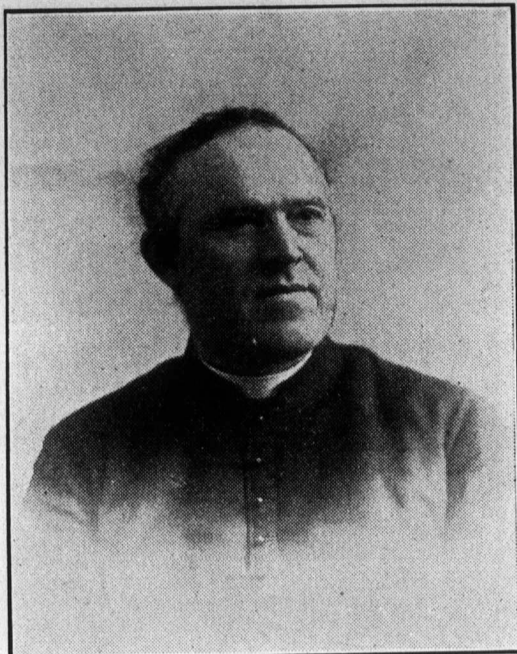


OUR PASTOR LAID TO REST!

"Ashes to Ashes, And Dust to Dust;

He Died as Becometh the Faithful and Just."



THE LATE REV. JOHN QUINLIVAN. (Third Pastor of St. Patrick's.)

Dead! and his sun of life so high! Dead! with no cloud in all his sky! Dead! and it seems but yesterday Happy and hopeful he sailed away.

The holy zeal that still presided, Which none encounter'd and derided— That yielded not one fast or feast, One rite or rubric of the priest.

A golden priest, of the good old school, Fearless, and prompt, to lead and rule;

Freed of every taint of pride, But ready, aye ready, to chide or guide;

Tenderly binding the bruised heart, Sparing no sin its penal smart; His will was as the granite rock To the prowler menacing his flock; But never lichen or wild-flower grew On rocky ground, more fair to view Than his charity was to all he knew.

O Saints of God! ye who await Your beloved by the Beautiful Gate! Ye Saints who people his native shore— Beloved Saint John, whose name he bore.

Ashes to Ashes, Earth to earth.

T. D. MCGEE.

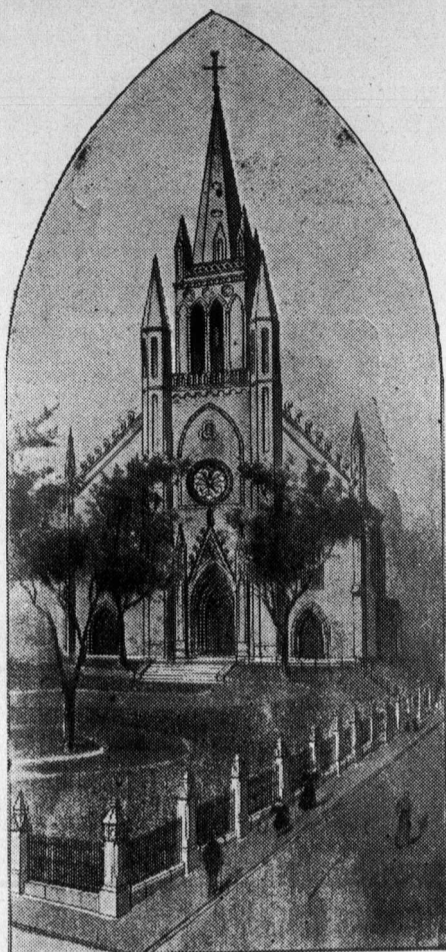
sentiments that overwhelm our hearts. There are men, the few, perhaps, but even then the more conspicuous, whose names are so engraven upon the tablets of the mind and whose forms are so familiar to the bodily eyes, that when, unexpectedly Death touches one of them with his fatal scythe, the news so overcomes us that we naturally take refuge in silence—and in prayer—dreading, as it were, to mar the solemnity of the hour, or to disturb the general grief of a people by any too feeble words that our richest vocabulary might contain. When such an occasion arises, and when such a man has been taken from us, the dilemma of the journalist, whose duty it is to pen an obituary—and from whom some worthy tribute is expected—becomes actually painful. He feels his own impotency, even as does the child, with his boat of paper and his paddle of straw, when obliged to stem an actual torrent. He knows that the task must be performed, and he is aware of his absolute incapacity to do justice to his subject. Under the circumstances we find but one possible resource, and that is in the most rigid simplicity of style and form—for aught else must fail, since the feelings that mere recital evoke are beyond the scope of words to express and be-

