

was choral throughout with the exception of an original voluntary played by Mr. Smith during the offertory.

The funeral orations were delivered by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Fabre, Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, in French, and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Wadhams, of Ogdensburgh, in English. Both addresses, though short, were forcible and to the point. Without desire to over-estimate the late prelate, they pointed him out as a true example to Christians, as one who had devoted his life faithfully from an early period to the service of his Saviour, as one charitable to the poor, sage in council, a true friend and kindly adviser, and yet who was humble in the extreme and rich only in love to his fellow-men and his God. Bishop Wadhams spoke of him as beloved of God, beloved of his clergy, beloved by the religious of his diocese, beloved especially by little children, and by his fellow-citizens in general.

After the mass the clergy within the chancel passed through the vestry to basement chapel, which is on a level with the vault. The body, the coffin being still open, was raised from the catafalque and borne on the shoulders of the pall bearers to the south end of the church. As the coffin passed down the centre aisle a sea of faces turn to get a last glimpse of the good grey head which all men knew, and as the opening over the crypt is reached the congregation begins to pour into the street. We follow with them, but as we reach the door

Hush, the dead march wails in a people's ears ;
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears ;
 The black earth yawns—the mortal disappears ;
 Ashes to ashes—dust to dust :
 He is gone, who seemed so great—
 Gone ! but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him,
 Something far advanced in state,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 But speak no more of his renown,
 Lay our earthly fancies down—
 And in the vast Cathedral leave him,
 God accept him—Christ receive him !

