

mitted to his pastoral care, and above all his purity of life and the honor his spotless and unblemished reputation cast as it were on the sacred calling of the priesthood.

His Lordship Bishop Sweeny then read the funeral service, after which the Temperance society, which had attended in full mourning regalia quietly left the Church to await the removal of the remains to their final resting place. The casket was lowered for removal, a procession followed from the Church to the Sacristy, consisting of the priests and their attendants, with the immediate relatives of the deceased; and none in that vast assemblage mourned him more sincerely than the faithful housekeeper, who for twenty-two years had attended to his every want. The Sacristy is reached, the handsome casket is enclosed in one of lighter material, the precious weight is lowered, amid the tears and sobs of the assembled thousands, and, in a few short moments, all that is mortal of Rev. E. J. Dunphy is forever closed from sight.

What more kind, and let me hope, indulgent reader, can I write. The task I undertook, with so many misgivings, (if task I can call it) is finished.

Nearly, as I possibly could, have I related the eventful, busy career and the work accomplished by Father Dunphy, particularly in Carleton, from