ever-to-be-lamented pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, which we briefly recorded in our last issue. We are yet too near to see his proportions truly, nor does the shock produced by the very unexpected news of his death,—even though we were long aware that he had been suffering from some dangerous malady—tend to aid us in a calm review of such an exceptionally fine career, and of the numerous important achievements—as priest, as citizen, as patriot, as man—that constitute the cairn of immortality that shall meet the gaze and command the admiration of future generations of Irish Catholics in Canada, and especially in Montreal. If we were asked to state in one line the characteristics of the dead priest and pastor, we would say; zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls, unswerving attachment to duty, a most practical patriotism, unostentatious charity, and the most profound humility. These constitute but the outlines; yet it is easy to fill in the details—all of which may be resumed in three words a "Priest of God."

We have been informed of an incident—one so natural that we might almost have surmised it—in connection with the recent departure of Father Quinlivan for France. While the sleigh that was to take him to the railway station was in waiting at the door, and the moment of "adieu" had come, the lamented pastor of St. Patrick's, walked alone into the Church, and there, in twilight gloom—broken only by the rays from sanctuary lamps, knelt before the altars, each in turn, and after his silent prayers, walked for a few minutes through the aisles of the Church he loved so well. We have read, with emotion, a beautiful description of Napoleon's last look at France, the land of his hopes and his glory, as he stood on the deck of the vessel that carried him into exile; we have frequently felt the pulsations of the heart grow faster and stronger as we pondered over the story of an Irish emigrant bidding farewell to the scenes of his childhood and the graves of his ancestors; but we would not dare penetrate into the silence of St. Patrick's temple, on that night, nor disturb the solemnity of that brief moment by any attempt to portray the sentiments that must have filled the breast of Father Quinlivan.

That High Altar might be called his handiwork; the renovated roof above him was due to his perseverance and energetic devotion; the magnificent organ—then silent, and whose tones he was destined never again to hear—was the result of his sacrifices and labors; that stall, in the sanctuary, had never missed his presence, at morning or evening service, on Sunday, feast day, or weekday, save when he was under the clutch of a severe sickness; that pulpit, whose steps he had ascended times out of mind, and from which he had preached Christ's Gospel and taught his beloved parishioners during all the long years of his ministry; that confessional, in which he had sat by the hour, while bending under physical oppression and suffering, yet consoling, absolving and saving his unnumbered penitents; the very boards of the floor, against which he had a million times pressed his feet, as they carried him, on his pathway of duty, up and down those familiar aisles; the artistic designs from the grand windows, the Way of the Cross and Litany of the Saints that smiled down upon him in lines of gratitude and love; that monumental swinging altar lamp, standing sentinel, so to speak, in front of the Tabernacle, the richest and most beautiful in all Canada, the jewel of his own predilection—all these, and all other details must have taken unto themselves tongues of unspeakable eloquence to bid adieu to the one who was gazing on them for the last time in life.

With a tearless eye, but with a heart that trickled tears of blood, he passed quietly out of the Church—his own Church—the temple of his Faith, of his Hopes, of his Love. He passed out into the night to be conveyed to a train that was to whirl him away, with all the rapidity of invented power, to the seaboard, to the vessel, that was to carry him over the furrowed face of the Atlantic, to the scene of his last and supreme struggle with the grim spectre that had so long shadowed his footsteps and menaced his life.



