



3 1761 04439 9285

PAMPH
HC.B

F
5081
L38R5
1919
c. 1
ROBA

ROBA







In Memoriam
1841 - 1919

330368
18. 8. 36.

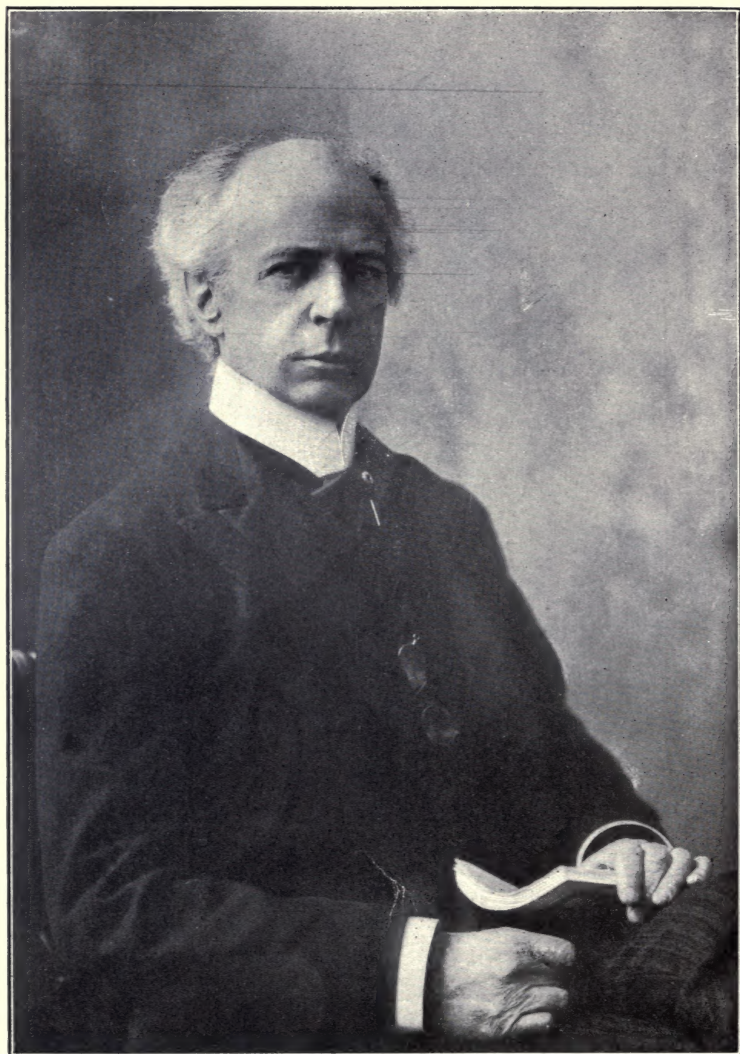
His Majesty the King

"I have received the news of the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier with true regret. Canada will mourn for one who dearly loved his country and will remember with pride and gratitude his great powers of administration, genius and leadership."

(Signed) "GEORGE, R. I."



House in village of St. Lin, Quebec,
where Sir Wilfrid Laurier was born, November 20th, 1841.



Wigrid Lauris

Foreword



WITH reverence and affectionate regard for the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, citizen and statesman, and in the belief that all who loved the man and cherish his memory desire a bouquet of the choicest flowers from the garden of sympathetic expressions that sprang spontaneously from the hearts of his countrymen manifesting the universal grief for him, whose noble and exalted ideals, unselfish service, and devotion to his country, covering half a century of consecration, have placed him first in their affections, this Memorial Souvenir of tribute, eulogy and elegy, is presented to the public by devoted friends as a token and in loving memory.

A Great Canadian



ANADA'S heart is heavy today. One of her dearest sons has reached the end of a noble life and a great career. Around Sir Wilfrid Laurier's bier all creeds and parties mingle their tears, for even those whose minds were out of tune with him could not withhold from his fine personality their affection and admiration.

Laurier's presence in the modern public life of Canada has meant a re-birth of the romance of our picturesque past. No dramatist ever conceived a figure and a character more distinctly reminiscent of the manners and virtues of an older and kindlier time. He has been a true knight. In all the heats of political rivalry—where he insisted on risking his claims on posterity long after a weaker man would have retired to safe enjoyment of a career already rounded out with honor a-plenty—the rapier play of his many talents, the sweep of his vision, and the liveliness of his imagination made him appear with the irresistible appeal of joyous youth..

* * * * *

Sir Wilfrid Laurier died at his home at 2.50 p.m. today, after a long and illustrious career. The last rites of the Church were administered during the night by the Rev. Father Lejeune, of the Church of the Sacred Heart, and the old chieftan slowly sank thereafter until the end came peacefully.

—Montreal Star, February, 17, 1919.

* * * * *

When the stroke fell on Sunday afternoon Sir Wilfrid, it is now learned, turned to Lady Laurier, who was at his side, saying—"C'est finis"—"It is the end."

From His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught

"Deeply depressed to hear of the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Canada and the Empire mourn the great veteran and a charming personality whose name will long be remembered in the Dominion he loved so well.

(Signed) Arthur."

Lloyd George

Among the messages of sympathy received by Lady Laurier was the following from Premier Lloyd George:

"I heard with deep regret of the sudden death of your distinguished husband. It has been my privilege to meet him on many occasions when he represented the Dominion of Canada in this country and I was always impressed with his great gifts. Whilst true to the core to his native land and to his race, his faith and pride in the great Empire of which Canada is part was conspicuous throughout his career. Men of all countries will mourn the loss of a great and attractive personality and nowhere will his death be more deeply felt than in this country which entertained for him a cordial regard and admiration.

"D. LLOYD GEORGE,
London."

Ex-President Taft

"He was a very remarkable man. At the head of the Canadian government for fifteen years, he performed the task of maintaining a solid party of French and British Canadians under the Liberal banner and did much for the advancement of Canada. He had a capacity of attracting to him friends who followed him with intense loyalty and with the greatest admiration. He will be greatly mourned not only in Canada, but everywhere."

The New York Tribune

"Among Canadian statesmen of our day Sir Wilfrid Laurier easily ranked first. The Canada of the present is in a large measure his work."

His Career

Born at St. Lin, Que., Nov. 20, 1841.

Son of Carolus and Marcelle (Martineau) Laurier.

Educated at parish school of St. Lin, Protestant elementary school of New Glasgow, and L'Assomption College.

Entered McGill in 1860, graduating with degree of B.C.L. and called to the bar in 1864.

Editor of *Le Defricheur* for brief period in 1867, returning to practice of law at Arthabaskaville.

Married, 1868, Zoe Lafontaine, daughter of Geo. N. R. Lafontaine, Montreal.

Ensign in Arthabaskaville infantry until 1878. Fenian Raid veteran.

Elected to Quebec Legislature, for Drummond and Arthabaska, in 1871.

Elected to House of Commons by same constituency in 1874.

Became minister of inland revenue in Mackenzie government, on retirement of M. Cauchon, 1877.

Defeated at ensuing by-election, but afterwards returned for Quebec East.

Chosen leader of Liberal party, at age of 46, in succession to Hon. Edward Blake, 1887.

Prime Minister of Canada, July 13, 1896.

Attended Queen Victoria diamond jubilee, 1897; knighted and made member of British privy council; honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge universities; honorary membership in and gold medal of Cobden Club. Appointed grand officer of French Legion of Honor, by President Faure.

At coronation of King Edward in 1902; also attended colonial conference and visited the Pope.

Returned to power in general elections of 1900, 1904 and 1908.

At coronation of King George and Queen Mary, 1911.

Laurier government defeated on reciprocity issue, Sept. 21, 1911.

Died at Ottawa, February 17, 1919.

