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# 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.

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, May 19, 1888

No. 14.

## 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.*

the body lay stretched, few would have imagined that any other than a private citizen lay there awaiting the last solemn services of the dead. During Saturday night the watch was kept by several members of the congregation of Our Lady of Lourdes, on Sunday during the daytime by the Sisters of St. Joseph and of Loretto, and Sunday night by the Christian Brothers. The late Archbishop was clothed in his purple cassock, and the features were not changed in the slightest. The mortuary chamber was draped in severely plain black and white.

The last wish expressed by the dying prelate was that his body should not be interred within the walls of the cathedral, but that it be deposited in the plot of earth on the north side of the sacred edifice, where all might have free access to recite a prayer over his grave. His wish was respected. Bishop Power, the first incumbent of the See of Toronto, will therefore continue to lie in solitary repose under the main altar of St. Michael's, as his successor, and the late deceased prelate's predecessor, Mgr. Charbonnel, is now living in his native land, France.

#### SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

The death of his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto removes from our midst one who has occupied a prominent place in this city and province for upwards of a quarter of a century. When Dr. Lynch was appointed coadjutor to Mgr. Charbonnel, Toronto was a small city and Catholicity had made comparatively little progress in this Province. The task entrusted to him by the Holy Father required for its successful performance many high and great qualities, zeal, devotion, prudence, energy, and tireless industry. All these he possessed in a marked degree. How the diocese grew under his care, how parishes multiplied until the comforts and consolations of religion were brought within easy reach of almost every Catholic family, how faith was renewed, strengthened and enlivened where it seemed to have grown cold, the Catholics of this Province need not be told. They are themselves the grateful witnesses to the great things he has done.

#### DR. LYNCH WAS BORN AT CLONES,

in the diocese of Clogher and county of Monaghan, in the year 1816. About two years after his birth the family moved to Lucan, County Dublin. From an early age it was manifest that he had a vocation to the sacred office of the priesthood, and when he was sixteen he commenced the study of the classics, under a private tutor, a graduate of Trinity College. He afterwards spent a year in a college at Clondalkin conducted by the Carmelites. In 1835 he entered

#### ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE, CASTLEKNOCK, A FAMOUS SEMINARY.

He was even then distinguished above his fellows for those qualities which fitted him to rule and enabled him to win the friendship and esteem of his fellows and his superiors. In 1839, full of the desire to devote himself to a missionary life, he entered the novitiate of the congregation of the Missions at St. Lazare, Paris. There he pursued his studies diligently for some years, and in 1842 he received minor orders and sub-deaconship at the hands of Mgr. Affre, the Archbishop who afterwards fell at the barricades while trying to put a stop to the carnage. He wished to go to China, where in those days torture and death were the almost inevitable end of the missionary's career. His superiors thought that he was better suited for other work. He was sent back to St. Vincent's, where he became Dean and Moderator of discipline, and in 1843 he was ordained deacon and priest by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, then Archbishop of Dublin. During the three subsequent years he gave missions in many parts of Ireland, making St. Vincent's his head-quarters. In 1846 Dr. Odin, appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Texas, went to Ireland to look for priests willing to labour in the vast field placed under his charge. Dr. Lynch eagerly volunteered when he learned how severe and trying would be the work assigned to him. In that vast region, then wild, rough, and sparsely settled, he laboured indefatigably amongst people of many nationalities and complexions, travelling long days and nights on horseback in quest of those who needed the services of a priest, often sleeping in the woods or the open when night overtook him, preaching, instructing, and administering the sacraments wherever he went, and everywhere making many friends. After some years of this life, he

was attacked by a malignant fever, which left him so weak that he was compelled to return to Galveston and thence to New Orleans. From that city he went to St. Louis. As soon as his health was restored he was appointed superior of an educational institution in Perry County. This also was an unhealthy position. Miasmatic disorders prevailed there, but he remained at his post, extending the buildings and increasing the number of the community, until he was again struck down. For weeks his left side was paralyzed, but his vigorous constitution and strong will again triumphed. When he was strong enough he was sent to Paris to represent the American missions at the Sexennial meeting of the congregation. He returned to the United States, where he continued to labour until 1855, when he was sent to Rome on a special mission. He then received from the Pope the right to hear confessions and give absolution wherever he might be—a favour seldom conferred. On his return he accepted the invitation of Bishop Timon to found a house of his order in Buffalo. He remained there a few months, and then moved to Niagara, where he laid the foundation of

#### THE SEMINARY OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS.

It is stated that he had but a hundred dollars at the time and that was borrowed; but he was rich in faith and zeal, and under his care the infant institution grew strong and vigorous. In his position at the head of this institution he became well-known, and when Bishop Charbonnel wanted a coadjutor he was appointed Bishop of Echenas *in part. inf.*, and on November 20th, 1859, he was consecrated. In 1860 Bishop Charbonnel resigned and Dr. Lynch became Bishop of Toronto. He revisited Rome in 1862, when the Japanese martyrs were canonized, and he was then created Prelate Assistant at the Pontifical throne. In 1869-70 he attended the Vatican Council, when he was appointed one of the Consultors of Foreign Missions and Oriental Rites. He spoke at the Council in support of the dogma of Papal Infallibility. During the Council the ecclesiastical province of Toronto was created. Dr. Lynch was appointed Archbishop, and took his seat at the Council. A few years ago the business of the diocese again took him to Rome. When returning he visited Ireland and made careful inquiry into the condition of its people.

#### DURING THE EVENTFUL YEARS OF HIS EPISCOPATE

Dr. Lynch has devoted all his talents, his energies, his great abilities, every faculty of mind and body to the service of the people entrusted to his charge. In season and, as some have thought, out of season, he has worked incessantly for the glory of God, and the spiritual good of his flock, spending himself freely in their service. More than once he has been seriously unwell, but as often his zeal in his Master's service has overcome physical infirmity. He has established in his diocese the Seminary of SS. Mary and John, the Order of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, the House of the Carmelites at Niagara Falls, the House of the Good Shepherd, the St. Nicholas Home for Working Boys, and the Notre Dame Home for Young Women. Under his care the institutions founded by his predecessors have grown and flourished and become what they are. Greatly through his exertions the Separate School system has attained its high excellence, and the means of a Catholic education has been placed within reach of the Catholic children of Toronto and many other places. He has constantly laboured to increase his people's knowledge of Catholic doctrines and to make the light of truth shine more brightly before all men. He has ever been a sleepless sentinel on the watch tower, discerning afar off whatever danger threatened his fold, and always ready to repel it. His love of Ireland and its people was with him but part of his love of religion, and he felt that he but discharged his duty when again and again, as one having authority and knowing whereof he spoke, he described the wrongs and miseries endured by the Irish people, protested against them and pointed out how they may be remedied. One of the last services he rendered to Ireland was his solemn and effective protest against the forced emigration of the Irish people. A New York exchange says of him:

"Under the Episcopal purple there beats an Irish heart, true, warm, and responsive to every pulsation of national spirit, feeling, and hope. His burning words on behalf of his suffering motherland have attracted help when most sorely needed, called into life energies and aspirations which seemed dull, or dead, and given comfort and consolation to weary and

worn hearts. Like his illustrious contemporary, the Archbishop of Cashel, he has proven the perfect compatibility of unswerving patriotism with unchanging faith, and won back to communion and to confidence those whom coldness and indifference had estranged."

