

The Red and White

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Editorial.

IN accepting the editorship of St. Dunstan's Red and White for the issue of Volume No. 7, we sincerely wish that the many duties and responsibilities of that office had fallen on broader shoulders than ours, and, as we take our seat in the editorial chair, we confess that we feel strangely out of place. Memory conjures up around us the forms of all our illustrious predecessors in office, while the recollection of their grand achievements, combined with the consciousness of our own mediocrity, inspires in us a feeling of awe and causes us to wonder by what strange trick of fate the editorial pen has been thrust into our hand.

SINCE the last issue of Red and White, Rev. Father Campbell, who for six years had guided most successfully the destinies of St. Dunstan's College, has been appointed pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Alberton. His ability as an educationalist is too well known to require any comment on our part. To him Red and White owes, in a great measure, the success that has been its, if not indeed, its very existence, for it was during his rectorship and under his patronage it originated and rose, year after year, to that prominent position it today holds among college magazines.



IT is our pleasing duty to extend the hand of welcome to our newly appointed rector Rev. G. J. McLellan, who for the past nine years has been rector of St. Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown.



IN the departure of Rev. Father Murphy and Professor W. E. Cameron, the college loses two valued members of the teaching-staff. Father Murphy is now located at Tracadie while Professor Cameron is prosecuting his theological studies in St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto.



WE welcome to our midst once more our old friend Rev. P. F. Hughes after a year spent in study at the Catholic University of Washington, D. C.



It is our sad duty in this number of our magazine to record the demise of the late lamented Monseignor James Phelan, who passed peacefully from this world on November 5th., to share in the blessings prepared by his Master for those who have served Him faithfully upon earth. Father Phelan had reached the advanced age of eighty-one years, and, as he had been in failing health for some time, his death was not unexpected.

The Right Rev. Monseignor James Phelan was born in the parish of Mooncoyne, Ireland, in 1834 and

received his early education at Carlo College. He had also entered upon the study of Theology before leaving his native country.

In the autumn of 1853 on the request of Bishop Bernard MacDonald of Charlottetown he came to this province intent on completing here his studies for the priesthood. His first work was in connection with St. Dunstan's College of which he was one of the first Professors. We find in looking over the records of this institution and arriving at the earliest pages thereof, the pages that chronicle the events of the very first days of its existence, the name of James Phelan, Esq., as one of the two professors who composed the staff at the opening of the college in January 1854. Here he remained for several years teaching and preparing himself for the great work he was later on to perform. On the 31st. of August 1856, he was ordained priest at Rustico by Bishop McDonald.

In 1859 he went to Charlottetown as assistant to Rev. Thomas Phelan, who was at that time pastor of Charlottetown parish. He was successively parish priest at East Point and St. Margaret's, and in 1864 was removed to Vernon River where he remained for twenty-seven years. While here he constructed the splendid brick church which still stands a monument to his religious zeal and administrative ability. In 1895 he was appointed Vicar General of the diocese of Charlottetown. In 1906 he celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the Priesthood and His Holiness Pope Pius the Tenth appointed him a Domestic Prelate, as a reward for long and faithful service. In 1912 he was made Administrator of this diocese, a position which he occupied until the consecration of Bishop O'Leary. The last two years of his life he spent in the Charlottetown Hospital where he passed away on Friday night November 5th.

Truly Father Phelan was a great man. Truly it may be said of him that he was every inch a priest, and what more need be said? For the unusually long period of well-nigh sixty years he labored faithfully in the vineyard of his Master and the result of his labors is proof positive of his zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people to whom he administered.

The early part of his priestly career was especially hard, for missionary work here half a century or more ago was synonymous with difficulties and hardships. But difficulties and hardships were no obstacle in the way of Father Phelan ; rather he invited them, and the easiest way of doing a thing seemed not to him the most desirable. He had spent his youth in what he called "the old country" where comfort and luxuries had long been unknown, or known only as enjoyed by foreigners and oppressors. Thus, long ere shouldering his priestly burdens, he had learned that hardship was his lot as it was the common lot of all, and that the road to happiness was a steep and treacherous one, one that could be traversed only by those whose steps were guided by a beneficent and all-seeing Master. Hence when yet very young he had determined upon his course in life, and why should he regret his decision ? Have not results borne out the wisdom of his choice ? Have not his labors in the cause of religion been crowned with singular success ? Truly they have been. Truly the seed which he himself scattered has already yielded fruit in abundance. And just as truly the reward of his labors is long awaiting him, prepared by the hand of a grateful God. Thus while we mourn the loss of so virtuous a benefactor, we could not wish that he be longer deprived of the reward for which he labored so faithfully.