Canada's Impressive Adieu

God Sent a Beautiful Day on which to Bury
Wilfrid Laurier



FOR two days Sir Wilfrid's body lay in state in the temporary House of Commons in the Victoria Museum, and forty-five thousand people had looked for the last time upon the face and figure of one who had won his way into their hearts and affections by the charm of his personality, by the nobility of his soul, and by the eloquence of his voice. On the day preceding the funeral every incoming train brought its quota of mourners, men and women who had followed Laurier through the lights and shadows, the victories and the defeats of his political career. They had come from points near and remote to tender his mortal remains a last fond tribute of love and respect. One by one, or in groups they made their way to the Victoria Museum. Far into the night and into the small hours of the morning they stood in line braving cold and snow so that they might look upon the face of the dead knight—their friend of many years. When at last dawn came on the day of the funeral and the doors of the Death Chamber were closed, hundreds more were gathering, pleading with the officers who stood on guard outside that they be not denied the privilege of a farewell look at the nation's Grand Old Man. And finally when the doors of the building were opened, and Sir Wilfrid left the House of Parliament for the last time, the streets in the vicinity were choked with a dense mass of humanity. Sir Wilfrid in his parliamentary career had made many triumphal progresses through the nation's Capital, but none were quite so mighty as this. Every class in the community, every creed, every political faith, every walk in life, was represented in the seemingly endless procession that slowly wended its way through the crowded thoroughfares,

past the silent shops and empty homes, to the Basilica—the centre of life in the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Ottawa. Behind the funeral chariot of the Old Chief walked the representatives of His Majesty the King, Cabinet Ministers, Lieutenant-Governors, diplomatic representatives of foreign nations, members of the Senate and House of Commons, Provincial Premiers and members of the Provincial Legislature, Justices of the Supreme Court, clergymen representing the great religious bodies of Canada, representatives of labor unions and fraternal societies, mayors and deputations from Canadian cities, professional men, financiers, college professors and students and humble toilers from shop and office and factory. All along the two-mile route of procession thousands of men and women and little children, drawn from all elements in the city's throbbing life and from almost every city, town and hamlet in eastern Ontario and western Quebec watched the passing of Sir Wilfrid to the great cathedral where Church and State united in the celebration of a Solemn Requiem for the repose of his soul.

Long before the procession reached the Basilica the galleries of the sacred fane were filled to capacity. The only seats vacant were those in the nave and aisles, and these had been reserved for the Governor-General and his aides, the representative of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces, Senators, judges, commoners, clergy, and representatives of civic and fraternal bodies.

The Basilica is a magnificent Gothic edifice that was commenced and finished in the days when Ottawa was Bytown and a place of minor importance.

It is perfect in its proportions and beautiful in its interior embellishments. It will seat a congregation of about 2,000. Large as it is, however, it was altogether inadequate to accommodate all who wished to attend the funeral service, and, as a result thousands who had hoped to join in the Solemn Requiem and listen to the eloquent panegyrics of Sir Wilfrid by Mgr. Mathieu and Father Burke were obliged to remain outside.

The interior of the edifice had been hung in black and gold for the solemn farewell of Holy Church to one of her most gifted and illustrious sons. Huge draperies covered every square foot of the walls of chancel and apse.

In the sanctuary there was assembled an imposing array of bishops and clergy, including Mgr. di Maria, Papal Delegate; Archbishop Mathieu, of Regina; Archbishop Roy, of Quebec; Mgr. Routhier, of Ottawa; as well as domestic prelates, mitred abbots, members of religious orders and priests.

The Mass was celebrated by the Papal Delegate, who wore the magnificent vestments of his priestly and episcopal office.

The music of the Mass was rendered by an augmented choir with moving effect. Especially beautiful was Mr. Saucier's solo "Adieu," which was exquisitely sung to a harp accompaniment from the organ. Those who heard it will not soon forget its pathos and its beauty.

The panegyrics were worthy of the statesman in whose honor they were spoken. Mgr. Mathieu's oration was a tribute of friend to friend, a glowing eulogy of the life and labors of Sir Wilfrid. That of Father Burke was a gem of Irish eloquence. He spoke with the grace, sympathy and power of the true orator, gripping the hearts of young and old alike and bringing tears to the eyes of men and women. Seldom, if ever, has a more moving spectacle been witnessed in Ottawa than that which followed the close of Father Burke's address.

The funeral orations concluded, the choir sang the *Libera Me Domine* and Monsignor di Maria pronounced the final absolution. Just as the body was taken from the church the sun broke through a clouded sky as if to add a radiant benediction from above to the solemn obsequies below. The casket was placed in the hearse and the procession reformed as thousands watched. It passed down Guigues Avenue, up Dalhousie and out Rideau Street, while crowds everywhere lined the sidewalks and gave a reverent salute to the dead.

Tribute of a Life-long Friend

By the Most Rev. G. E. Mathieu, D.D.
Archbishop of Regina



ARCHBISHOP MATHIEU, of Regina, who for years was a close friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, spoke in French at the Basilica service. He is a very forceful speaker. Archbishop Mathieu eulogized the life of Wilfrid Laurier, his achievements and his works. The complete text of his oration is as follows:

“But a few months past, he for whose death the country is this day swept in tears, was awaiting the beaming of the fiftieth anniversary sun of his conjugal union with the woman whose life was the bliss of his own.

“The wish of his numerous friends was that the day be made a festival wherein they could be given a chance to express to the illustrious jubilant their esteem, respect, and admiration. The occasion would have been an excellent one for them to recall in speeches and addresses the arduous task he had shouldered for the welfare of his beloved Canada, and the great part he had assumed in its marvelous development.

“But Sir Wilfrid begged his friends to desist from putting that project into execution, and on that memorable day his only design was to kneel down in church, at the foot of the altar, and there, along with the distinguished partner of his life, to review the happy days of old, in the time of life when the brow was unclouded, the soul untenanted by disquietude, the heart free from deceptions, with dreams of happiness on this earth, when life to them was wreathed in smiles, because of their limited experience in it. He chose to come and thank God for the manifold favors granted, and to tender Him his deepest gratitude.

“There lies in his tomb, this day, at the foot of the same altar, the renowned statesman himself. He has gone to the tribunal of God, to render an account of his

life. And impartial history will tell future generations his incontestible qualities of mind and heart. He is not all in death; his soul lives still in a better world, and, well do I know it, requests not that we extol with pomp his great achievements, but rather that we pray with and for it to the God that he now beholds face to face, and Whom we but view through the shades of the altar.

“There is a truth that no one will ever contest, namely, that Sir Wilfrid loved his country with passion, that he worked with spirit to foster its prosperity and development, that he always spent his whole energy in its service, and always endeavoured to build a happy lot to those that inhabited it.

“He was born in the province of Quebec, and that province was his beloved one. He admired the affable and kindly disposed character of his compatriots, the mild manners in the rural districts, the happy life in the patriarchial families of the farm.

“For nearly fifty years he was the member for Quebec, that city, which a writer, who knows how to give his pen the life of his brush, depicts to us as a casket of precious gems, a shrine of historical relics, a museum of pictures, whose every canvas is signed by the Divine artist, a twig from France, cultured in Albion. That city he loved, and was beloved thereby.

“But he also loved his country in its entirety; Canada, on which God’s munificence abounded. And I remember one day hearing him quote with as much pleasure as conviction, these verses from our poet:

‘I have viewed the sky of Italy,
‘Rome and her enchanted palaces,
‘I sighted our dear mother country,
‘Noble France and her beauties.
‘As each country I saluted
‘From my inmost heart, I swore:
‘Life at home is not so gilt,
‘But there is happiness in store.’

