

the Basilica; Casey, St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum; and Croteau and Dacier, St. Jean-Baptiste. From the College of Ottawa, Pallier, Mangin, Gaudet, Froc, Balland, Bennett, Barrett, Harrois, Nolin, Vaillancourt, Charles-Duhaut, Guillet, and Provost. The Brothers of the Christian Schools, all the Seminarians of the Diocese, and the Brothers of the Oblate Scholasticate were also present. In the nave of the Church the different Charitable, National, and Religious Societies, and the Students of the College occupied places. The choir, a union of the several parish choirs, was directed by Father Chaborel of St. Joseph's Church. In the interval between the Mass and the *Absoute*, the Reverend J. J. Fillâtre, Professor of Moral Philosophy at the College, delivered an eloquent funeral oration in French. He was followed by Reverend M. J. Whelan of St. Patrick's, in English:—

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—*Wisdom*, IV—13, 14.

MY LORD, AND DEAR BROTHERS.—A third time within the short space of twelve months, the sad toll of the funeral bell has voiced o'er the city our grief and mourning by the open grave of one of the Lord's anointed. One after another, at intervals too brief, three parish churches have put on their weeds, and bitterly wept their lamentations for a departed pastor. Brethren, woefully indeed have we been afflicted. Hardly had we recovered from the dreadful shock of the 19th of January last,* when watchful eyes detected the grim angel of death again lurking in the sanctuary, with chilling and blighting glance fixed upon the youngest and purest life ministering at the altar. We saw with alarm the color begin to fade from our dear brother priest, and his strength to wane. In vain we warned him of the impending danger. Sustained by his great zeal, and stimulated by an ardent charity for souls, he felt no physical decline; and he toiled on through the day, and made vigil at night, as he thought duty required. Then came the day—a sudden and painful surprise to him—when nature, exhausted by this too constant strain, sighed plaintively for repose; and the fevered brow and hectic flush told that skillful treatment was required. Alas! too late. Despite all that medical skill could do,—despite the careful, tender nursing of the Sister of Charity, life's ebb sank lower and lower, as the hours fled. A fond father, a loving mother saw it—saw their only son, their pride, in the early summer of his life, sink into the grave. A sister dear saw it through her bitter tears—saw the joy of her life slowly fade away. And, my Lord, who can tell your emotions, the intensity of your dolours, as you sat by that bed-side, hoping against hope, every symptom warning you to prepare to take a last adieu of your loved and loving kinsman, and gentle, faithful and devoted priest? What fervent supplications, from the priest at the altar of Adorable Sacrifice, and from all the people, went up, in union with the earnest prayers of this Christian family, to the throne of the Author of life, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being!" We prayed, as did Our Lord Himself in the garden, on the night of His agony: "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." It was the will of God

that the bitter chalice should remain. The youthful victim cheerfully offered up the sacrifice of his life,—giving a few sweet moments to the members of his family, and all the rest to God. With a faith and fervor admirable to behold, he received the last sacraments for the spiritual strength and comfort of his soul, and then calmly awaited the appointed time. He had fought the good fight; he had fulfilled the law. Expecting death, he hoped for his reward, saying with Tobias: "And now, O Lord, do with me according to thy will, and command my spirit to be received in peace: for it is better for me to die than to live." And, as he prayed, came the peaceful end. "Thus did this man die, leaving not only to young men, but also to the whole nation, the memory of his death for an example of virtue and fortitude." (2 Mach, VI, 31.) "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."

One of the greatest of the English poets has said, that "the evil which men do lives after them, while the good is oft interred with their bones." It is unfortunately too true, that an example of evil often produces a more general and lasting impression than an example of good,—such is the frailty of poor human nature. Unlike the world, the Church never fails to perpetuate the memory of the just, of her saints, as an example of virtue and fortitude. It is her fond care, that the good which they do *shall live* after them, that it may produce fruit a hundred fold in other souls. To this end, she celebrates with becoming rites the festivals of those of her children whom she has declared Blessed forever in Heaven; and provides, that after the death of her faithful servants, their virtues and their good works be fittingly commemorated. Mine is the duty, on this mournful occasion, to review the life of this holy minister of God, whose mortal remains are lying before us, waiting to be deposited in the tomb;—to recite his virtues, not as a vain eulogium of the dead, but as a bright example for the living. To do this effectively will require no exercise of art, no word-painting on my part. The rare qualities of his heart, those graces which adorned his soul and made it beautiful in the eyes of God and of men, his many good works, simply told—to many of you they are as familiar as to me—will speak their own speech, and produce their own effect.

I go back in memory over sixteen years, to the time—how I love to recall it now!—when he and I were schoolfellows at old St. Joseph's. He brought to the College talents of no mean order, a kind, cheerful disposition, and an aptitude for study, with a rare piety, respect for authority, and the habit of ready obedience—the fruits of Christian culture at home. In the study-hall and class-room he was the attentive and docile pupil; on the play-ground, the hearty, happy boy; in the chapel, the most regular visitor and the most devout. These qualities soon endeared him to teachers and companions alike. I see present here to-day more than one of his former preceptors and class-mates. They will say with me, that none was more submissive than he to his superiors, and none more tolerant of his companions' faults, save only when tolerance had ceased to be a virtue. Devotion to the Mother of God was the main channel of his piety. He loved to decorate her altar, to sing her praises and recite her office with the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, of which he was always a faithful member and for several terms the active President. More than once I heard him say, that he desired to die on a festival of Our Lady; and

* The sudden death of Very Rev. Vic. Gen. O'Connor