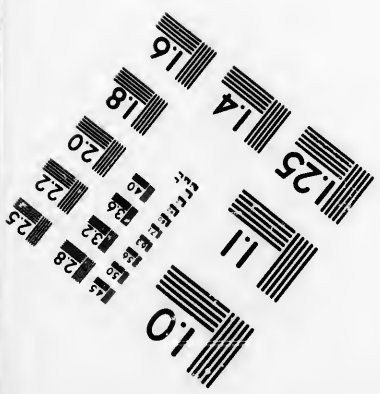
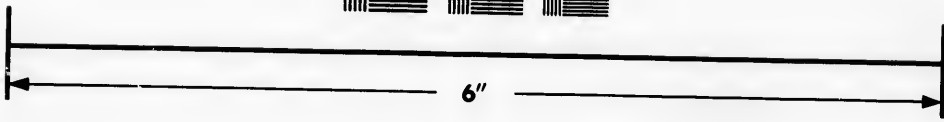
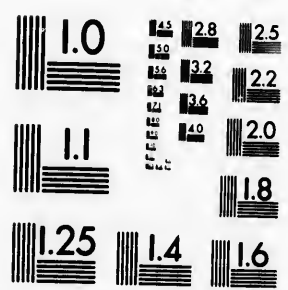


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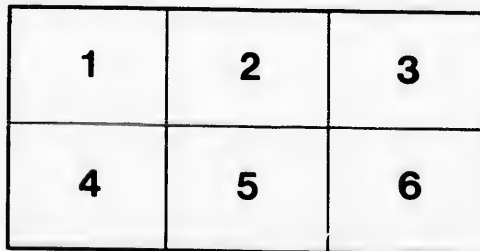
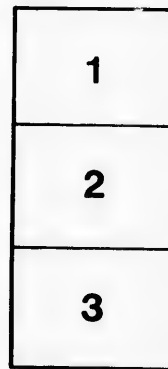
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FUNERAL ORATION,

AT THE MONTH'S MEMORY

OF HIS GRACE THE MOST REV.

WILLIAM WALSH, D. D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX,

DELIVERED IN THE

Metropolitan Church of Saint Mary's,

On the 30th September, A. D., 1858,

BY HIS LORDSHIP

THE RT. REV. THOMAS L. CONNOLLY, D. D.,

BISHOP OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

~~~~~  
"Let us praise men of renown and our fathers in their  
generation."—(ECCLESIASTICUS, c. xlv.)  
~~~~~

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

PUBLISHED BY T. W. ANGLIN,

FREEMAN PRINTING OFFICE.

1858.

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FUNERAL ORATION.

“ Let us praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation.”—
ECCLESIASTICUS, c. xlii.

IN the varied course of my humble ministry, the Funeral Oration of my venerated friend and father whose happy memory we hallow to day, is the task for which I feel myself most incompetent and unsuited. To tell the bare truth of his virtues as a Christian, a Priest, a Prelate—to go through the history of his chequered life, his labours and merits in the cause of God—to give a faithful picture of all that he has achieved for Catholicity in this City and Diocess, and throughout these lower Provinces of British America, would be to state what is perfectly familiar to you and to all who knew him; but yet what would appear overstrained panegyric to those who did not. My own connexion with him too—the confidential and intimate relations that subsisted between us for so long a time, embracing as it does a period of eighteen years, instead of diminishing rather adds to the embarrassment. In whatever aspect it may be viewed a difficulty presents itself. In the statement of facts, in the recapitulation of the leading events of his life, there is nothing of novelty for you, while in my review of them it is difficult to expect that I can be self-possessed or strictly impartial.