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Yes; he passed out from the Church, that hour, into the twilight that precedes the night that is coming on; he passed into that gloom to be swept away at a rapidity that none could have ever anticipated towards the shore of that eternal ocean that rolls its unending cycles between the finite and the infinite; he passed out, and unto that final voyage that was to end in the heaven beyond the surging billows that lash the ultimate shores of Time, that harbor of beatific rest where the saintly priest entered upon the joys and the glories that have been promised by Infallible Faith to "the good and faithful servant."

Had he his choice—and it was characteristic of him never to seek his own will or desire, when the will of God or the desires of his superiors were not in accord with his own—he would have selected to have

breathed his last in his own dear presbytery, surrounded by the assistants and friends he so dearly loved, and to have been laid to rest by the side of his predecessor—Father Dowd—whose memory he cherished and revered up to the hour of his death; or, this being impossible, he would have wished to sleep his unending rest in the shade of some Celtic cross and ancient tower, in a sequestered glen of that Emerald Isle—the land of his forefathers, the land of St. Patrick, the land that he cherished as only the deep and holy hearts of Ireland's sainted priests can cherish. But it was the design of Heaven that it should be otherwise. Still it was reserved for him to end his career beneath the sheltering roof of old Saint Sulpice, in the very institution where he had, years before, imbibed the spirit of the great and



THE SANCTUARY LAMP.



HIBERNIA.



HERE are events which occasionally take place in life, and circumstances of such an exceptional character which arise, that language becomes entirely inadequate to give expression to the thoughts that crowd upon us, or to convey the

beyond the power of imagination to translate, for the one who is stranger to the departed and to the work that he has left behind him. It is, therefore, with diffidence, rarely experienced, that we approach the subject of the death of the late Father Quinlivan, the dearly beloved and

venerable Olier, the grand Order to which and of which he was and noble member. en him to repose in that hold the ashes prior-general from the down to the last of his eternal reward, society of the good gifted and the hol trumpet call that w all, one day, to th the full fruition of bor and of sacrifice. Before touching up of a career that is s terwoven with the Catholic Church in Irish Catholic elem and the progress an great central Irish city, we may be per dress him in the wor poet of the last cen "Green be the turf Friend of my better None knew thee but None named thee bu

His Ill

Rev. Father Quinlivan, suffering from an affection of the sinuses for some time, operated upon in November last. As the result he required a further operation, and underwent the same, and under the treatment he spent several months in the hospital. His strength for it, to the city in November was no better left for Paris, to consult the surgeons there. According to the report received at St. Patrick's, he took up his residence in the hospital of St. Sulpice, passed his novitiate, two difficult and dangerous operations, at the hands of a specialist, Dr. Luc, and was referred by two gentlemen—Drs. Beuckroy and Forster—to the hospital of St. Sulpice, for a time he could not gain strength away, having received the Sacraments a few hours before his death. His last days were spent in the hospital, his thoughts according to the report received by St. Patrick's by the Rev. Father Dowd, in one of his letters he expresses the hope going well in the par

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

Upon the Rev. John S., who for several years one of the "Soggarthe" St. Patrick's, has fallen and at the same time becoming the successor of the late Father Dowd, priest of the well-known parish. The responsibility attached to the dignity, one, especially in view of his administrative abilities, the late pastor rendered conspicuous, not to speak of his many accomplishments, and the half century of sacerdotal work which he performed. But it may be predicted that in Father Dowd's late deceased past leading Irish Church will not be unworthily forgotten. Born in Stratford, Ontario, September 17th, 1846, he is hardly yet in the prime of life. His father, as his name would indicate, was a native of Emerald Isle; his mother was Scotch. He received his education in that part of Ontario, made his classical studies at the school of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto. Having graduated with honors there, he came to Montreal to study philosophy at the college of St. Sulpice. On completing his course there, he studied for a degree in the sciences, theology, for four years in the University of Sherbrooke, at which he went to the provincial seminarian institutions of