the splendid sights and scenes manifested on this occasion, sights and scenes whose memory, those who beheld them, will never forget, filled a volume of three hundred pages.

The festivities were brought to a close by a grand banquet, in the course of which the new Prince of the Church made an address teeming with original ideas. He pictured, as in a dream, St. John the Baptist conversing with Mgr. de Laval and telling him of the grand future that awaited the land he was about to adopt as his own. We shall quote from the address, as delivered, some passages:

"Behold," said Canada's patron saint to Mgr. de Laval, "behold those rocks crested by an impregnable citadel; there behold the city which shall receive your ashes two centuries hence. Contemplate its many abodes of virtue and science. Do you see those massive buildings? They are your seminary and the university which shall proudly bear your name. List to the accents of universal rejoicing that echo throughout the length and breadth of Canada on the accession of your fifteenth successor to the people. Let us participate in the general joy!

"Seated around him in the banquet hall, behold the magnates of civil power, distinguished prelates, a numerous priesthood and con-

vivalists of every race and sect, uniting their prayers in gratitude for the honour conferred on Canada.

"This country, to-day so insignificant, inhabited only by a handful of scattered Canadians, shall then extend from ocean to ocean its boundless territories belted by rails of steel reverberating to the thunder of palatial vehicles swept along at lightning speed by fire and steam. Without enjoying complete independence, Canada shall possess all its privileges; and the immortal Pontiff who shall occupy St. Peter's chair shall encircle it in the rays of celestial light, emanating from the brow of one of its favoured children whom he shall select for the honour and responsibility of watching with him over the welfare of the universal Church.

"In those days the British Empire, on whose possessions the sun never sets, shall acknowledge the sway of a Sovereign justly revered by Her countless subjects for Her many virtues, high sense of justice, and goodness of heart, qualities that must endear Her to all as a mother to Her children.

"May Her days be prolonged as a boon to their affections!

"Hardly had John the Baptist who is more Canadian than the Canadians themselves, uttered these loyal words, so consonant to Canadian feelings, than a cannon shot announced that the port was reached, Mgr. de Laval awoke from a vision, as extraordinary as it was consoling, and made preparations to take possession of a land that became his own.

"I have finished my narrative; it is for you to appreciate it, and for me to thank you for your kind attention to its recital."

Several months subsequent to his installation as Cardinal, our Archbishop left for the Eternal City, where he received from the hands of His Holiness himself the last insignia of his new dignity, the barretta. This was his eighth journey to the See of St. Peter. Since then, Cardinal Taschereau has continued to lead a tranquil, useful, holy life, such as befits his station.

Although in his seventy-first year, he has no thought of resting on his oars; he shows as much activity as he did in the bloom of manhood. For him every hour of the day has its allotted duties, comprising acts of piety, study, and the administration of his diocese.

Now that we have some knowledge of his general life, let us study his character and labours more closely.

It was a common remark in former ages, that the world belonged to the silent. But in this our age of parliaments and newspapers, the world and its empire seem to be controlled by the loudest talkers; and yet, the remark has some foundation in truth even now; for if you but more closely observe the men and measures that revolve before you every day, you shall be convinced that those whose influence is most felt in the world are not men who talk the most.

Cardinal Taschereau is one who speaks but little, in fact, he is noted for his strict adherence to the axiom that says, "Silence is golden." One of his *grands-vicaires* informed me that he drove in the same carriage with him from St.-Michel de Bellechasse to Lévis, and not a single word passed their lips. "It was a new experience for me," said my informant, "and I did not care to interrupt it. Our silence lasted until we reached our destination."

Doubtlessly in this he has taken for his prototype that bishop whose eulogy St. Ignace summed up in these words: "*Quanto taciturniorem videritis episcopum, tanto magis eum reveremini.*" The more silent a bishop is, the more deserving is he of respect."

This habit of silence, of course, by giving the prelate an air of austerity, is calculated to impress people with the idea that he is not over social. But his most intimate acquaintances declare that he is fond of company so long as it does not interfere with his plans and studies. He even courts the society of others in his moments of relaxation.

A fund of good nature lies hidden under his austere demeanour. He is disposed to be gay at times and heartily laughs at a well-turned joke. But his gayety is innocent, and his language the language of *naïveté*. This trait he inherits in common with St. Francois de Sales. Needless to explain the difference between this sort of *naïveté* and that of Lafontaine. In all his gayety he never forgets that he is a priest; and though he frequently indulges in laughter, his laughter is never alloyed by sneers.

One of the most distinguishing features of his character is frankness. He is incapable of disguising his thoughts. When he thinks that silence is better than speech, he is reticent, no very hard task for him.

With his love of silence he betrays a kindred feeling for peace; thus illustrating how odd is the destiny of man; for, whilst abhorring

war, few bishops have had to fight so many battles. Owing to circumstances independent of his will, his episcopacy has been troubled by a series of difficulties, ecclesiastical and politico-religious. But in every instance the triumph of what he conceived to be the right was his ruling passion.

But although a lover of peace himself, he comes of a family militant. When raised to the Cardinalate, however, he adopted a device which clearly defines his ideas on this point: "*In fide, spe et charitate certandum.*" In faith, hope and charity alone must we fight." Such is his motto.

