

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Dec. 24, 1875.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER, 1875.

Friday, 24—*Fest.* Vigil of Christmas.
Saturday, 25—NATIVITY OF OUR LORD. CHRIST-
MAS DAY. OBL.
Sunday, 26—ST. STEPHEN, FIRST MARTYR.
Monday, 27—ST. JOHN, APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST.
Tuesday, 28—THE HOLY INNOCENTS.
Wednesday, 29—St. Thomas of Canterbury,
Bishop and Martyr.
Thursday, 30—Of the Sunday within the Octave.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas-tide is again with us, but in such guise
that for some its merriment is sensibly marred.—
Whilst in the traditional season of festivity there is
joy as a general rule, there are large numbers who
have no heart to be gay about anything. To many
the return of the happy season will but call up the
bitter remembrance, with still greater intensity, of
the loved and lost since the last anniversary; and
we within our own professional circle have had
visitations fresh and full enough to qualify the
enjoyment which is the complement and comple-
ment of the festival. The True Witness has had
to deplore the loss of its founder, after a career of
usefulness and honor—and the still newer loss, under
still more grief-inspiring circumstances, of him
who had worthily taken the vacated chair with
high hope and promise of filling it with its old
time consistency, imparting to it new and brilliant
attributes. But God's will be done. The general
loss to a society—the individual bereavement to us
—and compensation in the acknowledgement of
Divine Wisdom. Again, we have interfering with
the heart-whole enjoyment of the Christmas time
the appeals of poverty and the cries of distress—
the plain and palpable fact that the times are not
good—that business is terribly slow and scarce—
that money is not being made just now in Montreal
—that this feeling spreads from high to low; and
though public griefs were never known to diminish
the consumption of "good things" at Christmas,
there really is a sense of the horrors of the present
distress pervading all minds which it is impossible
to get rid of; it oppresses people terribly, and no
one knows where to find any one who takes a lively
or hopeful view of the matter. It is certainly not
the poor ill-clad, badly-housed and not half-fed
mechanic and laborer, with those terrible appeals
to their manhood, a starving wife and children.—
Whether a man take a social or religious view of
Christmas, it is impossible to be otherwise than
miserable when scenes of such a saddening charac-
ter as our city presents are being enacted on such
a scale as to plunge thousands in sympathetic
grief, and thousands more in the actuality of phys-
ical want. It is sad when the Christmas carol has
to be turned into the cry of starvation.

But, for all these drawbacks, we cannot withhold
from our friends and readers the accustomed "com-
pliments of the season." This phrase is on every
tongue. It is not too much to hope that it finds its
origin or its echo in every heart. From the olden
days long ago, when the waking thought of child-
hood was to examine what Santa Claus had given
over night, to modern manhood when, for a few
days, at least, troubles and strifes and animosities
are thrown aside, it is not forgotten, in the general
idea of "peace" and "good will," the Christmas
times have been regarded with social enjoyment and
religious observance. Christmas comes to us with
associations of Divine import—the record of Redem-
ption is the complement of the anniversary—
atonement for man's transgression by the Man God
is the lesson taught to all time—affection for His
fellow-man is the loving bequest given by the in-
carnate God. We do not mean to sentimentalize,
nor do we look to the press to usurp the functions
of the pulpit; but if we do not counsel Christmas
charities, it will give us pride to record their exer-
cise. In the festive approaching we hope to see
the holy influences of the Christmas-tide made
apparent by promoting munificence and public bene-
volence—setting to work to mitigate the sorrows and
sufferings of the poor. We want to see, for one day
at least, a recognition of the fact that the poor we
have always with us. And the rich will feel richer,
and the favored of humanity more blessed by the
proud consciousness that out of their abundance
they had not only the means, but the will to make
the poor and the suffering and sorrowful feel that
they were not excluded from the great family of
men at this holy time, and not shut out from a dis-
tributive share of "the compliments of the season."
Amidst all the losses and privations of the past
there is much to be thankful for in blessings be-
stowed; present immunity from ill with hope
for a future. Let us be thankful, each in our
sphere, for these blessings; and certainly, as we
have suggested, not the least of these is the self-
approving opportunity of giving from wealth to
want, and from abundance to the afflicted. With
all heartiness we wish all the compliments of the
season to the men of "peace" and to the men of
"good will" many happy returns of the holy sea-
son.

