

material as well as the spiritual welfare of the people committed to my care, I feel it as much my duty to conciliate Protestants, and to preserve heavenly peace and happiness in this land, as to preach a sermon or to perform any other portion of my Episcopal functions. I believe that my humble efforts in this particular have brought more real blessings of every kind on the Catholic community over which I preside, than all my other labours together. I found my people nine years ago in the turmoil of religious strife; and, if I die to-day, thanks to God and to the co-operation of clergy and laity, I leave them without any polemical heartburnings—in peace, happiness and union with their fellow citizens of every creed and class.

It was for the attainment of this glorious position for the Irish in this country, that the mighty dead whom we honour to-day lived his last years, and like a martyr laid down his life in the Holy Week of 1868, at the foot of his country's altar. As a man of the world and for earthly fame he could not have ended life's career more nobly; but there is one other association infinitely more glorious and more heart-consoling in connection with his death, than all this together. Thomas D'Arcy McGee did not die merely as a distinguished Irishman, a Poet, a Philosopher, a Statesman, the beloved of all hearts; but he died as the servant of God, the Christian, the Catholic, with all the marks of Heaven's predestination upon his closing career. He died with nearly all the Rites of his Church, with the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist received when leaving home for Ottawa but a week or two before. And oh! with all the darkness and horror that accompanied the hideous deed, this beautiful consideration more than compensates for all. If he had performed his duty and was prepared to meet his God, and that his soul is safe, for us his death—and particularly such a death—is a disastrous, irreparable loss, but for him it is an everlasting victory.

The Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee then, is really dead; but, thanks to God, he is only dead to rise again body and soul at the sound of the Archangel's trump, and go to meet Christ Jesus in the air, and thus to be "always with the Lord."

Outside of the Holy Scriptures no more soul-soothing dirge—no more beautiful and appropriate elegy could be