You are assembled here to day to perform a duty which you owe to the living as well as to the honoured and illustrious dead, who I believe at this moment is far away beyond the range of any thing that human assistance can do for him. You are here to-day to seal by your presence your unwavering belief in that faith “once delivered to the saints,” that hallowed practice handed down from earliest antiquity of offering “prayers and sacrifices” even for those who die in the cause of God. You are here to-day to pay a tribute of strict justice as well

as of piety and religion to one who for so many years was responsible for your souls, and who at the moment of his death had not only to account for himself but for each and every one of you as the flock entrusted to his pastoral solicitude. You are here to-day to attest your gratitude and your undying affection to one who loved you so well—who loved you as only the Catholic Shepherd of the true fold of Christ loveth his little ones; who bore all things, hoped all things, and endured all things for your sake; and who, like St. Paul, would gladly be anathema all his life in order to win and secure you for that heavenly fold above. You are here to-day not only as Christians to remember and pray for your Prelates and those whom God placed over you, but you are in an especial way called on to manifest your preferential esteem and gratitude to the man who raised you up—to the man who brought peace and order and harmony and gospel light and education where it was needed, as most of you and I well know. You are here to-day to give practical proof of your belief in the communion of saints, and to proclaim to the world that even death itself does not sunder us, nor our hearts yearnings from those we love. Though death has struck down your lamented Archbishop as it were before his time, and torn him momentarily from your view, yet in point of fact he is not dead; he was only fatigued and worn out with his labours; God said it was enough and gave him sweet repose. His body is now at rest; it only slumbereth in his honoured grave until the Archangel's trumpet shall summon both him and us, and then my humble conviction is that we shall see him again as we knew him here, but crowned with that more precious mitre wherewith Jesus himself shall encircle his brow as the insigne of his more extensive rule, and of his everlasting victory.

It is to perform this sacred and imperative duty that you are assembled here to-day, and I know I am but the faithful interpreter of your feelings in stating that it is a duty which you will all conscientiously and cheerfully perform, for it is a duty of faith, a duty of love, a duty of gratitude. As he was fond of you, and faithful to you, and devoted to you to the end, so be it said to your honour that you have been faithful to him, and devoted and loyal to him in life and in death. You need but be reminded, therefore, of a duty which is emi-

nently honourable to God, and meritorious for yourselves, and which by possibility may yet be of relief and comfort to him, if he be still before the bar of Divine Justice; while under any circumstances it will be always a grateful tribute of respect to his long enduring memory.

I should be glad, if it were possible, to compress within the limits of a Funeral Oration, not a complete Biography, but such a comprehensive and accurate sketch as would do bare justice to the memory of the departed. But with the scanty materials on hand, and the little time at my disposal amid the many cares of my office, I have but too much reason to fear that I can neither be just to him, nor give you or the public that amount of information which you have a right to expect. Without any promise, therefore, I must content myself by briefly referring to the marked epochs and the leading events of his life, which, through the Catholic Press of Ireland and the United States, are already more or less before the public.

My dear friend and father, as you are aware, was born in the City of Waterford, in Ireland, in the month of November, 1804. His life, as known to us, began in school. In his early progress in knowledge, in the unprecedented success that marked his first years, in the many dawning virtues for which he was so soon distinguished, we have evidences of the spiritualised nature and heavenly dispositions with which God blessed him, and of the parental care expended in the formation of his character and the training up of his first years. I have more than once heard from his companions in those days that before the age of ten his great facility in learning, his retention of memory and his entire devotion to study were such as were never surpassed in the Catholic College of his native City. At that early period he won for himself a position which, instead of losing, he ever afterwards improved, until the last day of his scholastic curriculum. Year after year, every successive examination gave new proof of the wonderful progress he was making, and of the ever widening distance between him and his competitors. At the early age of fifteen, his strong good sense and amiability of temper, coupled with undoubted intellectual merit, so raised him up among his class-mates that he was regarded as an oracle and a refuge in every difficulty, rather than in the light of a mere companion. That

unconscious mastery of intellectual power, blended with true and unassuming worth marked every step of his career till death. Nothing in his whole character made a deeper impression on those who knew him, or more quickly attracted the attention of the stranger, than the easy and silken manner in which he was drawn, as if imperceptibly, into his views on every subject, and the growing feeling within him that he was in the presence of a man of expansive intellect, and of enlarged and profound views on almost every subject. In him there was neither affectation, nor glitter, nor attempt at effect; there was nothing tawdry, or far-fetched, or overstrained; there was no wish to overawe, or make you feel a sense of your own inferiority; no, with him, all was solid and simple and plain and to the purpose. With an amount of learning that seldom fell to the lot of any one man, with a brilliant fancy and a brain well stored with all the imagery of a poetic nature, he seldom resorted either in his public or private speaking to rhetorical flourish. What he said was classically correct and beautiful; but the crowning virtue of all was its lucid and comprehensive simplicity, and its entire adaptation to the understanding of those for whom it was intended. A spontaneous overflow of thought, a ready wit, a quickness of perception equal to every emergency, and then a natural outpouring of expression, with all the vigour and ease of a man who was thorough master of his subject; in a word the power of illustration and of condensing, the power of saying much, and saying it well, and in a few words, are qualities universally accorded to him, and for which he began to be distinguished at the early period to which I now refer.