FATHER MURPHY'S PHOTOGRAPHS.—Several of our
subscribers in the country having written to us
asking us to send them photographs of the lamented
Father Murphy, we would direct their attention to
Mr. Henderson's advertisement to be found on our
sixth page; his photographs of Father Murphy
(by Ingles) are, we consider, true likenesses.

ARE FREEMASONS LOYAL?—A DI- LEMMA.

The attention of the world having been unpleas-
antly drawn to Freemasonry by the recent assassina-
tion of the President of the Republic of Ecuador,
the English Masons are trying to vindicate their
claim to loyalty. "The connection of the Society
with many of the crowned heads of Europe is enough
to satisfy the most sceptical that the Society is
essentially a loyal one," wrote a Conservative paper
in England the other day. For our own part, this
fact, though it may satisfy the most sceptical, by
no means satisfies us. We do not see any guarantee
of loyalty in this fact of the connection of the So-
ciety with crowned heads, simply because it is just
possible that this connection of crowned heads with
the Society may have taken place as much with a
view to overthrow the institutions of the country
as to insure them. Let us look to Italy, Victor
Emmanuel is a Freemason, and a crowned head.
Now, Victor Emmanuel, a crowned head and a
Mason, has overthrown certain other crowned heads
in order to become head of an United Italy. Was
this loyalty? Certainly not to those other crowned
heads. Was it loyalty to the institutions of the
country? Certainly not to the institutions of that
country whose institutions he overthrew. Was it
loyalty to the people? Again certainly not, as the
Italian people, if their voice was heard, no more
desire Victor Emmanuel for their King than the
Frogs wished for King Log or King Stork. Where
then the guarantee of loyalty?

But it is not to discuss the loyalty of Free-
masonry that we commenced this article, but rather to
place Freemasonry in a dilemma. Masons are a
united body. Go where you will—in Europe, Asia,
Africa, America, Australia—Masons are all the
same—brothers united in bonds of one common so-
ciety. If there is one boast more than another
which Masons parade before the world, it is this
boast of "Unity." Now if Masons are so united—
so one—how does it happen, that our English
Masons are so unlike their Continental brethren.
No one pretends as yet to accuse English Masons
of plotting to overturn our British institutions; nor
as far as we know are our English Masons as yet ac-
cused of plotting against the institutions of neigh-
boring countries. But can the same be said of
French, or Italian, or Ecuadorian Masons? We
fear not, if the words of a certain English noble-
man, a Pro-Grand Master of English Masons, are
to be held of any account. At the recent installation
of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master, the Earl of
Carnarvon let fall certain notable words. Endeavor-
ing to vindicate the loyalty of Masons he most
effectually destroyed their unity. "In some other
countries it has been unfortunately the lot of Free-
masonry to find itself allied with faction and intrigue;
with what he might call the dark side of politics."
Now this is an important admission; important as
coming from a Pro-Grand Master; and important
for what it admits. "In some other countries." Then
all Masons are not alike. There goes unity! "It
has unfortunately been the lot of Freemasonry to find it-
self allied with faction and intrigue." Then all Masons
are not loyal. There goes loyalty! Certes! Free-
masonry is in a parlous state!

But beyond these two conclusions, which are
certainly damaging enough to Freemasonry, there
is another which more immediately comes home to
us. If Continental Freemasonry has unfortunately
"found itself allied with faction and intrigue"—
what is to prevent its English brother under similar
circumstances becoming the same? If the loyalty
of Continental Freemasonry could not stand the
strain of existing circumstances, what is to guaran-
tee our English Masons against a similar strain?
This is worthy of a passing thought, Horatio.

"MY OX AND YOUR COW."