“He loved Canada, so rich in nature’s gifts, beautiful to perfection, as our great Champlain so picturesquely expressed it. He knew its soil so fertile, its springs so cool, its dawns so pure, and found pleasure in recounting the charms and splendours of its landscapes. Enshrined in his heart, was the feeling once expressed by an illustrious personage, after his first visit to Naples. Having contemplated its bay, unique of its kind in the world, that town with mansions piled up the mountain slopes, and all those church steeples which appeared there, as though to carry up towards heaven, the prayers from hearts they shaded, the smoke and flames from Vesuvius which bespeak the omnipotence of God so bountiful: ‘My God, what must the beauty of Heaven be, when the beauties of the earth have reached such magnitude.’

“And that much affection for his country, he proved by incessant toil, action and devotedness; to that country he consecrated his whole life.

“He ardently craved for the welfare of his co-citizens, and always worked his best to have union and concord reign over them and make them happy.

“He understood, and bent his mind to make them understand, that we are not born to hate, but to love one another, that one should always view the better part of one’s neighbour and never lay unto him intentions he never had.

“He felt convinced and wished others to be so, that one common affection should form all Canadian hearts into one heart, the same devotion that should animate them from the common weal of the Mother-country; and that everyone should seek happiness in such Christian unity.

“He believed such union a possible one between co-citizens having the same affections at heart, namely: love of God and love of country; whose aspirations for the triumph of good are one.

“None understood more than himself that hundreds of questions there are upon which honest people have a

right to differ, and the duty to exchange forgiveness; that political questions are so complex, most of all in a country such as ours, the solution thereof practically depending upon such numbers of alien circumstances, it frequently occurs that men moved by the same desire of serving their country, may not agree upon the means to be adopted to reach that end; that the various nationalities who contend for influence and preponderance on this continent are not bound to a conflict between themselves; for as much as concurrence does not imply rivalry, still less antipathy, concord and fusion are not synonymous.

“Then why not unite together rather than assimilate? Why not live side by side, guarding in all its purity, even ameliorating the blood of the two grand nations that have written the pages the most glorious in our history? Why not live in harmony, bearing in mind that the greater part of nations have been formed out of elements heterogeneous, just as their flags, textured with strips of silk or wool are sewn together. Stone and brick are not homogeneous, yet both are employed in the solidest and most monumental constructions. What then is required to unite them? A bit of cement.

“And the cement that is necessary in a country like ours, are the grand principles of Charity, Fraternity, Tolerance and Justice, which have been brought to earth by the Man-God Himself and which have regenerated humanity and can produce unity where there is diversity, calm where there is trouble, harmony where there is discord.

“With these sentiments at heart we will form the happiest people on earth: there are none who inhabit a richer country, a country where one may enjoy a happier life, provided that the inhabitants consent to enjoy their rights and respect those of others.

“Those were the sentiments of him of whom everybody deplors the loss, for he possessed all that was required to propagate them.

“He possessed a great fluency of language, which

permitted him to repeat the same thought reclothing it under many different aspects, causing it to penetrate more profoundly and more acutely the minds of his hearers. In the history of our Canadian Parliament there is none perhaps who spoke with such exactness, such elegance and such eloquence.

“He was endowed with a rare integrity, with a deportment which imposed respect, and an admirable distinction of manners. He was easily approached for he was humble. ‘When one is in a high place,’ wrote St. Bernard to Pope Eugenius, ‘it is difficult and a little unusual not to esteem oneself; but the rarer the case, the more glorious it is.’ Our deceased friend had a high position but he was always easily approached even by the poorest.

“His hand was of iron, yet gloved with velvet. The velvet softened the inevitable friction of his firmness, but the hand was always there to hold and exercise true authority.

“Added to this an undeniable honesty, an entirely Christian and consequently an irreproachable private life, a great love for work which caused him to consider time as a precious gift to be profitably used, an exquisite charity towards everyone, even to his most ardent adversaries, and it is easy for us to understand the important rôle played by Sir Wilfrid during a half century in the political world and the preponderant place he will hold in the history of our dear country.

“Like all influential men he had numerous and passionate admirers as well as convinced and ardent adversaries. To history is reserved the task of judging these events in which he has taken an active part. However, every Canadian will agree with me when I say that with Sir Wilfrid has disappeared one of the great figures, if not the greatest figure in all Canada; a man who played a rôle of first importance amongst his fellow countrymen and whose influence has been preponderant throughout the whole country.

“Of all the eulogies that can be applied to men there is none truer, more exact, and more heartfelt than that

which flows from the lips of the people at the news of his death; it is a cry from the heart, an indubitable testimony of public sentiment and a judgment without appeal.

"Thus you know as well as I do what the public sentiment has been at the news of Sir Wilfrid's death. Everyone, friend as well as adversary, has unanimously proclaimed that Canada has lost a man endowed with the finest qualities of mind and of heart, one of its most influential, distinguished, and worthy citizens, a representative whose judgment, intelligence, and experience would be of great use especially in the difficult circumstances in which we find ourselves.

"In speaking of our late and illustrious friend, I find myself like one who has but a few moments to spend in a beautiful garden. He goes through the principal walks, he gathers some flowers with which to make a bouquet to carry away with him as a souvenir. But this bouquet, gathered in haste, far from giving a perfect idea of the richness of the garden to those who have not visited it, does not even give satisfaction to him who has made it.

"The life of Sir Wilfrid is so full that I may, ay! that you may not feel satisfied with what I have said. The garden is too vast. Experienced writers will find in that life a subject for books which will not fail to interest future generations.

"It is for us this morning to fulfill a duty to which our heart, enlightened by the lights of faith, tells us to be faithful. Let us pray with all our hearts for him whose death we so sincerely regret; let us recommend him during the holy sacrifice of the mass to the mercy of the Lord. Let us ask God to open wide the gates of Heaven, to give him eternal rest in return for the virtues which he has practised and the examples he has given.

"May God also bless her who has been his life's faithful companion, and give this distinguished woman the courage she is in need of in this painful trial which has befallen her."

Tribute Delivered at the Basilica

By Rev. Father John Burke

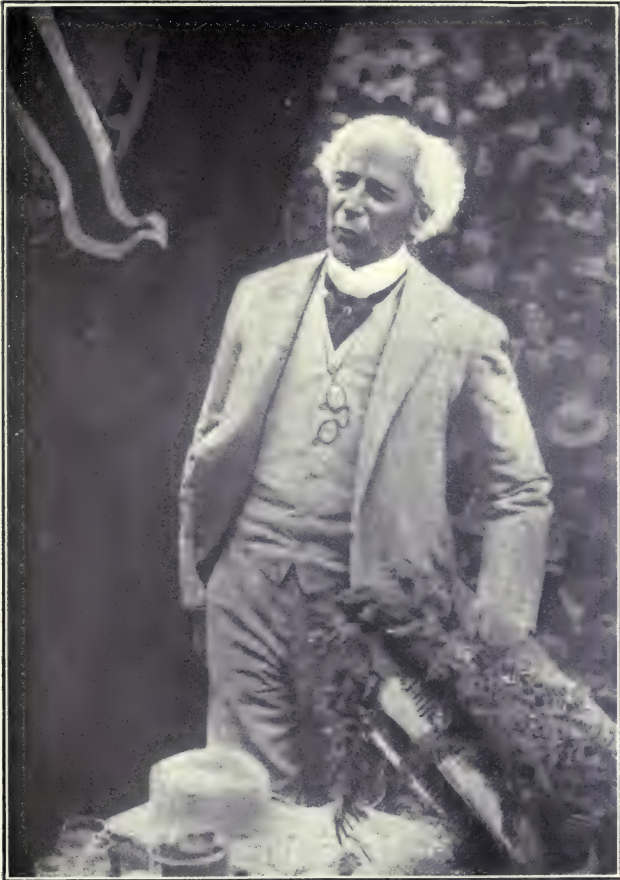
Rector, Newman Club, Toronto



TAKING as his text: "Moreover they bewailed him and all Israel made lamentations for him and mourned many days saying, 'How is the valiant man fallen that delivered Israel.'" Mac. 9, 20-21, Father Burke spoke as follows:

