

earnest and sincere friend till death, the distinguished Archbishop of New York. However, as regret is now unavailing, I must pay the sacred debt which I owe to the utmost of my humble ability.

Among the many noble and endearing qualities of Dr. Walsh there are some which stand out in bold relief, which, as a guide to his successor, and a consolation to his priests, and to you, and to his many admiring friends in Ireland, deserve especial mention before I conclude.

Dr. Walsh, as a thorough gentleman, a varied and accomplished scholar, had few equals, and not one superior that I have had the honour of being acquainted with. His memory was prodigious, his industry, his conscientious traffic of time such as I believe was rarely if ever surpassed. Besides the punctual performance of all the duties of his administration, I have known him for years to have devoted from eight to ten hours a day to study. I am yet to be convinced that he spent a useless or idle day from the hour of his consecration. With a thorough and critical knowledge of four or five languages, there was little in ancient or modern literature, sacred or profane, which he had not seen, and what is more with which he was not perfectly familiar. But the grandest trait in his whole character is yet to be presented. His intellectual labours, great and incessant as they were, unlike those of other great men, were made always ancillary and subservient to a grander and loftier purpose, which with him culminated above all, and that is the glory of God, and the beautifying and the aggrandisement of that Church on earth, which like its divine founder, he wished to see "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." Like another David, "the zeal of God's house hath eaten him up." In his esteem, neither gold nor silver, nor precious stones, nor a life's labour were too much for the beauty of that house and the splendour of Catholic worship carried out as he wished it in all the decorum and regularity of its minutest details. I verily believe that the glory of God and the further extension of the Catholic empire of Jesus over men's souls, was the breath by which he lived and the ordinary life spring of his every action. Few men were stronger or more immovable in their earthly friendship. He made many friends in his time, and I am not as yet aware that he lost one of the number who deserved that