The important distinction between my "ox" and
your "cow" is oftener made than men would of.—
The Mail, on all disinterested subjects a suffi-
ciently shrewd observer,—treats us to a specimen
when, perhaps, he is least aware of it. Deacon
West and Mrs. Moulton have been struck off the
rolls of Plymouth Church for non-attendance. To
many it may appear a work of supererogation to
strike off men with the pen who have already struck
themselves off by deed; but so it is; Deacon West
and Mrs. Moulton have been formally struck off
the spiritual roll-call of Plymouth Church; and,
strange to say, Deacon West and Mrs. Moulton are
indignant at the process. Like the dog in the
manger—they will neither attend nor let others
attend; and they ask to be heard by counsel in
the matter. Now, whether Plymouth Church will hear
them or not, matters little. People who will
neither go nor stay; can only be reckoned amongst
the irreconcilables, and are best left alone to their
sulks and their suds. The Mail is more or less of
this opinion, and thinks that in the "City of the
Churches" surely Deacon West and Mrs. Moulton
might accommodate themselves according to their
tastes in the matter of churches and preachers.
"When Mrs. Moulton and Mr. West," quoth the Mail,
"both avowed enemies of the pastor seek for ad-
mission or recognized position in the membership
of Plymouth Church can we blame the congrega-
tion, if, living in harmony amongst themselves as
they certainly appear to do, they refuse to admit a
Trojan horse within their gates?" Exactly, friend Mail.
But what about that other "Trojan horse," the ure-
generated Guibord and his enormous sarcophagus? If
Guibord an avowed enemy of his church and its pas-
tors sought admission into consecrated ground
against every feeling of Catholicity, can we blame
the authorities, if they refuse to admit a Trojan
horse within their gates? And yet the Privy Coun-
cil has mulcted them in thousands of dollars of
costs; and you applaud it therefore. Surely this is a
decided case of my ox and your cow. Guibord who
desired neither the rites nor sacraments of the
Catholic Church could surely in the land of 360
separate creeds have found one single sect to suit
him. But we beg pardon; we do Guibord an in-
justice since he is no party to the suit, nay, the
strangest part of this strange story is, that Guibord
of all men would be the last, to wish for catholic
burial would be the last to ask; that that vast sar-
cophagus which was prepared for his remains, should
rest on catholic ground—would be the last to ask;
a Catholic Cure to read the service over him. It is

the Institute that might surely have found a funeral
service to suit it from amongst the 360 different
sects into which this happy land of ours is so accom-
modatingly divided. To the mind of the uninitiated
it does seem strange, that a learned body like the
Privy Council should insist, that a non-Catholic at
the instance of non-Catholics should receive Catho-
lic burial with all the rites and ceremonies of the
Church. We suppose when the Institute brings a
dog to be buried the Cure of Notre Dame will have
next to perform the rites or be mulcted in costs.
Mr. Beecher's plea against a similar hardship, the
admittance of Mrs. Moulton who *would attend*, may very
well be urged in favour of the Fabrique. "He de-
manded," says the Mail, that, "himself and his con-
gregation should be let alone and that people
who did not like Plymouth Church or its
pastor should content themselves with stay-
ing away." This is a simple and reasonable de-
mand, as the Mail acknowledges; and yet, when
urged on behalf of the Fabrique, the Mail, the Privy
Council, and the whole host of Protestant bigots
throughout the country, fail to discover in it taught
that is reasonable, or to see that their disapproval
is a most decided case of "my ox" and "your cow."

SUCH MUMMERY.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a Christian as well as
a Pagan axiom, and yet when a man in life strikes at
Christian observances, he has in death no right to
exemption from that criticism which would warn
others against his follies.

When Vice-President Wilson left the Church,
after witnessing the installation of Cardinal Mc-
Closkey, he is reported to have exclaimed, "My
God! can it be possible that in this 19th century
there can be practised such mummery?"