"The task which rests upon me this morning is indeed a mournful one. I am unable to give you a clearer idea of it than by repeating to you the expressive, picturesque terms used in Holy Writ to sound the virtues and deplore the death of him, whose virtues were so outstanding that the very stones prated of them—the saintly and soldierly Judas Maccabaeus. This man whom Providence raised up to lead His chosen people; who defended the cities of Judah; who subdued the pride of the children of Ammon and Esau; who so loved truth that he burned the gods of the pagan nations upon their altars—this man, whom his people thought well-nigh indispensable to their nation, one day suddenly met death upon the field of battle. At the first report of this disaster the people were moved—floods of tears ran from their eyes. For a time they were dumb. Then at length breaking the long silence they gave expression to their grief crying in a loud voice; 'Why is this great man dead who saved the people of Israel?' In the picturesque language of the inspired author we are told that Jerusalem redoubled its weeping; the arches of the temple trembled; the Jordan was troubled and its banks echoed the sound of those mournful words. 'Why is this great man dead who saved the people of Israel?'

"Christian men and women whom the obsequies of this day assemble in this temple behold yourselves in the affliction which befell the Israelites of old. They had lost their cherished leader, devoted to the highest ideals of the people. We too have lost ours. We have lost



"Speaking the language of wide brotherhood."



Sir Thomas White, Sir Robert Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir George E. Foster,
at Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa—Photo by Lancefield, Ottawa.

him whom we oft acclaimed our nation's best. We mourn one who came to us from a period that is now past. We lament the demise of him who was great in success, great in adversity, the foe of tyranny, the lover of democracy, devoted to the service of his king and country, and as we look upon the casket which contains his mortal remains there comes the pang of regret, the lump in the throat, tears to our eyes, and like the people of ancient days in old Jerusalem we exclaim: 'Why is this great man dead who saved the people of Israel?'

"I would to the living God this morning that His Spirit might quicken my tongue that I might do justice to the virtues of this figure who for so many years benignly and yet effectively graced the government of this free country. I find comfort in the thought that none but God can justly judge the man. There is a danger, however, standing in the shadow of this national catastrophe—one might run to hyperbole. Am I not right in attributing to Sir Wilfrid Laurier a description he once used of that lover of Canadian freedom, Louis Joseph Papineau: 'Did', he said, 'any man ever live better fitted to be the idol of a nation? A man of commanding presence, of majestic countenance, of impassioned eloquence, of unblemished character, of pure disinterested patriotism, for years he held over the hearts of his countrymen almost unbounded sway.'

"His commanding presence! Is it out of place, Most Reverend Sirs, that in this temple dedicated to the Most High, that I should speak of one of God's outstanding gifts to this dead Knight? Is it puerile, my brethren? Did not Mark Anthony speak of Ceasar's very mantle? Yea, a man of commanding figure was the dead chieftain! Who shall forget the noble brow, the chiselled mouth, the classic features, and the erect kingly form? He was ever the embodiment of grace. To the endowment of God he added the polish of a Chesterfield. There was a verve about Sir Wilfrid that one would expect to accompany his physical comeliness. Truly he was a romantic figure! A representative of an age that is gone. Are

not we who were vouchsafed the vision of the chieftain in the flesh, are we not the poorer that we shall not look upon his face again?

“His impassioned eloquence! When I speak of the eloquence of Laurier my mind instinctively goes back three years to a speech delivered on the historical feud between the Hudson Bay Company and the North West Company, which culminated in a murder trial in the city of Toronto in the early part of the nineteenth century. Those who heard him that night, aged as he was with the frost of seventy winters upon his brow, may well recall the genius of Laurier as he made those vigorous old voyageurs of ‘the forest primeval’ walk before us. He clothed them with flesh and blood. Under the spell of Laurier’s magic they were not spectres from a dead past. No! they lived and moved and had their being before our very eyes. The Varsity, the student’s organ of Toronto University, asked the next morning, ‘Why cannot our professors make their history as interesting as Laurier?’”

“Or when I speak of eloquence some of you recall that July night more than thirty years ago when he delivered, what many consider the finest speech of his life, on the occasion of the Riel debate. Edward Blake declared it to be the crowning proof of French domination and the finest speech delivered in Canada since Confederation. Sir Wilfrid’s speeches reveal the man. There is magic in the thought, majesty in the ideas, beauty and grace in the diction. The predominating thought seems to be individual liberty, equal opportunity for all, racial and religious harmony, a fervent and undying love and pride for Canada, and in his phrases there plays, like a sun upon autumnal woods, beautifying and transforming them, a mysticism that is charming and sadly wanting in this practical age.

“And now I come, Most Reverend Sirs and brethren, to Sir Wilfrid’s unblemished character and his pure disinterested love of country. In this connection let me say a word of something, which in my mind, explains in

a large measure his unstinted service to country and also his unblemished character. I refer to Laurier's Catholicism. He was no professional Catholic. His religion was too sacred a thing to be dragged into the arena of political controversy. He did not spend his time writing tracts or delivering unctuous phrases. The fact is his faith illuminated most all that he said or did. He, when he differed with some church dignitaries, exclaimed, 'No word of bitterness shall ever escape my lips against the church. I respect it and I love it.' Witness her influence in his devotion to his country. With Sir Wilfrid loyal service was something more than a sentiment. Loyalty to him was clothed with the hierarchical purple of Catholicism. Am I not right, Your Grace, in stating that love of country is a solemn obligation in our holy religion? Am I not right when I say that that obligation has its sanction in the virtue of religion? Am I incorrect when I state that as we owe to God adoration because He is the author of our being, and as we give obedience and reverence to our parents because they represent God and bestow upon us physical existence, so, too, Catholicism commands me to give to the land of my birth, which confers upon me social existence, allegiance to the point of death itself. Herein is the secret of Laurier's devotion. Who in recent years, if ever, in any country in the world, stood forth as the finest champion of the best in public service than he whom today this country mourns? Forty-eight years of unremitting toil! Forty-eight years of consecration! Here he has been the true Knight. To God, to king, to country, he dedicated the play of his many talents, the sweep of his vision, the benefit of his initiation and good judgement. Under his sceptre the country prospered. He came to power when Canada was on the verge of dissolution. To many Confederation seemed a failure; the country was torn with racial and religious dissensions; Nova Scotia was disgruntled; Manitoba discouraged; Quebec was defiant. To the problems that confronted him Sir Wilfrid gave the impact of his genius. When this Knight laid down his shield the country was infinitely

better off than when he took it up. Five millions of people had grown to eight; thousands of miles of new railroads were built; the wheat fields of the west blossomed bringing wealth and contentment to many; great manufacturing plants were developed; foreign trade went forward by leaps and bounds; provincial, religious and racial controversies became less acute. He found the country a colony, he left it a nation respected in the galaxy of Commonwealths that constitute the British Empire. And all these things the chieftain did with hands unsullied. His character remained unblemished.

“His memory will not die; summer will give place to summer here in the Northland; the cold blasts of many winters will rise and subside; tide will give place to tide; but while men live, and heroes are respected and mothers tell stories to their little ones the memory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier shall not perish.

“The time allotted to me is already spent; I must hurry. Let me say one word more. Your Grace, whose priestly virtues are so many, you who have honored the occasion with your presence, may I, Sir, ask you when you resume the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, when you come to the commemoration of the living, to remember her, with whom this nation sympathizes, the faithful partner of Sir Wilfrid’s many years, to whom he was devoted. Pray for her that God sustain her with true Christian fortitude, and grant her that consolation that God alone can give.

