

them the resistless desire for its repetition. Even the brain, that most delicate and wonderful organ, which forms the mysterious link between the other forms of matter and mind, the healthy functions of which are essential to vigorous intellectual operation, is capable of imbibing alcohol, and having all its actions suddenly arrested. In the case of a man who was picked up dead soon after having drank a quart of gin for a wager, in the vessels of the brain was found a considerable quantity of limpid fluid, distinctly impregnated with gin, both to the sense of smell and taste, and even to the test of inflammability.

#### CHARACTER OF THE LATE REV. DR. MONTAGUE.

Dr. Montague was about the middle stature, and of a frame of body naturally sound and rather robust, and without any inclination to corpulency. The extreme regularity and exactness of his habits of life perhaps in the end contributed to accelerate his decline. He had fixed hours for rising and retiring to rest, for his recreations and occupations; and from this rule he never deviated in any considerable degree without showing evident symptoms that the deviation affected his health and spirits. The result was, that, when attacked by the distemper which ultimately brought him to the grave, he could not bear constant confinement to his room, and the breaking up of the fixed habits of half a century's duration. About three years ago, he was obliged to undergo a severe surgical operation, and to change his regimen and mode of life in some particulars—a change from which he appeared to suffer more than from the transient affection which it was designed to remedy. From that time I observed that he began to sink and droop, and to become daily more and more abstracted from the consideration of affairs.

It was indeed affecting, and to all who were present an edifying lesson to hear this fine old priest, whose whole heart and soul were given during so long a career to the one great work of promoting the good of religion, lamenting to his friends, and exclaiming, with the most earnest simplicity of tone, "Now I see clearly that I have neglected numberless opportunities that were presented to me of doing good, and that the little good that I have done was but poorly done, and that I have discharged my duties so imperfectly." At the close of the spring of 1813, he became afflicted with a soreness in his tongue, which was either incipient cancer, or threatened to terminate in that excruciating malady. After a few weeks, not finding any immediate sensible relief, he at once took his distemper as a warning from heaven that his hour was come. From this

moment no persuasion or representation of his medical advisers, or his friends, could induce him to rally or to hope. He seemed not to have the least desire for to live longer. "I have lived long enough," he would say, "it is time for me to go." When his brother, the parish priest of Dungannon, called to visit him, in the summer of 1813, and endeavoured to cheer and console him by representing to him that his constitution was sound enough for many years to come (which was the opinion of every one at the time), and that by a little care he would soon recover. Walking about at the time, in his usual way, he replied—"John, John, my whole mind is now fixed on the preparation for eternity—do not injure my soul by drawing me away from the great thought of my salvation."

During the first month of his confinement to bed, and when his sufferings were most acute, his mind occasionally wandered; but as if, by a special grace of God, he retained for the last few months, his mental faculties perfect and undisturbed for a single moment, until he drew his last breath. His brother, with several of the clergymen of the college, were present when he expired, and he responded, as well as he was able, to the prayers that were recited round his dying bed to the last. On the night previous to his decease, he sent several times for one of the superiors, whose apartments joined his own, to repeat with him the acts of faith, hope, and charity. He died in the 72d year of his age, in the jubilee (50th) year of the college, in the jubilee year of his own residence there, and, I trust and believe, in the dawning of a jubilee for himself that shall never end.

Of Dr. Montague's character much might be said, if time permitted. One of the most straightforward and plain-spoken men that ever lived, and personally known to almost every ecclesiastic in the kingdom, yet, I believe, that the best traits in his character were never fully known except to the few who came into closer and more habitual intercourse with him. Duplicity in any shape was a thing utterly unknown to him. I do not believe that he ever said one thing while he thought another. But the great—the rare qualities of his character, were his profound humility and his perfectly disinterested zeal. I cannot call to my mind any instance I have ever had the opportunity of knowing of so humble a man filling an elevated and important situation. I had known him intimately for years, and I cannot recollect a single instance of arrogance, of petty assumption, of the exercise of authority, for the sake of showing authority, of small vapoury, of that gracious and ginning condescension which is often exhibited by little men who become possessed of rank or power.

As to his disinterestedness, those who would be