

"may neither dews nor rain fall on you, nor your fields be green, nor yield first fruits, because there were cast away the shields of the valiant, the illustrious of Israel were slain" on your hill & des. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye daughters of Israel weep over Jonathan, slain on high places. I grieve for thee, my brother Jonathan, exceedingly beautiful, and to be loved above the love of woman. As the mother loveth her only son, so did I love you. How are the valiant fallen, and the weapons of war broken to pieces."

Such are the heart gushings of grief and desolation poured forth from the lips of the mightiest King, and with few exceptions, of a man of the most grandiose character in ancient or modern times. I trust I am not saying too much in stating my conviction that, after the lapse of three thousand years, these same heart throes and wailings for another Jonathan, the great and good man for whom this service is now being offered up, will find a responsive echo this morning in the hearts and on the lips of millions; and, shall I say it in all modesty, and all caution, and respect for guarded and unexaggerated truth, the second Jonathan to whom I allude was, for the last quarter of a century, Ireland's and Irishmen's best friend and ablest advocate, and that is the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the recently murdered victim of Ottawa; his country's martyr, the giant among his fellows, who now sleeps the cold sleep of death in Montreal, but whose great name still survives in the hearts of millions, and will continue to live on in the esteem, regard, and veneration of great and good men, centuries and centuries after his miserable assassin and all his wretched accomplices and sympathisers will have passed to their dread account, and to their congenial rottenness and oblivion.

It is needless to say that in thus extolling the manly virtues of my dearest and ever to be lamented friend, Mr. McGee, I have not the remotest intention of preaching the panegyric of a saint. No! to meet fairly all the charges of his enemies without blenching, I feel bound as his friend and an Archbishop of the Catholic Church, to frankly admit that he was not a saint in the strict sense of that term; and who among us