

broken," and thus were scattered the garnered treasures of his seething brain; scattered, too, when he was actively coining thoughts of sterling value to the country of his adoption as well as the country of his birth.

It is difficult for those who knew him well, to hold a steady pen or write with calm coherency of his great intellectual powers, and yet it is desirable not to overlook a personal fact, his triumphant, moral mastery of himself. We may speak now without either shame or shock, of the earnest character of his efforts to bring about an exact correspondence between the tastes that injured him, and the teachings that benefited others. It was no easy trial for one of his exuberant mirth, his social predilections and his convivial habits, to lay aside the evil which had become associated with such experiences, and yet retain the experiences apart from the evil; to preserve the relish for the friendship, and yet put from him the wine which he had esteemed as the almost inseparable associate of such friendship; to put away from him what theologians would term "his besetting sin," and yet retain the grace and brightness of character from which it sprang. Mr. McGee did so, and as we are informed, without resorting to any stimulating test or public pledge, but by bending his strong will to the vow which he had registered in the cloister of his soul, and which he had presented to the supreme source of strength. "I have made my resolve," said he to his attending physician, who, despairing of his life, recommended him to take some stimulants. "I have made my resolve, and not to save life itself will I break through it." He lived long enough to convince the most incredulous that he had won this great victory over himself, and that from thenceforward there was little fear of his mental strength being impaired by moral weakness. When he was so unconsciously drawing near the close of his life, it is something worthy of record that the follies and stains which had disfigured that life, one after another, were overcome and cast out, leaving him at length "renewed, regenerate and disenthralled" by the threefold powers of virtue, temperance, and charity.

To return to our narrative. Many of our readers are aware that the former portion of this sketch was written two years ago when Mr. McGee was in Europe. He had made his celebrated Wexford speech, and had attracted towards himself thereby no