

# OUR PASTOR LAID TO REST CONTINUED!

He Died as  
Becometh  
the Faith-  
ful and  
Just."

venerable Olier, the founder of that grand Order to which he belonged, and of which he was such a model and noble member. Yes, it was given him to repose in the same vaults that hold the ashes of every superior-general from the days of Olier down to the last one that went to his eternal reward, and there in the society of the good, the great, the gifted and the holy, to await the trumpet call that will summon them all, one day, to the enjoyment of the full fruition of their lives of labor and of sacrifice.

Before touching upon the details of a career that is so intimately interwoven with the history of the Catholic Church in Canada, of the Irish Catholic element in Montreal, and the progress and glory of the great central Irish parish of our city, we may be permitted to address him in the words of a profane poet of the last century:—"Green be the turf above thee, Friend of my better days; None knew thee but to love thee, None named thee but to praise."

## His Illness.

Rev. Father Quinlivan had been ailing from an affection of the frontal sinus for sometime, and was operated upon in New York two years ago. As the trouble was not cured a further operation was decided upon, and under doctor's orders he spent several months at his father's home in Minnesota, to gather strength for it. He returned to the city in November, and as he was no better left February 11 for Paris, to consult the most eminent surgeons there. According to letters received at St. Patrick's presbytery, he took up his residence at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where he had passed his novitiate, and underwent two difficult and dangerous operations, at the hands of the eminent specialist, Dr. Luc, to whom he had been referred by two leading surgeons—Drs. Beuckroy and Berger.

For a time he rallied, but he could not gain strength and passed away, having received the last Sacraments a few hours before.

His last days were days in which his parishioners were very much in his thoughts according to letters which were received by the priests of St. Patrick's by the last mail from Paris. In one of the letters he expresses the hope "That all is going well in the parish."

A  
SHORT  
SKETCH  
FROM  
THE  
FILES  
OF THE  
"TRUE WITNESS,"  
1892.

Upon the Rev. John Quinlivan, S. J., who for several years has been one of the "Soggarths Aroon" of St. Patrick's, has fallen the honor, and at the same time the burden of becoming the successor of the late lamented Father Dowd, as principal priest of the well-known Irish Catholic parish. The responsibility attached to the dignity is no light one, especially in view of the great administrative abilities for which the late pastor rendered himself conspicuous, not to speak of the many accomplishments which he possessed in so superlative a degree, and the half century of splendid sacerdotal work which he so zealously performed. But it may safely be predicted that in Father Quinlivan, the lately deceased pastor of the leading Irish Church in Montreal, will not be unworthily succeeded. Born in Stratford, Ont., on September 17th, 1846, Father Quinlivan is hardly yet in the prime of life. His father, as his patronymic would indicate, was a native of the Emerald Isle; his mother was Scotch. He received his early education in that part of Canada, and made his classical studies in the school of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto. Having graduated with high honors there, he came to Montreal to study philosophy at the Seminary St. Sulpice. On completing his course there, he studied the sciences of sciences, theology, for a period of four years in the Grand Seminary on Sherbrooke street, after which he went to the principal seminarian institutions of the Sulpician Order in Paris to render himself more proficient in the study of sacred lore. Failing health, however, compelled him to return to Montreal not long afterwards, where he was ordained by His Grace Archbishop Fabre, in 1878. He entered the Grand Seminary this time as a professor, where he spent one year, and became vicar of Notre Dame, 1880. In 1881 he became assistant to Father Dowd, who found in him a capable assistant in the financial administration of the affairs of the parish.

Father Quinlivan is of that retiring disposition which is characteristic of the profound scholar. He is an earnest, zealous, patient and indefatigable worker, but takes great care to be unostentatious in his energy. He is affable in manner and kindly in disposition; and while his pulpit oratory is of the chaste and quietly eloquent order, it is marked by the earnestness and logic which never fail to carry conviction to the listeners.

## Catholic High School.

Father Quinlivan's great executive talent is strikingly manifested in the history of the administration of the Church for a period longer than the decade in which he occupied the

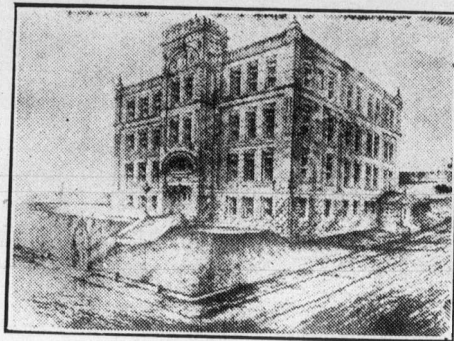
liquidate the debts of the contractors of building.