While yet a theological student, in his *alma mater* he gave unmistakable evidences to the world that he possessed all these qualities in an eminent degree. The first literary efforts of his pen were in favour of persecuted Religion and Fatherland, during the memorable Election of Waterford in the year 1826, and well and nobly did he perform his duty. It was at a moment when, after centuries of proscription and penal laws, the destinies of Catholic Ireland were still equipoised in the balance, trembling as it were, and undecided between dawning liberty on the one side, and protracted serfdom on

the other. It was during this uncertain twilight, this critical period of our history, that this young Levite—this newly enlisted soldier of Christ, like another David, as yet a stripling, and without arms, rushed to do battle against all odds with the giant enemy of his country and religion. For eight or ten successive days he wielded his pen (the weapon which God evidently placed in his hands for that purpose) with such vigour that he literally overwhelmed with shame those to whose discomfiture he had so powerfully contributed, while he won for himself the plaudits and admiration of his fellow-citizens and countrymen, and an honourable fame that followed him through life. With the design (as he more than once told me) of entering the Sacred Ministry untrammelled by any family or earthly consideration, he applied for his Exeat, and with the reluctant consent of his Ecclesiastical Superior, became affiliated to the Archdiocese of Dublin, where he was ordained Priest in the year 1828. Detachment from the morbid affections of kindred and of every worldly object that could distract him in the great business of his life, was a virtue which he prized and diligently cultivated till death.

To give the history of his career, and of his unceasing labours for literature and religion in the Archdiocese of Dublin for a period of over fourteen years, is more than I will attempt. Every one acquainted with the Ecclesiastical affairs of Ireland at that time, may well remember that there was no great public question connected with Catholicity, in which he did not take a distinguished part. Under 'one' name or another the traces of his able and prolific pen were clearly discernible in all the controversies that were held on Catholic subjects, and in every part of Ireland. His many and brilliant letters published during the agitation about the establishment of National Schools are well known. Besides the harassing duties of a Curacy in a country where the number of Priests, as contrasted with that of the people, is utterly disproportioned, it was a subject of astonishment to me how he found time for those numerous contributions to Catholic literature and piety that met your eye at every Catholic Book Store. During that period, to my own knowledge, he had not an unoccupied day, not a single hour, in which he was not doing good and valiant service in the cause of God. He was not only preaching in

season and out of season, and visiting the sick of a populous parish, and performing all the other arduous duties of the Irish Priest, but by a mysterious and singular combination, he was eminently an interior and thinking man. Judging from the amount of work performed, he seemed to be all his life with either book or pen in hand, labouring for the same glorious purpose. No one could tell the amount of his contributions to the Catholic Periodicals of the day, nor all the books of piety and devotion he had either written himself, or translated, or revised and edited in one form or the other, and always under the humble and unassuming title of "A Catholic Priest."

This is but a rapid and very imperfect sketch of Father Walsh's literary and clerical labours for fourteen years in Dublin. During that period he served in three parishes, each of which he left at the command of his Ecclesiastical Superior, and always amid the tears and wailings of a bereaved and adoring multitude. It seldom fell to the lot of any Priest, even of an Irish Priest, to have received so many substantial tokens of the appreciation of a whole people. Their prayers and blessings, like their plaudits, followed him from parish to parish. Like his Divine Prototype, he was ever advancing in grace and wisdom before God, and growing in character among successive thousands, as he was becoming more generally known. Little as was the influence of his position, and small the sphere in which he moved, yet his plastic hand was ever busy, not only in removing the rubbish of everything that was a scandal or an eye-sore to Religion, but also in building up solid and enduring monuments which tell to this day that Father Walsh was there. Confraternities and Sodalties of the Sacred Heart, reunions of ladies for visiting the sick poor, and Benefit and Temperance societies, numbering many thousands, own him as their founder, and all at a moment when such associations were as yet little known in Ireland. In his comprehensive zeal, his attention was also directed to the oral controversies between Catholic and Protestant which at that time were raging in several parts of England. On one occasion when a public challenge was given to the Catholics of that country, Father Walsh was one of those who accepted, and stood forth for several days in Cheltenham, before a Protestant

