

## BISHOP BURKE.

From every eye the tear shall start,  
And every heaving bosom swell;  
A bitter pang shall wring each heart,  
When tolls the death inviting knell.

The babe unborn shall hear his fame,  
And fading age beweeep his doom;  
The Indian fierce, repeat his name,  
Amidst the wigwam's cheerless gloom.

If e'er a heart could sorrow feel,  
If in the eye one tear could lurk;  
That heart may vie with hardest steel,  
That heaves not at the name of Burke.

Then fare thee well since life is past,  
And icy sleep hath locked thy frame;  
Yet still, methinks, each plaintive blast,  
Sighs softly forth our Edmund's name.

When Doyle arrived at an age which qualified him to assume some calling in life, the religious disabilities were still in force throughout the English-speaking portions of the British empire. The advance of liberal principles and a more tolerant spirit towards Roman Catholics gave the hope that a Catholic relief bill could not long be postponed in Nova Scotia, and decided Doyle's father to article his son to the profession of the law.

It is pertinent to recall an incident from which, perhaps, there may be formed an idea as to the manner of man Doyle was. An ungenerous article in one of the denominational journals reflecting somewhat on the efforts that were being made, in the late thirties, by the Roman Catholics of Nova Scotia to improve and extend their academic institutions stirred Doyle, on the spur of the moment, to take up the cudgels in behalf of his co-religionists.