

The Late Reverend Lawrence Smith

The sorrow that death alone can bring came to St. Dunstan's on Sunday morning, March 2nd, with the unexpected death of Father Smith. A man of splendid physique and apparently enjoying perfect health, Father Smith might have looked forward to many long years of life and service. But, perhaps, to demonstrate how frail our hold is on life, God took from amongst us him who, we thought, would live the longest.

On Wednesday, February 26th, Father Smith took his regular classes, and on Thursday he said Mass as usual; it was his last official act. He was removed to the Hospital on Friday where, with startling suddenness, his death came in the early hours of Sunday.

Father Smith's whole life was spent in the cause of education and for God. From the time he first went to school, until death stilled his active brain, all his time and energy, whether as pupil or teacher, were devoted to study. He first came to St. Dunstan's in 1902 from his native school at Maplewood. Obtaining a teacher's license, he taught for some years in various parts of the Island, returning later to St. Dunstan's, whence he graduated in 1913. In 1916 he resigned his position as Principal of Queen Square School, Charlottetown, to enter St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, and on his ordination to the Priesthood in 1919, he came back once again to St. Dunstan's, to remain with us until death removed him.

Thoroughness was the dominant note in his life. No matter what the task, he undertook it with energy and mastered it. On the athletic field, in the class-room, or in communing with his Divine Master, he was always thorough—he was in earnest. It was this quality that gained for him the respect and admiration of those who knew him even slightly and the love of those who knew him well.

Father Smith was a quiet man, a man who in great measure lived within himself—apart from the world. The world did not know him; only a small number of intimates were given this privilege. These, however, could not fail to appreciate the greatness of his character and the nobility of his soul. He was a pleasant and cheerful companion, whose wit and humor ever drew to



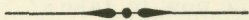
THE LATE REVEREND LAWRENCE SMITH

him those with whom he lived. Gloom could not exist when he was near. His presence always gave cheer, and now his absence causes sorrow and sadness. We need not the vacant chair to remind us of him who has gone; his memory will be cherished at St. Dunstan's as long as the present generation of students and professors will remain. We have lost a splendid educator, a great Priest and a dear friend.

We buried him on the sunny hillside at Kelly's Cross, where he sleeps the long sleep that precedes the General Judgment.

May his soul rest in peace!

—G.P.M.



"Passing out of the shadow
 Into eternal day;
 Why do we call it dying,
 This sweet going away?"