The high esteem in which he is held all over this continent, and the value which those best qualified to judge set upon the services which he has rendered to religion, is shown by the great number of Archbishops and Bishops who come from the United States and all parts of Canada to take part in his funeral.

## AT ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

### DRAPING THE CATHEDRAL.

All day Saturday and until an early hour Sunday morning the Christian Brothers, under the direction of Vicar-General Laurent and Rev. Father Hand, laboured at the sad work of draping St. Michael's Cathedral black in honour of the dead Archbishop. In striking contrast to the brilliant appearance presented May 4, when the services in honour of the beatification of the Blessed La Salle were celebrated with all the pomp and magnificence of the Catholic Church, the Cathedral on Sunday bore all the gloomy hues of death. The main altar was draped in black, white and purple, and festoons of black and white hung from the pillars, looping the arches and crossing the aisles. Every service was attended by crowds of worshippers, standing room even being difficult to secure.

### THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

At the early masses in the Cathedral, the simple announcement was made that the funeral of His Grace the late Archbishop would take place on the morning of Wednesday at 10 a.m. But at the 10.30 Mass the scene was an impressive and painful one. The day was that of the ascension of our Lord into Heaven and one of rejoicing in all Catholic churches. The cathedral was filled to the very doors with worshippers, and the service, as befitting the festival, indicative of triumphant gladness. But the heavily-draped pulpit from which the pastor was wont to address his flock, the purple enshrouded throne from which he so often dispensed the benediction, and sombre-draped drapery behind the altar where he so many times officiated, and more than all, the ill-concealed sorrow on the faces of the congregation, seemed to belie the joyful music. Scarcely had the last notes of the grand "*Dona Nobis Pacem*" ceased to echo when Rev. Vicar-General Laurent ascended the pulpit to make, as usual, the announcements for the week. The customary feast days and fast days were given, then came the publication of banns of marriage, and finally the death notices. As the Church knows no distinction in her ceremonies between the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly, the name of the Right Rev. John Joseph Lynch was but one of several, and the lowest deceased parishioner received the same mention as the high prelate who governed the ecclesiastical affairs of the entire archdiocese.

When these preliminaries had been concluded, the aged Vicar-General, in a voice trembling with emotion, which he vainly endeavoured to steady, spoke as follows:—

No doubt, my dear brethren, last Sunday when you heard for the last time his Grace Archbishop Lynch talk from this pulpit, you were far from thinking that never again you would hear his voice. If not very strong for the last few years, yet he was not very feeble. No doubt he himself was the last one who thought that he was for the last time speaking to his people on Sunday last. Archbishop Lynch died a martyr to duty. On Tuesday he did not feel very well, still he had promised to attend an ecclesiastical conference which was to take place at St. Catharines. He did not want to disappoint them. He had promised likewise to give confirmation in Merriton on Thursday last, and he wished to keep his word. But when he came on Thursday he was feeling exhausted, and it was to us evident that a very serious sickness was taking hold of him. As you have read in the papers yesterday, he died on Saturday morning at one o'clock. My dear brethren, this archdiocese has sustained a great loss. Archbishop Lynch had, perhaps, defects as many thought, which, as he acknowledged, were more of the head than of the heart, for all who knew him will bear testimony to his devotedness and kindness of heart. Still, when we consider the twenty long years during which he ad-

ministered the affairs of this archdiocese as bishop, and I may say even before he was made a bishop—for many of you remember that when Father Lynch, then Superior of the College at Niagara Falls, came here as a missionary, how he delighted Toronto with his instructive and practical counsels, how he gave the most successful retreats that have ever been given in this city. During the twenty-eight years he administered this archdiocese as Bishop and Archbishop, he had only one desire, to serve God and His Church, and whatever he did was intended for the good of his people. He had nothing else at heart. As you know, he was not a man who tried to live or enjoy life on earth. Everyone acquainted with him knew he was a most retiring man; in fact, all the luxuries of life were unknown to him. Even a few years ago, when the generosity of the people of this diocese gave him a most beautiful present, he might have applied it, or perhaps a part of it, to the happiness of his last days. No, my dear brethren, no; he had only one desire, the glory of God. He placed every cent of it, and more, in his beautiful church, dedicated to the glory of God and His Blessed Mother, our Lady of Lourdes, at St. John's Grove. Were I to speak of all the churches and presbyteries he has erected or improved for the comfort of the priests and the convenience of the faithful throughout the whole diocese, it would be useless, as you all are aware of it. Neither need I call your attention to the devotedness of his Grace to the work of Almighty God and His Church, nor to the great desire of his heart to assist those confided to his care. Not only those whom he considered as members of his flock, but many who do not belong to our creed will give testimony to the desire he had for the improvement of the human race. These were the virtues of the late archbishop.

To speak of his love for the Church and its ceremonies would take too long a time; but we can recall the beautiful demonstration made in honour of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Even in the last few hours of his sickness, when he received for the last time his God in the Holy Viaticum when the Blessed Sacrament was taken to his room, with what emotion did he adore that God who was soon to be his judge! When he had received for the last time, his breathing was exceedingly difficult; still he made an effort to recite some prayers as if to entertain that Divine Host who came to his bedside.

We well may hope that his soul is among the blessed; still we must remember that nothing defiled shall enter the gates of Heaven. Therefore it is our duty to remember him, that no stain may remain on his soul, and that God may in His mercy have pity on him. You know the devotion he had for the suffering souls in Purgatory. Not long ago he obtained from Rome power for the priests of this archdiocese to bless those churches where the stations of the cross can be made in order that the suffering souls in Purgatory may be relieved. Therefore, let us pray for him. You need not fear; the love he had for you all, the desire he had for your happiness, will not allow him to forget you; he will pray for you and for your children, but at the present moment it is your duty to remember him before God.

Your prayers are therefore requested for the repose of the soul of the late Rt. Reverend John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto.

## AT ST. MARY'S.

At 8 o'clock mass in St. Mary's church, Vicar-General Rooney ascended the pulpit to make a few remarks touching the death of the Archbishop. He got as far as "Dear friends," when his feelings of grief at the loss of one who was not only a superior but a close friend, overcame him. He burst into tears, his voice became choked, and, covering his face with his hands, he leaned against the side of the pulpit for a minute, made another vain effort to speak, and then slowly descended to the vestry to indulge his sorrow unobserved. There was not a dry eye in the congregation.

### THE OTHER CHURCHES.

In St. Patrick's, St. Helen's and St. Paul's, short references to the death of the Archbishop were made, all speaking in the highest terms of the dead prelate and eulogizing the work he had done for the Church. At the Church of our Lady of Lourdes, upon the conclusion of the Mass the Rev. Father McBride, rector of the church, and the dead Archbishop's devoted secretary, proceeded to the reading of the Gospel of the day. Having finished the reading he explained in a low voice

his unfitness to make any comment. "Only one thing," he said, with manifest grief, "is uppermost in my thoughts, and on that I could not trust myself to speak."

### IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

#### AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

On Sunday morning Rev. D. J. Macdonnell prefaced his sermon with this reference to the dead Archbishop:

"I am sure that our sympathy goes out to-day to our brethren of the Roman Catholic Church in this city on account of the unlooked for death of the Archbishop, the announcement of which yesterday morning gave such a shock to the community. Archbishop Lynch had reached the ripe age of 72, and yet he seemed a vigorous man who might be expected to live to fourscore. I cannot speak of him to any great extent from private and personal knowledge, and I am not called on to discuss his work or the influence he exerted in public matters, but I am sure that he was possessed of qualities that secured him the good will and esteem of large numbers of Protestants as well as Roman Catholics.

"The passing away of a man who has for nearly thirty years filled so important a position before the community is an event of which we may well take note. After all, when death comes, whether to high or low, the great question is as to the relation of the individual to Him who is the Saviour of mankind, the resurrection and the life. Our hope is that through the grace of Christ our brother who has fallen asleep after his long day of service is at home with the Lord, seeing with clearer vision than any of us now see, knowing even as he is known.

#### IN THE EAST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. J. M. Cameron, during the morning discourse, said that there had been three sudden deaths of persons connected with the church or district all of which showed the necessity of being ready when the call came. Then the death of Archbishop Lynch so unexpectedly would, he was sure, stir the great heart of humanity, for here was a man falling in the midst of his labours. These persons ought not to be forgotten but should sink deep into the hearts of men and remind them constantly that the duty of all was to be ready.

#### REV. T. W. JEFFREY GENEROUS.

Rev. T. W. Jeffrey preached in the Methodist Church in the morning and referred in generous and feeling terms to the sudden death of the Archbishop.

#### GRIEF AT THE CAPITAL.

OTTAWA, May 13.—Much regret was expressed here by all classes of people at the sudden death of Archbishop Lynch. References were made to the exemplary life of the deceased prelate in the various Roman Catholic churches to-day. The Hon. Messrs. Thompson and Costigan sent telegrams of condolence to Vicar-General Laurent.

### THE FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

On Monday the following official memorandum of the funeral arrangements was issued:—

The solemn funeral procession will leave St. John's Grove at 8 o'clock to-night.

The members of St. Vincent de Paul Society from all the parishes will form on the main drive in St. John's Grove at 7.30 p.m. Other benevolent societies desiring to take part in the procession will form on the east side of the drive-way. None but the clergy and members of societies will be admitted to the grounds.

The main body of citizens will form in Sherbourne and Wellesley streets and join the procession when it reaches Wellesley-street.

The route of the procession will be through the Grove to Wellesley place, down to Wellesley-street, then to Jarvis, to Shuter, to the Cathedral in Bond-street. The clergy on foot and the bishops in carriages will precede the body. The St. Vincent de Paul Society will immediately follow it, followed in turn by other benevolent societies, who will parade as citizens, without music or regalia. Then will follow the main body of citizens on foot, four abreast.

It is very especially desired that no carriages will be used, all should be on foot.

The body will lie in state in the Cathedral from the arrival of the procession till the hour of burial, 10 a.m. on Wednesday. The public will be admitted to view the body on Tuesday.

No floral offerings are to be placed on or near the bier. Should any such offerings be made they will be removed to the Altar of the Blessed Virgin.

The burial will take place on Wednesday at 10 a.m. His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau will sing Pontifical High Mass de Requiem, and Right Rev. Bishop Ryan of Buffalo will preach the funeral sermon.

All day Sunday and Monday St. John's Grove was besieged by throngs of Catholics anxious, if possible, to obtain a view of the remains of the dead. Admittance was refused to all with the exception of a few of the more prominent parishioners of Our Lady of Lourdes. Vicar-Generals Laurent and Rooney and Rev. Father McBride spent all day at the Grove arranging the details of the funeral, and sending out instructions and taking all the steps necessary to carry out the obsequies in a fitting manner.

During Monday, as on Sunday, the body of the dead Archbishop lay in the parlor surrounded by wax tapers and watched by seven sisters of St. Joseph. At night the sisters were relieved by the same number of brothers. The body was robed in the archiepiscopal purple soutan, with the mitre and alb of lace and fine linen. The features wore a calm expression, and there appeared even a faint trace of a smile on the lips. The hands were peacefully crossed over the breast, and on the finger of the right hand shone the amethyst stone, the sign-manual of the dead prelate's office. His gold cross lay on his breast attached by a chain of the same metal round his neck. At the head of the bier was erected a temporary altar on which stood a massive crucifix of bronze and a few flowers. The whole room was draped in black.

#### WHAT HE DIED POSSESSED OF.

Archbishop Lynch's will was made four years ago, and on his death-bed he added a codicil. The will proper, as is customary among bishops, bequeaths everything he died possessed of to his successor in office. His personal effects at the time of his death consisted of a gold watch and one suit of clothes. The codicil prays his successor to give £50 to a widowed sister of the testator, at present living in Ireland. A further clause in the codicil states that he forgives all his enemies and gives them his blessing, and prays that God in His goodness will forgive them all.

It is understood that when he found he was about to die His Grace appointed Vicar-Generals Rooney and Laurent to administer the affairs of the diocese pending the action of the Holy See, in the matter of appointing a successor. Their names were cabled by the Rev. Father McBride to Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda.

### THE REMOVAL TO THE CATHEDRAL.

At 8 o'clock Monday evening the body was removed to the Cathedral, followed by the largest funeral procession ever seen in Toronto. Half past 7 was the hour appointed for the assembling of the members of the different Catholic societies in St. John's Grove, but long before that time Jarvis street as far south as Shuter was filled with people anxious to see the cortege or pay a tribute of respect to the mortal remains of one who had been so long a friend and spiritual adviser by following them to the Cathedral.

Bishop O'Mahony was the only representative of the Catholic episcopate present, those from a distance not arriving until the following day. There were fully forty priests there, the majority of them belonging to Toronto or its immediate neighbourhood. The city priests present were Rev. Fathers Maguire, Henning Shea, Cruise, Lawlor, Hand, Finan, La Marche, Guinane, Chandelar, Lynch, Gavin, Dumouchel, Montgomery, Morris, O'Hagerty, McBride, and Very Rev. Fathers Laurent, Vincent and Rooney. The priests outside Toronto were represented by Rev. Fathers Cochrane, of Parkhill, Traling of Fort Erie, Allan of Merriton, O'Hagerty of St. Catharines, McColl of Whitby, and Sheahan of Pickering. All the prominent laymen of the city were present.