It would be premature to sit in judgment now on the merits of the controversies that a sense of duty compelled him to undertake. All that need be remarked is that the Holy See decided most frequently in his favour. He ever betrayed an ardent desire, even in the very heat of contention, to bring peace to the Church, cheerfully following the rule laid down by St. Augustin: "*Pro pace Christi episcopi debent esse, aut debent non esse.*" The duty of bishops is to establish peace amongst the faithful, else, they should not be bishops."

But peace is not always cheap at any price. There are things that cannot be sacrificed on its altar, things whose defence justly leads to war. Hence has this man of peace been forced into many fights. Yet critics have charged that he is not bellicose enough, that he courted peace on any terms. And in truth there was a period when it occurred to ourselves that his antipathy to polemics was a mistake, was injurious rather than judicious.

Such was my opinion when the hot blood of youth still coursed my veins; but the sober thoughts of manhood have cooled the ardour of my earlier years and convinced me how serious a matter it is to discern when to be silent and when to speak. At one period of my life, I regarded toleration as a weakness; but subsequent experience has taught me that, when properly exercised, toleration is a force. To risk what we have in quest of what we have not, is evidence of censurable temerity. Toleration and moderation, one would imagine, are virtues essentially episcopal. "*Episcopus debet esse mansuetus,*" St. John Chrysostome observes, *ut magis indulgendo quam vindicando regat Ecclesiam, ut magis ametur quam timeatur.*"

Despite the placidity of his disposition, Mgr. Taschereau has figured more than once in polemical strifes, some of them carried on

through the medium of the press. Now that the feelings aroused by these strifes have subsided, it would be interesting to know if those who taxed him with excessive zeal for peace would not now accuse him as its violator.

Cardinal Taschereau himself felt that polemical wrangling evoked the spirit of discontent. He realized from personal experience the true import of these words of St. Chrysostome : "The bishop is in everybody's mouth." He was severely criticized, reviled, and calumniated. Not so very long ago, his adversaries circulated a report that he was a Freemason ; in fact, in 1884, I met a catholic journalist in Rome who believed the rumour. At this writing no one would credit so monstrous a calumny.

His adversaries are free to surmise that in certain critical conjunctures, our eminent prelate may have erred : *humanum est errare*. We ourselves have considered that some of his polemical encounters should have been differently conducted ; that it was possible to surmount difficulties and avoid regrettable discussions with less tension of the amenities. But human perfection is unattainable, and men's temperaments not always docile to the whisperings of conscience or reason.

Be this as it may, in all he did he only consulted the welfare of the Church, his inevitable war-cry being : *Pro Deo et patria*.

One day he defined the meaning of this war-cry by citing the axiom of the celebrated Dr. Brownson, who once said : "*Pro patria quia pro Deo ; et pro Deo quia pro patria*."

His whole episcopal career has been an elucidation of this felicitous interpretation of the latin device.

That Cardinal Taschereau is endowed with the rarest qualities of head and heart is undeniable. His judgment is sound and well balanced, trained for calm and dispassionate appreciation. His bright parts and scholarly attainments have been developed by constant study. He was ever a diligent reader and lover of books, believing that a bishop should be the beacon-light of his fold.

His sound judgment is supplemented by a stern sense of justice. He knows how to temper apostolical zeal by charity ; and when he censures, he censures without undue acrimony or passion.

He is ever ready to aid in any undertaking for the benefit of his creed or country. When his presence is required to shed lustre on

any demonstration, be it religious or patriotic, he places himself in the hands of its organizers and goes into his part with a spirit and dash seldom witnessed in a man of his years.

He cannot be styled an orator; but he never attempts to speak without having something to say worth hearing, his diction being simple and correct.

His style is remarkably pure. He writes without pedantry or ostentation, but with taste and an intimate knowledge of his mother tongue. These remarks are particularly applicable to several of his excellent mandements and pastoral letters.

But it is virtue alone that strengthens the hands of our clergy; and if statesmen would only cultivate this quality more, they would have less faith in the power of money and intrigue. Laymen are seldom impressed with the value of virtue. Not so holy king David. His intimate knowledge of affairs, human and divine, qualified him to judge of the virtue which he has embalmed in the psalm of great beauty:

' *Quis ascendet in montem Domini?* Who shall climb the mountain of the Lord?" he asked himself. And he replied: "*Innocens manibus et mundo corde.* He whose hands are clean and whose heart is pure." Further on, the holy prophet adds: "Such is the generation of men who seek the Lord God. . . . Raise ye your gates, oh princes! and you, ye eternal gates, rise and the King of glory shall enter. *Attollite portas, principes, vestras, et elevamini, porte eterneles: et introibit Rex gloriæ.*" But the eternal gates shall only be raised when this King of glory proclaims his titles; and angels' voices and the voices no doubt that ask: "*Quis est iste Rex gloriæ?* Who is this King of glory?" Other angel voices answer: "*Dominus fortis et potens; Dominus potens in prælio.* He is the all-powerful Lord, the Lord strong in battle. Raise ye your gates, oh princes! and you, ye eternal gates! rise and the King of glory shall enter."

But the eternal gates do not open yet, whilst the voices are again heard to ask: "Who is this King of glory?" The voices seem to say that it is not enough to by the all-powerful Lord, that another title is wanted ere the eternal gates shall rise before him.

