

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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A GREAT PRIEST GONE TO HIS REWARD.

Eganville's Grand old Man no More. —Father Byrne Passes Peacefully Away.

Eganville Star, August 7.

The slow, sad tolling of the bell of St. James' Church last Friday evening announced to the people of Eganville that the venerable priest who had toiled so long and faithfully amongst them had gone to meet his Judge. His death was unexpected, but the instinct of the spiritual children of Father Byrne was keen to detect in the mournful sound of the bell the news that their Father had passed away. What a wail of sorrow went up to the Great White Throne for the good priest none but God and His angels can know. It was the first time since the founding of the village that all met to mourn and weep together over one whose death all could deplore as a common loss. Some of our firebranded Angel of Sorrow had left unvisited hitherto, but now all bowed their heads low in a heartfelt prayer to ask God to give eternal rest to the soul of their common Father.

Rev. Michael Byrne was born in Ballynabanna, county Wicklow, Ireland, December 25, 1820. Nine years after his birth the Act of Emancipation was passed, and one of the first fruits of this long-delayed measure of justice was the opening of schools from one end of the country to the other. Young Byrne was eager to profit by the opportunities afforded him; he received a good elementary education, which was the basis of more extensive and profound studies. He early showed an ardent love for the works of the ministry compatible with his age and station. He was a powerful auxiliary in the work of catechising children in his own parish. His delight was to be around the altar. Father Byrne, even at that age, manifested one of the traits characteristic of him through life, namely, an undommed confidence in Divine Providence, a readiness to await the will of God, however slow it might be in making itself known to him. He waited and prayed. When he was about twenty years of age the Lazarist Fathers gave a mission in his parish; a sharp eye was open to see in the young Byrne what the good old man would call himself "the timber for a priest." John Joseph Lynch, then Father Lynch, and afterwards Archbishop of Toronto, called the young man aside and asked him would he not like to study Latin that he might become a priest. Father Byrne, who had always a decided preference for the mathematical sciences, replied in his own artless way: "Sure, I find it hard enough to master the English language without attempting the Latin."

Father Lynch gave him some few words of encouragement; it was all he needed; his heart's desire was for the first time interposed. This interview, however, was but the beginning of a long and lasting friendship between the two venerable missionaries which ripened as the years advanced. Those who knew Father Byrne could tell with what profound sense of gratitude he remembered the kindly words of the sainted Archbishop of Toronto which determined his career in life. Fourteen years ago, when it seemed as if God were going to call John Joseph Lynch to Himself, Father Byrne hastened to his bedside and we find amongst the departed priest's books a souvenir of that visit—"A History of the Early Irish Church." The inscription on one of these fly leaves was written by the Archbishop himself—"A memorial of early and late friendship to Rev. M. Byrne from John Joseph Lynch."

The day following this memorable one found Michael Byrne on the road to Dublin, where he purchased some Latin books and shortly afterwards entered Navan College, where for several years he pursued a course of literary, scientific and mathematical studies. These he continued in England, from whence he came to Ontario, where, after a course of Philosophy and Theology, he was ordained priest in 1852. The first year spent in missionary labor at and near L'Orignal. At this time his companions were the late Dr. Tabaret and Father Bourassa. He spent one year and six months at Grenville, from thence he removed to Renfrew in 1854 where he remained till October, 1859, when he came to Eganville. Whilst in Renfrew his mission included the townships of Adamston, Brougham, Bagot, Griffith, Mattawan, Horton, McNab and a portion of the county of Lanark. When he came to Eganville his parish included the present parishes of Eganville, Oseola, Douglas, Brudenell, Doyle's Corners and a part of the parish of Mt. St. Patrick. From his coming to Eganville his work forms part and parcel of the history of the village. He completed the parish church of Eganville, built the old church of Douglas, built a church at Golden Lake, another at Round Lake, besides many other chapels throughout the country. In 1865 he built the presbytery in which he resided at his death. In 1872 the Eganville Convent was begun and completed the following year. The building of this institution was his own work, for the expenses of erection were paid for the most part

out of his own purse. Advancing years did not diminish his vigor. About six years ago he had an attack of salt rheum, which, however, passed away. During the last five years everybody wondered how the dear old man seemed to be growing fresher in health and spirits. He felt himself quite equal to the work of directing his parish. Two years ago when he completed his thirtieth year amongst us he remarked to Bishop Lorrain, "My Lord, after thirty years more I shall ask you for a curete."