At 7.30 Bishop O'Mahoney, supported by Fathers Rooney and Laurent, proceeded to the room where the body of the Archbishop lay in its casket. Following, St. Michael's College choir filed into the presence of the dead, and the solemn Catholic ritual of the office of the dead was begun. His Lordship intoned the "De Profundis," which was quickly caught up by the choristers and sung in all the solemn cadence of the Gregorian chant. Then the bishop sprinkled holy water on the body, walked round the casket waving the lighted censor, another hymn, "Libera Nos," was sung, and the ceremonies, so far as the Grove was concerned, were ended.

The signal was given to the undertaker, who in a few moments had the casket enclosed in its heavy oak, cloth covered case, screwed down and ready for removal to the hearse. Eight priests raised the immense weight on their shoulders, and, preceded by the choristers, carried the remains to the hearse. The pallbearers were Fathers McCann, Shea, Gavin, Guinane, Morris, Finan, Maguire and O'Hagerty. When the casket was placed within the hearse the choristers chanted as they marched out of the grounds the "Miserere Mei Deus."

The route of march was the same as arranged for in the programme published yesterday morning. There were no bishops and therefore no carriages. Bishop O'Mahoney, after escorting the remains as far as Wellesley-place, returned to The Grove and took a carriage down to the Palace to await the arrival of the procession at the Cathedral in order to receive the casket at the gates of the sacred edifice.

It is estimated that fully 5000 people surrounded The Grove before the word for departure was given and that half that number followed the hearse to the Cathedral.

Along the whole way was an immense concourse of people, numbering at least 20,000. The strictest decorum was preserved until the cathedral was reached. Here was congregated a seething, surging mass of humanity, bent on obtaining admittance to the cathedral. A large force of policemen were in attendance near the entrance to the cathedral. They found it a difficult task to keep the excited crowd back as the *cortege* neared the cathedral. At the gate the crush was terrific. Women were in the midst of the surging crowd, and were shrieking and imploring people to get them out of the crush. Some of them had to be carried away in a fainting condition.

#### AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

When the funeral *cortege* reached St. Michael's, the wide doors of the cathedral, which had up to the last moment been kept closed to prevent the dense crowd from taking possession of the church, were thrown open, and the clergy opening out allowed the pall-bearers and their sacred freight to advance to the main entrance. Here they were met by Bishop O'Mahony and a guard of honour composed of youths from the college. It was a melancholy feature, and one much commented on by the onlookers, that the last occasion upon which this guard of honour escorted the late prelate was on the occasion of his silver jubilee. Preceded by cross-bearer and acolytes, thurifer and incense bearer, and followed by the long line of clergy and chaunters, the body was carried up to within the rails of the sanctuary, where a rich but severely plain catafalque had been erected for its reception: During the progress through the main aisle, the organ pealed forth the solemn notes of the Dead March. The church was completely and heavily draped in mourning, and was filled with a restless and surging, yet respectful mass of humanity. When the body had been placed in the last resting-place it was to occupy before being consigned to the grave, with the head towards the altar according to the form of the Roman Ritual, the solemn vespers of the dead were intoned by the clergy, who had taken their stations on either side of the body. Without instrumental accompaniment the psalms were taken up verse after verse in turn by the chaunters on either side of the sanctuary, the 114, 119, 129, 137, and finally the *Magnificat*. This was followed by the 15th, and the Orison *Deus qui inter apostolicus*.

This ended Monday evening's ceremony, and at its conclusion the clergy retired, leaving certain of their number to keep vigil in the church. Many of the people present pressed forward to view the late archbishop, and when all who so desired had taken a last look, the lights were extinguished and the doors of the sacred edifice were locked.

During Tuesday the remains laid in state, and from early dawn until late in the evening were visited by immense throngs of sympathizing citizens.

Vespers for the dead were sung at the Cathedral at 7.00 on Tuesday evening. It was found necessary to order the doors to be closed, so great was the demand for admittance. At 7.30 His Eminence Cardinal Elzéar Alexandre Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, who had arrived from Quebec that morning, accompanied by his secretary Mgr. Marois, Mgr. Paquet, rector of Laval University, His Grace Mgr. Fabre, archbishop of Montreal, Rev. J. C. Marcoux, vice-rector of Laval University, and a large concourse of clergymen, and church dignitaries entered the sanctuary and ascended the throne so recently occupied by the deceased prelate. The preliminary antiphon of the Office of the Dead was at once intoned and taken up by the chanters and choristers without instrumental accompaniment. The whole office was not chanted, but only Matins and Lauds. At its close the sanctuary was again emptied, save for the body on the catafalque and its few watchers for the night. The throng in the church still continued, however, and it was not till ten o'clock that the vergers succeeded in clearing the aisles. The gas was once more extinguished, and the vast cathedral again relapsed into silence.

#### THE BURIAL.

The remains were laid in the grave on Wednesday in presence of distinguished dignitaries and with the full honours, rites and impressive ceremonies of the Church. The services were remarkably solemn and will not be readily forgotten by those who witnessed them through their various stages. The respect and high esteem with which the deceased Archbishop was regarded was shown by the presence of the vast number of priests, prelates and public men who attended. From His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, who officiated at the High Pontifical Requiem Mass, to the humblest acolyte who took part, all seemed to be absorbed with deep emotion in the performance of the last sad offices. The Archbishops of Montreal and Ottawa were present, and also a number of Bishops and Monsignors. The Dominion Government was represented, the House of Commons and the Senate, while the Ontario Government turned out to honour the dead in full Cabinet strength. The corporation was represented by the Mayor and twenty-three aldermen, and several public institutions sent delegates. From a very early hour people began to crowd Shuter and Bond streets, from which entrance could be had to the Cathedral; and long before the hour announced for High Mass the large building was densely crowded. The interior of the Cathedral was draped in black and wore a sombre appearance, the windows being covered with dark cloth. A large white cross was placed on the black drapery of the eastern window above the altar, and on each side were heavy white plumes. On the pillars were hung shields with inscriptions recording special events in the life of the Archbishop, and special honours which had been conferred upon him. The body lay in state on a catafalque within the sanctuary railing, surrounded by candelabra, and was in full view of the audience. Seats were reserved in the front part of the Church for the city fathers and distinguished visitors. The organ gallery was heavily draped and bore the letters, "I. H. S.," in white. Festoons of white and black cloth were stretched from pillar to pillar on both sides of the Church, and the pulpit and altar were in mourning folds.

The Cathedral choir was assisted by students from St. Michael's College and by members of St. Basil's choir. It numbered about sixty voices and was under the direction of Rev. Father Chalandard, of St. Basil's Church. Mr. Lemaitre played the "Dead March," on the organ, and Father Rholeder accompanied the choir.

#### CLERGYMEN PRESENT.

The following is a partial list of the clergymen present: His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre, Montreal; his Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Ottawa.

Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo; Bishop Farrell, of Trenton, N.J.; Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto; Bishop Dowling, of Peterborough; Bishop Grandin, North-West Territories.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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### LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was hailed with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

### FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1888.

### THE DEATH OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

... "We have lost him: he is gone:  
We know him now: all narrow jealousies  
Are silent: and we see him as he moved.  
How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise,  
With what sublime repression of himself,  
And in what limits, and how tenderly;  
Not swaying to this faction or to that;  
Not making his high place the lawless perch  
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground  
For pleasure: but through all this tract of years  
Wearing the flower of a blameless life,  
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,  
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,  
And blackens every blot."

