

character of the act which has given to eternity one, with reverence be it said, whose life was so valuable to time. It is idle, and perchance wrong, to challenge His decrees without whom even a sparrow falls not; and yet all intelligence is at fault, all reasoning vain as we view his majestic wreck, who was so great and so greatly feared; so great and so greatly loved—but alas! “the golden bowl is broken.”

“Ay! broken by a fiendish hand,
Impell'd by felon thought;
Seek not, oh! man, to understand
Why such a wreck was wrought.

Why in the meridian of his age, in the zenith of his usefulness; scarcely beyond the morning of his fame, and only in the dawn of his honors, should his bright career have been brought to such a cruel end; are questions as vain to ask, as impossible to answer. The blood-stained facts are related by different persons in nearly the same words, and in similar phrases telegraphed to different parts of the world. Thus the tidings read.

“OTTAWA, April 7th, 3.00 a.m.

“Mr. McGee left the House of Commons before two o'clock, the moon making it nearly as light as day. He was accompanied by Mr. McFarlane, also a member of the House. They separated at the corner of the street for their respective lodgings. When they said “good night” Mr. McGee was not more than one hundred yards from his hotel. He was smoking a cigar and carried his walking stick under his left arm. His right hand was occupied in finding the latch key wherewith it was his practice to pass through the private door to his rooms. It is conjectured that as he stooped to place the key in the door, an assassin from some place of convenient concealment, shot him from behind, placing the muzzle of the pistol close to his head. The ball came out of his mouth destroying his front teeth and burying itself in the framework of the door, and from the nature of the wound, causing instant death.” The pestilent breath of the miscreant must momentarily at least have mingled with his victim's, for they were in such close proximity as to cause the hair of the latter to be singed and the flesh scorched by the flash of the shot. Thus was “the golden bowl