

rable—the vigilance, and especially the charity, without which St. Paul deemed himself nothing, are displayed in the course of this relation which I present to Your Excellency.

Can so many virtues displease Your Lordship, who admires them in others, and who, ever disposed to practise them, merit having them admired in yourself?

This work belongs, then, to Your Excellency, and should belong to no other. I do my duty in dedicating it to you, and what pleasure have I not in doing my duty?

This would be the place, My Lord, to do justice to all the qualities which so advantageously distinguish Your Excellency's mind and heart; but I fear to wound that modesty which renders these qualities still more admirable.

I shall content myself, then, My Lord, with saying, that all who have the honor to belong to you, bless every instant of the day which crowned their felicity in bringing them to Your Excellency.

Their attachment is your eulogy, the only one worthy of men who, like you, My Lord, make it an occupation to complete the happiness of those who belong to you.

This is not all, My Lord. No one can know you without gladly paying a tribute of his heart and admiration; the tribute we cannot but pay to virtue.

May Your Excellency, then, be ever like yourself: may you, for the glory of your august Master, and the good of your country, be ever in the ministry, which you discharge with so much distinction. Men like you, My Lord, should never die, and death could do nothing against Your Excellency, if public desires were accomplished.

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