

been the cultivation of a spirit of unity and brotherhood among all creeds and nationalities. The poet-statesman was at this period a member of the government, and in the prosecution of his duties, came frequently to Ottawa. He formed the deepest regard and friendship for Father Dawson, and when in town would have him constantly near him, along with others of similar worth and merit. I recall an incident at the delivery of one of his lectures in Ottawa, I think it was the last one of a delightful series given by him in illustration of public opinion, life and character, in the old Theatre, Wellington street, not long before his barbarous assassination. Mr. McGee had on either side of him, on the stage, the Venerable Archdeacon Lauder, rector of Christ Church and our departed friend, Dr. Dawson. Rising at the commencement of the proceedings, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he invited attention to the strength of his support. "With Father Dawson on one side of me and Father Lauder on the other, I think," said he, "Church and State are well represented on this occasion!" Later, in 1869, we had here the Ottawa Literary Club, of which the late Mr. W. McKay Wright, a young and popular M.P., was President, and Father Dawson 1st Vice-President. Among those who took part in our winter course of lectures, was Dr. Bourinot, the present clerk of the House of Commons, Col. Gray of New Brunswick, Mr. Sulte, Mr. H. B. Small, Mr. A. J. Christie, Q.C., Mr. G. H. Macaulay, and Mr. Carroll Ryan, but undoubtedly the worthy Father's contribution—on McGee—was the *chef d'œuvre* of the series. Father Dawson was at this time an occupant of the Bishop's Palace, doing duty with that exemplary priest and excellent gentleman, Vicar General Dandurand, to whom, with the late Bishop Phelan, the Catholics of Ottawa owe the erection of their magnificent Cathedral church. Afterwards he moved into private lodgings on Ashburnham hill with the late Father Collins. I frequently visited him and he as often came to see me at my bachelor's quarters, at Matthew's hotel, now the Rideau Street Convent. We took many pleasant walks together, and I may here remark, as an evidence of his nice feeling

of delicacy, that never during the entire period of our long and close acquaintance did he at any time broach in conversation any matter of a controversial religious character, or seek in any way to influence my judgment in that regard. He knew that I belonged to another Church, and like the true gentleman that he was, respected my individual convictions. Sometimes, however, I questioned him, and I remember on one occasion asking his opinion of Heaven. His reply was characteristic of the purity and loveliness of his nature. "To my mind," he said, "Heaven is like a beautiful garden, full of beautiful plants and beautiful flowers, and where we walk about and hold converse with saints and angels, and all is endless peace and joy." Many a dainty and pleasant little repast I have had with the dear old gentleman either at his private rooms or at Matthew's or O'Meara's, the latter of whom's fame as a *chef*, like the flavor of his dishes, lingers fondly in the memory of many of his former guests. Alas! how few remain with us to-day of the many delightful friends and companions of the past. Gone to his reward is the good Bishop, and gone his devoted secretary, the ex-priest of St. Patrick's; gone also Dr. Tabarat, Father Bennett, and that other true and faithful servant of Christ, Father Molloy; gone the Donaldsons, gone the Douglass, and gone the Armstrongs, Wrights, Skeads, Curriers, Thompsons, Goodwins, Sherwoods, Fellowes, Lyons, Friels, Bells, O'Reillys, Cruices, Wallers, Himsworths, Lees, Powells, Lindsays, Haringtons, Wises, Mackays, Montizamberts, and others whose well remembered forms come back to us not infrequently in memory. I remember, especially, one notable gathering at Matthew's, which building, by the way, has associations with our political history, in that it was the home of the Nova Scotia "repealers" at the dawn of confederation, and later, witnessed within its walls the birth of "Canada First," Foster, Mair, Haliburton, Shultz, Father Dawson and the writer being there to rock its cradle. The occasion was a large public banquet, having for its two fold celebration the departure from Ottawa of