audience, and in the stronghold of Protestantism itself, as the uncompromising Champion of the Catholic Religion. He spoke for several hours each day, and with telling effect, against Col. Gordon, of anti-Catholic notoriety, and the infuriated men allied with him for the purpose of decrying the "one faith." The prevalent disorders of Ribbon and other secret societies in those days, became also the object of his solicitude. They were so perseveringly and so effectually assailed by him, that in connection with all his previous merits he won for himself the proudest compliment ever paid to a priest, and that was from the lips of Daniel O'Connell, (the great Catholic layman of the Church, since the days of Charlemagne) who publicly declared him to be the purest and the best of Ireland's priesthood. While he was ever endeared to the widow and the orphan, and the poor and the youth, to whom he was always a provident and indefatigable father; while, at the risk of his popularity, he was always prominent in crushing out the spirit of faction and party from the land, he was also the consistent and uncompromising champion of the religious and political rights of the people, at every phase of his career.

There were few respectable families in the Metropolis of Ireland, or in its vicinity, to whom the fame of his transcendent merits had not become more or less familiar. Few men ever made a wider circle of warm and enthusiastic friends, and among every class and grade of society. For this, unlike other men, he was not indebted to the accident of noble birth or lofty lineage, or the hap-hazard and adventitious aid of any worldly consideration. No; like another Jeremy or a John the Baptist, God evidently destined him from birth for a lofty position in life. He carved him out as a most fitting instrument for the execution of his mighty and merciful designs. His was to have been an eminently successful career; God gave him all the qualities of head and heart that were needed; he cultivated them to the utmost of his ability. He corresponded with his master's designs, and this is the secret, and the only secret of his success. Though it might be urged that his position in so respectable a place as Kingston, and so near Dublin, might have contributed more or less to that success; yet of him indeed. ~~His~~ ^{Other} great men, it can be truly said that he ~~was~~ ^{had} and more ~~nain~~ ^{high} position; but position never did, and

never could have made him. Position was but a necessary outlet for that hidden and golden mine within. Position was but the stage on which he played a distinguished and successful part, among thousands who made their first appearance, with more advantages, but yet who lived and died there in obscurity. It was not without reason, therefore, that Father Walsh, while yet an humble Irish Curate, occupied so large a space in public esteem. It was not without reason he so attracted the notice and won the admiration of his Ecclesiastical Superiors, as to be selected among the Priests of Ireland, at the age of thirty-four, as most competent and worthy for the honourable and important position of Bishop of Calcutta. It was not without reason that he was always on terms of confidential intercourse with Doctor Murray, the holiest and most venerable of Ireland's Bishops, and that amid so large a body of clergymen he received so many marks of his preferential esteem. I have seen myself his letter announcing Dr. Walsh's appointment to Nova Scotia, in which he regrets the loss the Archdiocese would sustain by his departure, and states at the same time that his name was for several years on the honorary rolls of Propaganda, to fill the first vacancy that might occur.

After having refused the Bishopric of Calcutta, and a parish in the Archdiocese of Dublin, he acted consistently to the last, and refused also his nomination to Nova Scotia, in which he would have persisted, if the painful conviction were not at length forced on him that God had spoken, and for him that was all sufficient. Like another Peter, no sooner did God say "Come after me," than he followed forthwith. Country, family, friends, social endearments such as few ever left behind them, national sympathies, old faces, long cherished associations, and kindred ties of every description, were given up at the first command of duty. God spoke, and his servant heard and obeyed. At the mature age of thirty-eight, with habits and sympathies already formed in a manner never to be given up; with the deep conviction in his mind that the climate of Nova Scotia would be fatal to his already overworked and enfeebled constitution; ^{was} Peter, at the voice of his Divine Master, he hesitated ^{who} ^{at} ^{the} ^{moment} but left "all things;" for in leaving Ireland, before a Protest left