In these times of patriotism and sacrifice, we are apt to overlook the lofty sentiments that are actuating our island boys and inducing them to enroll in the armies of the Empire to do battle under the Union Jack ; we are inclined to consider that the motives stimulating them to go to the battlefields of Europe are as urgent as those which incite their brother heroes across the Atlantic. But such is not the case. True, since we are all fighting in the cause of civilization, the obligation is just as great, but the incentive is not so touching. The war is not so emphatically present, nor the treachery of our enemies so vividly brought home to us as to the inhabitants of the continent of Europe. We are not within hearing of

the roar of cannon as are the people of the warring notions; our lands are not ravaged by the devastating hand of the enemy we are volunteering to combat; the waters about us are not beset by the treacherous crafts of the Germans; our defenceless towns are not bomb-sown by the aeronauts of our lawless enemies; nor are our mothers and wives, sisters and infants murdered by our godless foes. Picture the indignation, the relentless desire for revenge, the rush to arms that would follow in case our Capital and others of our towns were attacked, and the women and children slaughtered in the streets. These are actually the incentives to volunteering in Europe; these are actually the conditions that daily confront the young men of the belligerent nations. But here all is quiet as though the world were at peace. We in Canada are separated from these dire scenes by thousands of miles of water; we know of them only through the medium of despatches. Are not then, the motives urging our soldiers to enlist truly sublime? They are battling that the world may have freedom. And how they are battling! Have not those who have already gone forth forced the admiration of the world? Have they not emulated the determination that animated the heroic Belgians at the outbreak of the war? Truly they have and we feel justly proud of them. And there is no doubt that, with such a glorious example before them, the young men of this country who have not yet donned the khaki will come forward to fill and increase the ranks of their brave comrades, and so continue the sublime work so well begun, until right and freedom reign in the land.



We are called upon in this issue to record the passing to the great beyond of the most distinguished of Canada's many illustrious statesmen. The Right Honorable Sir Charles Tupper was born in 1821 in Amherst, N. S. He received his early education at Horton Academy, Wolfville and later took the medical course at the University of Edinburgh, graduating

therefrom in 1843. For several years he practised his chosen profession with eminent success in the town of his birth. Here too he made his debut as a politician, defeating in his first election no less a personage than the Hon. Joseph Howe, afterwards lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. It was after this campaign that Dr. Tupper persuaded the Conservative party, of which he was now an influential member, to change its attitude of hostility towards the Roman Catholic Church and espouse the principle of equal privileges for all, irrespective of race or creed, a principle which was instrumental in returning that party to power in the following election. It is indeed refreshing to find a man with such tolerant views as those held by the young doctor at a time when bigotry was so rampant in our sister province that the Hon. Joseph Howe in one of his election campaigns advocated the proscribing of all adherents of the Catholic Church.

Dr. Tupper, always an able advocate of Maritime union, on assuming the premiership of his native province was instrumental in convening the first confederation conference, which was held in Charlottetown. He was also a member of the conference held at Quebec where the question of a larger union was discussed and later of the Westminster Palace Hotel conference at which the final arrangements for the confederation of the colonies of British North America were made. Ever since this time he has been regarded as the Father of Confederation, and in recognition of his services in that connection he was created a Companion of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath. When the first Canadian parliament was formed he was offered a seat therein but he magnanimously declined the honor in order that a fellow country man might receive it.

During the last third of the nineteenth century he, at different times, occupied almost every important position that his country could offer. His record reads thus: President of the Privy Council of the Dominion of Canada, 1870-72, Minister of Inland Revenue, 1872-73: Minister of Customs, 1873; Min-

ister of Public Works, 1878-79: Minister of Railways and Canals, 1879-84: High Commissioner for Canada in England, 1883-87 and 1889-96; Minister of Finance, 1887-88; Plenipotentiary of Her Majesty on Fishery Commission, 1887-88, and in 1896 Prime Minister of Canada.

That a man, who had filled so many important positions, should have been singularly honored by his king is not at all surprising. We have already noted that in 1867 the C. B. had been conferred upon him. In 1878 he was created a Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, and a few years later a Knight Grand Cross of the same order. A baronetcy was bestowed upon him in 1888 and in 1907 he was appointed a Privy Councillor of the United Kingdom.

Sir Charles in 1900 retired from public life and took up his residence in England. Still he always evinced a keen interest in all that pertained to his native country, and on different occasions revisited the scenes of his life's labor. Although he had, far overstepped the span of years allotted to man here below, yet, up to the time of his death, he enjoyed the full exercise of all his faculties. He will long be remembered as "Canada's Grand Old Man,"—the man who initiated the movement which culminated in the union of the British American colonies—the man who introduced into Canadian politics the principle of British Trade Preference—the man who during the whole of his public career, endeavoured to strengthen the bond which unites Canada to the Mother Country—in fine, the man who for forty-six years devoted his best energies towards placing Canada in the prominent position she today holds.

Patience is sister to meekness and humility is its mother.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.