

pathetic. He was appointed to the Archbishopric of York in January 1891, and died May 5th, of the same year. "Like his older friend, Bishop Wilberforce, he was taken in the maturity of his powers and the zenith of his fame. We have not in either case to look back through a period of decay to recover the image of what he once was; the last impression was not only the most vivid but the most true." Canon MacDonnell's closing words form a fitting summary of the great Archbishop's life. "Let me impress upon those who only knew him in his public life that neither his great natural gifts, nor the long discipline of his chequered life, in sorrow and sickness, as well as in joy and success; nor his varied experiences of church life, both in England and Ireland, from curacies in Dublin and Bath to the Sees of Peterborough and York, that none of these could have made the William Connor, Archbishop of York, whose loss we mourn, any more than the chemist could have made his marvellous brain out of the phosphorus and carbon and the other materials into which he could have resolved it by his art. If it needed that God should breathe upon such earthly materials before "man became a living soul," so did all the gifts of heart and intellect and genius need a higher inspiration to make the spiritual preacher and wise "Father in God." Had the Archbishop chosen the bar as his profession, he would assuredly have found his way into the House of Commons, and risen to the highest offices of the State. But he was something greater and better as a servant of Him whose "Kingdom is not of this world." Let us thank God that he was spared to us so long, and not lament that he was too soon cut off; and let us pray that others may be raised up to do the work which he might have accomplished if he had been spared longer to the Church."

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