all things indeed, and in crossing the Atlantic he followed Jesus and Him crucified, and for the simple purpose of preaching the Gospel and the saving truths of salvation to you, his beloved flock. And, Oh! who that remembers all the circumstances and painful associations of his departure from Ireland, and is not deeply impressed with the truth of what I say? Who is it that saw him receive so many tokens of the love of a whole people; who is it that assisted at the several reunions where he was met and honoured by the great and influential of the land; who heard the many addresses that were being poured in upon him at every side; but, above all, who heard as he heard the moans and shrieks of benighted and disconsolate thousands, as they thronged the shores at his last leave-taking, staining their eyes after the parting shadow of the steamship, and pouring out the blessings of their whole being on him who was so long the idol of their affections; who is it that remembers these scenes of sixteen years ago, and does not feel that Dr. Walsh's separation from his native land was a sacrifice pure and unalloyed for religion and for God? Oh, well do I remember his real sentiments on this subject when I had the honour of accompanying him on his first voyage across the Atlantic. Well do I remember his clear insight into the nature of the exchange he was making, and the calm and resigned manner in which he spoke of the trials and difficulties and the bitter chalice yet before him.

For reasons easily understood, it is inexpedient that I should go into a minute detail of his career, his trials, and his success since his advent in this country. His trials I will dismiss by simply remarking what most of you well know, that there is not perhaps another Bishop in the Church at the present day who had to endure so much in a long life as he had to brave during the first years of his administration in Nova Scotia. Had he but to preach the Gospel and govern the Diocese and perform the ordinary duties and functions of a Bishop, his would have been an easy achievement; for he yielded to few men in the thorough knowledge of his duties, and to no one in his unflinching determination to perform them to the last letter. But his, as you well know, was a task very different indeed. He had not only to build up, but what is worse and more painful, he had to pull down, and it is only

they who ever experienced the difficulties of an administration that can feel the full import and meaning of what I say. Hills were to be levelled, and vallies were to be filled; and crooked ways were to be made straight, and rough ways plain. A people full of faith and of Irish enthusiasm had so many wants to be provided for in their new home. Their laws were to be enlarged, their sympathies expanded and controlled, a holy and honourable ambition was either to be created within them or quickened into action. A whole body of priests was to be raised up to meet the crying wants of a long derelict people. Churches were to be built in every part of the country; schools and religious establishments were to be introduced, and Catholic worship carried out in all the splendour of the older countries in Europe. In a word, a people yet unformed, a heterogenous mass of different races, having no sympathy in common but that of the one faith, were to be brought together, and organised and made conscious of their true position in the country, of their inalienable rights on the one side, and the means of attaining them on the other; and need I tell you that it was Dr. Walsh alone who, by his life-inspiring genius, and a zeal and energy which had no limits, succeeded in accomplishing all this within a single lifetime, nay within a few years, and before the eyes of those who now hear me. It was he who raised up Halifax to the successive dignities of a Bishopric and an Archbishopric; it was through him, and his great influence at Rome, that Halifax became first known to the Catholic world on both sides of the Atlantic; it was during his administration that it became as if the heart of the surrounding provinces, and that the life pulse which beat so warmly and vigorously here, sent a corresponding throb to the remotest ends of Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island and New Brunswick. The prestige of his great name became a tower of strength for us throughout the lower British Provinces; for who is the Protestant, friend or foe, who did not do homage to his character? where is the Bishop or Priest or Catholic Layman, who did not feel a secret pride in having such a man as the representative and champion of our creed? where is the man among thousands, upon whom the mantle of his genius and his many virtues can fall, and who will be in every way worthy the lofty position of which he was the shining

ornament and the key stone? To be sure, that God who selected humble fishermen as his apostles and the contemptible and ignoble things of the world to confound the strong; that God who, out of the stones on the highway could raise children to Abraham, may bring him if He will; but humanly speaking, who is there among us that can hopefully look forward to the avenir for any such contingency.

