

Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei. Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

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Death of the Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto.

AT two o'clock on the morning of Saturday last, the 15th inst., His Grace the Most Rev. JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto, the Venerable Metropolitan of the Roman Catholic Church in Ontario, passed to his long rest after a very short illness.

Archbishop Lynch may be truly said to have died in the active work of his sacred ministry. He left Toronto on Tuesday morning for St. Catharines, where he presided at a conference of priests. He was in perfect health at the time of his departure, but a cold which he caught on the journey, through wet feet, made him unwell, but he did not think it so serious that it should interfere with his duty, and he attended the conference on Wednesday.

On Wednesday night he went from St. Catharines to Merriton, where he gave confirmation on Thursday.

He returned to Toronto on Thursday night, and after his arrival medical advice was called in. The doctors pronounced his condition serious, and it gradually became more critical. The aged prelate appeared to be aware of the approach of death, and on Friday about three o'clock his condition grew so bad that Bishop O'Mahony and Vicar-General Rooney were sent for. They arrived about half-past three in the afternoon, and at four Bishop O'Mahony administered the last rites of the church. The medical attendants had then given up all hope, and knew that death would result before the night had passed. About one o'clock Saturday morning Vicar-General Rooney and Father McBride were summoned to the bedside. The Archbishop was then breathing his last, but so peacefully did he pass away that the watchers thought he was only going into a calm spell of repose.

He died with a fervent blessing on his lips for those standing around—the two priests and a couple of students at the Grove.

The dead prelate was not known to be in better health for a number of years than on the previous Sunday, when he preached at St. Michael's Cathedral. The celebration of the beatification of the Blessed La Salle was the occasion of the last appearance of the archbishop at the altar

of St. Michael's. This was last week. Vicar-General Laurent, who was with him then, says His Grace never looked better, and appeared to be in splendid health.

His temporal affairs have been looked after in the will which he made some years ago, when seriously ill with

crispelas. That will stands good now, and covers all his affairs. There are no relatives in this country, but in Ireland some members of the family live.

The representative of a city paper called at St. John's Grove a few minutes after the Archbishop had breathed his last. The reporter met Vicar-General Rooney and His Grace's secretary, Rev. Father McBride, who were with him to the last. "He died," said Father McBride, "of hard work, and death interrupted him in the midst of his labors."

Vicar General Rooney was too nearly overcome to speak and appeared almost choked with grief. "We were sitting in the office," said the V. G., "when the bell rang summoning us to his bedside, and when we entered the room we found him just dying. Before his departure he blessed both of us and all those in attendance at his bedside. His death though not unexpected was a terrible shock, but he has gone to his reward."

According to Father McBride His Grace caught the fatal cold, which resulted in his death, in St. Catharines, where on Wednesday he attended a conference of the clergy. He got his feet wet, and from that time out grew steadily worse. Although suffering acutely he left St.

Catharines for Merriton, and held confirmation services there on Thursday morning. His condition was critical from the moment he arrived in Toronto, and but faint hopes were entertained of his recovery.

From Saturday morning until Monday evening the mortal remains of the Archbishop lay in his parlour in the archiepiscopal residence at St. John's Grove, next to the little church of our Lady of Lourdes, which he loved so well. The face wore a calm and peaceful expression, showing that when death came he was not in pain.

Were it not for the number of mourning priests and nuns that hourly surrounded in prayer the humble bier on which



Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch, O. S. B.,
Archbishop of Toronto