

Even outside his own flock his death brought pain to many hearts. It was evidence of the distinct impressions he made, and the various claims he had on those who knew him.

The many noble and touching tributes paid to his life and character through the columns of the press, and which convey forcibly and tenderly the feelings of the community, leave us scarcely anything further to say, yet we cannot allow the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* to pass the sad occurrence by unnoticed. All the tributes bear eloquent testimony to the saintliness of the faithful Shepherd. His sincere piety was a source of edification for priests and laity. But the supreme element of his interior life seemed to be his love and zeal for the Blessed Sacrament. It expressed itself in many ways. The Corpus Christi Monastery at Hunter's Point, where the Dominican Sisters, those white robed vestals of the Eucharistic King, unceasingly adore the Blessed Sacrament, testifies to the Archbishop's devotion to the great Mystery of Catholic faith. The coming of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament to New York is another evidence of his zeal. He wanted them because they observed Perpetual Adoration. It was for this reason that they appealed to him. When they took possession of the church on 76th Street, he came, and with his own hands placed the Sacrament on the throne the Fathers had prepared for It. It was his custom to visit the church for private devotion. He would enter in such a simple manner, and take a place in one of the pews like any ordinary worshipper, that were it not for his impressive devotional attitude no one would have recognized him.

It is related by one who lived close to him for a period of time that he would go to the Cathedral at an early hour in the morning, make a long and fervent preparation for his Mass, after which he would devote nearly an hour in thanksgiving and adoration. To come upon him after these