

with befitting reverence, for it casts athwart memory the shadow of all those qualities that man admires in man. It tells of one in whom the generous enthusiasm of youth was but mellowed by the experience of cultured manhood ; of one who lavished the warm love of an Irish heart on the land of his birth, yet gave a loyal and true affection to the land of his adoption ; who strove with all the power of genius to convert the stagnant pool of politics into a stream of living water ; who dared to be national in the face of provincial selfishness, and impartially liberal in the teeth of sectarian strife ; who from Halifax to Sandwich sowed broadcast the seeds of a higher national life, and with persuasive eloquence drew us closer together as a people, pointing out to each what was good in the other, wreathing our sympathies and blending our hopes ;—yes ! one who breathed into our new Dominion the spirit of a proud self-reliance, and first taught Canadians to respect themselves. Was it a wonder that a cry of agony rang throughout the land when murder, foul and most unnatural, drank the life-blood of Thomas D'Arcy McGee ?

There are times when the sluggish pulse is quickened into activity ; when the heart throbs with sympathy the most intense ; when all that is human within us asserts unwonted supremacy. The sense of a loss shared in by each, of a danger encountered by all, brings before us with startling vividness how much we have in common. *Such a time it was* when the flower of our youth went forth to repel a wanton and unprovoked invasion. While tears sprang to the eyes of many fond fathers and loving mothers, affection itself was strengthened by the strain to which it became subject, and hallowed by the shrine of its self-immolation. *Such a time it was* when the lifeless bodies of those who fell in the conflict were brought home.