The dead priest was dressed in his priestly vestments of a violet color, emblematic of the spirit of penance in which all true Christians should die. He was exposed in the presbytery Friday night and on Saturday morning was carried to the church, where he remained till Monday afternoon in the wings. The Rev. Father's head was turned towards the people whom he had taught during life. The church itself was heavily draped in black; the work of decoration, carried on by the members of the C. M. B. A., under the direction of the Rev. Sisters of the Sacred Heart Convent, was well and tastefully done. Around the walls were inscribed mottoes selected from Holy Writ, expressing the virtues of him who had so long labored for us.

On Saturday morning a committee composed of gentlemen named by Father Byrne himself before his death to make all arrangements for his funeral met in the convent parlor and decided that the funeral should take place on Monday, August 3, and that the procession should pass through the village. The gentlemen were as follows: Rev. Fathers Marjion and Ryan, Dr. Dowling, M. P. P., Messrs. D. Lacey, Wm. George, McDermott, S. Howard and J. Casey.

Invitations to the funeral had been sent to all the clergy of the Archdiocese of Ottawa and the Vicariate of Pontiac, with whom it was possible to have telegraphic connection. The opening of the pastoral retreat presented the Rev. gentlemen of the Archdiocese from attending.

During all this time that the remains of the dead priest were exposed hundreds of all denominations came to look upon the face of him whom they had learned to love and respect in life. Monday came, and not a finer day could be desired to pay the last respects to the sainted old priest whom all revered. At half past 9 the church was packed, when the visiting clergy, filing into the sanctuary, took their places by the side of their dear brother and chanted the Office of the Dead.

At 10 o'clock, sharp, His Lordship Bishop Lorrain entered the sanctuary. After vesting he began Pontifical High Mass. The assisting clergy were as follows: assistant priest, Very Rev. Canon Foley, Abbot; deacons of honor, Rev. James McGuichen, O. M. L., rector of Ottawa University, and Rev. P. Brunet, P. P., Portage du Fort; deacon of office, Rev. Ronald J. McEachen, Douglas; sub-deacon, John J. Donovan, Eganville; masters of ceremonies, Rev. Jules Dancot, P. P. of Pembroke, and Mr. John Ryan. Besides these there were seated at the catafalque the following gentlemen: Rev. Fathers Rouzier, of Renfrew; Chaine, of Arnprior; Marjion, of Douglas; Corkery, of Huntley; Luduc, of Chapeau; Devine, of Oseola; Poitras, O. M. L., of Mattawa; Dembski, of Hagarty; Ferreri, of Vinton; Kierman, of Quyon, and Vincent of Calmet Island. The choir, aided by some members of the clergy and by representatives of the Brudenell and Oseola choirs and under the direction Rev. Father Ryan, rendered the requiem in a feeling way. The success of the combination shows what can be done when people's hearts are in their work. It was the first time a Pontifical High Mass was sung in our church, and the effect was most impressive on all. The sombre color of the vestments, the heavy black drapings of the church, the mournful tones of the sacred chant, the sympathetic voice of God's priest, all combined to leave an impression not soon to be effaced. Hundreds of non-Catholics hastened to come and assist at the funeral obsequies. The respect which they gave the dead priest who had throughout life preached peace to men of good will, and the consideration they showed some few weeks ago when he was nigh unto death, are acts not soon to be forgotten by their Catholic fellow-citizens.

After solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated and the Bishop had gone to his throne, Rev. Father Dowdall ascended the altar steps to preach the panegyric of the departed priest. The Rev. gentleman took for his text the words of St. Paul in his second Epistle to Timothy: "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. As to the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord the just Judge will render to me on that day; and not only to me but on that day that love His coming."

For several minutes the preacher could not speak, so moved was he by the thought of the task assigned him. He said that silence was much more befitting such an occasion when all hearts felt more at tongue could express. After an apostrophe to his dead companion in arms—as for a non-Catholic expressed it in the words,

"the old warrior is dying." Father Byrne was a soldier and his arms were the word of God—the preacher proceeded to give a sketch of the life and labors of the departed priest, such as we have given above, interweaving in it a eulogy of the virtues characteristic of him through life. The priest, said the preacher, had two lives. His public life was spent in the Church, at the firesides of his parishioners and on the high roads of his parish.

His private life was spent in the presbytery and this was a life known only to God and himself. There was the daily meditation of God's holy truths at an early hour in the morning, followed by the recitation of the breviary, repeated seven times a day; then came the daily ascent to God's Holy Mount to offer the Lamb without spot; then came the daily perusal of Holy Writ, to be followed in the course of the day by examination of conscience and reading of spiritual works. Later on in the day came the visit to the Blessed Sacrament, where, at the feet of his Master, the priest exposed his own wants and dangers and those of his parish. It was this private life, of which so few knew anything, that ascended like an odor of incense before the Throne of Mercy day by day and obtained grace for many a soul heedless and unmindful of the heart that longed for his return to the paternal home. It was all that made up the spirit of prayer and recollection which accompanied Father Byrne at the altar and in the confessional, at the sick-bed and even in the most ordinary occupations of daily life. Father Byrne was ever Father Byrne, gentle as a child, devout, dignified, knowing his place and knowing how to assign others their place without ruffling his own temper or wounding the sensibilities of others. Ignorant of the world's etiquette, the Spirit of the Lord Jesus which he had imbibed at the altar taught him a delicacy of sentiment of which the world never dreamt.

His love of children was great and worthy of the priest. This old man, so dignified, so austere, became a child amongst children. Who does not remember how, at each recurring Christmas, that grand old man would greet with childlike simplicity with a Merry Christmas the numbers of children who came to see him! Was there a child in the parish that went away empty-handed without some little book, image or picture as a proof of the love of his or her Father? Do we want a proof of his priestly love of children? Look at the convent; look at his labors for the founding of Christian schools in his parish; think of the anxiety he displayed to have the children instructed in this very summer for First Communion.

The poor, too, were the object of his tender solicitude. When did he frown upon the poor. The poor, the afflicted have won the threshold of his door, and were always sure to receive a joyous welcome. Not an institution for orphans in the country but received something from this munificence. Many thought he was wealthy; no, what God freely gave him he freely gave away. Scarcely enough was left to defray his funeral expenses.

The preacher then dwelt at some length on the dead priest's love for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, a proof of which we have in the fact that never out twice did he omit Mass on Sunday during the thirty-nine years of his priestly life, and on these two occasions he was obliged to attend dying persons. His love of Holy Scripture was next enlarged upon. During the last years of his life his only books were the Holy Bible, some works on Theology and the Imitation of Christ. He loved especially those books of Holy Writ in which the Providence of God and God's attribute of Father of men was most brought out.

The preacher next touched upon Father Byrne's long and arduous missionary career. He narrated some incidents of the good Father's travels in search of souls. Three times in his life he was thrown to the ground, where he remained several hours unconscious, but as the good old man would say, "Glory be to God it was not killed." Father Byrne often told of his labors, but he himself was always in the back-ground, the hero was always God, the tender Father watching over the priest who showed but the least good will in doing his duty. Throughout his life his own desire was to do God's holy will. He longed to give himself more and more to Jesus; it was this longing that prompted him in early life to make two attempts to become a religious in the Oblate Order. But a providential illness, as the Rev. preacher said, sent him to the secular priesthood. We need holy men in the world, stout warriors armed with the weapons of self-denial and the love of God to fight God's battles in the world. Father Byrne was one of these warriors.

