

# Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

*Reddite quæ sunt Cesaris, Cesaris; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.*—Matt 22: 21.

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## DEATH OF REV. FATHER DOWD.

REV. FR. DOWD, of St. Patrick's church, Montreal, died on Saturday morning last at the Seminary on Notre Dame St. The funeral took place on Tuesday from Notre Dame Church. Father Dowd's remains were, in order to satisfy the legitimate desire of his bereaved parishioners, exposed in St. Patrick's church all Sunday and were not removed to Notre Dame until Monday evening. Solemn service for the dead was held in the Notre Dame church on Tuesday morning, after which the procession proceeded to St. Patrick's, where Libera was sung.

There are few public men in the Dominion who were not acquainted with the Rev. Father Dowd, and the news of his death has caused the deepest sorrow throughout Quebec and Ontario.

No clergyman of any denomination in Canada, says the *Empire*, is better and more widely known than the Rev. Father Dowd, and the loss of the revered pastor of St. Patrick's will not only be sorely felt in every Irish Catholic family in the land, but with other denominations as well. The passing away of this truly good man creates a blank amongst lovers of law, order and Christian unity that will be most difficult to fill, and, if harmony and brotherly love exist to a very handsome degree amongst the different races and creeds in the city of Montreal, no one can deny

the statement that the great Irish priest has been an all-powerful factor in the good work. No one knew his own people better than Father Dowd, and the reverend gentleman goes to his rest and reward with prayers and blessings coming from every Irish heart. For 40 years and more Father Dowd has pleaded, not only in the pulpit, but at the council table of his honored order for peace, harmony and good will, and there are few people in Montreal to-day who have not experienced more or less benefit from the famous Sulpician's labor of love in the Canada he served so well. The aged priest was a great Irishman, but he was a greater Canadian, and he loved at all times to talk of our rising young nation and to dwell upon the temporal and spiritual blessings which the good man held were in store for the new Dominion. The man who has for so many long years been called the Irish bishop of Montreal, never found it expedient to take sides in party warfare, yet Father Dowd has never shirked his duty as a pastor, a patriot and a citizen when the peace of the province or Dominion was threatened, or when the unity of the Empire was assailed. His wise words of counsel of the worshippers at St. Patrick's church the morning of the Champ de Mars meeting in November, 1886, will long be remembered, and his utterances at the Fenian invasion have taken deep root in Canadian hearts.

The Reverend Patrick Dowd was born in 1813, of respectable and well-to-do parents, at the inland village of Dunleer, County Louth, Ireland, and is consequently seventy-eight years of age. From his earliest childhood he was remarkable for his piety, and his heart continually burned with an ardent desire to give his life up in the service of God. His good parents were not slow in noticing this, and immediately sent him to pursue his classical studies at Newry college, after which the young ecclesiastic was sent to study theology in the Irish college at Paris. In 1837 he saw his fondest hopes realized, and was ordained priest by the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Quelen.

The young priest returned to his native land soon after his

ordination, and pursued his priestly functions for ten years in different sections of the country. In 1847 he joined the illustrious order of St. Sulpice, of which he was one of the most esteemed members, and in 1848 he bade an affectionate farewell to the green hills of his beloved Ireland and set sail for distant Canada. After a long passage, Father Dowd landed in Montreal, a very small town at that remote date, and immediately after entered upon his ministerial duties in connection with St. Patrick's Church.

For nearly forty years this distinguished clergyman has been working assiduously for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people of St. Patrick's parish, as well as for the Irish citizens in general throughout the city, who have known him so long and so well.

The year after his arrival in this country, Father Dowd founded the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, which is to-day a splendid monument to the untiring devotion and charitable instincts of the departed priest. St. Bridget's Home and the Night Refuge were established through his energy in 1865, and the present commodious Home and Refuge on Laguachetiere street, built in 1866-7, and the handsome building known as the St. Patrick's school. Such are the buildings which owe their inception to the man whom his admiring countrymen had more than once designated Montreal's Irish Bishop.

There was, perhaps, no man in Montreal or throughout Canada who was better known and esteemed by all classes, irrespective of creed or nationality, than the venerable pastor of St. Patrick's. His long residence in Montreal and his innumerable works of charity in the cause of religion had resulted in his name being closely interwoven with the history of the country. He had been repeatedly offered the highest dignities of the Church, but has always declined them, preferring to remain with his St. Patrick's congregation rather than wear the mitre—the Sees of Kingston and Toronto having been offered to him.

In 1877 he organized the great Irish pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome, and everyone can recollect the painful anxiety that was felt when the vessel carrying the pilgrims and their beloved pastor was not heard of for several agonizing weeks. Prayers were offered in all churches without distinction of creed, for their safety. Four years ago he attained the 50th year of his priesthood, and religious and civil demonstrations of a right royal kind were tendered in his honor. He was a personal friend of the late Sir John Macdonald, and many were the anxious enquiries made by the reverend pastor while the great chieftain lay hovering between life and death at Earncliffe in June last. Sir John Thompson, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Senator Murphy and Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., have for many years been personal friends of the distinguished clergyman, and his death will be severely regretted by all good thinking Canadians.

Sir John Thompson did not reach the city in time to see his old friend, Father Dowd, alive. It was the Minister of Justice whom Sir John Macdonald sent to represent the Government of the Dominion at the rev. gentleman's jubilee celebration four years ago, and it was also on that occasion that thousands of our citizens listened for the first time to the eloquent Nova Scotian.

