

and cheers, amid which the little Attorney-General jumped to his feet, gesticulating wildly, and vainly endeavoring to be heard. When the uproar ceased he was heard saying in the loudest pitch of his squeaky voice and French accent, that the Hon. member for Montreal West should not be listened to; he could not call him honorable gentlemen, he was von Mountebank. This created more confusion, at the end of which Mr. McGee, calmly, and in his usual quiet way, proceeded to say that he was now convinced the great naturalist, Linnæus, had made a mistake in stating that the monkey was not indigenous to Canadian soil. Amid the uproar which this remark caused, the little French minister, almost out of breath, shouted that when the hon. member made his toilet in the mornings, he could see the monkey in the mirror. Hereupon the Speaker called the members to order, and Sir John closed the debate without the slightest allusion to the passage of arms between Mr. McGee and his colleague. The item of expenditure was passed without a division.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was in religion a man of strong faith and deeply settled convictions. In the first lecture he delivered in St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, before he became a resident of Canada, I heard him make profession of the most liberal citizenship, and enlarge on the necessity of coalescing the men of all religions into one great, strong nationality, for the building up of such a people as he found in Canada. "I ask not what church you prefer or what faith you profess, but I tell you I am a Papist to the back-bone." This manly profession in a Protestant city and before an audience scarcely twenty of whom

were Catholics, was received with thunders of a applause. All his poems proclaim aloud his love and reverence for everything sacred. The Shrine of God, the Priest of God, the Saints of God, the Pearl of God, his mother's grave, the Rosary, first communion, and other kindred topics of pious thought are everywhere cropping up in his odes and elegies. In moral principles and practice he was unblemished as an angel, yet it must be said of him that he was not a perfect man. Who is? He was ambitious not of praise, but of honors and advancement. He could ill bear opposition or contradiction on the part of friends. And occasionally, very rarely, perhaps once in five years, he was after some grand lecture or after some signal Parliamentary triumph, intoxicated by the applause of his too ardent admirers and induced, in spite of his own mental protest, to yield to the meretricious allurements of "brimming glasses."

On one occasion he was advertised to deliver a lecture in the St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, subject the "Power of the Middle Classes in England." The fame of his delightful and bewitching oratory had then reached the confines of all British possessions in North America. Scarcely a week passed but he had to fulfil an obligation, sometimes two or three in a week, in London or Kingston, in Streetsville or Barrie, in Hamilton or Oshawa, it made no difference where—he scarcely at any time refused an invitation or a request. If any remuneration was forced on him, he took it. He never asked, and never made a bargain. He came to lecture on the "Power of the Middle Classes in England," in Toronto. The evening previous he had lectured in