All men, even the most learned and refined, are
apt to be egotistic. "What appears right to me, is
right," "What appears wrong to me, is wrong,"
"What appears mummery to me, is mummery," are
sentiments which self-esteem and self love (both
essential parts of our nature) are continually instil-
ling into the soul if not provided against by the
greatest circumspection and the most constant self-
culture. When Vice-President Wilson denounced
the ceremonies at Cardinal McCloskey's installation
as mummery he forgot that they might be mummery
only to Vice-President Wilson. It used to be con-
sidered the peculiar privilege of Englishmen to be
insular. Vice-President Wilson, who, as an Ameri-
can citizen, ought to have been above such little-
ness, was encroaching on that privilege when he
could see in those religious ceremonies naught but
mummery. Mummery to Vice-President Wilson—
Yes; to those who can rise from signs to the things
signified—No. The signs in the sign-language of
deaf mutes to Vice-President Wilson may be mummery,
but to the deaf mute they are language, and
language, mind you, of the very swiftest and most
comprehensive kind. We who speak are obliged
to arrive at our ideas by the slow process of syllable
by syllable—word upon word—clause upon clause.
The deaf mute jumps at a whole idea from a single
sign. The hand writing upon the wall was "mum-
mery" to a certain President Baltazar; to Daniel
it expressed in three words, three most awful and
comprehensive truths. So with the ceremonies of
the Catholic Church; they express by one simple
act a whole volume of religious sentiment or a
whole history of religious truth. Take the sign of
the Cross for instance; what a history it unfolds,
and how that history crowds in one huge wave of
commingled emotions upon the mind the moment
that sign is made; to Vice-President Wilson, mum-
mery; to the Catholic, a history which volumes
would not contain, and thousands of thousands of
words could not relate. And this installation of
Cardinal McCloskey, what did it express? To
Vice-President Wilson, mummery; to the Catholic
it spoke what, if written, would fill volumes of
which the all-pervading idea would be religious
fidelity to that universal Pontiff who, from the chair
of Peter, has ruled the Church of God for upwards
of 1800 years. Mummery? friend! Alas, Vice-
President Wilson thou art in a parlous state.

But what is the moral of all this? That we too
are too egotistic. Secure ourselves we care too
little for the safety of our Protestant friends. Had
some preacher at the installation of Cardinal Mc-
Closkey been sent into the pulpit before the cere-
mony, to explain that installation—to point out
that its general meaning was an act of submission
on the part of American Catholics through Cardinal
McCloskey to Peter's chair, and through Peter's
chair, to Christ, we should have saved Vice-Pres-
ident Wilson his taint of Mummery and perchance
also have saved his soul.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

The publisher has received the following letter
from a priest, an old friend, on the mission in On-
tario:—

DEAR MR. GILLIES,
When you announced a few short weeks ago
that you had great hopes of being able to secure a
successor in the person of Rev. Father Murphy to the
late lamented Mr. Clerk as Editor of the True Wit-
ness, I felt that should your hopes be realized the old
cause would continue to find a powerful and fearless
champion in the old paper, and I resolved to do all
in my power to extend its sphere of usefulness.
Well, poor Father Murphy became Editor, and we
were all beginning to admire as a journalist whom
we had long admired as an orator and theologian
when the sad news of the terrible catastrophe at
Sault-au-Recollet on that ever to be remembered
Saturday night, Dec. 4th, came upon us like a thun-
derbolt filling every Catholic heart with grief, and
every Catholic household with sorrowing. Alas! he
is dead in whom we so much trusted—he is gone
on whom we so much relied. May God have mercy
on his soul, and that of his friend and companion,
Father Lynch—united in death as in life—whose
last moments were given to Faith and fatherland.
Great as is the loss of the general Catholic com-
munity in the death of Father Murphy your loss,
dear sir, is most severe. Succeeding so soon to that
of Mr. Clerk it is almost sufficient to discourage and
stagger you. But you know the True Witness
must not be abandoned. We need it now more than
ever, and God will in his own good time point out
to you another good man worthy to carry out the
splendid programme and grand Catholic principles
of its founder. Such a man cannot be found in a
day, and your readers, sympathizing with you in
your double bereavement, and trusting in your hon-
esty, ability and enterprise, will in patience await
your arrangements, and bear with whatever short-
comings there must necessarily be in intervening
issues. Praying that God may guide you through
present difficulties, I am, dear sir,
Yours faithfully in Christ.

NEW AGENTS.—We would inform our subscribers
in Carleton, New Brunswick, that Mr. Thomas
McCaffrey is our duly authorized Agent in that
locality.

