

in none, perhaps, better than in the very affecting lines which he composed as a song of requiem to a departed friend, beside whose coffin he stood in those very aisles only one short month ago. I cannot conclude better than by quoting some of those lines, as the portrait which he painted of his friend will now serve to describe himself.

" His Faith was as the tested gold,

" His Hope assured, not over-bold,

" His Charities past count untold,

*Miserere Domine.*

" Well may they grieve, who laid him there,

" Where shall they find his equal ? Where ?

" Nought can avail him now but prayer.

*Miserere Domine."*

With this mournful dirge I commend his memory to your care. May his lessons never be lost upon us. May his death on behalf of his country serve to give strength to our hearts to do or die, if necessary in her cause; and as we are all united here to-day around the body of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, may we become more and more united in brotherly feeling and holy charity, all animated with his spirit, all laboring for the same great ends, and then from those ashes, in this holy Easter time, a new country shall spring, and with his blood shall be watered and fostered the young tree of our national greatness. And when we shall have thus served our country here below, may we all pass to the better country above, to bless and praise our God for ever. AMEN.

The affecting service at St. Patrick's was supplemented by a still more imposing ceremonial at the Roman Catholic Parish Church, where the Queen's subjects of French origin are accustomed to worship; eight thousand persons, it was conjectured, stood within the walls of that spacious building when the coffin, borne by friends, and followed by mourners, was carried to its allotted place in the centre of the central aisle. The continuous roll of muffled music caught by successive bands and transmitted from street to street and square to square, seemed to grow in volume and intensity as the procession arrived within the Place d'Armes, and drew near to the entrance of the Church. Then, as the cries of inferior animals in the desert are said to subside when the lion roars, so all instruments of lesser note, were hushed, as with throbbing breath the great organ of Notre Dame took up the burden of their grief, and in strains of unapproachable pathos and emotion gave with thrilling effect, the Dead March in Saul. White robed priests and minute chorister boys, in number without number, moved with noiseless celerity to their stalls. All was still, for unusual interest was manifested as the Right Reverend Monseigneur Bourget, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, with two attendant priests advanced to the