

justified, but which were beyond the capacities and comprehensive powers of certain men of his own day.

I am not going to rehearse the tragic story of his untimely end. Scarcely had the echo of his last eloquent plea for confederation, for harmony, for tolerance, died away amidst the Gothic niches of the new Parliament house at Ottawa on the—sadly memorable—morning of April the 7th, 1868, than the calm of a glorious night, disturbed only by the roar of the distant Chaudiere, was broken by a sharper and more deadly report, and the great, good heart of the gifted statesman had ceased forever to beat, the magic tongue of the noble orator was silent for all time, and the patriot soul of Thomas D'Arcy McGee stood, amidst a more awful silence, in the scintillating glory of God's presence.

HIS PROPHEPIC VISIONS.

"It is not Death alone, but Time and Death, that canonize the patriot," said Duffy in speaking of Thomas Davis. Well might we apply the same truthful expression to Thomas D'Arcy McGee. We are yet too near to see his proportions truly. When all the great designs he had conceived shall be brought to accomplishment, when his wonderful visions concerning Canada's future shall be realized—and many of them have already been fulfilled—the future historian will be in a position to assign him the deserved place he must occupy in the Valhalla of Canadian statesmanship. Until then we must be content with gleaning from the fragments of his works—his poems, lectures, speeches, essays, histories—whatever idea of a truly great man can be derived from books and the products of a fertile and well-balanced brain.

However, we can draw for our guidance and for the benefit of the future citizens of Canada, lessons of tolerance and patriotism from his precepts and his practice. In 1866 he predicted that before the 20th century would have run the quarter of its course this country would have a population of twenty millions, that the vast plains beyond the Great Lakes would be the granery of the world, and that the whistle of the steam-engine, heard on the sea-board at Halifax, would scare the eagles from their nests in the Rockies. Forty years have gone past, the twentieth century has yet two decades to run before it reaches the quarter of its course, and already—save as to the population—those predictions have been fulfilled. And every national indication now points to the entire fulfilment before 1925. Then we may have three, four, yes five, transcontinental lines of railway, while today all the greatest achievements of the navigators and the travellers of past centuries are cast into insignificance by a single Canadian com-