“Remember, too, Your Grace, the soul of the gentlemanly Laurier, Canadian Knight-errant of this twentieth century. Pray for him that God may vouchsafe him the joy of that region of ‘refreshment, light and peace.’ Somehow I think God has seen fit to welcome Sir Wilfrid home. Burne Jones, the painter, has depicted the figure of Christ on a wayside cross in France stooping down to kiss the forehead of a Knight. The legend upon which the painting is based is that this Knight met on the way his worst enemy and forgave him. As the Knight knelt to pray at the Cross Roads Calvary the figure of

Christ suddenly became living and for the Christian charity displayed by the Knight kissed him upon the forehead. I like to think that Sir Wilfrid's great virtues, great deeds for God and country, cried out trumpet-tongued for similar treatment to that which was meted out to the Knight of old. Lest, however, our standard of sinlessness differ from that of God, pray that the Author of all, the God of the Heavens may have mercy and grant pardon to him.

To you distinguished sons of Canada, who have been honored by being chosen pallbearers for Sir Wilfrid, may I address a word? Bear him gently, oh, so gently! He is our loved one, the nation's beloved. When you have arrived at the grave, lay him down tenderly, for the sod seldom covered a tenderer heart than that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Tribute in Parliament

By the Hon. Sir William Thomas White
Acting Prime Minister of Canada



R. SPEAKER: I rise to refer to that sad occurrence, the sudden and lamented death of Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier which has cast a pall over the proceedings attending the opening of this session of Parliament, touched the hearts of all his fellow members, and created a profound and melancholy impression throughout the entire Canadian community. In years Sir Wilfrid Laurier had considerably exceeded the allotted span yet such was the vigour of his mind, the animation of his appearance, the freshness of his interest in affairs, the charm and vivacity of his manner, and above all the great and conspicuous place which he had so long occupied in the minds and affections of his countrymen, that we had almost come to look upon him as immune from the vicissitudes of human infirmity, and in a measure, from the conditions of our common morality. For this reason the news of his departure has come with a sense of shock as well as of grief to all.

“His death removes a most distinguished and commanding personality from the stage of Canadian public life. How considerable a part he played, we may realize when we reflect that he was actively engaged in national affairs at a period before many of us were born, that he was for almost half a century a legislative representative of the people, and for forty-five years a member of this House. He has been leader of the Liberal party for over thirty years, of which he was for fifteen years Prime Minister of Canada. During his long career he has been identified with all the great political controversies since the period of Confederation. His fame has carried far beyond the boundaries of Canada, and in Britain, France and United States, as well as in other countries, the name of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has long been

known, respected and admired as one of the outstanding statesmen of the age.

"With such a career, with such titles to distinction, we of this House, who, next to his own immediate family and intimate personal circle, knew him best, may well upon this occasion, with profit to ourselves and in appreciation of him, examine as to the nature of the subscribed, his characteristics as a statesman, the personal qualities and attributes of the man himself, and the sources of the great power and influence which he exercised within and without the halls of Parliament. I am deeply conscious that there are many within sound of my voice who through longer association and acquaintance with him are much better qualified for this task than myself. Particularly do I wish that the head of the Government, the Prime Minister of Canada, Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden, could be here to bear eloquent tribute to his great political opponent and warm personal friend.

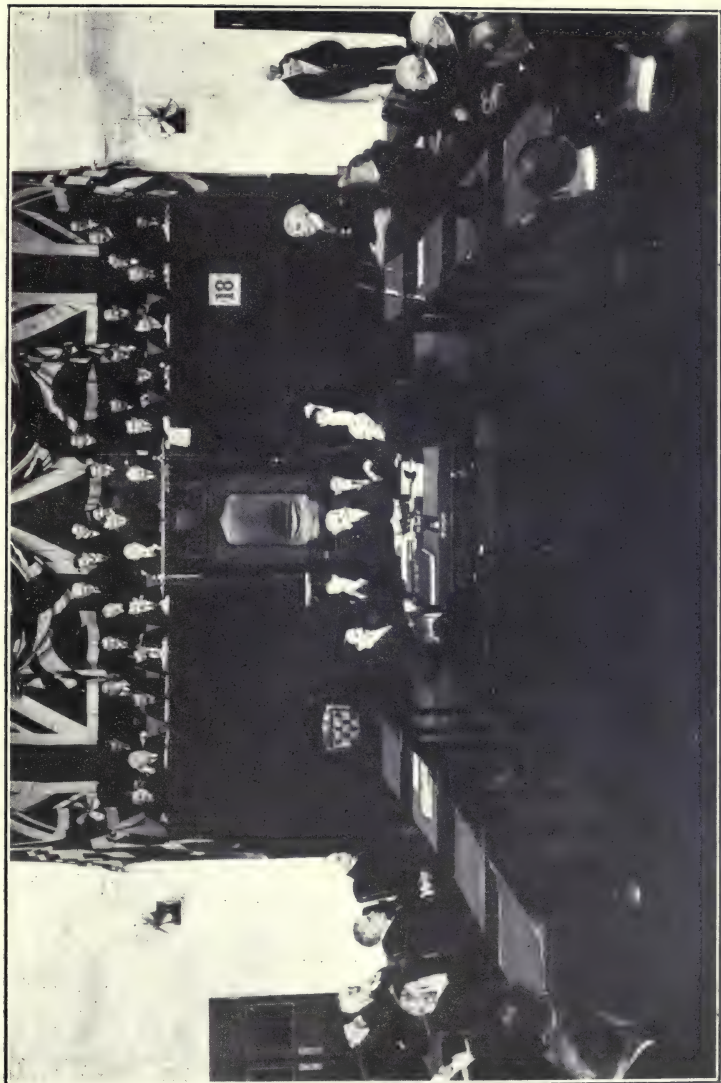
"It is not my intention to refer to the various controversies in which Sir Wilfrid Laurier during his long career was so actively engaged. Those controversies divided and some of them still divide the people and public men of this country. That is the natural and inevitable result of opposing views, opinions and convictions strongly and honourably held in a self-governing community such as ours. It is not my purpose to attempt to pass judgment upon the attitude of the dead leader towards these great questions. Even if it would be fitting and proper to do so, which it is not, we are too close to the events to make any contemporary opinion conclusive. The ultimate place and fame of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, will, like that of other statesmen, be determined by the impartial and dispassionate judgement of history.

"What were the foundations of this man's political creed, the principles which guided his political action? Without pretending to be exhaustive, two or three outstanding facts emerge. Firstly, the man was strongly attached and devoted to the ideals of freedom and liberty personal, civil and religious. He believed in freedom of

opinion, liberty in its expression,—that is to say, free speech, freedom of conscience—that is to say, religious liberty. That these were his views may be gathered not only from his own speeches but from the names of those whom he most admired, Fox, Gladstone, Bright, Lincoln. These names were often on his lips and he diligently studied their careers and utterances.

“From this starting point of attachment to these ideals of liberty and freedom, to which I think most in this country and all in this House now subscribe, he was led to greatly admire the British political system and the security and guarantees for liberty which it embodies and affords. Owing to the influences surrounding him in that troubled period Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then but a young man, appears not to have realized, at least in its fulness, the vision of Confederation. It is, however, to his great and lasting credit that once it was accomplished he accepted the new conditions with whole-heartedness, and in his subsequent career did much in collaboration with other political leaders to develop its structure, interpret its meaning and mould it to the purposes for which it was designed.

