

agony, most patiently endured. His work done, this great and good man returned to England to die, and with his death expired his newly created title, for on his tomb the words are written "The first and last Lord Metcalfe."

Earl Cathcart was already an aged man when he became Governor General, and it is therefore no matter for surprise that his martial name should be found on the roll of those who have passed away.

The accomplished and versatile Earl of Elgin replaced his military predecessor, and it was reasonable to suppose that such vigorous manhood as his seemed to be would have won the crown of age. The supposition is rebuked by his quiet grave amidst Asiatic hills, where, in a heathen land, solitary and alone, the wearied Statesman, the humble Christian, sleeps in peace.

On the roll call of our Governors who for twenty years have represented the Crown in Canada, one alone survives. We cannot mention his name without at the same time thinking of the inextinguishable sorrow with which he who bears it must evermore recur to his residence in this Province. The troubled waters of the St. Maurice, and the quiet grave at Sillery, recall as in a vision, not only the generous, open-hearted boy, who perished in one and sleeps in the other; but they tell also of the direct line of a good old family cut off—a good name passing away, or, if preserved at all, preserved only on a tombstone. If it be true that our late Governor General, the high-minded and gifted Sir Edmund Head, obtained the Queen's permission to decline a coronet,—then those waters and that grave tell us also of a stainless career arrested; a glorious goal reached, and then avoided; the prize of honor won, and yet declined; the aim of a life realized, and yet lost. Death and sorrow, we may conjecture, had closed the avenue of ambition; and thus it may have been that one nearly peerless among rulers could not be attracted to the assembly of Peers. The official records of Royalty, on the page of distinctions conferred for ser-