In all these trials of his life Father Byrne displayed those virtues that were so peculiarly his; the world called him slow; he was but waiting till God would make His will known. He never left his work undone. The love of the departed priest for the sick was next spoken of. It was a subject of honest glory for any priest if he could say that never once had a soul gone to meet its Creator unshriven through his fault. This was Father Byrne's glory. The good priest's patience and entire resignation to

God's will in his last illness could not be passed over. Never did one murmur escape him. Words of praise and thanksgiving were constantly in his mouth. "Praise be to God." "Thanks be to God." "Incline unto my aid, oh God." "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help me," were his continual prayers.

The preacher next alluded to his deep devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

All these went to make up the simple, unostentatious, but zealous priest of Eganville.

This short resume gives a feeble idea of the sermon, such as it was delivered. The discourse was not an effort—the Rev. preacher knew but the evening before that the task was his of speaking the panegyric of his deceased brother—it was the simple outpouring of a priestly heart which alone could understand fully all that was in a kindred spirit. There were times when the preacher rose to lofty heights of eloquence, especially when he appealed to souvenirs still fresh in our memories to corroborate what he said of the dead Father. When he summed up at the end those who were the losers by the death of the saintly priest, there were few hearts unmoved, for all felt the loss. The Bishop has lost his veteran missionary, the priests of the Vicariate their model, young Levites and religious their kind protector, orphans their father, the poor their benefactor, and all classes an earnest and practical well-wisher. The Rev. preacher brought his sermon to a close by an earnest prayer to the Heart of Jesus, to our Blessed Lady to all the angels and saints to receive the soul of the departed priest. He exhorted most strongly all who go away with the firm resolve to obey the lessons the dead priest taught them.

The sermon was on the whole one of the finest ever given in this part of the country. There was no attempt at oratory, and yet the preacher achieved all that oratory could accomplish, and more. There was a power in his simple narration of the deeds and virtues of the deceased priest that no art could equal.

After the sermon the Bishop, vested in the black cope, pronounced the absolution. The *Libera* was sung by the combined choirs mentioned above.

After the service hundreds passed by the bier of the dead priest to take a last look at him whom they had loved so well.

It was the wish of Father Byrne that he should be buried in the Douglas cemetery, which he had bought and laid out himself and which had been consecrated under the protection of his own patron, St. Michael the Archangel. There were many reasons why Father Byrne should be buried in the Douglas cemetery. He had purchased the lot himself, and the late Bishop Guzeaud had dedicated the former Church of Douglas under the patronage of St. Michael as a compliment to Father Byrne, who had erected it. Some feared that there would be strong opposition to the desire of the dead priest from the people of Eganville. Had the people of Eganville loved him less this might have been so. Not once did the thought cross their minds of going contrary to his wish. The sacrifice for such it was—they made on this occasion was the grandest tribute that could be paid to the memory of the dear Father. It was sad to think that he who had labored amongst us for thirty-two years should go to rest in another place; but when we remembered that Father Byrne wished to sleep his last sleep under the wings of him whom he had invoked in life, all loved in loving acquiescence.

At 2 o'clock, sharp, on Monday afternoon His Lordship Bishop Lorrain entered the sanctuary, accompanied by several members of the clergy, approached the bier and intoned the antiphon for the *De Profundis*. He then pronounced the absolution. The body of the dead priest was then carried out by the pall-bearers and laid in the hearse. As the body left the sacred edifice the bell of St. James' Church tolled out its last homage to him who had raised it there thirty-two years ago to be a messenger of invitation to prayer to all his faithful children. The sound was wafted across the Bonaventure and was taken up and strengthened by the bell from the tower of St. John's Church, which, too, pealed out its tribute of respect on behalf of those who, though they did not form part of Father Byrne's spiritual children in his lifetime, yet had learned to revere him as a true follower of his Divine Master. As soon as the body was laid in the hearse the procession began to fall into line. First went the carriage with the pall-bearers who were the gentlemen that formed the committee of arrangements. Then the hearse, followed by the clergy. The members of the C. M. B. A. came immediately after. As the cortege passed up Queen street some of the visiting clergy wondered where all the carriages were that were to join the funeral. Their wonder was soon at an end. When the hearse had passed up St. Patrick street and turned down Wellington street Grand Marshal Martin Foley gave the procession. Never was there seen in this country a larger or more orderly gathering. As one by one of the two hundred and fifty carriages took their

