

as he went through the fields of Galilee. They lived very much as the Maoris did, they had the same shelter and the same food. They travelled in all sorts of weather and endured more than the soldiers. In order not to lose influence with the native chiefs they had to stifle their natural feelings, and eat of that which was revolting in the highest degree. You know, old colonists, what the Colony then was. Our poor friend was at Kororarekei at the time of the war between the English and the Natives, and everyone present speaks of how he conducted himself—of his prudent, heroic, and noble behaviour. He ministered for over ten years for the salvation of the souls of these poor savages, but then there was an influx of whites in this island, and they had no priest to minister to them. Amongst others my own father was on the point of selling out and going to a country where they would have the service of a priest, for then old Father O'Reilly was the only priest who visited them, and his visits were six or twelve months apart, and he was looked on as an envoy from heaven. The Bishop then brought Father Garin from the Natives, and made him priest of Nelson, an office which he held for nearly 40 years, and you know what he did. Here is an easy task for me. I see faces before me which I have known since I was a child, and they can tell what he did. By the blessing of God I was one of the first to benefit from his tuition. I remember well coming from the Waimea on a load of wood when I was a boy of eleven or twelve, and going to Father Garin with others. He brought before us all the great truths of the Catholic faith. He enabled us by his training to see what we were made for and man's highest scope of usefulness; he gave us noble aspirations. It was whilst with Father Garin I received that call from God, and there that I, with many others, received all the advantages of the education he imparted. He was fatherly, yet firm. I forgot to tell you that before he became a Marist Father Garin was employed as a teacher in his College, where he learnt his profession of a teacher, and was consequently enabled subsequently to do a work that cannot but be appreciated. There are thousands and thousands who owe their education and success, under God, to Father Garin. I remember several years ago Judge Broad said that more than 4000 had been educated under Father Garin in Nelson either directly or indirectly, and therefore his influence extended over the whole Colony. This day a thrill of sorrow is passing through New Zealand at the loss of my old master. In coming here I met one man down whose face tears were streaming, and whose regret was he could not come to witness the last rites. Many a heart is throbbing and many a tear is falling for my good old master. He was a faithful servant and a pattern of fidelity. Did you ever see him fear or shirk from duty; did you not ever find him ready in deeds of charity; did you ever hear a harsh word from him? True, he was a faithful servant in the Church, but he was of liberal mind. We might wish that all men had his virtues. For this parish it was incredible what he had done. Out of his own pocket, out of money which he alone was entitled to, he had spent over £2000 on the parish. It was amazing. Though he was defective in speech, he had left a lasting mark and an enduring gratitude in their hearts. He was a true and faithful servant, and they might all follow his teachings and his doctrine, and endeavour to imitate his virtues. In setting forth, then, what Christ had said, "Well done, good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful in small things, I will set thee over great ones; I will give thee eternal glory, enter thou into the joy of the Lord," it might be that purging fires would cleanse and take away all dross, for nothing that was impure could enter Heaven. We can never be quite sure. He might yet be detained for a time in sorrow, but if he were detained he would have a view of God so great that God would be his happiness. It was as though a fire descended on the head—a regret that eternal life could not be partaken of at once. That was the fire of purgatory, which cleansed the soul from all impurities. The Catholic belief is a glorious one. Therefore, you Catholics, give way not only to tears and expressions of sympathy, but pray for him, and have Masses said for him, so that if it happens there is a period of detention, he may the sooner be admitted to the presence of God, for your prayers will benefit by the intercession of the Saints. Such is the Catholic belief, and a more touching and more beautiful one could not be. The Jews, five hundred years before the coming of Christ, said that it was a good and wholesome thing to pray for the dead. His Grace referred to the Maccabees and the sacrifices in the Temple to show the belief existed prior to the Christian era. Therefore, he said, pray for his soul, and in case it is not needed in his case your prayers will avail for someone else—they will go into the great heart of Jesus Christ. Now, his Grace continued, though I have said so little and spoken so inadequately, I ask you to dwell in thought on his virtues. As a gentleman, as a citizen, as a friend, and as a pastor—in every capacity he was equally worthy of your esteem. Imitate his virtues, and in all our different spheres of life we shall have an example of Christian life, of charity and unselfishness. Through him great blessings have been conferred on this city, and he has commanded the esteem of all parties, creeds, denominations, and callings. His name had become a household word, his honesty and rectitude of character had been acknowledged by all. I have heard men say "Father Garin said so; and so that is enough." His straightforward candour had certainly set a splendid example to anyone, whatever his creed or calling. Try to imitate his unselfishness to your fellow-men, do good as far as your lights allow, and the world will be the better, and you will derive happiness that is incalculable. His Grace then read the inscriptions round the altar, which, he said, referred eloquently to him who had gone. Continuing, he said:—But remember the wrappings of that soul will shortly become a prey to worms. Those wrappings, however, are holy and are sacred. They have been sanctified by baptism, communion, and acceptance into holy orders, and one day that soul which is eternal will be united to these remains again, the body becoming spiritualised; then it will remain glorified for all eternity, and may we, one and all, I hope, go to that eternal home, and enjoy his company for millions of years—aye, through all eternity.

His Grace then pronounced the benediction, and the service being completed in the church, the coffin was borne from the chancel, followed by the clergy, and carried to the hearse.