Thereupon mysterious voices answer: "This King of glory is the Lord of virtues: "*Dominus virtutum, ipse est Rex gloriæ.*"

Virtue! it is this alone that entitles us to glory, that wins our

admiration and that nothing can resist, the power before which all doors must open. It is this virtue that constitutes the brightest gem in the diadem that crowns our venerable archbishop, that has made him worthy of his honours, glory, and dignity.

The picture that we have here endeavoured to sketch would be incomplete, if we failed to give more prominence to the pastoral letters of our eminent prelate. They form a bulky collection, and may be regarded, in a manner, as a documentary history of his twenty years of episcopacy. This history, now before me, is composed of two large volumes and treats of an astonishing number and variety of topics. Several of these are confined to the rubric, to the rules of discipline and administration common to the Church and matters ecclesiastical.

But a large number are dedicated to questions having a much wider scope, that might be read with profit and interest by laymen as well as clerics.

The zeal of the pastor is not exclusively defined to the establishment, organization, and support of works of charity, piety, and education; to the celebration of festivals; the commemoration of anniversaries, or the promulgation of encyclical bulls.

The active mind of the father and spiritual chief is busy, not alone with the religious needs of his children, but with their social and material wants as well. He enlightens them at times on the real nature of the ties that subsist between Church and State, and fortifies them against the attacks of incredulity and liberalism; at times he enlarges on the evils of intemperance, of dissipation, of emigration to the United-States, and decries unseemly strifes and intestine dissensions. His voice is ever heard in the cause of conciliation and peace, advocating harmony in the ranks of the clergy and mutual good will between them and their bishops.

Anon he launches his thunder against secret societies, Freemasonry, and all cognate organizations that tend to undermine the rights of labour and to bring employe and employer into conflict. Anon he traces the line of conduct to be followed in electoral campaigns; maps out the duties of the clergy, the exigencies of the moment; clears up doubtful points, and tells even the members of parliament themselves how they should act in the best interests of the Church and State. Whenever a vicious law is passed, or a judgment of the courts

infringes on the rights of liberty or of religion, then, too, is his voice fearlessly lifted in denunciation. The same denunciation is hurled at the heads of journalists who assail the priesthood and the faith. Obscene theatricals share the same fate.

An enlightened sense of patriotism inspires and animates his apostolic zeal. His life is devoted not alone to the propagation of the Faith, but to the colonization, as well, of his country and the well-being and growth of his people.

I was especially fortunate on looking over the fifth volume of the *Mandements des Evêques de Québec*, to find in the collection a private circular addressed to the clergy touching the colonization of Manitoba.

When I visited this province, in September, 1889, I much regretted that my compatriots, instead of flocking to the States, did not settle down in our Canadian North-West and take possession of its magnificent and fertile soil. It struck me as a national calamity. I asked myself if our bishops had ever done anything to guide thitherward the stream of emigration amongst those of our own race. I had forgotten all about the patriotic circular referred to above, published as far back as the year 1871. This circular makes an eloquent appeal to Canadians and bears the signatures of all our bishops, including the present archbishop of St-Boniface.

It begins by deploring, in the most touching language, the growing desire of our compatriots to abandon the land of their birth and their homesteads, to seek amongst strangers that prosperity that awaits them at home. It proceeds to entreat the clergy to do all in their power to keep the tide of emigration within the boundaries of the Dominion, and adds:

“Our young country is certainly not so small that we should leave it for want of territory. More than ever before are immense tracts of valuable land, within the limits of Canada, opened up to our people. The acquisition of the North-West and of the province of Manitoba offers golden advantages to those who, whilst desirous of removing from their present abodes, are anxious to find others clear of woods and ready to cultivate. To settle down on the rich prairies of the West our people have no need to cross the Canadian boundary. It is not our wish to tempt the farmers and others of the province of Québec who are happy and in easy circumstances to throw up these advantages for the risks and uncertainties attending distant emigra-

tion; but we enjoin on our clergy to bring the province of Manitoba prominently under the notice of such as are afraid or unwilling to undergo the hardships of clearing bush-lands to make for themselves new settlements. . . .

“By emigrating there, our compatriots will not be cut off from us; they shall still be Canadians under the same religious and civil institutions; placed where their faith shall not be imperilled; where, on the contrary, they shall be enabled to spread the light of the Gospel over the vast deserts of the West discovered by their sires with no other desire.”

Alas! This national appeal, so prophetic in spirit, was disregarded; and Manitoba, that might have become a French-Canadian province is, to-day, for them a proscribed land.

We have reason to believe that this circular was the work of our archbishop; he deserves our felicitations in consequence. We are also pleased to state that this circular clearly refutes the slanderers of Mgr. the archbishop of St-Boniface, who accused him of hostility to emigration directed to our Canadian North-West. It is there shown that, in 1871, when the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway seemed an idle dream to many, Mgr. Taché was untiring in his efforts to induce his countrymen to settle in Manitoba.

If the space allotted to this work were not limited, we could cite many more interesting pages in testimony of our illustrious prelate's pastoral labours; of his teachings relative to varied questions of political and social interest, and others of equally vital importance touching the duty of the clergy during elections, mixed marriages, and education.