Then followed the maturing of the plans to put the school in operation, to make it the busy scene of the studies of hundreds of young Irish boys, the preparation of the curriculum, the appointment of professors, and a score of other details, all of which engaged his personal attention. To the writer, who has some personal knowledge of the facts, associated with the organization of the school, it seems, to-day, almost incredible that he could have achieved so much in such a few years.

In every position associated with the pastorate of the parent Irish Church of Montreal—and it may be truly said the duties of the office are numerous, responsible and difficult, because they cover every phase of life, the spiritual, the domestic, the educational, the national and the commercial—Father Quinlivan exhibited rare judgment, kindly forbearance, manly firmness, dignity of bearing, and saintlike humility, this every one who has had even only a brief intercourse with him will, we have no hesitation in saying, cheerfully concede.

ter. All I had to do with it was to bow to the will of my superiors, to incline my shoulders and receive the heavy burden they have placed upon me. I can say with truth, and as I hope without any show of false humility, that I feel myself altogether unequal to such a task. Men in every way my superiors could sincerely say as much.

You all knew Father Dowd too well and valued him too highly not to feel that our generation at least need never hope to see his like again. Father Dowd was a man who was cast in a rare mould. He was one of those few whom God sends at rare intervals to fulfil some special mission; for those who are familiar with the details of his long and remarkable career cannot doubt that he fulfilled a providential mission in this city of Montreal, in this parish of St. Patrick's. You all know with what fidelity he clung to this mission, and that neither the highest ecclesiastical honors, nor the great and numberless difficulties that beset his path could either turn him or frighten him from the course God had marked out for him. Through good report and evil report he was faithful to the end to his beloved people of St. Patrick's. Father Dowd combined in himself



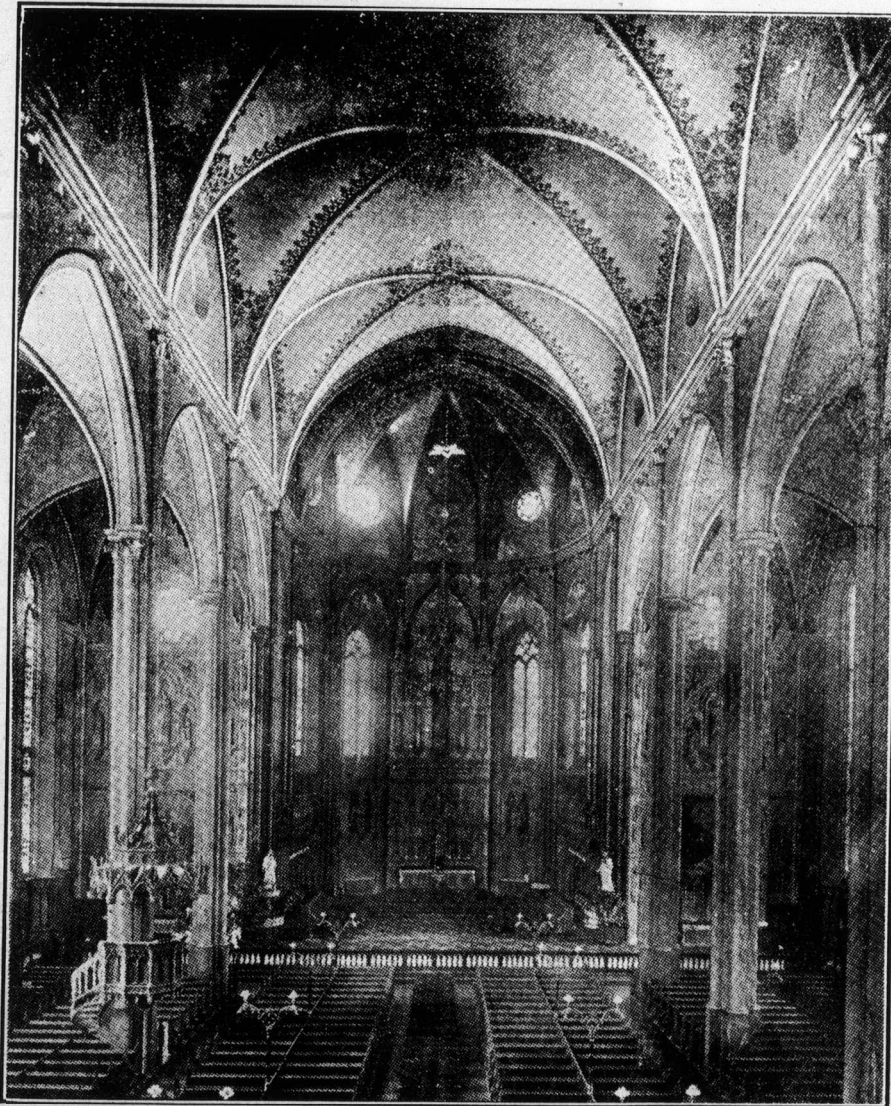
THE CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

his death, to have seen the fewness of the primitiveness of the wants of this man, who, if he had chosen a worldly career, might have surrounded himself with everything that the world could afford. With the exception of an arm-chair, which a gentleman of the parish gave him when he was ill of the rheumatism some years ago, I don't think the effects of his room if sold at auction would realize ten dollars. We have just reason to believe that this want of care of personal comfort was the occasion of his death; in fact, since he came to Montreal, he was never known to give to his health the attention that others would deem strictly necessary.

