

worn hearts. Like his illustrious contemporary, the Archbishop of Cashel, he has proven the perfect compatibility of unswerving patriotism with unchanging faith, and won back to communion and to confidence those whom coldness and indifference had estranged."

The high esteem in which he is held all over this continent, and the value which those best qualified to judge set upon the services which he has rendered to religion, is shown by the great number of Archbishops and Bishops who come from the United States and all parts of Canada to take part in his funeral.

AT ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

DRAPING THE CATHEDRAL.

All day Saturday and until an early hour Sunday morning the Christian Brothers, under the direction of Vicar-General Laurent and Rev. Father Hand, laboured at the sad work of draping St. Michael's Cathedral black in honour of the dead Archbishop. In striking contrast to the brilliant appearance presented May 4, when the services in honour of the beatification of the Blessed La Salle were celebrated with all the pomp and magnificence of the Catholic Church, the Cathedral on Sunday bore all the gloomy hues of death. The main altar was draped in black, white and purple, and festoons of black and white hung from the pillars, looping the arches and crossing the aisles. Every service was attended by crowds of worshippers, standing room even being difficult to secure.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

At the early masses in the Cathedral, the simple announcement was made that the funeral of His Grace the late Archbishop would take place on the morning of Wednesday at 10 a.m. But at the 10.30 Mass the scene was an impressive and painful one. The day was that of the ascension of our Lord into Heaven and one of rejoicing in all Catholic churches. The cathedral was filled to the very doors with worshippers, and the service, as befitting the festival, indicative of triumphant gladness. But the heavily-draped pulpit from which the pastor was wont to address his flock, the purple enshrouded throne from which he so often dispensed the benediction, and sombre-draped drapery behind the altar where he so many times officiated, and more than all, the ill-concealed sorrow on the faces of the congregation, seemed to belie the joyful music. Scarcely had the last notes of the grand "*Dona Nobis Pacem*" ceased to echo when Rev. Vicar-General Laurent ascended the pulpit to make, as usual, the announcements for the week. The customary feast days and fast days were given, then came the publication of banns of marriage, and finally the death notices. As the Church knows no distinction in her ceremonies between the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly, the name of the Right Rev. John Joseph Lynch was but one of several, and the lowest deceased parishioner received the same mention as the high prelate who governed the ecclesiastical affairs of the entire archdiocese.

When these preliminaries had been concluded, the aged Vicar-General, in a voice trembling with emotion, which he vainly endeavoured to steady, spoke as follows:—

No doubt, my dear brethren, last Sunday when you heard for the last time his Grace Archbishop Lynch talk from this pulpit, you were far from thinking that never again you would hear his voice. If not very strong for the last few years, yet he was not very feeble. No doubt he himself was the last one who thought that he was for the last time speaking to his people on Sunday last. Archbishop Lynch died a martyr to duty. On Tuesday he did not feel very well, still he had promised to attend an ecclesiastical conference which was to take place at St. Catharines. He did not want to disappoint them. He had promised likewise to give confirmation in Merriton on Thursday last, and he wished to keep his word. But when he came on Thursday he was feeling exhausted, and it was to us evident that a very serious sickness was taking hold of him. As you have read in the papers yesterday, he died on Saturday morning at one o'clock. My dear brethren, this archdiocese has sustained a great loss. Archbishop Lynch had, perhaps, defects as many thought, which, as he acknowledged, were more of the head than of the heart, for all who knew him will bear testimony to his devotedness and kindness of heart. Still, when we consider the twenty long years during which he ad-

ministered the affairs of this archdiocese as bishop, and I may say even before he was made a bishop—for many of you remember that when Father Lynch, then Superior of the College at Niagara Falls, came here as a missionary, how he delighted Toronto with his instructive and practical counsels, how he gave the most successful retreats that have ever been given in this city. During the twenty-eight years he administered this archdiocese as Bishop and Archbishop, he had only one desire, to serve God and His Church, and whatever he did was intended for the good of his people. He had nothing else at heart. As you know, he was not a man who tried to live or enjoy life on earth. Everyone acquainted with him knew he was a most retiring man; in fact, all the luxuries of life were unknown to him. Even a few years ago, when the generosity of the people of this diocese gave him a most beautiful present, he might have applied it, or perhaps a part of it, to the happiness of his last days. No, my dear brethren, no; he had only one desire, the glory of God. He placed every cent of it, and more, in his beautiful church, dedicated to the glory of God and His Blessed Mother, our Lady of Lourdes, at St. John's Grove. Were I to speak of all the churches and presbyteries he has erected or improved for the comfort of the priests and the convenience of the faithful throughout the whole diocese, it would be useless, as you all are aware of it. Neither need I call your attention to the devotedness of his Grace to the work of Almighty God and His Church, nor to the great desire of his heart to assist those confided to his care. Not only those whom he considered as members of his flock, but many who do not belong to our creed will give testimony to the desire he had for the improvement of the human race. These were the virtues of the late archbishop.

To speak of his love for the Church and its ceremonies would take too long a time; but we can recall the beautiful demonstration made in honour of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Even in the last few hours of his sickness, when he received for the last time his God in the Holy Viaticum when the Blessed Sacrament was taken to his room, with what emotion did he adore that God who was soon to be his judge! When he had received for the last time, his breathing was exceedingly difficult; still he made an effort to recite some prayers as if to entertain that Divine Host who came to his bedside.

We well may hope that his soul is among the blessed; still we must remember that nothing defiled shall enter the gates of Heaven. Therefore it is our duty to remember him, that no stain may remain on his soul, and that God may in His mercy have pity on him. You know the devotion he had for the suffering souls in Purgatory. Not long ago he obtained from Rome power for the priests of this archdiocese to bless those churches where the stations of the cross can be made in order that the suffering souls in Purgatory may be relieved. Therefore, let us pray for him. You need not fear; the love he had for you all, the desire he had for your happiness, will not allow him to forget you; he will pray for you and for your children, but at the present moment it is your duty to remember him before God.

Your prayers are therefore requested for the repose of the soul of the late Rt. Reverend John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto.

AT ST. MARY'S.

At 8 o'clock mass in St. Mary's church, Vicar-General Rooney ascended the pulpit to make a few remarks touching the death of the Archbishop. He got as far as "Dear friends," when his feelings of grief at the loss of one who was not only a superior but a close friend, overcame him. He burst into tears, his voice became choked, and, covering his face with his hands, he leaned against the side of the pulpit for a minute, made another vain effort to speak, and then slowly descended to the vestry to indulge his sorrow unobserved. There was not a dry eye in the congregation.

THE OTHER CHURCHES.

In St. Patrick's, St. Helen's and St. Paul's, short references to the death of the Archbishop were made, all speaking in the highest terms of the dead prelate and eulogizing the work he had done for the Church. At the Church of our Lady of Lourdes, upon the conclusion of the Mass the Rev. Father McBride, rector of the church, and the dead Archbishop's devoted secretary, proceeded to the reading of the Gospel of the day. Having finished the reading he explained in a low voice