It was an inspired thought that caused this compilation of the words of the Quebec bishops to be published. There shall our future historians find a rich mine of unadulterated materials to draw from; and when His Eminence shall be enrolled on the records of all climes and times, there shall prosperity find his latest and brightest wreaths.

A. B. ROUTHIER.

Quebec, August, 1891.

(Translated by W. O. Farmer, B. C. L.)

11 juillet 91.

La grande erreur des temps modernes tend à bannir Dieu de la société civile et à rendre celle-ci étrangère à la religion: on admet bien, en apparence du moins, la vérité du jugement que Jésus Christ doit exercer sur tous les hommes, mais on veut en restreindre l'objet à la conduite privée. L'on oublie que le même Dieu qui doit juger les individus, est aussi celui qui juges les peuples. (Ps: vii. 9)

E. A. Card. Tuckerman, arch. de Québec

Manuscrit du 25 mai 1876.

MEN OF THE DAY



SIR OLIVER MOWAT

SIR OLIVER MOWAT

The somewhat irregular triangle called Caithnessshire,—a stern, brave, and historic region, is the most northerly county of the Caledonian mainland. It is a land of wide wastes of woods and treeless tracks, but is, withal, the home of a sturdy and honest stock. The old Gaelic tongue is still largely used there in private converse and in public worship, and many quaint local customs and usages still held their own in its remote corners.

In the old days of the Napoleonic wars, a certain John Mowat, hailing from Canisby, in Caithness, did valiant service for King and country under the Great Duke in the Iberian Peninsula, and, after Waterloo, came out to Upper-Canada "to seek his fortune." Whether or not he found a pecuniary fortune I know not, save that I never yet heard or read of a Scotchman in earnest in that direction who failed, and I have no reason to think that John Mowat was an exception to this general rule; but, at all events, he found a wife, a miss Levack, whose name is still held in honour by his descendants. Her he wedded at Montreal, and subsequently removed to the old Limestone city of Kingston, in which he settled, and in which was born his eldest son, the Oliver Mowat of this article.

The Mowats were tories, were, indeed, intensely conservative. So, also, is the honourable Oliver Mowat, premier and attorney-general of Ontario. This fact is not altered by the circumstance that the distinguished personage in question calls himself and is called by his followers, — in all honour and honesty, too, be it remembered, — a liberal, a reformer. "Foolish people," said Wolfe Tone to some would-be revolutionists in the north of Ireland, "foolish people! You may call yourselves 'citizens,' if you will, and other such names, but that does not make you republicans." It is not to be thought, of course, that Mr. Mowat's conservatism is made a matter of reproach

by the present writer,—far from it. But how should a boy born of conservative parents, educated in a conservative environment, and afterwards, as a young man, articulated to that arch-priest of conservatism, Sir John Alexander Macdonald, turn out anything in nature but a sound high tory? And *that*, at heart, is the honourable Oliver Mowat. What he has, that he keeps; whatever he found good in anything, that he has never hastened to discard; and wherever he has made changes, they have been made with as little radicalism as imperious necessity would permit. Mr. Mowat's conservatism has been in nothing more strikingly exemplified, however, than in his preserving and steadily augmenting the prosperity of Ontario and the honourable well-being of himself and his followers for nigh a score of years; and the good work still goes on. This self-control in prosperity is a sign of greatness. It is a sign eminently characteristic of the premier of Ontario.¹ Your weak-minded man is unnerved or else besotted by success,—pushed by prosperity, so to speak, off his base of action. Nor indeed is it only the weak-minded who are made uneasy by a flood of glory and of joy pouring in upon their soul. To be spoiled by prosperity has been the fate of many whom the world calls great, of many who were as a wall of brass before the marshalled hosts of adversity. It needs goodness as well as greatness to enable a man to hold his own against the full tide of a prosperous fortune. Everybody is willing enough to get a chance of demonstrating his goodness and greatness by being put to this proof; but how few, comparatively speaking, deserve the chance! and how much fewer still, of even the supereminently deserving, get it! and fewest of all are they who, deserving and getting the chance of exhibiting genuine worth by standing the test of prosperity, acquit themselves of the proof with symmetry and with honour.

Of these last it may be said that they are picked men in the very best sense of that expression. Such men as Oliver Mowat. Long since good fortune came to him in almost over-measure; but he knew how to value it and how to augment it. In a word, he has set a shining example of ability to bear a prosperous fortune even more wisely than an adverse one,—a thing which some of the world's greatest philosophers have thought the hardest thing of all, and of all things the most glorious.

Among the many claims to distinction which the good old city of

Kingston unquestionably has, assuredly not the least is that it is the birthplace of the strenuous statesman who has so long and so successfully administered the affairs of his native province. Oliver Mowat was born in Kingston on the 22nd of July, 1820. He is, therefore, some five years the junior of Sir John Macdonald. His physical and mental build is, in many respects, different from that of the veteran Dominion premier, and he carries things off, if I may be allowed the expression, in a different way. But the two aged statesmen are wonderfully alike in having preserved to an advanced age an extraordinarily vivacity and sprightliness of manner. Mr. Mowat has now gone beyond the allotted three score years and ten; but face to face with him, noting his alert manner, his quick grasp at the most minute detail, it is difficult to realize that one is in the presence of a man of over seventy years. While I pen these lines, that other wonderful old man, the most illustrious of all Canadians, and, indeed, of all men, public and private, on the American continent, Sir John Macdonald, lies at the very gates of death, amid the tears and prayers of a nation which his hands, more than all others, have built up to greatness and to strength. May he, hopeless almost as the prospect now appears, be spared yet many years to Canada! and surely, too, looking round and seeing how comparatively rare is the union of splendid abilities with genuine Christian virtue, the prayer may be earnestly offered up that the present first minister of Ontario may be long left to dignify and ennoble the public life of his country and to continue his earnest labours for her welfare.

