

thy servant with mercy ; reward his works ; crown his virtues ; give him eternal rest. Him—who raised to Thy honor and glory a temple so beautiful and so worthy, but which is only a feeble temple of his soul, which he adorned by all Christian virtues,—receive in thy kingdom ; give him place among thy saints and angels.

Dear people, treasure up the sainted memory of your departed pastor. Often bring to mind the sacred maxims and glorious Gospel truths which he so forcibly inculcated ; meditate on his life ; imitate his virtues ; recount all the grand points of his character to your children, for he was endowed with virtues which make men really just before God and before the world, and which are the foundation of that glorious immortality to which we aspire.

Yes, Father Dunphy was a holy priest, an honor to religion and an ornament to society. He was a saint according to God's own heart, and this is the title which endeared him to all who knew him. How zealous and persevering he was in every thing tending to promote the glory of God, the honor of religion and the good of his people. As much as he loved virtue and practiced it so much did he hate vice and shunned it. How faithfully did he watch over his dear flock, whose welfare, both spiritual and temporal, was the whole object of his thought and ambition ; with what assiduity did he teach you the saving principles of religion ; with what solicitude did he prevent his children erring from the path of duty and virtue ; and with what zeal did he bring back to the fold the stray sheep wandering from their God. What charity for the poor, the sick and the afflicted, who always found in him a consoler, a friend, a father ; what purity and simplicity of life, delicacy of conscience and exactitude in the performance of all his religious duties ; what tender devotion and dignity in the holy functions of his ministry. In a word, dear people, you know how much he loved God and you ; how dear you were to his heart ; because you were dear to the