Our indefatigable Agent in Escott, Ont., Mr. P.
Lynch, who is ever ready to advance the interests
of the True Witness, being unable to call at all the
places in his Agency, has sent us the name of a
gentleman—Mr. O. V. Goulette—who has kindly
consented to take his (Mr. Lynch's) place as Agent
in Gananoque. Mr. Goulette is therefore author-
ized to receive subscriptions for the True Witness
and grant receipts therefor.

THE LATE FATHER MURPHY.

To the Proprietor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot allow the unhappy circum-
stances which I have so suddenly and unexpectedly
deprived you of a masterly contributor—the Church
to which he belonged of a modest but shining light
—and Ireland of one of her noblest sons, without
turning aside to cast a flower, however humble,
upon a grave that must be ever green in the mem-
ory of his countrymen and his admirers.

We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a
good and great man without gain. Such men are
living light fountains which it is pleasant to be
near; not shining merely as a kindled lamp, but
rather as some bright particular star shining by the
gift of heaven, or as an electric or lime-light on the
rocky strand casting its illumining ray far out upon
the dark and stormy deep. Such an one appeared
to be him that is gone. His was no sordid soul, but
one full of manly and generous sentiment. We
mourn him for his talents (his virtues we could not
know), for he bore the heaven-born impress of one
of Nature's noblemen. Some are born to greatness,
some become great, and some have it thrust upon
them. But in him we recognized one of earth's
great by reason of the imperial gifts which Nature
had so lavishly bestowed. "All is not gold that
shines," says one, "but all that is gold should
shine," and so it was with him—shining by reason
of a lustre that could not be concealed. All this did
not betoken the precocious, for Nature does not
scatter capriciously her secrets as golden gifts to
lazy pets and luxurious darlings, says one, but im-
poses tasks when she presents opportunities, and
though gifted to a degree by Nature, he had been
a life of study of which his few efforts in our midst
I take to have been but a few feeble scintillations.
No one can predicate what the measure of his abili-
ties would have been had all his latent powers been
kindled into action. Like some bright meteor
flashing across the midnight sky he has come and
gone, but enough has been seen of him to place his
name amid the galaxy of stars that bedeck the
coronet of his country's fame. Had he lived it
might have been that his physical powers should
be consumed by the fires of his genius, but fate has
otherwise decreed.

I cannot better conclude this brief *memorium* than
by quoting from the immortal Dreamer the follow-
ing passage:—

"Now, I saw in my dream that these two men
went in at the gate; and, lo! as they entered they
were transfigured, and they had raiment put upon
them that shone like gold. There was also that
met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them
of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the
bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was
said unto them, *Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.*
Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the
men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city
shone like the sun; the streets also were paved
with gold, and in them walked many men, with
crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and
harps to sing praises withal. After that they shut
up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished my-
self among them.—*Requiescat in Pace.*

ONE OF HIS PROTESTANT ADMIRERS.

Montreal, Dec. 11, 1875.

To the Proprietor of the True Witness.

SIR,—I am well aware that the sad news of Father
Murphy's tragic death, will at present make the
number of your correspondents unusually nume-
rous, each paying his tribute of love and admiration
to the memory of the illustrious dead, nevertheless
I hope you will find space for the voice of the
Parish of St. Joseph, of Huntingdon, which has united
its most fervent prayers with the universal applica-
tion that ascends heavenwards for the Eternal
happiness of one whom the Irish Catholics of the
Dominion fondly hoped would one day become for
them the "Chariot of Israel and the driver thereof."
And when we consider the many extraordinary
qualities with which God had gifted him, his vast
erudition, his lofty enlightened patriotism, his
matchless eloquence, his exalted piety, his zeal
for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, we
cannot see that the expectations founded on his future
career were exaggerated. But, "O how incomprehen-
sible are" the judgments, and how unsearchable
the ways" of him who leaves the earth combered
and cursed with the presence of thousands, whose
tongues are red with blasphemy, whose mouths are
feted with obscenity and whose hearts are the gar-
dens of unclean spirits, while he calls away a man
who found his delights only in these things that
elevate human beings to the ineffable dignity of
the children of God. However, of the millions who
mourn his premature death, there is perhaps not one
who can say with more perfect resignation than he
would himself have said, "Thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven;" his career was short
and brilliant as the blazing comet that sweeps its fiery
course across the firmament leaving the spectators
in astonishment at the splendor of its appearance
and the rapidity of its movement. In the month of
June last our own good pastor, Rev. Father Woods,
induced Father Murphy to come to Huntingdon for
the purpose of preaching a retreat in connection
with the exercises of the holy jubilee, it is needless
to say that eloquence such as his have never before
been heard by our rural congregation. On Thurs-
day within the octave of the immaculate concep-
tion, a solemn requiem mass was celebrated in the
Church of St. Joseph, Father Woods officiating, the
attendance was numerous, nearly the entire congre-
gation received Holy Communion. The church
which was deeply draped in mourning presented a
sombre funeral appearance deeply suggestive of the
melancholy occasion.

