



FUNERAL ORATION.

"Let us praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation."—
ECCLESIASTICUS, c. xlii.

IN the varied course of my humble ministry, the Funeral Oration of my venerated friend and father whose happy memory we hallow to day, is the task for which I feel myself most incompetent and unsuited. To tell the bare truth of his virtues as a Christian, a Priest, a Prelate—to go through the history of his chequered life, his labours and merits in the cause of God—to give a faithful picture of all that he has achieved for Catholicity in this City and Diocess, and throughout these lower Provinces of British America, would be to state what is perfectly familiar to you and to all who knew him; but yet what would appear overstrained panegyric to those who did not. My own connexion with him too—the confidential and intimate relations that subsisted between us for so long a time, embracing as it does a period of eighteen years, instead of diminishing rather adds to the embarrassment. In whatever aspect it may be viewed a difficulty presents itself. In the statement of facts, in the recapitulation of the leading events of his life, there is nothing of novelty for you, while in my review of them it is difficult to expect that I can be self-possessed or strictly impartial.

You are assembled here to day to perform a duty which you owe to the living as well as to the honoured and illustrious dead, who I believe at this moment is far away beyond the range of any thing that human assistance can do for him. You are here to-day to seal by your presence your unswerving belief in that faith "once delivered to the saints," that hallowed practice handed down from earliest antiquity of offering "prayers and sacrifices" even for those who die in the cause of God. You are here to-day to pay a tribute of strict justice as well