Oliver Mowat, like many another public benefactor, had not the early advantages of a college and university course. He bears now high academic distinctions, both from the university of Toronto and from Queen's university, Kingston, of which seats of learning he is a doctor of laws; but in his youth, and prior to the study of law, he had to be content with the best schooling that Kingston could give. It was not very much in those days,—at first sight. There were not so many "ologies" in the school *curriculum* of that earlier generation, but what there was to be taught was taught well and learned thoroughly.

Young Mowat, too, very early became a student of men, and in that way gained for himself a knowledge broader and deeper than any that could be gleaned from books alone. This is the knowledge that

has helped him so much in his political and legal struggles and triumphs, this knowledge of human nature, and sympathy with human needs and aspirations.

Here is not painted the portrait of a perfect character. Where, indeed, do we find the portraiture of a perfectly symmetrical and flawless character anywhere, but in the pages of the new testament? This only perfect character is the character of that One who has in Himself every excellence. I have just stated that the subject of this notice has a knowledge of human nature and a sympathy with human needs and aspirations. But the knowledge is more profound than the sympathy is deep. It is not that his sympathy is not genuine, but only that it does not go far enough, or rather that he suffers the great chancery lawyer to occasionally thwart the better instincts of the good man. Nor must it be supposed from what has been said of Mr. Mowat's lack of what is called "a college course," that he is not a student of books as well as a student of men. He is, in fact, both, and is really a man of great and varied learning; but this he owes, under Providence, much more to himself than to the colleges.

Young Mowat began his legal studies first under the honourable John A. Macdonald, known to fame as "Sir John" by a sort of reflex action in all the stages of his career. It is eminently pleasing to know that the friendship thus early formed has been cemented and perpetuated through the lives of those great men. Opposed by political exigencies, they have ever been united by private amity and good-will, each publicly, on more than one occasion, bearing the most honourable and eulogistic testimony to the worth and genius of the other. This is as it should be, although we have unfortunately in Canada a certain considerable section of malignant partizans whose creed is to deny all worth and genius and virtue of a man, if he do not see eye to eye with them in political issues. Out upon such senseless, miserable, uncivilized, narrow prejudice! Great souls are often tainted, it is true, by prejudice, but never by this prejudice, which is peculiarly characteristic of the blatant, vulgar, domineering, ignorant demagogue, the Josiah Bounderby of public life.

Oliver Mowat was called to the bar of Upper-Canada about the time that he attained his majority. There was in these days a much broader line of demarcation than there is now between common law and equity. The new barrister inclined to the latter, and very quickly

achieved uncommon distinction at the chancery bar. In 1856, he was made one of Her Majesty's counsel learned in the law, a body of jurists more familiarly known as Q.C.'s. Not satisfied with being a Q.C. himself, the little premier has, from time to time, made a number of his own, so that, between creations of this kind by the Dominion government on the one hand and Mr. Mowat on the other, it is rapidly coming to the pass when we may say: "Few escape this distinction." Mr. Mowat has been so often successful in his contentions with the Dominion, that it is not impossible he may vindicate the alleged right of the lieutenant-governor-in-council of Ontario, (which practically means himself), to create the wearers of the silken gown. If it should ever be established that this right resides in the dignitary above named, other provincial premiers will not be slow to follow in Ontario's wake. Then, indeed, this Dominion will see such a creation and such an aggregation of Q.C.'s, that the honour will become a drug in the market. Even as it is, the silk gown has become so common, that it no longer carries with it the old-time *prestige*; but, if the Dominion and Ontario governments are satisfied with their creations in this regard, assuredly the present writer has no ground of complaint in the premises.

Mr. Mowat's connection with the law has been, in one way or another, continuous since his call to the bar in Michaelmas term, 1841. He is still the head of a flourishing firm of practising barristers, Mowat, Downey and Langton, and is, in virtue of his office as attorney-general, a bencher of the Law Society of Ontario.

In 1857, the future premier entered public life under the old *régime* and sat in the assembly as member for South Ontario. This constituency he continued to represent until 1864, when he for a time retired from public life, being appointed vice-chancellor of Upper-Canada on the 14th of November in that year. Of course, judges are really as much in public life as are ministers and members of deliberative and legislative bodies, but curiously enough the phrase is restricted in its application, so as to take in only parliamentary and legislative careers. Indeed, life on the bench and in the public service seems to be looked upon as a sort of seclusion; and I have more than once heard civil service officials refer to some phase of their more or less eminent careers before entering into the service of a grateful country, as happening, to quote their own words, "when I

was out in the world," as if, good luck, the life of the departmental buildings were a monastic life, which, Heaven knows, it is far from being!