places every one said that the whole country had come to do honor to the dead priest. The hearse went to the furthest end of the village, and returning by Queen street passed down slowly by the point of departure. The houses and stores on both sides of the street were heavily draped in black. When the front part of the procession was one mile and a quarter from the village the last carriage was taking their places to make the round of the village. Not a carriage fell out of line; one would have practised for weeks beforehand. Of course all this was not accomplished without care and trouble. The following gentlemen who acted as marshals did their work admirably: Grand Marshal, M. Foley; assistants, Robt. O'Neill, M. Kelly, D. Smith, M. McNulty, M. O'Brien, J. Gallagher, W. Conaghan, B. Hartney, M. Power, J. E. Power, J. T. Power, E. Malloy, J. Helferty, J. Murphy, T. George, T. Green, J. O'Brien, T. Dwyer, P. McNamara.

At half-past 5 o'clock the hearse drew up in front of St. Michael's Church at Douglas. Very Rev. Canon Foley, assisted by Rev. P. S. Dowdall, Rev. Ronald McEachen and Rev. John Donovan received the body at the door and conducted it to the center of the church. There the absolution was again pronounced. The Douglas choir sang the "Miserere" and the "Liberatio," together with the "Benedictus," was the most touching and intelligent rendering of those beautiful pieces that it has been our lot to hear.

Again the body of the dead priest was carried out and almost within the shadow of the church laid in its final resting place. Canon Foley read the last solemn prayers, the cover of the outer box was put on, each one of the priests present threw a shovel full of earth into the grave, and soon the dull sound of the earth covering all that was left of the dear old priest told to all hearts more sadly than words could impart that mother earth had taken to herself again what she had given our Father years ago.

The cemetery of Douglas is of one of the most beautifully located in the county. It is just such a place as one would choose for a resting-place. Father Byrne is buried just at the entrance to the cemetery, and from that spot the ground is beautifully diversified with rise and fall. Tall, shady elms are in abundance. The closeness of the cemetery to the church induces the parishioners to pay a weekly visit for the repose of those whose bodies lie awaiting the trumpet-call of the great Archangel Michael.

CHAPEL DEDICATION IN ROCHESTER.

Sermon by the Archbishop of Toronto.

Rochester Herald.

Mass was celebrated this morning in the handsome new chapel of the Sacred Heart on Prince street, for the first time since its completion, several weeks ago. The dedication was to have occurred some time since, but it was found necessary to postpone it until this morning, when services attending these beautiful and impressive ceremonies were begun at 9 o'clock.

Only those receiving invitations, chiefly former pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent to the number of about 200, attended. Priests from every church in the city and a number from out of town were present, also twenty students from St. Andrews and six from the Troy Seminary. A number of Ladies Superior from houses in this and other countries were in attendance. Several came from Michigan, New York, Missouri and other places. Six Sisters from France, enroute to different houses in the United States, stopped over in this city to attend the dedicatory exercises. Besides these a number of the religious were present. The usual ceremonies set apart for such occasions were carried out by the Bishop of Rochester, attended by a number of the clergy. The Bishop was also celebrant of Pontifical High Mass.

After the gospel His Grace Archbishop Walsh preached a very eloquent and beautiful sermon, from the text—"Truly this is the house of God and the gate of Heaven." His Grace portrayed all the sacredness and the solemn awe which attach to an edifice set apart and dedicated to the worship of the true God. He contrasted the unmeaning altars and temples of paganism with the soul-inspiring purity of Catholic worship in the august sacrifice of the Lamb that was slain from the beginning now offered upon our altars for the living and the dead.