The awe-stricken worshippers moving in or
out passed along with moistened eyes and a slow muf-
fled tread, even outside the sacred edifice speaking to
each other only in trembling whispers; indeed, it is
wonderful considering that he had made only a few
short visits to Huntingdon, how deeply Father Mur-
phy had rooted himself in the affections of the peo-
ple, and it is only due to truth to add that the Pro-
testants of this locality sincerely regret his unexpect-
ed death.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from
henceforth saith the Spirit for their works do follow
them."

HUNTINGDON, Dec. 13th, 1875.

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)

Father Murphy par excellence the foremost and
promising divine connected with the Roman Catho-
lic Church in Montreal; as a speaker he had no
equals, as a writer he was terse, vigorous and logi-
cal. A scholar of advanced attainments he drew
around him a circle of friends and admirers seldom
vouchsafed one so young—his age not being over
32 years. Father Murphy lectured in Ottawa last
winter on "Patriotism," expressing his conviction
that all classes who lived in Canada should exert
themselves in building up and advancing the in-
terests of the Dominion; that whilst they remem-
bered the country whence they came, still the land
of their adoption was the land to which they owed
allegiance. In Montreal he delivered a clever lec-
ture on the "Irish Race," and afterwards was chosen
as the orator of the day upon the celebration of the
O'Connell Centennial. On that occasion Father
Murphy's deliverance was a most exhaustive,
polished and stirring address, placing him at once
in the front ranks of Irish speakers. Shortly after
that he was appointed editor of the True Witness;
his pen maintaining the reputation as a writer
which his tongue had won for him as an orator. His
last lectures were upon "Papal Infallibility," and
drew very large audiences. Throughout his dis-

courses, Father Murphy ever spoke in favor of har-
mony, unity and good feeling amongst all classes,
creeds and denominations; and we cannot do better
than to quote the following sentiments with which
he closed one of his last lectures:—

"It is to me a sore surprise to be even suspected
of those narrow prejudices and those little anti-
mories that embitter man; and I often wonder
whether they who suspect me can really remember
that we are in Canada, that majestic land where
if men were little, Nature, who is here so great
would, with one glance from her glorious eye, bring
them to eternal shame. But, whatever be the
judgment of his critics, one must be loyal to
faith and fatherland; and therefore it is that I
for one shall never be afraid at whatever risks to
proclaim myself first a Catholic and then an
Irishman! Nor when I feel that my countrymen
or my co-religionists are dealt with unfairly, shall
I hesitate at whatever hazard to raise my voice for
the dear Old Land which gave me birth and the
dear Old Church in which I hope to find salvation."
That voice is now, hushed in death, but few who
ever heard it will forget the eloquence and sincerity
stamped on every word uttered, and many a heart
will ache to-day at the tragic end of Father James
J. Murphy.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. J. J. Murphy.

The last sad requiem is sung,
The "De Profundis" said—
A last look given to the tomb
That holds our honored dead.

We saw his relics borne away,
His charred remains depart;
And a long, low wail of Irish grief
Broke from each Irish heart—

As if their very souls were loath
To give to Heaven its own—
As if the weak cries could recall
The cherished spirit flown.

