

front of the Altar, while the former with visible emotion, which age, recent illness, and present suffering, were well calculated to increase, delivered a very solemn and touching address, a portion of which we very imperfectly translate. After speaking of the heinousness of the crime, the Venerable Bishop added:

"By this demonstration you render homage to a citizen, who, it may be, having committed faults knew how to atone for them nobly, and it was for this atonement he was doomed to die by the hand of an assassin. He went home thinking that he was unlocking the door of his earthly house, and he found himself on the threshold of 'the house not made with hands,' where, let us hope, the God of mercy was waiting to receive him. In the midst of these sad surroundings this grand demonstration teaches us that while an individual may be assassinated, a people cannot be slain. Murderers will see that a nation has only one heart and one soul, and that both are set against them. Where all are resolved to support the cause of order and society no fear need be entertained for the machinations of assassins."

The solemn service ended, the procession of mourners was again formed. Following the car, whereon the coffin was placed for the last time, they silently ascended the slope of what formerly was called "Mont Royal" to the quiet cemetery where D'Arcy McGee's last resting place had already been prepared. Public buildings were passed, and thronged thoroughfares left behind, but along the country roads flag staffs had been improvised, and banners at half mast suspended; for private individuals vied with public bodies in doing honor to one who had earnestly striven to confer benefits on all. The picturesque burial place was at length reached. In traversing its quiet pathways one could not fail to note the manner in which faith and love, memory and hope, had striven to adorn it. A local newspaper described the scene as "a forest of marble." Truly the emblems of mortality and of redemption were there, the obelisk and the cross, one pointing to the skies and the other telling of the way there. Could the slumberer of immortality have spoken to us from his shroud, he might then with impassioned eloquence have read "sermons in stones" as truly as he had elsewhere taught that there was "good in every thing."