After describing the beauty of God's house and the tribute which all Nature pays to religion in the construction of a place of Catholic worship, by contributing her marble, her gold, her incense and her precious stones to adorn the sanctuary of God, His Grace directed attention to the zeal which the Ladies of the Sacred Heart always displayed in the erection and adornment of noble and elegant sanctuaries where God would be adored and virtue incultured. He said:

"The Ladies of the Sacred Heart, wherever they are, have kept pace with

the progressive spirit of the Church in rearing temples to God in this new country. Whoever engaged in the Christian education of youth, they erect beautiful chapels, gems of architecture, that are calculated to elevate and refine the tastes of their pupils and to teach them to love the beauty of God's house and the place where His glory dwelleth."

The good ladies of this institution are to be congratulated on the completion and dedication of this beautiful edifice. This sacred shrine, now consecrated to the glory of our Lord and for the purposes of our holy religion—this chapel—will play an important part in the Christian education which the Religious of the Sacred Heart are laboring to impart. Here young minds will be formed to religion, piety and devotion; young souls will be inspired with high and holy purposes; young hearts will be purified and sanctified, and the affections flowing from pure hearts, like streams from some holy well, will beautify and enrich Christian homes. Speak not to me, said St. John Chrysostom, of the arts of the painter and the sculptor; they are, it is true, emulating and elevating and far-reaching in their beneficent influences; but far more meritorious, far more precious, is the work of those who form the minds and characters of the young and mould them to piety and virtue. How very true is this observation, for when the most renowned painting that ever lived by the breath of genius shall have been covered with the mildew of neglect, or the greatest statue that ever grew from the marble block into grace and beauty, under the creative hand of the sculptor, shall have moldered into dust, the immortal mind, awakened into intellectual life by the Christian teacher and fashioned and formed by holy influences to virtue, piety and the beauty of holiness of life, will live on forever, a glory to earth and a sister to the angels of Heaven.

This chapel will have a large share in the great and holy work. It will supply the sacred fire from which youthful minds will catch the flames of high and holy purposes; it will be the seminary of good and holy thoughts, that will afterwards ripen into useful, noble and virtuous lives.

For the Religious themselves it will be their earthly paradise. Here they will commune with their loving Saviour; they will converse with Him heart to heart; they will find Him whom their souls love and to whom they have consecrated their life-long service and given their hearts' affections. Here they will find how sweet it is to dwell in the house of their God rather than in the tabernacles of sinners. Here they will obtain strength and grace and courage to live up to the evangelical counsels of Christian perfection, to practice the sublime virtues of their holy state, to let the light of their angelic lives shine before men so as to inspire them with thoughts of God and heaven. Here they will live in the presence of God, as the lamp of the sanctuary ever shines in the Divine Presence, until their lives, having been expended in the service of God, like the flickering, expiring flame of that lamp their souls will be caught up into heaven to shine like stars in the firmament of eternity.

May this beautiful chapel more than fulfill the hopes and the purposes of its founders; may it, like some holy well in a desert land, ever send out streams of graces and blessings to beautify and enrich Christian homes; may it be fruitful in glory to God, in good to souls and in merit to the religious in this institution; may it be for all who worship in it 'the house of God and the gate of heaven.'"

The new chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent is a gem of architectural art. The building is of brown stone, 91 by 34 feet, and strictly Gothic in architecture within and without. The work of the interior is of antique oak, finished in oil.

Rev. W. Flannery, P. P. of St. Thomas, was present at the dedication.

Are Separate Schools Efficient?

Edward, the ten year old son of Mr. R. Kyle, Deputy Reeve, came out first on the list in the entrance examinations in Lindsay. He is from the Separate school.—*Lindsay Watchman*.