“He became a strong Federationist, a great admirer, exponent and champion of the Confederation pact and no question interested him quite so much as one relating to or affecting the Constitution. He was a great constitutionalist, an ardent upholder of the principles of free government with all that it involves. As nearly all questions arising out of our constitution have long since been settled and acquiesced in by all political parties it seemed to me at times that in his character of constitutionalist and in his continued interest in the constitution he was the dignified and solitary survivor of that great group of statesmen, giants in their day, who after prolonged and fiery discussion and controversy laid broad and deep the constitutional foundation of Canada’s national life. In this connection, and as again emphasizing the part played by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Canadian affairs and the length of years spanned by his career, let us recall that he was minister in the government of Alex-



At the Opening of Parliament (Victoria Museum), Sir Wilfrid Laurier addressing the House in seconding the motion to the election of Hon. E. H. Rhodes for the speakership.

Photo by British and Colonial Press, Toronto.



General Botha, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Joseph Ward.
From "Chronicles of Canada"

ander Mackenzie, served as lieutenant to Edward Blake, succeeded him as leader of the Liberal party, and became the opponent of Sir John A. Macdonald, with whom he contended politically for many years.

“Sir Wilfrid Laurier was an intense and ardent Canadian. He was a firm believer in Canada and its destiny, which he did much to mould. Particularly did he desire to harmonize the various nationalities of Canada with their conflicting ideals and aspirations. National unity he regarded as of paramount importance in a country of mixed races and diverse creeds such as Canada. He was regardful of the rights of minorities and a strong advocate of tolerance towards the opinions and convictions of others upon all questions whether civil, racial or religious. He was a believer in democracy but there was always in him a moderating and restraining influence, a pragmatical respect for experience and for the past which disinclined him to sudden or violent change and exercised a steadying influence in the determination of his policies.

“For the British constitution and for the autonomy, freedom and security which it affords to all within the range of its beneficent sway, he had the greatest regard and admiration. In my last conversation with him he spoke in terms of highest eulogy of British administration in Egypt and said that he would have no fear for the mandatory system proposed at the Peace Conference if it would be carried out in accordance with the British mode of government in protectorates.

“I am glad that he lived to see the end of the war and the triumph of the Allies—particularly Britain and France.

“Coming now to the man himself and the sources of his personal power, we find less difficulty in reaching conclusions. He was endowed by nature with a singularly graceful, picturesque and commanding personality, a stately bearing, a most gracious manner and rare charm of disposition. He had high intellectual culture and much personal kindness of heart. The combination made him a great gentleman, whose distinction

and individuality wrought an indelible impression upon all with whom he was brought in contact. While conciliatory and always a believer in persuasion rather than in compulsion he had a firm will and strong tenacity of his settled views, opinions and policies. This gave him strength which always of itself attracts. He had in marked degree that mystic quality, that innate attribute called personal magnetism or personality which is really the totality of excellencies, physical, mental and moral, in its fortunate possessor.

“His power of command over men was great. He was a natural leader because of his ascendancy in the realm of intellect and of will. When all we can say has been said, there still remains an intangible, elusive and baffling something which we cannot express, but which gave him an amazing power in attracting and retaining the affection and devotion of his followers and adherents. It was this which caused him to be likened in the minds of many to Sir John A. Macdonald, who had the same notable faculty in supreme degree.

“A further and great source of his power lay in his extraordinary gifts as an orator. As a speaker either in the House or on the public platform he took the highest rank. His oratorical achievements were greatly promoted and enforced by his individual characteristics and qualities, for it is an undoubted fact that much of the success of speech depends upon personality.

“His style was simple, direct, lucid. It had been modelled upon the best examples of English prose, and had been fashioned and moulded by his study of the classics, which is the best school for literary form. Some of his speeches in this House were notable illustrations of the supreme art of the orator. Those upon the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Gladstone and Her Majesty Queen Victoria are among the finest in the history of panegyrical literature.

“In the House, where he was a most assiduous attendant and an eager listener, he was always courteous and considerate of the views of opponents and was respected.

"Such, in most imperfect outline, was Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the principles and ideals for which he stood. He was idolized among the French-Canadian portion of our population as their great exemplar and representative on the floor of Parliament and as Prime Minister of Canada for so long a period. They were naturally and justly proud of his high intellectual qualities and the force and strength of his character, his political sagacity and his success as a statesman. But apart from those of his own race he had devoted followers and admirers without number throughout the other provinces of Canada. His private life was simple and blameless, and he leaves behind him a career unsullied by self-seeking or love of gain. To state that he had defects, that he made mistakes at times, is only to say that he was human and what he himself would be the first to admit and acknowledge.

"We mourn his loss. We feel that a great gap has been created in this House, that a powerful link with the past has been snapped and broken beyond repair. The spirit of the age has altered since the days when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was in his political prime. Times change and men change with them—in appearance, manner, methods, characteristics.

"We desire to express our most heartfelt sympathy to that most worthy helpmate, the light of whose life has gone out in the loss of him who was for more than fifty years of happy wedded life her constant comrade as well as husband, counsellor and protector. We pray that she may be granted strength to bear the heavy bereavement which has come upon her.

"As for our dead friend and fellow member, he has joined the great majority, the unnumbered shadowy hosts of the dead. We shall see his face and hear his voice in these halls no more. He has left these scenes and these voices, and it will be indeed long before we shall look upon his like again.

"His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world—'This was a man.'"

Tribute in Parliament

By the Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux



R. SPEAKER: The Shadow of Death has stalked through this Chamber; a chair stands vacant. As we gaze upon the flowers strewn about us, which, by the morrow, will have withered away, more deeply than ever do we understand the baffling brevity of this life's span, the specious vanity of each and every thing. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is no more.

"The mellow voice which for so long enthralled this assembly and stirred the enthusiasm of all who heard it, is silent.

The trumpet's silver voice is still
The warder silent on the hill.

"The last survivor of a great generation, he whose imposing stature, whose eagle eye and whose white plume recalled those noblemen of the eighteenth century, such as we meet them still in medallions of olden times, is sleeping his last sleep.

"An illustrious ancestor has passed away. Let us incline our heads with respect in the presence of this grave: it's closing writes 'finis' to a whole epoch of our history.

"Death is a law and not a punishment. No one better understood this profound truth than the eminent statesman whose loss we mourn. He had long since made his preparations for the voyage from Time into Eternity. Without bitterness the old gladiator saw himself disarmed as he was about to descend once more into the arena. His spirit passed gently, serenely, as though 'midst the darkening shadows of life's falling night the Faith of his forefathers had already revealed the gleam of dawn, presage of Eternal Day.

"Speaking here in the name of my colleagues of the old French province who counted him her most distinguished son, and whose idol he became, it does the heart good to recall that throughout his entire career he

was ever faithful to his origin and to the finest traditions of his race.

“‘I love,’ he was wont to say, ‘I love France who gave us birth, I love England who gave us liberty, but the first place in my heart belongs to Canada, my country, my native land.’

“This striking formula was, if I may speak thus, the Ideal, the Polar Star which guided his public life. Affectionate gratitude towards the nation, resplendent among all nations—whose sons we have the honour to be—the splendour of whose glory lights up the highest summits; unswerving loyalty towards that great and generous nation who inherited the administrative genius of the Romans and of whom Tennyson could say that hers was the classic land of liberty. But, first and foremost, Laurier was a Canadian.

“To his French inheritance he owed his golden tongue, his keen intellectual vision, the boldness and the grandeur of his conceptions. To his contact with the great English school, the school of Burke, Fox, Pitt, O’Connell, Gladstone, he owed his deep practical knowledge of British institutions and it may be said without exaggeration that it was by assimilating the teachings of these parliamentary leaders that Sir Wilfrid Laurier made for himself a lasting niche in the Hall of Fame.

“At the time when he stepped through the threshold of Parliament, the memory of the great Papineau still hovered over the country. And the image of Lafontaine, whose profound wisdom had saved many rights from the wreckage of a storm-tossed sea, was becoming greater as time went by.