In spite of his conservatism, Mr. Mowat is not without some faith in the theory that "variety is charming," and he was willing, in 1861, to represent the electors of Kingston in the assembly. It was a willingness that was not reciprocated. If "Barkis was will-in'," Peggotty decidedly was not; and Mr. Mowat had to rest content with South Ontario. As in the case of Sir John Macdonald, so Mr. Mowat's, entry into public life was soon followed by a taste of sweets of office. In the latter case, it was almost literally no more than a taste; Mr. Mowat was sworn a member of the Brown-Dorion government, with the portfolio of provincial secretary, on the 2nd of August, 1858, and, on the 6th of the same month, the portfolio in question dropped from his by no means nerveless hands. It was not Mr. Mowat's fault. The times were queer, were, in fact, "out of joint." So he might well have said, after trying his prentice hand at Government for this exceedingly brief spell: "*Non est ista mea culpa, quirites, sed temporum.*" It was Sir John Macdonald's turn. It will be remembered that he and the government in which he had held the portfolio of attorney-general had to resign office on the 29th of July in the same year, having suffered defeat on the seat of government question. The same 6th of August, which saw the provincial secretary's portfolio slip from the fingers of Oliver Mowat, saw Sir John's return to power in the guise of postmaster-general of Canada. Until the May of 1863, the goodly savour of office was not for Sir John's quondam law student. A year earlier, the former statesman's administration had again met defeat on the militia bill. Then came the government of John Sanfield Macdonald, a man of singular force of character and passionate love of power. This administration, at the time in question, is commonly spoken of as the Sandfield Macdonald-Dorion government. Mr. Mowat was given the portfolio of postmaster-general in this government in May, 1863, and held it until the March of the following year; he was a very efficient minister and departmental head, although, of course, the work of such a department was far from being as congenial to him as is the work of an attorney-general, the title by which he is best known.

The famous combination of opposing power known as the coal-

tion was formed in due time and could not have been formed without the little postmaster-general : in June, 1864, he again took his former portfolio and held it until the 14th of the following November. Then, as before stated, he retired from public life and took an exalted seat upon the bench as vice-chancellor of Upper-Canada. It was an honourable position, and Mr. Mowat's virtues, talents, and magnificent capacity for work, gave it new lustre. This high office he resigned on the 25th of October, 1872, when he was summoned by the lieutenant-governor to form an administration for carrying on the Queen's Government in Ontario. The ex-judge was sworn of the executive council of the province with the portfolio of attorney-general on the last day of October, 1872. In the following month the new premier was elected by acclamation by the rural constituency of North Oxford, which he has ever since represented, and from which it appears to be as impossible to dislodge him as it is to deprive him of the premiership of the province.

While he held the office of vice-chancellor, Mr. Mowat was one of the judicial officers appointed for the purpose of making an exhaustive inquiry and preparing a report upon estate bills in the Ontario assembly. He had proved his fitness for the work of a commissioner by his splendid success in the years from 1856 to 1859 in the work of consolidating the statutes of Canada and of Upper-Canada, respectively. No man in the public life of this country has a greater capacity for sustained hard work than the present premier of Ontario. Indeed, his powers in this way may truly be called immense. He is energy and industry personified ; and it has often occurred to me as a pity that this splendid strength of his has not found work more worthy of it in a larger field. As it is, much of it has been expended in building up large piles of unnecessary legislation in the shape of amendments to provincial acts, and reconstructions and reorganizations and readjustments almost *ad infinitum*. This is not directly Mr. Mowat's fault : it is directly the fault of the ridiculous practice of summoning the provincial legislature every year for the despatch of business, when there is really no business to be despatched. Hence, since a show of work has to be made, the processes above alluded to, processes called by the profane "tinkering." Mr. Mowat is indirectly responsible for this state of things, as it is quite within his power to bring about biennial, instead of annual sessions of the

legislative assembly of Ontario. What an economy this would be for the people of this province! And what a good example for Sir Richard Cartwright's "half a dozen minor provinces" to follow! In all seriousness, now that for years past the great bulk of provincial legislation has been thoroughly vivified, there is no good reason whatever why the provincial legislature should sit every year. There are a great many good reasons why it should not. It will be sufficient to advance two, the most valid and convincing. Annual sessions of the legislative assembly involve a lamentable waste of public money, the only gainer being the city of Toronto; and even Toronto does not gain as much as might at first sight be thought, the more or less distinguished members from the rural constituencies who come to serve a grateful province "in the big county council" being of a decidedly economical turn, and spending no more of the sessional allowance in the Queen city than necessity compels. But a graver reason for the discontinuance of annual sessions is found in the mischief that has more than once arisen from the process of "tinkering," a process that, in the most favourable circumstances, cannot be considered as better than innocuous. Happy that act which is simply encumbered by useless adjections, because it too often happens that an act by repeated "tinkering" is mischievously transformed.

Foolish, indeed, would be that man who would decry or seek to belittle the importance of the functions of our provincial legislatures. Most important interests are committed to their charge, some of them, as education, transcending in magnitude and in closeness of relation to "the business and bosoms" of the people even some of the matters in charge of the parliament of Canada itself. But will any reasonable man deny that the school law of Ontario, for example, has not suffered by "tinkering?" It was, indeed, with reference to abuses engendered by meddling and muddling with the school law and with the license question that *the Toronto Week*, an admirable publication, pertinently remarked: "These and similar shortcomings of the present administration should serve to remind the electors of the weakness of political human nature, even at its best, and of the need of imposing suitable constitutional checks upon the arrogance that is apt to be engendered by too secure a tenure of office."

