

who came in years long gone by with their grandfathers from Ireland, and devoted his life to their welfare? The self-sacrificing, self-denying servant of God, who clung to three generations of Irishmen in Canada, who welcomed thousands of them in their infancy into the bosom of the Church—watched over them through life, comforting them in sorrow, rejoicing with them in their joys, tending them in sickness—amid fevers and epidemic, always by their beds, and when their last hour came, thousands of dying Irishmen and women, as they closed their eyes on this world, the last object their fading sight rested upon, was the friendly face of the devoted Irish priest who left them never in this world, till he saw them depart smilingly confident of mercy and happiness in the next. What should Irishmen think of their priest? What do they think of him? Let the history of Ireland, the history of Canada, the history of the United States, the history of the World answer. Then why should we wonder that Irishmen love their priests. Why should we wonder that whole armies of bristling bayonets cannot control or keep them in check when they feel the patriot's passion strong within them, and yet that the priest's voice soothes them till they weep in repentance of their errors. Is it necessary to remind the reader that it was not in his character of Bishop of the great Diocese of New York, that Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the great Irishman, bowed his head; it was at the feet of the Irish Catholic priest, John Hughes, he knelt in submission. And the Father Gordons of the Irish Catholic Church, are they beloved by their people? Oh! yes, above his own life, the worthy priest is dear to an Irishman, and wherever a true Irish soul speaks to its God, it prays that if, among Heaven's great and glorious array of crowns, there is any one brighter and more glorious than the others to be found, may that one be reserved for the pure spirit of Father Gordon, when it takes its place among the truest and most faithful servants of God beatified in Heaven; for his labours on earth are and have been sanctified by that holy love for, and devotion to, the service of "*My Father who is in Heaven,*" which cannot fail to illuminate the pages of "*The book of life.*"

On the 13th of August, 1857, Thomas D'Arcy McGee left the United States for Canada, and, with his family, established himself in the beautiful city of Montreal. His paper, *The American Celt and Adopted Citizen*, he sold to the Messrs. Sadlier of New York, and it still continues to be published by them, under the name of the *New York Tablet*, Mrs. James Sadlier being its principal editor.

On his arrival in Canada, Mr. McGee, assisted by the generous subscriptions of the Irish people of Montreal, established a paper, *The New Era*, and commenced anew the battle of life. He was looked upon with