

the age, to help in the gigantic undertaking. The remainder of his career in Ireland need not be re-told, as it is familiar to most of you. Like thousands of his class in those days, he had yet to acquire his dearly bought experience. His temperament was too ardent, his blood too hot, his sense of the wrongs of Ireland too stinging; his impulses, like those of his young compeers, the leaders of the movement, were too liberty-loving to be reined in by moderation and a common sense regard for noonday truths and patent facts, which presented insurmountable obstacles at every step. At a moment of national frenzy, in common with thousands of the best blood of the land, he withdrew from the moral force banner of his veteran chieftain—the hero of the hundred bloodless victories which alone poor Ireland in her sad condition could have possibly obtained.

Madly, but honorably and honestly, he rushed forth to what could not be called a fight, but certain and inevitable death. At the moment human foresight should have failed to discover any other alternative. Yet, with desperation staring him in the face, Thomas D'Arcy McGee dared the deed and he did it for his country. But for the accident of an accident, with the tens of thousands that preceded him he would have added his name to the long and sanguinary roll of Ireland's martyrs. His action in this instance was a grave and overwhelming mistake for Ireland and himself; but, as I have said, it was the error of unmaturing judgment, and, like all other errors, one of head not of heart.

Hear himself in reply ten years ago in the Canadian Parliament—magnificent on this as on every other subject—and you will agree with me in feeling that not another word is needed for his thorough vindication. "Sir," said he to the charge, "I will say on the outset that it is not true! I am as loyal to the institutions under which I live in Canada as any Tory of the old or new school. My native disposition is towards reverence for things old and veneration for the landmarks of the past. But when I saw in Ireland the people perish of famine at the rate of five thousand souls a day, when I saw women and children as well as able-bodied men perishing for food under the richest government within the most powerful empire of the world, I rebelled. I rebelled against