Evidently there must be something wrong with the school management at Barrie. At the recent entrance examinations there were eighty-eight who wrote, and only thirty-six of this number were successful. Thirty of the candidates were from Barrie Public school, only seven of whom were successful; at the same time there were eight candidates from the Barrie Separate school, five of whom were successful, one of them gaining the highest number of marks.—*Aurora Banner*.

The financial report of the Propaganda shows that its receipts for missionary work amounted during 1890 to \$7,072,811. In 1889 they amounted to \$6,541,918. The following countries contributed most generously to this work: France, 4,311,862; Italy, 414,422; Germany, 388,662; Belgium, 388,200; Alsace-Lorraine, 358,251; British Isles, 163,599; and the Netherlands, 118,719.

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VOLUME XIV.
A GREAT PRIEST GONE TO HIS REWARD.
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Rev. Michael Byrne was born in Ballynabanna, county Wicklow, Ireland, December 25, 1820. Nine years after his birth the Act of Emancipation was passed, and one of the first fruits of this long-delayed measure of justice was the opening of schools from one end of the country to the other. Young Byrne was eager to profit by the opportunities afforded him; he received a good elementary education, which was the basis of more extensive and profound studies. He early showed an ardent love for the works of the ministry compatible with his age and station. He was a powerful auxiliary in the work of catechising children in his own parish. His delight was to be around the altar. Father Byrne, even at that age, manifested one of the traits characteristic of him through life, namely, an undommed confidence in Divine Providence, a readiness to await the will of God, however slow it might be in making itself known to him. He waited and prayed. When he was about twenty years of age the Lazarist Fathers gave a mission in his parish; a sharp eye was open to see in the young Byrne what the good old man would call himself "the timber for a priest." John Joseph Lynch, then Father Lynch, and afterwards Archbishop of Toronto, called the young man aside and asked him would he not like to study Latin that he might become a priest. Father Byrne, who had always a decided preference for the mathematical sciences, replied in his own artless way: "Sure, I find it hard enough to master the English language without attempting the Latin."
Father Lynch gave him some few words of encouragement; it was all he needed; his heart's desire was for the first time interposed. This interview, however, was but the beginning of a long and lasting friendship between the two venerable missionaries which ripened as the years advanced. Those who knew Father Byrne could tell with what profound sense of gratitude he remembered the kindly words of the sainted Archbishop of Toronto which determined his career in life. Fourteen years ago, when it seemed as if God were going to call John Joseph Lynch to Himself, Father Byrne hastened to his bedside and we find amongst the departed priest's books a souvenir of that visit—"A History of the Early Irish Church." The inscription on one of these fly leaves was written by the Archbishop himself—"A memorial of early and late friendship to Rev. M. Byrne from John Joseph Lynch."
The day following this memorable one found Michael Byrne on the road to Dublin, where he purchased some Latin books and shortly afterwards entered Navan College, where for several years he pursued a course of literary, scientific and mathematical studies. These he continued in England, from whence he came to Ontario, where, after a course of Philosophy and Theology, he was ordained priest in 1852. The first year spent in missionary labor at and near L'Orignal. At this time his companions were the late Dr. Tabaret and Father Bourassa. He spent one year and six months at Grenville, from thence he removed to Renfrew in 1854 where he remained till October, 1859, when he came to Eganville. Whilst in Renfrew his mission included the townships of Adamston, Brougham, Bagot, Griffith, Mattawan, Horton, McNab and a portion of the county of Lanark. When he came to Eganville his parish included the present parishes of Eganville, Oseola, Douglas, Brudenell, Doyle's Corners and a part of the parish of Mt. St. Patrick. From his coming to Eganville his work forms part and parcel of the history of the village. He completed the parish church of Eganville, built the old church of Douglas, built a church at Golden Lake, another at Round Lake, besides many other chapels throughout the country. In 1865 he built the presbytery in which he resided at his death. In 1872 the Eganville Convent was begun and completed the following year. The building of this institution was his own work, for the expenses of erection were paid for the most part
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