

everything associated with that race, and was perhaps its greatest pride on this continent.

I have often wondered what would have been the destiny of Charles Murphy had his parents not emigrated to this hemisphere. Had they remained on the Emerald Isle and had he been raised there, there is no question that he would have taken his place in the front ranks of the great Nationalist Party of that country, that he would have ornamented the halls of Westminster, and might have gone down to posterity as hero of the achievement of Home Rule for his country. Many of those who took an eminent place in that battle I have had the privilege of knowing from afar; all their orations I have read. But I know of none who was capable of such passionate and eloquent advocacy of the cause of Ireland as was Charles Murphy himself.

We think of him, however, not only in that relationship, but also as an eminent Canadian public man, a party man of the Canadian type, a strong fighter in the ranks, a favourite of his chief, a lover of his leader, a man who could perhaps deliver the most telling blows of any who sat opposite to us in the House of Commons in the old days. He "drank delight of battle with his peers," and well was he equipped both to battle and to conquer. But I have to add to that reflection this: however severe were the assaults he directed, however relentless was the battle he conducted, I never in the whole course of my public life heard on the part of any member of the party to which I belonged, and which was opposed to his, one word in the way of resentment or personal bitterness against Charles Murphy.

The reason for that was that he demeaned himself as a man at all times. He never behaved as a ruffian; much less did he ever behave as a bandit. He struck above the belt, and all knew that behind the masculine and virile brain and person of Charles Murphy was a kindly and generous heart. His friends he knew and their adoption tried, and he grappled them to his soul with hooks of steel. Those who were not his friends in the warfare of politics he possibly knew how to crush, but he did not know how to hate.

We think of him, though, not only as a public man, but as a lover of literature and especially as a student of history. The honourable leader on the other side (Hon. Mr. Dandurand) has told us how he associated with men of his own race and cause in the United States, in England, in Ireland and on the continent, and how he conducted a voluminous correspondence with these men to the end of his days. He liked them because they were giants of achievement. In what-

ever sphere they might have achieved he was interested. But he was interested most if they had at heart the common cause so dear to him, the cause of Ireland. He wanted to experience in his own life all the highest and best thrills of living, and he got this experience from these personal associations.

How he loved to tell about incidents and conversations with men of note, especially those of the land to the south and those of the last generation across the Atlantic! No man ever excelled him as a raconteur. No man ever excelled him in presenting the interesting and the gripping side of a conversation in which he had taken part or of an incident through which he had passed.

Naturally he had his heroes in our own land. I do not know that anyone in this Dominion quite filled his ideal of political perfection and personal charm, except one, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. How he loved Sir Wilfrid! But he whom he most revered in the past records of our country was D'Arcy McGee. No one has contributed so much to the immortality of that great figure in Canadian history as has Charles Murphy. He was a student of McGee for the same reason that he was a student of many other noted figures. He himself shared the same love of learning, the same poetic temperament, the same ardent patriotism. In the story of this Dominion there will perhaps be none who will be found to have possessed in more bountiful degree than Charles Murphy that statesmen's legacy of literary fire, of practical political wisdom and of ardent love of country.

Not only was he possessed of peculiarly Irish traits, but he was also a man of real business capacity. When an administrative task was given to him he discharged it with consummate ability. His organizing power became a legend. There was nothing he undertook to organize of which he did not make a real and striking success.

Naturally we lament the death of our colleague. It will be a long while, I think, before one passes from our midst whom we shall miss as we miss him. And because we can realize how they feel, we all join in sympathy with his brothers who remain and with the members of his family of the next generation. We sorrow with those who survive in the home where he lived, that home in which he was endeared and which he had so long enlivened and adorned.

Hon. J. P. MOLLOY: Honourable senators, the words that you are about to hear are not mine; they are the words of the honourable senator from Rougemont (Hon. Mr. Lemieux), who, I regret to say, is unavoidably absent