

"the pampered State Church; I rebelled against the bankrupt aristocracy; I rebelled against Lord John Russell, who sacrificed two millions of the Irish people to the interests of the corn-buyers of Liverpool. At the age of twenty-two I threw myself into a struggle—a rash and ill-guided struggle, I admit—against that wretched condition. I do not defend the course then taken; I only state the cause."

What he did I am perfectly certain that I and thousands of Irishmen with me, inside and outside the sanctuary, might have done at the same age and under the same circumstances; and if we had so unfortunately committed ourselves such an apology, instead of being a blemish, would do us honor.

Mr. McGee, like thousands of others, loved his country not wisely but rashly and too well. As long as the anomalous and unparalleled nuisance of a State Church in Ireland is forced on a reluctant and down-trodden people, in the words of The O'Donoghue in the House of Commons last year, all Catholic Irishmen the world over will ever have the same feeling. The only difference between them is, and it is a mighty difference, that they are not agreed on the possibility of redressing their country's grievances by physical force, and this is precisely the difference between Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the inexperienced, hot-headed youth in Ireland, and Mr. McGee, the profound thinker, the philosopher, the accomplished statesman in Canada. He was right at heart and at fault in head in the first instance. Taught in the school of adversity, he soon corrected his grave mistake, and became right both ways ever after. Like all young patriots, he wildly dreamt the unattainable; his blinding love for fatherland blotted out the sun itself from his vision; and but for the power of his gigantic intellect in controlling all his emotions, like thousands of others he would have lived on to the end in hopeless idiocy on that one vital point where Ireland and all her best interests are most deeply concerned. Strange to say, after all the sad experience of the past, this still continues to be the difference point between the two Irish parties. Knaves and dupes, and inexperienced boys, still, as of old, dreaming mad dreams of revolution against the most colossal power the world ever saw; and then Ireland's best, wisest, and most patriotic sons frowning it down as a