

that if called to the priesthood, he hoped to enter that exalted state on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Both prayers have been answered. On the 8th of December, four years ago, in this Cathedral, then resounding with great joy, he was made a Priest forever; and on Saturday last, feast of Our Lady of Mercy, he died happy. Devotion to Mary is always a sure sign of a pure life, and virginal purity was the virtue most dear to him. He could not endure the slightest indelicate allusion. I remember well one incident of his chivalrous defence of assailed chastity. A group of students, most of them older than he, and some holding positions of honor in the Sodality, were gathered around a new arrival, a youth of captivating manners, just introduced. The conversation at first ran on College topics, but soon a chance remark was turned into a lewd joke by the new-comer. The blush of injured modesty mantled every cheek, but those who by their age and position should have promptly repented this insult to virtue, were silent through human respect. Not so young Duhamel. The fire of just indignation flashed from his eye, as he declared that no child of Mary could tolerate such language or associate with such a companion. The rebuke was a salutary one. It cured the offender, and edified and rallied the weak and wavering.

Having successfully prosecuted the College curriculum, Joseph Duhamel, alone of his class, assumed the cassock as his portion and entered the Diocesan Seminary. His desire to consecrate himself to the altar was not of new or sudden growth. It was already strongly grounded in his soul on the day of his first communion, and fostered by his parents, developed by his spiritual directors, he was a Levite in spirit long before he became one by formal adoption. In the Seminary, the same virtues distinguished him but in a more eminent degree. The same modesty, but more marked; the same obedience, but more humble; the same charity, but with a greater self-sacrifice. He devoted himself to the study of Theology and the Sacred Scriptures with even more vigor and success. He studied the Rubrics, the Ceremonies, and the Liturgy of the Church with a real love; and if the great festivals of the year have been of late celebrated in this Basilica with ceremonies of a grandeur and solemnity striking to the beholder, to him, as the first to introduce them, is all credit and honor due.

I now come to the long desired day of his ordination. But, my Brethren, I dare not linger to contemplate the happy scene. It was in this sanctuary, before this altar. How short the time since then! How changed the scene to-day!

Immediately, he began the exercise of the ministry in this parish—you know with what zeal and what fruit. How he gathered poor souls to the confessional, where he excelled in patience and kindness—where he was truly the dispenser of mercy, a minister of love. What consolation he brought to the sick-bed! What comfort and hope to the dying! How he loved to be amongst little children, and with what care he instructed them! The orphan smiled as he approached, and the aged poor welcomed him with benedictions. To both he was the agent of providential protection. And so, my Brethren, as you know him, like unto his Divine Master, he went about doing good.

Here, my Lord, may I be permitted to refer, for a moment, to his well-known attachment and loyalty to your own person and office? It is true, that the ties of blood are strong, and that he loved you with all the love of a kinsman. But knowing him as I have known

him since early youth, and having noted his steady submission to authority and willing obedience to his superiors in every department, I unhesitatingly say, here over his corpse, as I sincerely believe, that if you had come from abroad to preside over this Diocese,—come as a stranger, unknown and unheard of, to us and to him, Joseph Duhamel, Priest, would have given you the same respect and the same honor, and served you with the same fidelity and will. Your loss, my Lord, is most severe, and your clergy, knowing it, most heartily sympathize with you to-day.

Such, my Brethren, was the life of this holy Priest of God. May we not say of him, in the words of an ancient poet:

This youth, the blissful vision of a day,
Was just shown on earth and snatch'd away!

May we not truly apply to him these words of Holy Writ: "Being made perfect in a short space he fulfilled a long time: for his soul pleased God: therefore, he hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities." He is gone, and we weep. It is well, for we have suffered a great loss. But we are not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope; for "the souls of the just are in the hands of God." (Wisdom, III—1) "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." (Cor. XV—53.) Let us then pray: rather than weep. "Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him!" be our daily prayer; for we owe him much. Has he not left "not only to young men, but also to the whole nation, the memory of his death for an example of virtue and fortitude?" And, as we pray, "and this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: *Death shall be swallowed up in victory. O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!*" (1 Cor. XV, 54, 55)

After the *Libera* and *Absoute*, the funeral cortege was formed, and proceeded to the Notre-Dame Cemetery, where His Lordship recited the final prayers, and the mortal remains of the lamented dead were laid beneath the sod.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE!

THE MONOPOLY OF THE ONTARIO SCHOOL SYSTEM.

There never was a greater monopoly in this Province than its present existing Public and High School System. The Catholics of Ontario number nearly three hundred thousand, and yet they have no voice whatever in the Educational Government of the country. Truly by the *generosity* of our Protestant friends and our own apathy, we are made the hewers of wood and drawers of water in Educational matters. Between the north polar circle of the Honorable the Minister of Education and the tropic of a High School Trustee, the Catholic in this Province dare not launch his timid bark. And why? Simply because Catholics allow such a state of things. There is no room for a Catholic in the Educational Government of this Province. No, but there is ample room for Catholic money in the treasury of Ontario to maintain a system of Separate School Inspection, administered by men who care as much for