

stitution, the freest ever yet known to man, hope to prove the justice of their cause by blows and deeds of violence, must perish, the victims of their own devices. This important truth which youth, inexperienced, ardent, enthusiastic, could not discover, was manifest to maturer years, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, instructed by the principles and example of O'Connell, enlightened by experience, guided by the promptings of his riper judgment, animated and encouraged by the inspirations of his superior genius, beheld and acknowledged the errors of his too early political career. But he had not in reality, as yet, commenced any such career. In the times to which reference has been made, he was a man of letters and a journalist, and less a politician than his relations with the "Young Ireland" club, might lead us to suppose. These relations were as the friendships of childhood, and like them ephemeral. They passed away with his boyhood, and all that remains of them is a faint and perishing remembrance. His literary labors of the same period enjoy as they deserve, a better fate. They alone would be a lasting monument to his name.* The works of his youth, we are well assured, are read with interest even now, by his fellow countrymen in Ireland, and they will long survive in the literature of his country. That could have been no mediocre talent which attracted the notice of O'Connell, and was induced by that great man to devote itself to his cause,—the cause of reform in Ireland through moral and constitutional means. The friends of Mr. McGee, in Canada, shewed an equally sound appreciation of his great abilities. They invited him to take up his abode amongst them in the rich and prosperous city of Montreal. He was not long there, applying, as was his wont, to the congenial labours of literature and journalism, when at the general election which took place about a year after his arrival, he was chosen one of the three representatives of the city in

*The gigantic products of his short but eventful life, must be proof positive, even to his enemies, of ceaseless industry, and a marvellously sustained intellectual culture, incompatible with serious faults of any kind. The ten or eleven hundred lectures delivered by him in twenty years, the unnumbered pieces of matchless eloquence which he poured forth,—his immortal speeches in and out of Parliament,—his voluminous political writings,—and the many literary works in prose and poetry in his name,—and lastly, the blasting shock of his hideous taking off before the blossoming of manhood! Speak trumpet-tongued for the moderation and the many untold virtues of his whole life."

—*Archbishop of Halifax, funeral oration on the late T. D. McGee, Halifax, 1868.*

the Canadian Parliament. Now (1858) in reality commenced his career as a politician and statesman. It has been already alluded to in this discourse. You all know how brilliant it was and alas! how brief! Twice in the Ministry, and since he left it, without any difference with his colleagues, but from the purest, most patriotic, and most disinterested motives, he was more than ever at the head of all affairs. From the first even before he was elected to Parliament, the consistent advocate of the Union of these Provinces, he was until his latest breath its ablest defender. More, need it be said? much more than any other he was the public man—the statesman of Canada. He was repeatedly, habitually recognized as such. A truly magnificent proof this recognition was given only a few days before that on which he was called away so suddenly and so nefariously from the country which loved him and will long revere his memory. The reckless, ungrateful and most criminal hand which consigned him to an untimely grave, struck at the heart of the Canadian people, and all who do not hasten to repudiate all sympathy with the foul and fiendish deed, incur their just contempt and undisguised hostility quite as surely as the perpetrators of such acts, together with their patrons, abettors and accomplices, who are the enemies alike of God and man, daringly and impiously place themselves under the ban of the Church and the curse of God. We mourn the loss of Canada's ablest statesman and most eloquent orator. But the cruel and unexpected blow has also hurried from our sight and from our society, a deeply read scholar, a pleasing essayist, a great historian and a good poet. What varied learning did he not bring to bear on the subjects which he selected for the numerous lectures that he so willingly undertook in the cause of charity* and benevolence? How gracefully and with what untiring energy, did he not deliver those lectures? If any one thing more than another be deserving of special notice in this place and on this occasion, it is this, that all the efforts of his fascinating oratory tended to extinguish animosities, reconcile differences, promote peace and good will among the various classes and denominations of his fellow-countrymen of Canada. This alone would entitle him, as it does entitle him, to the prayers and benedictions of the Church. It does more; it gives him a right to the blessing of God himself. "*Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God!*" (Matt. 5, 9.) If for this cause the grossest ignorance—ignorance that no tongue of man or angel ever can enlighten—assailed him with reproach, endeavoured to crush him by

* In number over 1,000.—*Archbishop Connolly.*