

to realize how much they owe to Father Dowd. This often struck me since I came to St. Patrick's, and since I came to know something of the history of the parish. Not only the people of St. Patrick's, but the English-speaking Catholics of the entire city, and even elsewhere, owe the quiet enjoyment of their rights to his enlightened zeal. And now that he is gone, would not gratitude towards him seem to require that the memory of these things should not perish? There are few who know all the labor and anxiety which the triumph of these principles cost Father Dowd. The remembrance of them would certainly help to unite us as people, as members of the same parish, of the same spiritual family; and let us admit there is some need of this. The people of St. Patrick's, dispersed as they are, over the territory of three French parishes, require more than an ordinary hand to hold them together. The older members of the congregation, fathers and mothers, should make known these things to the younger ones, so that all might know and appreciate what they owe to Father Dowd. Such things would recall to you, and in the manner most calculated to touch your hearts, the wise counsels he so often gave you from this pulpit. I am sure you will all bear me out when I say that, as often as truth and his duty towards your souls required it, Father Dowd never hesitated to speak plainly, even at the risk of temporarily displeasing you. He was not a man to shirk his duty or to ask a favor. He loved his people with the tenderness of a mother, and it was with this affection of a mother that he viewed even their faults. How often when some adverse criticism was passed upon them has he suddenly crushed all further discussion by warmly declaring that the St. Patrick's congregation was the best, the noblest, the most generous-hearted in the world.

You can easily understand, brethren, that it is not without some trepidation that I find myself suddenly standing in the shoes of such a man and such a pastor. If I consider only