Before I conclude this last portion of his interesting and eventful life, there is one incident more to which I must briefly refer, and which for the honour of Ireland, as well as of Halifax, I think ought not to be omitted on an occasion like the present. I allude to the honourable and distinguished part taken by him in the memorable controversy held in the Palace of the Vatican, in Rome, immediately before the definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Mother of God. In further proof, if proof were needed, of his varied and profound learning, and that conscious power within which was sure to be evoked whenever the occasion presented itself; at a moment when two hundred of the most distinguished scholars of Christendom, and the united wisdom of the Church, met face to face Dr. Walsh was one of those very few Prelates who took a leading part in that discussion, which must for evermore form one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the Church. In the Vatican at Rome, as in Ireland, and in the pulpits of Nova Scotia he taxed his powerful mind to the utmost in sifting every objection and bringing every imaginable argument to bear in favour of the Immaculate Conception of her whom he loved as a mother during his whole life, and whose name and praises were still lingering upon his purpled and quivering lips as they were being closed in death, and only one moment as it were before his pure and beauteous soul was presented at the tribunal of her Divine Son.

Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa. (Wis. c. 4.)
 ("Being made perfect in a short space he fulfilled a long time.") His end like his beginning was the work of God in behalf of his chosen servant, a marvel and edification to all who witnessed it. In his death there was nothing whatever of the worldling. There was neither surprise nor regret at being prematurely taken away; there was no untimely remorse for

the past, no misgivings for the future; there was nothing hurried, or unforeseen, or unprovided for. No, on the contrary, every thing was there that the Christian heart could yearn for. Instead of terror or uneasiness there was a majesty, an air of calm and dignified composure that told of the well spent life and the well regulated interior, and that blessed "peace of God that surpasseth all understanding," and which only the friends of God can either feel or appreciate. That giant mind which was always too strong for the frail tenement in which it was held continued unimpaired to the last. The lamp of reason within never burned more brilliantly than at the last moment—as he was about to wing his way to God. As the mark of final perseverance, the crowning act of God's love he received in the full possession of his faculties, and with a faith and fervour worthy of an apostle all the last consoling rights of his religion, and over and over the blessed Eucharist on which he had written so much, and so well, and to which he was so reverentially devoted through life.

It is not without reason, therefore, we say of Dr. Walsh what in the Holy Scriptures is said of the glorious and patriarchal men of olden time. "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." He began well, he continued well, and as the grandest consummation of all he ended, as such a man ought to have ended, as the well tried servant and the faithful Priest of God. He died on the 11th of last month, in the midst of a sorrowing people, surrounded by his Priests, and every consolation that religion could afford: and if he be not at this moment in that blessed realm for which he laboured so incessantly in life, then the purest and the best of us have reason to tremble, and it becomes our double duty to sanctify ourselves, and to continue to pray, as we do, now that God may give him everlasting peace.

In the impartial survey of the facts already adduced, and of the whole career of Dr. Walsh it becomes my duty before concluding to review them impartially to do his memory all the justice I can without, at the same time, infringing in any manner on the sacred boundary of truth. Without any affected humility, I only regret for his sake that the task (as I vainly hoped) has not fallen into the hands of the man most competent at this side of the Atlantic to do it justice, and that is his

earnest and sincere friend till death, the distinguished Archbishop of New York. However, as regret is now unavailing, I must pay the sacred debt which I owe to the utmost of my humble ability.

Among the many noble and endearing qualities of Dr. Walsh there are some which stand out in bold relief, which, as a guide to his successor, and a consolation to his priests, and to you, and to his many admiring friends in Ireland, deserve especial mention before I conclude.