He is gone. The Priest and Bishop who for well-nigh half a century has been a father and a guide to thousands; who, in season and out of season, spent himself for the glory of God and the good of man; and of whom it may with truth be said that he knew no ambition save the honour of his Master, is no more. The last light has been extinguished, the last sad rites performed, and all that is left of the mortal body of John Joseph Lynch, first Archbishop of Toronto, now rests beneath the sod, under the shadow of the old cathedral which he loved so well. It was his wish that he should be buried "in the sunshine," and in conformity with that wish he was laid to rest outside the walls of the cathedral on Wednesday morning, in the presence of a vast concourse of clergy and laity gathered to testify to the esteem in which he was held and to

sorrow over his departure from amongst us forever. He is gone, but his work lives after him. No good work ever dies, and when posterity looks back upon the annals of the Church in this Province, his long and memorable episcopate will be regarded, as indeed it has been, as one of peculiar fruitfulness in the multiplication of churches, schools, and religious houses, and of all that goes to mark a true and steady progress towards Knowledge and towards grace.

Never before did we so keenly realize the inadequacy of words to give expression to the heart's deepest feelings, or to fittingly chronicle the deep and abiding sense of loss and bereavement which has so suddenly come upon us by the death of the loved head of the Church in Ontario. Twenty-nine years is a long time in the life of a bishop. Of the countless thousands who in all ages have been called to be rulers in the Church of God to few has it been given to see their silver jubilee or to look back upon almost three decades of the exhausting and trying labour that falls to the lot of a missionary bishop. When the Church looks about her for one fitted to bear the burdens of the episcopate, it is usually from amongst those of mature age and prolonged experience in the conduct of souls that her choice, always prayerful and deliberate, is made. And therefore it is that after their elevation to so exalted an office, to but few is permitted the retrospect of a quarter of a century. The life which has just been brought to a close is remarkable, therefore, in more ways than one. Not only did Archbishop Lynch live almost thirty years in the discharge of his episcopal functions, but, as every soul in this diocese can testify, he has, in his priestly zeal, been tireless and untiring in his labour for the well-being of the Church. No exertion was too great for him, even in his latest days, no effort too exacting, no obstacle too formidable where the interests of religion, the relief of distress, or the salvation of an immortal soul was at stake, and yet, exacting as were his labours, and wearing his anxieties under many trying circumstances, God brought him at length to pass the natural limit of man's life and to enjoy to the end the full use of his mental faculties.

The incidents of the demise are fully narrated elsewhere in this paper. No death could well have been more peaceful. Death had for him no sting; the grave meant only the Christian victory. He had worked in his Lord's vineyard, and when the night came it found him worn out and weary, and eager to pass unto the promised rest. For himself, it is no exaggeration to say, he had no wish other than that the will of God should manifest itself unmistakably towards him. Not in those last hours only, but often, doubtless, during those years of sacred shepherding, of steadfast prayer, and such heavy labour; life was to him a thing to be lamented rather than longed for. With St. Gregory could he have said, "Our soul is tending towards and with all desire panting for that country where He who observes our labour and sorrow, prepares for the weary rest and refreshment." The last word of religion, it has been beautifully said, is resignation, and Archbishop Lynch possessed supreme resignation. No word of complaint or of impatience during his illness escaped him; not a word to so much as suggest that he was suffering. And yet he was suffering acutely. Only very recently, our readers are aware, he had been attacked with great bitterness in the public prints by anonymous traducers. Blessed though he was with "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, and all that should accompany old age," he was

yet a tender and sensitive man, physically of great feebleness, and their letters, ridiculing and insulting him in the evening of his life, wounded him, there is reason to believe, and wounded him sorely in spirit. But at least there fell from him, even in his illness, no word of reproof or resentment. He only referred to the subject at the last, and then only to convey to the enemies who had assailed him, and to those of his own flock who had opposed him, his forgiveness and blessing.

The death of the Archbishop was in tune with a life that was one long litany of devotion. About midnight it became apparent to his faithful attendants that death was not far distant, and the Stations of the Cross were recited about his bedside. It was the last devotion, and the Archbishop was seen to join in the responses, and to be praying with great fervour. A little later he inquired what time it was. It was just half-past twelve, and Vicar-General Rooney, who was waiting for one o'clock, the canonical hour, to arrive in order that he might offer up for the dying prelate the holy sacrifice of the Mass, began to make ready the temporary altar. The Archbishop turned slightly upon his side that he might face towards the altar. He remained in that attitude, absorbed in prayer. A few minutes later and he was seen to be sinking. He died precisely at one o'clock. He sank asleep, it seemed, tranquilly, and like an infant, without any struggle, or movement, any twitching of the muscles, or stony fixing of the eyes. The heart simply ceased its beating, and the Archbishop was asleep, his soul was with its Lord, and three hours later Father Rooney offered up the Holy Sacrifice for its eternal repose.

Archbishop Lynch needs no eulogy, nor need we attempt to recapitulate what he did for religion. His works remain. They are his eulogy, and the enduring monument of his zeal. But speaking of him only as a man, and the Archbishop who has passed from amongst us united in his character the most beautiful qualities of the heart, the amplest charity, the most winning simplicity, the most ardent anxiety for the poor, the most attaching sympathy for the afflicted. He was a great churchman, and he was a true Irishman. In him, next to God and His Church, came a great love for his country. A Canadian Archbishop—he remained an Irish patriot at heart and in act, the benefactor of an emigrant and exiled Irish people, and an unwavering believer in the apostolic mission of the Irish race among the nations of the earth. The Irish, he believed, were a providential people, and that the trials they had been subjected to had been ordained by Providence to prepare them for a part they are destined to play in the drama of humanity. Irish nationality and religion, he said, must go hand in hand. In a beautiful pastoral issued some years ago, on the feast of St. Patrick, he addressed himself to the millions of his fellow-countrymen, —exiles in many lands—who on that day, with joy and sadness, would revisit in spirit the altars, church-yards, and holy wells of the blessed land of their birth, the island of saints and scholars, of monks, hermits and holy virgins, and of innumerable martyrs for the sake of the faith preached to them by St. Patrick. The history of the Irish race, he believed, proved its sublime mission. God in His unsearchable providence had left them under the rule of an oppressor and tried them with the most bitter earthly afflictions, but He had reserved for them the richest of all treasures, the inheritance of the true faith and the mission of spreading it to the uttermost parts of the earth. And in keeping with these convictions, he exhorted the Irish

people to cherish the noble virtues and impulse of love of faith and their native land; to avoid all secret societies, which, from their nature, fell under the censure of the Church; to aid in the foundation of temperance societies for the furtherance of a virtues very necessary after faith; urging the making sure, in the case of Catholic parents, of the Christian and Catholic education of their children; the cultivation by Irish mothers of the spirit of the holy priesthood in their children; the reading of sound literature; the caring by the national societies of the emigrant and the orphan; and the extension of a helping hand to all peaceful and constitutional struggles of the Irish at home. Next to his love towards God and his zeal for religion, this was the strongest side in the dead Archbishop's character.