Such lustre as surrounds Oliver Mowat is due, under Providence, to the greatness and goodness of the man himself, and not to his

surroundings. These are of the paltriest and meanest kind. Let me not be misunderstood. I refer, of course, to the little premier's material surroundings, not to the members of his cabinet. These personages, indeed, are all honourable men, standing evidences of Mr. Mowat's sagacity of choice. It cannot, however, be said that there are many phenomenally gifted men in the Ontario government. As in the case of the Premier himself, a man of abilities and acquired knowledge splendid enough to shine in any government, so in the case of one or two members of the Ontario cabinet, one cannot help a certain measure of regret at seeing great talent, energy, and force of character "cribbed, cabined, and confined" within what is, after all, a restricted area. This is especially true of the honourable C. F. Fraser, commissioner of public works, who should be in the house of commons of Canada, instead of in the executive council of Ontario. But the majority of the members of the Mowat government are as high up as their learning and abilities entitle them to be. They are eminently respectable political heads of provincial departments, well qualified to carry out the behests of their illustrious chief, and, as already stated, standing evidences of that chief's wisdom in choosing.

After this digression, I return to the question of Mr. Mowat's material surroundings, the point insisted on being that that eminent statesman owes all his lustre to the splendour of his own talents and derives no dignity from the style of his official housing. "Disgracefully shabby," is the way in which Mr. Ewan, in his graphic description of Edward Blake's triumph over John Sandfield Macdonald, describes the legislative chamber at Toronto. "Disgracefully shabby" it is, and disgracefully shabby and ramshackle, and dilapidated and mean-looking, and faded and dingy, are all the chambers, rooms, offices, halls, and buildings in general, and, in particular, legislative and departmental, thereto belonging and therewith connected. This strikes most painfully a visitor from Ottawa, who cannot avoid being forcibly struck by the immeasurable differences between the legislative and departmental environments of the Dominion and the provincial capitals. It is truly a relief to eye and mind alike to gaze upon the stately pile of buildings rising in the Queen's park, Toronto, and to know that within the present century, at all events, the Ontario government and legislative assembly will be housed in a manner somewhat befitting their importance and their

dignity. But now it is an evidence of Mr. Mowat's inherent worth and greatness that the power of his individual attributes does assert itself and impress itself on the mind of a visitor, notwithstanding his "disgracefully shabby" surroundings, and it is the force of his character, the splendour of his talents, the uprightness of his mind, which does this; for neither does the premier of Ontario derive any great aid from personal appearance. To say that Mr. Mowat is a distinguished-looking man would be a flattery which nobody would resent more sternly than Mr. Mowat himself. I have a sincere respect for Mr. Mowat, and I feel sure that if he should ever think it worth his while to read this article, he will not be offended by the candid statement that his genius and virtues derive no adventitious aid from his face and figure. These I need not describe. They are familiar to all. But what I should like to describe, if I could, is the charm, the geniality, the graceful courtesy of his manner. It is impossible to converse for ten minutes with the premier of Ontario without being convinced that you are in the presence of a true gentleman, which means ever so much more than is thought by most of those who flippantly utter that sorely-abused word, and of a true gentleman who is also a great and a good man. There is no man in public life on this continent who is more patient, more courteous, more painstaking, more thoroughly kind and affable in the transaction of business than is Mr. Mowat; and there are very few who can be said to be his equals in the possession of the admirable qualities just enumerated. With how much advantage to themselves and to the long-suffering public might not the patience, the courtesy, the earnestness, the kindness, and the affability of this veteran statesman be imitated by divers and sundry inflated personages in the public life of Canada, who have not a hundredth part either of Oliver Mowat's genius or virtue!

Much good work has been done in the "disgracefully shabby" old parliament buildings at Toronto. Much more space than is at the disposal of the present writer could be taken up with the bare enumeration of the beneficial measures which the Premier has carried successfully through the legislative assembly. The mention of no more than his introduction of the ballot in political and municipal elections; his admirable railway acts; his sagacious settlement of that irritating question of the municipal loan fund, is enough to remind us of the benefits of his wise administration has conferred

upon the province. Not the least in the long catalogue of Mr. Mowat's achievements is his consolidation of the statutes of Ontario, a work more than too much needed.

These splendid abilities of the little premier, of which mention has been made so often already, found triumphant display before the judicial committee of the imperial privy council.

Deplorably bigoted and narrow-minded would be that partizan who should refuse to recognize the greatness of the legal mind which, from Oliver Mowat's point of view, vindicated provincial rights in the matter of the boundary, the rivers and streams bill, and the license question. Nor must it be forgotten that the first minister of Ontario gathered his laurels in the contest on these questions in the face of all the power, *prestige*, and resources of the government of Canada.