But it would be superfluous to enter into further detail matters with which many of you are more familiar than I. One thing, however, I would wish to notice, and it is this: That comparatively few, even amongst his own people, seem 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 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

a man and such a pastor. If I consider only myself, as I already remarked, I certainly could not muster the courage to undertake such a charge, but there are two things especially that I count upon to bear me up. First, the grace and assistance of God obtained for me through your charitable prayers. And it is not lightly or to flatter you, that I say this. I have certainly the greatest confidence in the prayers of the good people of St. Patrick's. And why should I not? No doubt, as in every flock there are a few black sheep, but it still remains true that the parishioners of St. Patrick's are a people of faith, that they truly fear God, and strive to serve Him. I therefore have the fullest confidence in the efficacy of your prayers, and trust they will not fail me in the hour of need. What I count on, in the second place, is your charitable indulgence. You must bear well in mind that you no longer have Father Dowd. But God, who has called him from us to his reward, wishes that we also should save our souls. Now God never wishes the end without wishing also the means. There are only means, instruments, in his hands. He sometimes chooses instruments that are great and noble, sometimes that are humble and lowly; but in either case it is He who does the work. To Him alone be the honor and glory. I beg of you then, brethren, to bear with my many shortcomings, and to pray our Heavenly Father that they may not be an obstacle to the accomplishment of His work. With His grace and blessing I think you can always count on my good will.

Since I had the honor of coming amongst you I have always considered it my duty to pray for you, and to remember you at the altar. This bond now becomes stronger than ever, and I shall ever deem it my glory, as it is my duty to spend myself for your spiritual good. I trust, moreover, that, in your good will and lively faith, you will allow me the exercise of that liberty which my duty towards you requires—that



INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

FATHER QUINLIVAN'S  
REMARKS TO  
ST. PATRICK'S  
CONGREGATION  
ON ASSUMING  
THE  
OFFICE OF PASTOR.  
DELIVERED ON  
SUNDAY,  
7TH FEB., 1892.

You are aware brethren that the Superior of the Seminary has appointed a successor to the deeply lamented father whom God has called to his well-earned repose. It has pleased His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal to confirm this appointment, so that now, such as he is, you have a pastor duly appointed and commissioned by lawful authority. It is not for me to appreciate the wisdom or unwisdom of this choice. Neither my advice nor my consent was asked for in the mat-

two qualities which are rarely associated in the same person, at least to the same remarkable degree in which they were found in him. These were his simplicity and docility on the one hand, and his indomitable courage on the other. In the face of plain duty, of the known will of those who had a right to command him, Father Dowd was a child. His obedience was unflinching, unquestioning. But in battling for what his great mind clearly saw to be his rights, and especially the rights of his beloved people, Father Dowd knew no fear. A whole parish, a city, or even a province, might lose heart and quail before difficulty or danger, but Father Dowd never. Men who knew him well and long, have said he was capable of governing a nation, and I humbly believe it was not saying too much. But besides this greatness of mind and heart there dwelt a simplicity that was most edifying to all those who had the privilege of sharing his domestic life. His great soul was absolutely beyond such petty things as luxury, selfishness, ostentation, or even the innocent forms of mere worldly pleasure. It would have been a touching sermon to have visited his room and wardrobe after



ST. PATRICK'S PRESBYTERY.

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

of speaking the truth to you on all occasions, even when it may be displeasing to your human nature. I would also ask you now, from the very start, never to expect anything from me which you know would be inconsistent with my duty as a priest, as your pastor. For your own sake, and of those committed to me, I should feel bound to refuse. In such matters a little forethought would save much unnecessary pain both to you and me. Your Catholic instinct tells you very plainly what a priest ought to be and ought not to be—what he may do and may not do. Never, then, I beg of you, knowingly put me under the necessity of refusing you.

I had the honor of laboring under Father Dowd for a good many years, and of becoming familiar with the general lines on which he wished the parish to be conducted. Confidence in his great judgment and respect for your feelings (for I know you would feel hurt to see Pa-

(Continued on Page Six.)