Dr. Walsh, as a thorough gentleman, a varied and accomplished scholar, had few equals, and not one superior that I have had the honour of being acquainted with. His memory was prodigious, his industry, his conscientious traffic of time such as I believe was rarely if ever surpassed. Besides the punctual performance of all the duties of his administration, I have known him for years to have devoted from eight to ten hours a day to study. I am yet to be convinced that he spent a useless or idle day from the hour of his consecration. With a thorough and critical knowledge of four or five languages, there was little in ancient or modern literature, sacred or profane, which he had not seen, and what is more with which he was not perfectly familiar. But the grandest trait in his whole character is yet to be presented. His intellectual labours, great and incessant as they were, unlike those of other great men, were made always ancillary and subservient to a grander and loftier purpose, which with him culminated above all, and that is the glory of God, and the beautifying and the aggrandisement of that Church on earth, which like its divine founder, he wished to see "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." Like another David, "the zeal of God's house hath eaten him up." In his esteem, neither gold nor silver, nor precious stones, nor a life's labour were too much for the beauty of that house and the splendour of Catholic worship carried out as he wished it in all the decorum and regularity of its minutest details. I verily believe that the glory of God and the further extension of the Catholic empire of Jesus over men's souls, was the breath by which he lived and the ordinary life spring of his every action. Few men were stronger or more immovable in their earthly friendship. He made many friends in his time, and I am not as yet aware that he lost one of the number who deserved that

name. In all his relations with the world and his fellow men, stern principle, unbending and unaccommodating as it is, was the life rule by which he was guided. He clung to his principles and to his friends with a tenacity that never gave in, and what is true of the warmth and the steadfastness of his earthly attachments, is equally characteristic of his love for God and his unsleeping zeal to promote his honour and glory by every means in his power. Like every high priest, with the sole exception of the One who was sinless, he too was "surrounded with his infirmities," but true as the needle to the North, amid sin and imperfection, and trial and difficulty, in sickness as in health, in youth as in old age, in his minutest as well as in his most important actions, the glory of God and the love of souls, and the welfare of Christ's Church, were the Alpha and the Omega of all his aspirations. The singular and clock-like regularity of the habits of his whole life, his scrupulous punctuality in reciting the Divine office at the appointed hour of each day without the delay or the hesitancy of a single moment, his invariable method of making his daily meditation and visiting the blessed Sacrament, and thus praying to God, morning, noon and night—in a word, the diligent and ascetical cultivation of the interior, blended with an outward vigour of administration rarely surpassed, were all quickened and regulated by that ever vivifying principle within him of a whole-souled love for God. As a final illustration of his single mindedness and of his entire absorption in this leading idea and ruling principle of his whole life, I will quote a few lines from the confidential and touching letter that accompanied his Will. (Here a portion of a letter was read in which he declares that the promotion of God's glory was the happiness of his whole life.)

In these few lines you have a perfect epitome of his whole life and character. They were written in the full possession of his faculties in the face of death, and to one perhaps better acquainted with him than any other man living. By virtue of that inexorable law to which both the good and wicked are equally subject, a mighty oak tree has fallen—a great light is extinguished among us. Your venerable father and Archbishop is dead; but his soul liveth to God, his name and his great character, his many and brilliant virtues, his preachings

and labours are still extant. They are still a great palpable and living reality in your midst, and will live on as long as a remnant of Catholicity will be left on the land. What the people of Corinth were to St. Paul, you are to Dr. Walsh, that is his living Epistle, his certificate of character, and his best letter of recommendation to God and to men.

Treasure up, therefore, his sainted memory; often bring to mind the sacred maxims and the glorious Gospel truths which he so forcibly inculcated. Meditate on his life; imitate his virtues; tell all the grand points of his character to your children and to the little ones who are to succeed you. Pray that his successor may be worthy his genius, his many virtues, and his unbounded zeal in your regard. Lest perchance his poor soul may be yet before the justice bar of that God at whose dread presence the mountains themselves melt away and the just can scarcely feel secure, pray for him, because if he want your assistance it is a debt you owe; if not, your prayers will be always a grateful tribute to his memory, and he will pray for you and bless you in turn, and he will join Jesus and the Holy Spirit and the myriad army of God's saints in "ineffable groanings" for your welfare. Like the seven first Bishops of Asia Minor, whom St. John in the Apocalypse calls the "Angels" of their respective Diocesses, so Dr. Walsh, as the first Archbishop of Halifax, will be for ever more the tutelary Angel of this Diocess and people; he will be ever standing at the golden altar which is before the throne of God, offering up your prayers and his own that he may not lose one of those entrusted to his care, but that you and I and all of us may be gathered up and be united with him in that heavenly fold where Jesus is the everlasting Shepherd, and where in his own words, "we are never again to be separated." Amen.