A greatly exaggerated influence was ascribed to the Archbishop in politics. There was abroad an ignorant belief that he interfered in, and exercised a minute control over the affairs of the Government of the Province. Nothing could have been more unfounded. The peculiar position of the Catholic minority in Ontario made it necessary, at odd times, that he point out, particularly in the matter of their educational interests, where their rights were being invaded. More than that he never attempted. On at least one occasion the overthrow of the Separate School system was put forward as the issue in a provincial election. The anti-Catholic party were not successful. But the Archbishop himself never moved. It was the Catholic electorate who had moved, having been placed on the defensive. The office and personality of the Archbishop of course were potential, but it was for the weak things of the world, not the mighty, that he exerted himself chiefly. The training of one little waif had far more fascination for him than politics. He was more at home in the House of Providence than in the ante-rooms of the politicians. His love for children, and the orphaned little ones who are cared for by the nuns in the city, was one of the most beautiful traits in his nature. He loved to shape a child's mind towards God, to create in its heart a love of the simple virtues and a horror of sin. Than when doing this he was never happier, and in the death of Archbishop Lynch the hundreds of little souls that are cared for in the House of Providence, the St. Nicholas Home, and the Sacred Heart Orphanage have lost one who stood to them in the place of a parent.

It will be pardoned us, before we close, if we make the regret personal to ourselves. He was our friend, personally and officially; he watched over and fostered our work, blessed it, and manifested in it until his end a constant interest and care. His confidence in its conductors he manifested in many ways. He desired that it should grow up, as he saw it promise, to be a great work doing good service in the cause of our Holy Religion. Between Archbishop Lynch and THE REVIEW a kind relation and confidence existed, a relation which, looking back, it is some consolation to think was never disturbed, and a confidence which THE REVIEW never abused.

As Archbishop Lynch lived so may we live, that—in the view of death portrayed by Bryant—when our time comes to take our chamber in the silent halls of Death, “we go not like the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach our grave, like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him lies and down to pleasant dreams.”

May the soul of the Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.



Continued from Page 173.

Monsignors Soule, Titular Bishop, Canon and Primicerius of St. Denis, France; Marois, Secretary to his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, Farrelly, Vicar-General of Kingston; Paquette, Rector of Laval University, Quebec.

Very Rev. Vicar-General Laurent, Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, Keogh, Dundas, Dean O'Connor, Barrie; Very Rev. Vicar-General Hecnan, Hamilton; Dean Harris, St. Catharines; Venerable Archdeacon Cassidy, Colgan; Very Rev. Vicar-General Browne, Port Hope; Very Rev. Vicar-General Vincent, C.S.B., Dean Wagner, Windsor; Dean Murphy, Dublin, Ont.; Rev. F. J. McGovern, secretary to the Archbishop of Ottawa; Rev. M. Callaghan, representing Father Dowd and the clergy of St. Patrick's church, Montreal; Father Cushing, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Father Hamon, P.S.J., Notre Dame, Montreal, Father Gendreau, O.M.I., Bursar College of Ottawa.

Rev. Fathers Morris, McCall, Gavin, Hand, McBride, McGauran, Finan, Lamarche, Lynch, Cruise, Shea, O'Reilly, O'Hagarty, McCann, Dumouchel, Henning, C.S.S.R., of Toronto; Guenthe, Feehan, O.C., Lanigan, of Niagara Falls; Twomey and Kelly, of Kingston; Campbell, Orillia; Moyna, Stayner; O'Reilly and McCann, St. Helen's; Twohey, Westport; T. J. Spratt, Wolfe Island; O'Hara, Syracuse, N.Y.; Keenan and Gallagher, Schomberg; Baxter and O'Shea, Buffalo; Davis and Harold, Dixie; Flannery, St. Thomas; Bloomer, Elmira, N.Y.; Egan, Thornhill; Gibney, Alliston; Blome, North Bay; Gibbons, Lafontaine; O'Leary, Freelon; Kearnan, Collingwood; Jeffcott, Orangeville; Brennan, Picton; Allain, Merriton; Trayling, Fort Erie; Slaven, Oakville; Casey, Campbellford; Bergin, Newmarket; Rholeder and Gearin, Flos; McMahon, Brechin; Funcken, C.C., Berlin; Duffy, Colgan; McPhillips, Brockton; Northgraves, Ingersoll; Sheahan, Pickering; Kilcullen, Port Colborne; McGinley, Uptergrove; Doherty, S.J., Guelph; Synot, Midland; Laboreau, Penetanguishene; O'Hagarty, St. Catharines; McRae, Smithville; Lennon, Brantford; Lennon, Galt; Whitney, Caledon; Corcoran, Parkhill; Boubat, Kingsbridge; Fleming and Sullivan, Thorold; Quirk, Hastings; Davis, Madoc; Conway, Norwood; McEntee, Oshawa; Delavigne and Marcooux, Montreal; McEvoy, Peterboro', and about sixty other priests.

#### LAYMEN PRESENT.

Among those in the audience were:—His Honour the Lieutenant Governor Sir Alexander Campbell, Hon. Oliver Mowat, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. A. M. Ross, Hon. C. F. Fraser, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. Dr. Baxter, Speaker of the Ontario Legislative Assembly; Hon. John Costigan, Hon. Frank Smith, Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., Sir Thomas G. Esmonde, M.P. (Dublin), Col. Gillmor, Commander Law; Capt. Long, Capt. Forsyth Grant, representing Hon. J. B. Robinson; Mayor Clarke, the city Council, the Separate School Board; also, Dr. Hodgins, Dr. Daniel Clarke, Rev. Geo. Robertson, Lieut.-Col. Denison, Messrs. E. O'Keefe, J. Taylor, J. J. Foy, Q.C., P. Hughes, D. A. O'Sullivan and T. Mulcahy.

Shortly after ten o'clock the swaying of the multitude that filled every inch of available space within the Cathedral, except the main aisle, indicated that the procession of Church dignitaries and priests which had formed at the palace, was approaching. The organ burst forth in the "Dead March," the centre doors were thrown open and the solemn procession entered.

Accompanied by the clergy the Cardinal proceeded to the foot of the Altar and intoned the Introit *Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine*, which was taken up by the choristers, who throughout the service were under the direction of Rev. Father Chalandard. The celebrant was then escorted back to the throne, and the choir in the organ loft alternating with the choisters in the sanctuary, sang the *Kyrie Eleison*. As no *Gloria* is sung at a mass for the dead, the sub-deacon, standing at the right front of the altar, read the Epistle, after which the *Requiem Aeternam* was again chanted as an anthem. Then followed the most solemn and impressive hymn of the Church, the sombre "*Dies irae dies illa*." The deacon standing at the left

side of the altar read the Gospel, during which the clergy held lighted tapers, after which he presented the Sacred Book to the Cardinal, who kissed it. No *Credo* was sung, and the celebrant was again escorted to the altar, where he remained until after the Communion. Having sung the preface he preceded to consecrate the host, during which, at a signal from a small gong, all heads were bowed low and a solemn stillness reigned among the vast multitude, in striking contrast with the murmuring noise which heretofore was heard and which was unavoidable in so crowded an edifice. The *Pater Noster* was followed by the singing of the *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi dona ei requiem sempiternam*. The celebrant received the Host, which he had consecrated, and then returned to the throne.