Rarely, if ever, has a government owed more to the respect entertained for its chief than the Ontario government owes to the general recognition of its leader's worth. If the reform administration has been kept so long in power at Toronto, this is unquestionably due in the largest measure to the influences of the premier's personal character; and a recent writer, in an able article in one of the Toronto papers, said no more than the strict truth when he wrote as follows, after the latest triumph of the Mowat-Fraser government in the provincial general elections of 1890:

"On the whole," says he, "the success of the government may justly be regarded as a tribute, partly to its generally good record, both for useful legislation and honest administration, and very largely to the personal qualities of its premier. In these days when political scandals are so common, and official scrupulosity so rare, it is no small praise to be able to say of a cabinet that, after many years of successful administration, charges of gross malfeasance in office can hardly be seriously brought against it."

As an orator, Mr. Mowat does not deserve serious mention in the same breath with a Blake, a Laurier, a Chapleau, or a Thompson. Voice, figure, temperament, are all against his success in this sphere. Indeed, he has no pretensions to distinction as a public speaker beyond the exceedingly important fact that what he says, apart from the manner of its delivery, is always of a high order of merit, and, in legal pleadings, generally of the highest. As a debater, so far as his manner goes, he does not compare with Mr. Fraser, Mr. G. W. Ross,

or Mr. Meredith. But his position, character, and prestige always gain him a respectful hearing, so that whatever he has to say is ever sure of receiving all the attention which its intrinsic merit and frequently its intrinsic excellence, deserves. Mr. Mowat's voice has been "lifted up" in divers capacities. He was for two years a member of the city council of Toronto. The eloquence evoked by the themes usually discussed by municipal councils is not of a Ciceronian kind, and it is not needful, for any elucidation of Mr. Mowat's positive or putative excellence as a speaker, to dwell, even did time and space permit, upon this phase of his eminent career. But in that phase, as in all the phases of his life, the sterling good qualities which are at the base of his greatness were as evident, so far as they could manifest themselves, in the small theatre of the city council, as on the larger stage of the provincial assembly. Mr. Mowat has also filled the chair of president of the Canadian institute, Toronto, and, for more than twenty years, has been president of the Evangelical alliance of Ontario.

What, however, is much more important to note is that the Ontario premier is one of the fathers of confederation. He sat in the Quebec union conference of 1864. But, just as the glory of Shakespeare eclipses the lustre of the other great dramatists of his era, so does the splendour of Sir John Macdonald's work in the formation and consolidation of the new Dominion dim the merit, no matter how eminent, of all his co-workers. Providence, truly, has blessed each in his place, each being pre-eminent in his place, with success and with honour in over-measure of whatever might have been the most sanguine expectation.

Authorship of a limited range has been essayed by Mr. Mowat. His latest effort of this kind is called "Evidences of Christianity,"—a sort of presbyterian pastoral, as it has been not inaptly termed. This was originally an address delivered before some body or society of an evangelical kind in Woodstock, and its publication took place, it appears, by request of the organization in question. I do not think that Mr. Mowat's fame has been materially enhanced by this publication. The most pleasing thing about it is the evidence that Mr. Mowat himself is a sincere believer in christianity and is proud and glad to confess himself as such. But, otherwise, there is nothing to be specially grateful for as regards his "Evidences of Christianity." There is really nothing original in the publication, nothing that has

not been time and again advanced with at least equal force by men in the church and out of it, who were at least the peers of the premier of Ontario. One great defect in the publication under notice is that, while professing to furnish the "Evidences of Christianity," and necessarily mentioning many names, it makes no mention whatever of the Roman catholic church, which alone kept the "Evidences" before mankind for sixteen centuries; and, therefore, in the humble judgment of the present writer, there is about as much judicious procedure in publishing the "Evidences of Christianity" without any mention of the great historic christian church, as there would be in writing a criticism of "Macbeth," omitting all reference to the usurper of Duncan's crown.

In his domestic life, Mr. Mowat has been much more happy than in his essays at authorship. He went over to the great majority,—this allusion is not to be taken in its ordinary grave sense,—in the year 1846, when he married miss Jane Ewart, second daughter of the late John Ewart, Esq., of Toronto. Of six children born of this union, five survive, two sons and three daughters. Mrs. Mowat is a true gentlewoman and a sincere Christian, finding her greatest pleasure and her highest reward in the lifelong devotion which she has manifested to her husband, children, and home.

When I began this writing a few days ago, Sir John Macdonald lay at Earnsccliffe, touched by the finger of God and falling asleep after his long, bright day of glory. Now he is at rest in almost peace, with greatest honour. In another day or two all that is mortal of Canada's first minister will be followed to the grave not only by his nearest and dearest personal and political friends, but by all his political foes, who can boast of magnanimity and generous forgetfulness of public strife. By the side of that open grave there will stand few stauncher friends, few more honourable opponents, few better or greater men, and certainly no more successful statesman, than Oliver Mowat, to whom now is given from the heart this wish: *ad multos annos*.

JOHN FRANCIS WATERS.

Ottawa, June 8th, 1891.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—On the 24th of May last, 1892, the Hon. Oliver Mowat had the honour of being made a Knight Commander of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Extract from a Speech at
Woodstock, N Oxford. 3^d
March, 1889.

I claim that the
policy we have pursued
is the policy of true
liberalism, and is the
policy best suited for
promoting mutual
confidence and good-
will among our
people, and for advancing
in the greatest practicable
degree the common
interests, without injustice
to any

Reverend