The funeral procession was speedily formed, Mr. Lightfoot acting as marshal, and was headed by a priest bearing aloft a cross. Following him were a number of acolytes, and then came the clergy, preceding the hearse. Next in order came the school children, with the Mother Superior and the Sisters of the Convent, and then a great number of carriages, horsemen, and followers on foot. In the foremost carriages were the Mayor and members of the City Council, his Lordship Dr. Suter, Bishop of Nelson, and clergy of the Anglican Church, the Rev. P. Calder, of the Presbyterian Church, and many prominent citizens. The procession passed through Collingwood street, thence along Hardy street to Trafalgar street, and by way of Bridge street to Collingwood street, and then *via* the Wood to the New Cemetery. All the business houses *en route* were closed, and the streets were lined with thousands of people. On arrival at the cemetery the Archbishop and clergy chanted the service, and the coffin was borne to the grave, his Worship the Mayor (Mr. J. Sharp), Mr. C. Y. Fell, his Honor Judge Broad, Mr. M. Haut, Dr. Duff, and Mr. Hout, acting as pall-bearers. The sad ceremony having been concluded, the mourners returned to town just before six o'clock.

SUDDEN DEATH OF PROFESSOR MACGUIRE, F. T. C. D.

EARLY on Tuesday (says the *Dublin Freeman* of 2nd March) the news reached Dublin that Dr. Maguire, whose name had been mentioned so prominently in the case of the *Times* at the Parnell Commission, had died in London suddenly. It will be remembered that he was one of the "private friends" who lent Mr. Houston money, his contribution to the purchase of the letters amounting to £850. Coming after the sensational news of the morning, the intelligence startled many people who had previously not known much about the deceased, or, for a student, his strange career. In Dublin he was well-known, although he had lived but a comparatively short time in the city. He bore an Irish name, but was born in 1832 at the Mauritius, where his father, who was a native of the North of Ireland, held a Government appointment. Coming to Ireland, he availed himself of the opportunities afforded him, and speedily made his mark. In Trinity College he was the first Catholic sizar since the Reformation. Here he carried off the Madder Scholarship in addition to a scholarship in law, and was soon after called to the English bar. He did not appear to have made any determined attempt to become a practising lawyer after a short stay in the Mauritius he returned to Ireland, and was appointed to a professorship at the Queen's College, Galway. During the earlier part of his stay at the seat of learning in the City of the Tribes he did not distinguish himself by any assiduous attention to his duties, and he rather gained a reputation as a learned man who had eschewed the midnight oil. He lived close by the town in a true bachelor's residence, and soon became remarkable for peculiar opinions. In religion he was a professing Catholic. At times he had an odd twist in his nature which he declined to hide. Now he occupied his more sober moments in writing a treatise on the "Existence of Purgatory," then suppressed it, and next quarrelled with the clergymen of the place with a virulence that was all his own. In 1879 he obtained a Fellowship in Trinity College. For two years he led a changed life, and read with an application that his close friends (and he had some) state left deep traces behind. He left the Queen's College without regret, and took to his new life with an ardour that was as unexpected as it was resolute. In Trinity College he was appointed lecturer in Greek and Latin composition, and after two years' residence was inducted to the chair of moral philosophy, holding both appointments concurrently. His lectures on philosophy were marked by great ability, and soon won for him an admiration that was not altogether anticipated. As an author he has not left anything behind him that can stand as a monument to his undoubted attainments, as his essays on the "Platonic Idea" and "Platonic Ethics," while clever in a sense, were far from remarkable. In religion Dr. Maguire professed Catholicism, but both in his writings and conversation he showed a spirit deeply hostile to the Church, and on the education question he was, since his connection with Trinity College, an open and bitter enemy of any settlement on the lines laid down by the Catholic hierarchy and clergy. In politics Dr. Maguire was a rabid anti-Nationalist, and he hired his pen and voice to the I.L.P.U. Some incidents in his life in Dublin embroiled him in controversies which it were far better for his memory he had never uttered. One of the pamphlets which he indited on behalf of the Unionists was entitled "England's Duty to Ireland," in which he displayed a vitriolic bitterness, and resorted to some illustrations borrowed from the worst literature of the Reign of Terror. On this epoch of his life there is no need to dwell, and it might not be mentioned were it not that it coloured so many of his subsequent acts. At a convocation of the Royal University he caused many stormy scenes, and on one occasion his display was so offensive to the Catholics present that the Most Rev. Dr. Healy was obliged, after his protest against the conduct of Professor Maguire, to withdraw. Professor Maguire was unmarried, and was a devoted and affectionate brother, tending his two sisters with the greatest kindness and watchful affection. It is not easy to assign any reason, or even motive, for the actions of his latter life, save that being the son of an official, and spending his life amid surroundings alien to the Irish people, he fell a victim to circumstances. Only last year he published a pamphlet, written with earnestness, controverting the statements of Sir James Stephen in reference to the Catholic Church. He went to London on Wednesday last, against the advice of his friends, although suffering from a severe attack of inflammation of the trachea. While in London he got seriously ill and was attended by two doctors, and in his last moments received the consolations of the Catholic Church.

Mr. James C. Flood, known as the California millionaire, and worth 30,000,000dols., died at Heidelberg, Germany, on Thursday, February 21, where he was taking the medicinal waters of the Springs. He died of Bright's disease.