#### THE SERMON.

After the communion, his Lordship, Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, attended by a sacristan, ascended the pulpit to deliver the panegyric. The crowd at once began to press forward, and the crush became so great that several women fainted, and were with great difficulty removed. Bishop Ryan is a medium sized, thin man, of about 60 years, and has a pale, ascetic face, crowned with long wavy white hair. He possesses a voice somewhat weak, but of marvellous sweetness; his dictation is very pure and each word is carefully considered before being allowed to drop from his lips. His action is sober, and his delivery, which at first was very slow, became more animated as he referred to passages in the career of his dead colleague and friend.

The text chosen by him was: "And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, henceforth, now and forever, for their works follow them"—Rev. xiv., 13. He said:—These words of Holy Writ declare the hope of the martyred dead, who laid down their lives on the altar of religion in defence of faith, education and truth. They may be applied to all those who from the earliest days of Christianity to our own times, in every age and every land, have shone forth as truly martyred dead, whose works follow them to eternity, who have illustrated the Church by a life of self-immolation, by a life of sacrifice. Those thousands who have truly spent their life in the service of the Divine Master, who have sacrificed on the altar of God everything that the human heart holds most dear, comfort, home, friends, native land, and all those tender domestic ties which naturally bind the soul to earth, in order that they may offer a sacrifice of self-immolation that certainly deserves to be recorded, and the voice from Heaven says:—Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord and have gone to their rest, for their works follow them. For the spirit of sacrifice, the spirit of self-immolation, is essentially inherent in the Christian priesthood; the priestly calling, the priestly life, the priestly ministry, all presuppose the genuine martyr spirit and call forth its constant, daily exercise. We need not then go back to the cradle of Christianity to find victims of self sacrifice, nor to the palmy days of the early Christian Church to find heroes of self-immolation, to find generous souls ready to sacrifice themselves in the cause of truth, in the defence of the faith, and in the fulfilment of holy and priestly ministrations. Neither need we to-day go to the leper islands in the Pacific, or to plague stricken cities where pestilence stalks abroad and disease and death are breathed in the atmosphere. In our midst, here in our own land, there are evidences of that same spirit, if I may so call it, of those who freely and generously give up life of the home, and sacrifice strength and health and life itself, in the constant round of wasting and wearing duties, for the honour of God, for the good of souls, for the benefit of suffering humanity. May we not then, dear brethren, be allowed to number on the long and honoured roll, coming down to us as a golden chain without a single missing link, the name of his Grace the Most Reverend John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, of whom it is said by one whose relations brought him near to that now departed prelate, that he died of hard labour and that death arrested him in the midst of his labours!

Is it any wonder then, brethren, that St. Michael's cathedral, usually at this season so gay and festive, is

draped in mourning? that its children are in tears? that we are all filled with sorrow as we look upon the face now cold in death, upon those once familiar features that were lighted up with the pleasant smile and that are now dark and set in the very image of death? As we gather around the altar there comes over us a wave of anguish. The cry of sorrow has been taken up by thousands in this city. His brother bishops, his faithful priests, with whom he was on terms of the most sacred relationship, the little children and the faithful congregations of his diocese miss his presence now. But we must not allow our anguish to overcome us; we must remember the consoling Christian truth that it is a holy and wholesome thought, as well as a most consoling duty for the dead, that they may be relieved from their sins.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord henceforth, now and forever, for their labours follow them. And as we believe that Christ who died is risen again, so those who have died, through Jesus, shall be brought by God with Him to life. So, my dear brethren, be comforted and sorrow not as those who have no hope.

I must confess dear brethren, that I feel embarrassed to speak of the departed dead that is already at the judgment seat of God, who now, in the very light of God Himself, must see all the vanities and all the hollowness of earthly honours and of human praise. To attempt to speak a eulogy of one whose lights, whose actions, whose motives and intentions have all been scrutinized and sifted and weighed in the balance of eternal justice, and, as in this case, measured by the standard of priestly virtue and episcopal perfection, is no easy task. That soul, now indifferent to human praise, rather seems to rebuke an attempt at eulogy. Therefore my embarrassment in fulfilling the task confided to me, and which had better have been left in abler hands. But I think I ought not to pass over in silence a record so dear to us all, so instructive and interesting, so honourable to the Church around which his name and virtues have thrown a halo, so solacing to sorrowing friends. Therefore, although I must not attempt to draw a life-like picture, for the copy would but mar the beauties and excellences of the original, and although I am not able to do justice to his memory, I will give you a faithful sketch of his long life. I can only hope that the few facts and dates I can recall to memory will at some future time in abler hands help to fill the skeleton out lines of my discourse.

Our deceased and most reverend brother, the Archbishop of Toronto, as you doubtless knew ere this, was born in the Faithful Island, of which he was ever a faithful son. From his early years he looked forward to the high dignity of the priesthood, looked up to the high summit which he finally reached. In 1816 he was born in what is known as Clomes, and spent his boyhood in the village of St. Albans, and afterwards attended college near Dublin. He completed his studies at Paris, where he received the diaconate and the priesthood at the hands of Archbishop Affre, after which he returned to Ireland. Last November, while in Ireland, I met a namesake and friend and brother of the deceased, the Most Rev. Bishop Lynch, from whom I learned something about the early life of our brother, of his missionary labours in the southern part of this continent, of the privations he there endured in the service of his Divine Master, of how he often had to tie his horse to a tree, and laying his saddle on the ground, make of it his pillow for his night's rest after a day's weary journey. By Bishop Holden he was subsequently called to Galveston, Texas. He afterwards, in 1847, took his place in the house of which I was a member. Of the intervening years I need not speak. Honoured by his own fellow-members of the community, respected by all with whom he came into contact, he was called by my predecessor, the first Bishop of Buffalo, to found an institution in that diocese. The Bishop and he were kindred spirits and seemed to understand one another. The little seminary he opened was so poor that he was almost disposed to despair. Not satisfied with the location pointed out to him, he seemed to instinctively know that a great institution would arise, and would require a better location. When he heard of the Falls of Niagara it seemed to him that he would like to do something on that wondrous spot. He founded there Our Lady of the Angels, or Niagara University, as it is now called. Bishop Charbonnel seemed to take a great liking

to him and asked the Holy See to make him his coadjutor, which was done. Mgr. Charbonnel had for years yearned for a more religious and a more self-sacrificing life, and as soon as he had installed Bishop Lynch he asked that his resignation be accepted, and Bishop Lynch succeeded him as Bishop of Toronto. The diocese was afterwards elevated to the dignity of an archdiocese. It was while Bishop Lynch was in Rome attending the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican that I saw him on one day led by his predecessor, Bishop Charbonnel, to a higher position in the council; he was now seated among archbishops.