“In those days Cartier and Dorion represented the two different channels of opinion in our province. The one, dashing, impetuous, disdained all obstacles; the other, calm, of proverbial integrity, possessing a mind of very high attainments, trusted to time to dispel hoary prejudice. If it be true that, in a certain way, Laurier was the disciple of Dorion, events made him the fortunate successor, rather the direct heir, of Lafontaine’s policy—the policy which strives to soothe all hurts, the

better to build on a solid foundation; the policy of conciliation for the sake of unity; the policy of the golden mean; the best, the true, the sole policy which can obtain in our country.

"Sprung from a vanquished people, but a people who, in their turn had themselves made the conquest of Liberty, his dream was to unite the two races on the only rational basis; equality of rights, mutual respect and tolerance. His political vision moved to seal anew the pact entered into by Lafontaine and Baldwin in days gone by and so bring fresh strength to the work of the Fathers of Confederation.

"Was this majestic vision too ambitious? History, that impartial judge of men and events, will say whether or not he brought it to realization, but what we of his time may uphold from this moment is his untiring perseverance, his steadfast courage, his invincible faith in the ideal he set out to attain from the very start of his career. However, he was too well versed in psychology not to realize the difficulties which beset his path.

"In 1887, hardly a year after that historical debate when, at one flight, he had risen to the greatest heights of parliamentary eloquence, when the English speaking press had acclaimed him as the 'silver-tongued orator,' the Liberal party, helpless after the retirement of Edward Blake, was casting about for a leader. The French Liberals formed a minority in this party, as they formed a minority in the country. Let it be said to the honour of the English Liberals, it was Edward Blake, it was Sir Richard Cartwright, it was David Mills, who selected the leader, and the unanimous choice fell upon Wilfrid Laurier. What was the answer of the young member for Quebec East? Ah, Mr. Speaker, our great countryman, despite his marvellous endowments, did not covet the honour offered him. He well knew the burden he was assuming; already he could catch a glimpse of the obstacles which lay in wait for him, and the answer of this man who, beneath a stolid exterior hid very deep emotions, his answer was a sob.

"Thus, unable to escape the earnest entreaties of his English-speaking friends, he undertook to lead the Lib-

eral party, determined to steer the ship of state towards progress and liberty, to bind together, by conciliation in both word and deed, the heterogeneous elements which go to make up Canada. He had often said that the national sentiment of a country is worth no more than the pride which it inspires in its sons. He knew this country was overflowing with strength and vigour, full of activity, of ambition.

“He loved its distant childhood; its history, every page of which he knew; its legends; its fertile, majestic natural beauty; he loved this country especially for its ethnic duality which showed him the children of the two greatest races of Europe, henceforth fellow-wayfarers towards a common destiny in the boundless spaces of the New World.

“By healing the wounds of days gone by and rallying all for the development of our immense resources, he opened a new era, he anticipated the day when he could declare in the presence of his Sovereign: ‘Canada is a nation. The nineteenth century belonged to the United States; but the twentieth century will witness the expansion of Canada.’

“The 23rd of June, 1896, was a memorable date on our political annals. The member for Quebec East had just been borne into power by a majority of the electorate. He became Prime Minister of a Dominion which had been guided by the genius of Macdonald. The old Tory chieftain had passed from the stage some five years before and the memory of his bewitching magnetism bordered on the legendary. People anxiously wondered if the orator from Quebec would reveal himself a statesman of sterling worth. Would he have the necessary firmness? Could he grapple with our intricate problems? Would he prove himself an experienced helmsman and steer the ship safely through shallow shoals, flinging into the teeth of the gale, to ride at anchor in the port beyond? My answer to all these apprehensions, already distant and, mayhap, forgotten, is that which John Morley made, one day, regarding Gladstone. The occasion was the unveiling of the statue

erected in honour of the Grand Old Man, but a step or two from Lincoln's Inn. 'The stalwarts of finance, of the City looked with misgiving upon the idealism of Gladstone and smiled at his supposed incompetence in matters of money and business. I wonder,' added Morley—and I still see him, his finger pointing to the monument—'I wonder, whether after Gladstone's long and brilliant career, the Bank of England itself would not feel honoured by the presence and strengthened by the counsel of the orator?'

"As I have just said, it is only in the cold, calm light of impartial history that the part played by men in the great events of their time, can be duly appreciated. But I think I am within the mark in stating now that in Laurier's optimism in his power of assimilation, in his incessant and untiring toil, in his boundless faith in the future of our country, may be seen and reflected the powerful impulsion given to Canada from 1896 to 1911, her wonderful ascent towards economic progress, her marvellous development. How often have I not heard him whenever grappling with some difficult problem, repeating the lines penned by Andre Chénier, the great French poet:

*"L'illusion féconde habite dans mon sein,
J'ai les ailes de l'espérance,"*

*"In my bosom dwells fruitful illusion
On the wings of hope I soar."*

"He had to the fullest extent mastered the sense of the Constitution; he had an insight into its jurisprudence and genius, and he loved it.

"He ever advocated adherence to the federal part, in its integrity. To his mind, any change, any departure or new orientation involved a danger. He was an apostle of Autonomy, like Blake and Mowat.

"His political creed borrowed its inspiration from British liberalism. He believed in progress grounded on order; he believed in the advent of democracy through evolution, not through revolution, but never did he allow

himself to be carried away by his love of liberty beyond those two limits laid down by conscience and human reason, that is to say, rights and duties.

“From a national standpoint, none of the two great ethnical elements of the country was to predominate or to be domineered. Equal justice, equal rights for all such was his motto. He deprecated isolation, because as he said, for an ethnical group to isolate itself is tantamount to stagnating in inferiority. Let me add that he always advocated harmonious relations between religions and liberty, by means of a loyal alliance. In a country like ours so hard to govern, and owing to the fact that the opinions and creeds of the various ethnical groups have to be taken into consideration—a policy of exclusiveness is not, properly speaking, a policy, but a blunder which must prove fatal to minorities. Love of justice and of freedom, tolerance, loyalty grounded upon autonomy, patriotism, such were his ideals. And with what mastery did he expound them! Those who will read his speeches in which the scholar always controls the tribune, checks his outbursts, chastens his language, will no doubt find in them the lustre of fancy coupled with the magic of style but they will first of all discover loftiness of thought combined with an unerring judgment, and the intuition of the right course to steer through the windings of Canadian politics. And this constitutes a lofty ideal, and it was this ideal which fashioned Laurier into the great Canadian that he was. But in appreciating his career, it is on his firm and dignified attitude in the relations of Canada and the Mother Country that our attention must be focussed.

“None more than Laurier admired the majestic institutions of the British Empire, where liberty wrought this miracle of a Gavan Duffy, a Wilfrid Laurier, a Louis Botha, respectively governing Australia, Canada, Africa, with intense loyalty and devotedness to the interest of the Crown.

“In this connection may I be allowed to add that after the Transvaal war, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was con-

sulted in turn by Campbell-Bannerman and by General Botha as to the contemplated South African Union and that both these statesmen benefitted by his vast experience. I shall never forget the words uttered in my presence at Cape Town, in November, 1910, by the Boer General: 'In South Africa, two names are particularly dear to us, that of Campbell-Bannerman and that of Wilfrid Laurier. To those two men we owe an eternal debt of gratitude.'

"At the several Imperial conferences which he attended—and we all know what a brilliant role he played in them—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose fiscal policy had tickled the pride of the Mother Country, had nevertheless to withstand the new wave which was just then beginning to roll from London into the Dominions. This brilliant dream of a vast Empire, whose centre of action would be Westminster, could, forsooth, seduce the leaders of British politics, but Laurier was a Canadian first and last. Our country having disentangled itself from the bonds of Colonialism, had gradually conquered its political freedom, through the extension of the principle of autonomy. Knowing the exact extent of our rights and duties, he boldly and sincerely proclaimed the principle of Imperial unity based upon local liberties.

