

the past, no misgivings for the future; there was nothing hurried, or unforseen, or unprovided for. No, on the contrary, every thing was there that the Christian heart could yearn for. Instead of terror or uneasiness there was a majesty, an air of calm and dignified composure that told of the well spent life and the well regulated interior, and that blessed "peace of God that surpasseth all understanding," and which only the friends of God can either feel or appreciate. That giant mind which was always too strong for the frail tenement in which it was held continued unimpaired to the last. The lamp of reason within never burned more brilliantly than at the last moment—as he was about to wing his way to God. As the mark of final perseverance, the crowning act of God's love he received in the full possession of his faculties, and with a faith and fervour worthy of an apostle all the last consoling rights of his religion, and over and over the blessed Eucharist on which he had written so much, and so well, and to which he was so reverentially devoted through life.

It is not without reason, therefore, we say of Dr. Walsh what in the Holy Scriptures is said of the glorious and patriarchal men of olden time. "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." He began well, he continued well, and as the grandest consummation of all he ended, as such a man ought to have ended, as the well tried servant and the faithful Priest of God. He died on the 11th of last month, in the midst of a sorrowing people, surrounded by his Priests, and every consolation that religion could afford: and if he be not at this moment in that blessed realm for which he laboured so incessantly in life, then the purest and the best of us have reason to tremble, and it becomes our double duty to sanctify ourselves, and to continue to pray, as we do, now that God may give him everlasting peace.

In the impartial survey of the facts already adduced, and of the whole career of Dr. Walsh it becomes my duty before concluding to review them impartially to do his memory all the justice I can without, at the same time, infringing in any manner on the sacred boundary of truth. Without any affected humility, I only regret for his sake that the task (as I vainly hoped) has not fallen into the hands of the man most competent at this side of the Atlantic to do it justice, and that is his