

II

With Villa Maria's faithful dead,
Among the just we made his bed,
The cross he loved, to shield his head,
Miserere, Domine!

III

The skies may lower, wild storms may rave
Above our comrade's mountain grave,
That cross is mighty still to save—
Miserere, Domine!

IV

Deaf to the calls of Love and Care—
He bears no more his mortal share—
Nought can avail him now but prayer,
Miserere, Domine!

V

To such a heart who could refuse
Just payment of all burial dues,
Of Holy Church the rite and use?
Miserere, Domine!

VI

Right solemnly the Mass was said,
While burned the tapers round the Dead,
And manly tears like rain were shed,
Miserere, Domine!

VII

No more Saint Patrick's aisles prolong
The burden of his funeral song,
His noiseless night must now be long,
Miserere, Domine!

VIII

Up from the depths we heard arise
A prayer of pity to the skies,
To Him who dooms, or justifies,
Miserere, Domine!

XI

Down from the skies we heard descend
The promises of the Psalmist penned,
The benedictions without end,
Miserere, Domine!

X

Mighty our Holy Church's will
To shield her parting souls from ill,
Jealous of Death! she guards them still,
Miserere, Domine!

XI

The dearest Friend will turn away,
And leave the clay to keep the clay
Ever and ever She will stay—
Miserere, Domine!

XII

When for us sinners, at our need,
That Mother's voice is raised to plead,
The frontier hosts of Heaven take heed,
Miserere, Domine!

XIII

Mother of Love! Mother of Fear!
And holy Hope, and Wisdom dear,
Behold we bring thy suppliant here,
Miserere, Domine!

XIV

His flaming heart is still for aye,
That beld fast by thy clemency,
Oh look on him with loving eye,
Miserere, Domine!

XV

His Faith was as the tested gold,
His hope assured, not overbold,
His Charities past count, untold,
Miserere, Domine!

XVI

Well may they grieve who laid him there,
Where shall they find his equal—Where?
Nought can avail him now but prayer,
Miserere, Domine!

XVII

Friend of my soul, farewell to thee!
Thy truth, thy trust, thy chivalry!
As thine—so may my last end be!
Miserere, Domine!

Assassination of the Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee.

Ottawa, 7th.

Hon. T. D. McGee was assassinated at the door of his lodging-house, in Queen's Printer's building, after leaving the House of Commons this morning, at half-past two.

He was shot through the back of the head by some one standing near him, and fell dead on the side-walk, leaving his latch-key in the door.

He had left the House with one or two members, and parted with them a few yards from home.

He was all alone, therefore, with the assassin.

We are further informed that the hair of the unfortunate gentleman's head was singed, showing that the fire-arm must have been close to his head.

Coroner VanCortland, Sir John A. Macdonald, Col. Gray, Speaker Cockburn and many other members were quickly on the spot, and Sir John has taken measures to have all sources of exit from city strictly guarded and watched.

House of Commons.

Ottawa, April 7.

UNITED EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY AND HORROR AT THE MURDER OF THE HON. THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

The Speaker took the Chair at ten minutes past three.

The galleries were densely crowded.

Sir John A. MacDonald rose amidst the breathless silence of the House, and manifesting feelings of the most profound emotion, which for some time almost stopped his utterance, he said:—Mr. Speaker, it is with pain amounting to anguish that I rise to address you. He who last night, nay this morning, was with us and of us, whose voice is still ringing in our ears, who charmed us with his marvellous eloquence, elevated us by his large statesmanship, and instructed us by his wisdom and his patriotism, is no more—is foully murdered. If ever a soldier, who fell on the field of battle in the front of the fight, deserved well of his country, Thomas D'Arcy McGee deserved well of Canada and its people. The blow which has just fallen is too recent, the shock is too great, for us yet to realize its awful atrocity, or the extent of this most irreparable loss—I feel, Sir, that our sorrow, our genuine and unaffected sorrow, prevents us from giving adequate expression to our feelings just now, but by and by, and at length, this House will have a melancholy pleasure in considering the character and position of my late friend and colleague. To all, the loss is great, to me I may say inexpressibly so; as the loss not only of a warm political friend, who has acted with me for some years, but of one with whom I enjoyed the intercommunication of his rich and varied mind, the blow has been overwhelming. I feel altogether incapable of addressing myself to the subject just now. Our departed friend was a man of the kindest and most generous impulse, a man whose hand was open to every one, whose heart was made for friendship, and whose enmities were written in water; a man who had no gall, no guile; in wit a man, in simplicity a child. He might have lived a long and respected life had he chosen the easy path of popularity rather than the stern one of duty. He has lived a short life, respected and beloved, and died a heroic death; a martyr to the cause of his country. How easy it would have been for him, had he chosen, to have sailed along the full tide of popularity with thousands and hundreds of thousands,