

simply upon popularity, and who will risk the right in hunting after popularity, will soon find the object he pursues slip away from him. It is, in my humble opinion, the leader of a forlorn hope, who is ready to meet and stem the tide of temporary unpopularity, who is prepared, if needs be, to sacrifice himself in defence of the principles he has adopted as those of truth; who shows us that he is ready not only to triumph with his principles, but even to suffer for his principles; who has proved himself, above all others, worthy of peculiar honor."

But a few hours after the pronouncement of these statesmanlike words—words which we cannot doubt came straight from a heart which had bled at the thought of the ingratitude which tortured it, and as he was entering his dwelling, a sound of a pistol shot rings out upon the still April night, the bullet flies from the weapon of the cowardly lurking assassin, the brain of the brilliant, genial, kindly, gifted son of Erin is pierced, and his life blood stains the pavement and the street.

You can remember, as I can never forget, the horror and dismay which the sad news created that D'Arcy McGee had been murdered. And for what? Answer the malevolent tongues which assailed him; answer the human furies which goaded the assassin to his deadly work!

Need I to-night tell you of tributes which were paid to him; how the wailing of the nation was loud, and sincere, and unanimous? The highest and the lowest in the land grieved together for him, and a people's sobs spoke of a people's sorrow for a people's loss. For, Sir, the calamity was not Ireland's. It was Canada's, too, and never in the history of this country was lament so universal, so heartfelt. The public obsequies, the expressions of grief from public and private bodies, the eulogies in Parliament, the obituaries in the press, bore witness to the truth and earnestness of a nation's lamentation. The outraged law was satisfied when the impious felon expiated his crime upon the gallows tree. But McGee's loss was irreparable, and his untimely death created a void which was hard to fill—a void in political and literary life, a void in many a social circle, an aching void in a family of which he was the beloved head, a void in all that appertained to our national life.

His body rests in the beautiful cemetery upon the slopes of Mount Royal, where his grave has been bedewed by many a tear; but no national monument marks the place where the patriot, poet, orator sleeps. Horace tells us of monuments more enduring than brass, and granted that the memorials of an honoured name, a place in the literature, in the affections of a nation better preserve the memory of the mighty dead than the lofty column or the stately marble, I yet conceive it to be a duty which a country owes itself to mark in fitting way the resting place of her heroes. Such tangible, visible evidences of the fact that there is such a thing as public appreciation of noble effort for good, and admiration for unselfish patriotism not only show forth a nation's gratitude and reverence, but serve the useful purpose of telling all men that meritorious public service