"That virile attitude was to him, no doubt, the source of disappointments. But the old Premier was too much of a philosopher not to realize that impulses cannot play the part of reason, and that popularity is a poor substitute for arguments.

"Were I called upon to define the outstanding qualities of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a statesman, I would say that his moderation was a driving power in itself, his gift of expression a shining light, and that, with his mastery of oratory, sound judgment and common sense outweighed his very eloquence.

"His worthy manner of living, his thorough honesty, his perfect equanimity through the worst trials, his *dream* of a better Dominion, all sections of the Canadian people, reconciled at last to one another and linked

beauty, his loyalty to friends, his discreet charity, but, above all, his eloquence exerted in behalf of the down-trodden, all these recall in many respects some distinctive characteristics of Gladstone and Lincoln.

"We shall no longer have before our eyes those refined and aristocratic features of Laurier, whose most amiable smile went to the plebian, the needy, the humble, the lowly and the feeble; but his memory made immortal in works of bronze and marble will pass on to coming generations as one of the greatest embodiments of virtue in public and private life, as one of the finest products of human-kind in the last century.

"We, his followers, his admirers, find solace in the thought that he died in the way he had wished to die. As the Norman knights of old, it was clothed in his armour that he appeared before the Supreme Judge. Death, the soother of all suffering, was to him like the declining hours of a beautiful day.

"Before closing his eyes to things terrestrial, he had the supreme joy of seeing the Allies victorious. Enamoured of freedom and justice, he witnessed the downfall in Europe of autocracy and its instrument, militarism, and the founding on their ruins of the League of Nations.

"As of yore at Inkerman and at Sebastopol, he saw our two great mother countries clasping hands and joining their forces on the battle-field, and our sons rushing with a light heart to meet together a glorious death and take their full share of sacrifice and victory.

"Yes, he was granted that supreme consolation of seeing France, France which was branded as frivolous, because she was cheerful standing before the whole world as an example of endurance and fortitude, and show herself to the oppressed what she had ever been, the shield of civilization, the champion of right. He beheld England, that country deemed cold and self-seeking, set out all her sails, spend lavishly of her wealth, call to arms all her children to rescue the world from oppression.

“The alliance of those two great powers, sealed by the purest of blood, was especially dear to his heart. To him it appeared like the rainbow which breaks through the clouds, and which is described in the Holy Writ as a messenger of peace, a presage of better days to all men of good will.

“Oh Laurier! should there remain something to be done towards the fulfilment of that triumph of harmony and good will which you have so persistently striven to bring about, then those younger Canadians whose teacher you were will in turn take up the work and carry it to its full completion. They will pride themselves in following in your footsteps along the rugged and endless path of duty which you have opened and pointed out to them.

“And now, with this last farewell, allow us to mingle the expression of our deep sense of gratitude. We are thankful to you, Laurier, for having ever remained worthy of the part entrusted to you by Providence, since from the palaces of our sovereigns and from the most humble farm house, from the towering cathedral as well as from the smallest country church, there ascends towards heaven the same hymn of gratitude.

“We say Farewell and we thank you. We thank you for having thus gathered around you your own people, the descendants of those Canadians of old, the last to give up the fight in that last battle, who with souls anguished by defeat, escorted the Marquis of Montcalm from the gates of Old Quebec to the Château Saint-Louis, on the night following the battle on the Plains of Abraham. We thank you for having lifted them up to you and invited them to share your glory.

“We say Farewell and we thank you. We thank you for the shining memento which you bequeathed to the historian at large. Its brilliancy will not fade. It will be a guiding light which the tempest-beaten mariner will look to. It will be a column of fire which will guide, on their march towards the promised land of a better Dominion, all sections of the Canadian

people, reconciled at last to one another and linked together by the bonds of an 'Union sacrée.'

"Farewell. Close to your resting place, amid maples and poplars, adorned by the coming spring with luxuriant foliage, we shall, many of us, congregate to pray in the tongue of your ancestors. The field wherein you lie, whose tender embrace you received, will be light to you. For it is part of that native land whose history is three centuries old and whose motherly womb will some day cover our meanness with its vastness and shroud our nothingness with its perennity. Adieu."

Wilfrid Laurier

Elegy written on the day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's death
by Mr. T. A. Browne, Ottawa

He'll pass no more, nor shall we backward glance
To note again that loved, commanding form,
Like some fine figure of chivalrous France
Round which men rallied in old times of storm.

A Bayard, ever gallant in the fray;
Lute voiced, a man of magic utterance rare,
What was the spell, the secret of his sway—
The noble life, the silver of his hair?

Unaging and majestic as the pine,
The evergreen of youth within his soul,
Tilting young-hearted with that soul ashine,
He onward bore unto his purposed goal.

With her he loved through shadowed hours and gay.
In rare companionship the sunset road
He walked in such felicity; the way
Seemed rose hung, and the years a lightsome load.

With malice unto none, e'en in defeat;
With charity in triumph, he has stood,
Broad gauge Canadian, after battle's heat,
Speaking the language of wide brotherhood.

The inspiration of his service yet.
The charity, the brotherhood he taught,
Shall light our pathway though his sun be set,
And may we build as nobly as he wrought.

New tasks begin, new duties, new resolves,
For Canada, his land and ours, we take;
And since such partings come as time evolves,
His spirit watching, we new pledges make.

Though mute his lips, the seal of death thereon,
While men remember how he loved this land,
His voice will sound a trumpet leading on—
Great Heart, adieu—bowed at thy bier we stand.

* * *

Dear Lady, in the sadness of this hour—
For him we honor as our noblest son,
If our affection and our love had power
To save thee grief, we'd bear it, everyone.



"With her he loved, through shadowed hours and gay;
In rare companionship the sunset road."

Photo by British and Colonial Press, Toronto



Photo by
United Photo Stores Co.

"On behalf of France, I bring these flowers as a tribute of respect and affection to the great Canadian statesman in whose veins flowed French blood,"
General Paul Pau, at the Grave of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

A Bouquet of Wildflowers

An incident in his western tour



NE of the most charming revelations of Sir Wilfrid's thought for children and his understanding of them, occurred on his western tour, during a reception, on a Manitoba prairie. An eight-year-old maid of the harvest field with unadorned straw hat and bare feet, stood like the publican of old, afar off. She looked with wide wondering eyes while a more fortunate little lady in fluffy spotless daintiness gave the great man a beautiful bouquet of roses. She had seen him kiss her, then separating herself from the cheering crowd, she gathered a little ill assorted bunch of prairie flowers and wild weed blossoms, then edging her way back through the throng, she had almost reached him when she was thrust back by a committeeman. Tears sprang to her eyes for an instant, the procession moved, there was a break in the line, Sir Wilfrid turned. The little one found herself almost confronting him. Back into the crowd she sought to go but he had seen her. He stepped toward her. "Were you good enough to mean those flowers for me, little girl?" he asked, with a smile. Half frightened she thrust them toward him. He bowed, took them, then he kissed her, drew a sprig from the bunch and fastened it on the lapel of his coat. When the great man mounted his car and waved his hat to the cheering hundreds there was one happy little girl who feasted her eyes upon a faded wild weed blossom, drooping on his breast.

* * *

He Loved Canada

"The desire of his life was to promote harmony between the two dominant races in Canada and on all occasions he directed his great influence towards this end. He loved Canada more than anything else."

His Message to Young Canada

"My young friends, go out into the world to service. Make the highest thought of service your inspiration. Problems there are—big problems. To-morrow, the day after to-morrow, it will be your turn to grapple with them. Serve God and your country. Be firm in the right as God gives you to see the right. You may not always succeed. Progress is often punctuated with reverses. You may meet reverse—but the following day stand up again and renew the conflict, for truth and justice shall triumph in the end."

—Speech to Young Liberals.





