

"lay in state in the palace, where it was visited by thousands, anxious to pay a mark of respect and affection to one who had so long held sway over their church, and who was dear to all of them as a father is to his children. The remains of the venerable Bishop were also visited during the day by a large number of Protestants, including many of the most respectable and influential persons of the city, who appeared to feel, although differing in religious creed, that death dissolved all distinctions, and in Bishop Phelan's death recognized the loss of a great and good man. But it was the tears shed by the poor, the lamentations of the friendless and destitute, poured forth on that Sabbath morning around the cold remains of the good Bishop, which told in characters the pen cannot depict the paternal character of the father they had lost. On many a toil-bronzed cheek the big tear rolled down from eyes that moisture had not softened since perhaps they were children, while the last words he had addressed to them came back to them, bringing with them the many gushing memories of the past. It was an affecting, solemn, and impressive scene, and one which will not soon pass from the recollection of those who witnessed it.

"He was an Irishman by birth, and ever cherished a warm affection for his native land: he well understood the generous traits in the character of his countrymen, which enabled him to exercise a powerful sway over them for good, and he was justly held by them in the highest esteem and reverence, as a father of their church, whose entire soul was in the work to which he had devoted his life. By the poor of his people his loss will be severely felt, for he was a man of simple and unostentatious habits, easy of access, and had a rare tact in fathoming the intricacies of the human mind, which enabled him to administer the balm of consolation with peculiar efficacy to the wounded spirit, to encourage the weak and comfort the afflicted.

"In thus paying a tribute of respect to the late Bishop Phelan, we follow the dictate of our feelings for him as a man and a Christian minister, without reference to his creed. Although differing from him in faith, and more than once in antagonism to the measures of his church, we were privileged with a degree of intimacy with him during the last ten years, and had therefore many opportunities of becoming acquainted with those many amiable and kindly traits in his character which makes his loss appear to us, as it will to many other Protestants in similar circumstances, to be that of a personal friend.

"On Monday morning, the remains of the deceased prelate, after being enclosed in a leaden coffin, which was covered with a handsome black walnut shell, were conveyed to the cathedral, and deposited in front of the altar, being covered with an elegant canopy of black velvet, trimmed with white fringe, and surmounted with plumes of white ostrich feathers, around which some hundreds of tapers, in silver stands, threw a flickering light. The cathedral was

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