

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 unfaltering, 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 his death, to have seen the fewness, 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 of 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