

and talked, the Unwelcome Guest was knocking at the door, and that we were listening for the last time to the good old priest's cheery reminiscences. He is now gone from us, but not to die; for the recollection of his many noble qualities and of the example he has left behind him in his completed Christian life—in love and unity with all men—will serve as a quickening impulse and inspiration for future generations. To me who knew him so long and so well, it is unspeakably precious and consoling to remember now how highly his merits were recognized, how full of happiness and contentment his life was made. While the chief seats of learning throughout the country took an especial delight in bestowing upon him some of their highest honors, the representative of his Sovereign was pleased to call him to the Supreme Guild of Literature; while the Queen's daughter, our beautiful and accomplished Princess, was proud to admit one—to use the language of Bishop Macdonell—"of his humble priestly life," to the inner circle of her counsellors and friends, and to order the execution of his portrait for her

private collection, the Church he loved with such ceaseless devotion, was not unmindful of him in distributing her dignities. Had he lived till April next, he would have been privileged to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the holy priesthood, but that consolation was denied him. Yet what greater comfort his; he died in the full possession of his noble intellectual faculties, and enjoying to the full the love and reverence of everyone. Truly, in summing up his character, we may say of him as was well said of another, that he was one

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;  
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow,  
Through either babbling world of high and low,  
Whose life was work—whose language rise  
With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke  
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:  
Greatest, yet with least pretence,  
Foremost-hearted of his time.  
Rich in saving common sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity, sublime.

HENRY J. MORGAN.

Ottawa, January 14th, 1895.