Ay, weep! The human heart would break
If dry the eyes remain.
Ah, weep! For here no more we'll meet
Our patriot priest again,

Nor see that gentle one whose voice
In hut and hall was known—
"The hero of all circles, and
The idol of his own."

'Tis hard to think of him as dead,
To realize our loss;
And harder to accept with love
This new and heavy cross.

Yet there's one drop in our bitter cup,
By God's sweet mercy given;
We'll hope, tho' parted here below,
To meet once more in Heaven.

And we'll know him 'mongst the thousands there,
In God's own mansion blest,
Where the sorrowing cease from trouble
And the weary are at rest.

MARIE.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. D. J. Lynch.

Our nation well may mourn in tears,
The bright young spirit fled,
And count amongst her saddest days
The day that saw him dead.

But while we grieve for him we knew,
And loved so true and well,
We'll not forget the stranger friend,
Who with him sadly fell.

For both were great, and worthy too
Each, of the other's love
And hand in hand they met their doom,
And parted here: to meet above.

Ah stranger! for thy words of counsel,
For thy zeal, our souls to save,
For thy kind and fervent prayers,
Must we give thee but a grave?

And yet the truest friends surround thee,
Mournful voices chant thy praise,
And all regret the bright young victim
Cut down in his sunniest days.

Yes, yes, ye friends who still survive him
In this Canada of ours,
Kindly hands will strew his coffin
Daily with Earth's choicest flowers.

Kindly souls, still share your sorrow
For the one you held so dear,
And when you mourn, be sure that strangers
In Ville Marie, give tear for tear.

MARIE.

ADDRESS TO THE REV FATHER DOWD.

On last Friday afternoon a large number of in-
fluential Irish Catholic gentlemen forming deputa-
tions from St. Patrick's, St. Ann's and St. Bridget's
congregations, waited on the Rev. Father Dowd,
the respected pastor of St. Patrick's Church, and
presented him with an address.

The deputations were headed by the Hon. Thos.
Ryan, Senator, who acted as spokesman; Anthony
Brogan, Esq., N. P., being the Secretary. Before
reading the Address Hon. Mr. Ryan stated that
the matter was a spontaneous one on the part of
the people—in a few hours over a thousand sig-
natures had been obtained; he hoped this mani-
festation would be pleasing to the Rev. Pastor, who
was so widely esteemed and so sincerely beloved.
He then read the Address as follows:—

To the Reverend Father Dowd:—

REVEREND FATHER DOWD,—We the undersigned
members of the congregations of St. Patrick's, St.
Ann's and St. Bridget's hereby express our sincere
sorrow at, and disapproval of, the action lately
taken by the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, in
relation to the obsequies of the late lamented
Fathers Murphy and Lynch.

Mindful of the inestimable blessings that have
accrued to the Irish people of this city through
your indefatigable and self-sacrificing ministrations,
we deeply deplore that any society, claiming to
represent the sentiment of the Irish Catholic popu-
lation of Montreal, should be found unwilling to
accept the explanation made by you, in connection
with a matter exclusively ecclesiastical, and affecting
the discipline of the Church, in Montreal. For our
part, we desire to express our humble approval of
that explanation, which we think ought to be satis-
factory to every well-wisher of our respective
congregations, and is endorsed almost without ex-
ception by the Catholics of this city.

The Rev. Father Dowd, who was visibly affected,
replied as follows:—

GENTLEMEN,—Your declaration so promptly af-
firmed by the signature of hundreds of our repre-
sentative Irish Catholics of St. Patrick's, St. Ann's,
and St. Bridget's congregation, consoles me more
than I can express. In thus disavowing and con-
demning the un-Catholic action of the St. Pat-
rick's Society in relation to the truly mischievous
Notice I found it my duty to reprobate on last Sun-
day, you have vindicated the honor and religious
character of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, and
have prevented a deep and humiliating stain being
impressed in their hitherto fair name throughout
the Dominion of Canada.

You will believe me when I say that in this pain-
ful matter I did not consult my own feelings. Dur-
ing over thirty-eight years of ministry, I never be-