Of his life since then I cannot speak, it must be all too patent to you. Nearly 30 years at the head of an ever growing diocese, God only can tell what it cost him, the days and nights, the months, the years, that he was ever pondering for the greater good of the diocese to which he was appointed. He was ever consulting with his brother prelates and his good priests, who were growing in numbers around him, about the establishment of churches and religious institutions. Compare the Catholic Toronto of 30 years ago with the Catholic Toronto of to-day, and you will better comprehend his labours and sacrifices in the cause of religion.

His genial character, his amiable manner, his sincere kindness, were worthy of the love and affection of all. He never hesitated to do all that he could not only for the spiritual, but also for the temporal well being of his flock, to whom he was so sincerely attached. While we feel our sorrow deeply, and affliction bears us down, we must only leave it in the hands of God. We only now wish to unite with his prelates, with his devoted priests and his faithful people, in paying him that tribute which his great soul would best wish on this occasion, to offer up our united suffrages and our fervent prayers for the everlasting rest of his immortal soul.

He has passed away. This pulpit will no longer re-echo his voice; we will no longer see his priestly form standing at that altar. He has passed away. But far be it from us to suppose that when the man dies the earthly tenement of the immortal soul is all that remains. He lives, he still lives, and we hope and trust, looks down on those whom he loved during his life, and that the tie that binds us together will ever remain unbroken. Let the rich, let the great, build up the grand sepulchral monuments; let the proud and mighty ones erect their gorgeous mausoleums to immortalize their names and hand down to posterity a brief record of a briefer life, or to pile up pyramids to obtain world-wide distinction, or to hide their littleness. The Archbishop of Toronto has his monument that will survive all that; in the hearts of the people his memory will ever remain fresh and green, the example of his life will ever tend to promote greater earnestness in the service of God and God's Holy Spirit. And when the last day comes and the trumpet sounds, he will come forth from his humble grave to take his stand with his brother-bishops, faithful priests and his good large-minded and faithful people, to receive, may we not hope, that last and sole incentive of his life here below, the summons: "Come you blessed of my Father, enter the joys prepared for you from the beginning of the world."

The eloquent preacher, towards the close of his sermon appeared to be overcome by emotion; several times his voice failed him, and his remarks were inaudible to all save those in the immediate neighborhood of the pulpit. When he descended the Mass was concluded and the burial service was at once begun.

#### THE BURIAL SERVICE.

The Cardinal having been relieved of the vestments he had worn during the celebration of the mass, was clothed in a rich black mantle, of which the sombre hue was relieved by a cross and tongues worked in silver. Standing at the foot of the cross and surrounded by his assistants, he sang the first words of the burial service, *Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna*, which was taken up by the full choir and the organ. This was followed by the recitation of the psalm *De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine*. Prayers were read, and the Cardinal, taking the aspergillum, walked around the bier, aspersing it with holy water. The Archbishop of Montreal, the Archbishop of Ottawa, and the Bishops of Peterboro' and Trenton, each in turn performed the same ceremony. The Cardinal then, tak-

ing the censor from the thuriferar in attendance, again walked around the bier incensing, which was also done by each of the four above-named prelates. Prayers were then recited, and the final absolutions having been given, the coffin was closed, and the procession of altar-boys, priests and prelates having re-formed in the main aisle, the remains were conveyed to their last resting-place.

The procession left the cathedral by the Bond street exit, and passed into the palace garden by the Bond street entrance. The vault is located in the garden, near the cathedral walls, to the east of the north transept. To this point the procession slowly wended its way, the priests chanting the Gregorian chant as they went. At the rear of the procession the pallbearers, Fathers Shea, O'Reilly, Morris, Gavin, Moyna, Finan, O'Hagarty, Shean, Henning, McCann, McBride and Guinane, carried the coffin. At the head of the grave stood Cardinal Taschereau, surrounded by archbishops, bishops and priests, in their mitres, berettas and robes. His Eminence intoned a psalm, and after receiving the coffin he sprinkled and incensed it. It was lowered into the grave by priests, and Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, a grandnephew of the deceased Archbishop, placed a piece of Irish turf on the coffin. A prayer was offered by the Cardinal, who also pronounced the benediction, and the ceremonies were ended.

#### TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD.

The death of Archbishop Lynch will be received with profound regret by all classes of society and by all sects and creeds. His nature was one of the most kindly and considerate, and to his liberality of mind and generosity of heart Protestants as well as Catholics can bear ample testimony. His energy and capacity for work were unbounded, and his zeal for the progress of his Church without limit. Regarded, however, apart altogether from his Church connection, he was a man of great parts, extensive learning, and sound culture. His writings were always marked by deep thought and sound views. His love for his native land was boundless, and he championed the cause of Home Rule with enthusiasm. Like all men of ardent temperament and deep convictions, he was occasionally committed into talking on social questions as well as political, an attitude which did not seem for the time to be for the best interest of his Church and of himself personally, but his sound common sense and his consciousness of being in the right, together with the singular ability of impressing others with the correctness of his views, always bridged the temporary difficulty which his impetuous honesty of intention created. He found a scattered and impoverished flock; he created a compact and opulent community. He always struck at the root of an evil, and he never permitted a compromise with vice. While, however, he battled ceaselessly with wrong, he never allowed his judgment to be led astray. "He was a great man, good at many things, and now he has obtained this also—to be at rest." At St. John's Grove—that monument of his practical energy—there is a house of mourning, and to-day throughout the length of Canada there will be sorrow for one who was ever a friend of the friendless and a staff of comfort to the afflicted.—*The Empire*, Toronto.

Archbishop Lynch, who was removed so suddenly on Saturday morning, will perhaps be best remembered as a prelate who applied himself to the establishment of charitable institutions within his diocese. He laboured with zeal for the promotion of the interests of the Roman Catholic Church, . . . he built numerous churches, founded many missions, and strove earnestly to prevent those committed to his charge from losing their faith amid the widening of popular intelligence. In the multiplication of quasi-public charities, his Grace, as has been said, has left his chief monument. He was a kind-hearted man, and believed that religious zeal could not be better employed than in relieving the distressed.—*The Mail*.

He was not a brilliant, but he was a good man. Upon his private character there was no flaw. You might question his theology, or even quarrel with his politics, but when it came to a matter of personal right living you felt constrained to take off your hat in the presence of a good

man. All classes are agreed upon this point. We shall all unite in paying proper respect to the memory of the dead prelate, not less for his own sake than out of deference to the dignified position which he has left vacant; but, be it remembered that his time was well-nigh up. He had exceeded the three score and ten. He died ripe in years, high in the affection of his own people, and respected by those without his fold. What more can mortal expect from mortality?—*The World*, Toronto.

Archbishop Lynch was a very prominent and a widely-respected figure in Canadian public life. Throughout all his career he had the respect of men of all parties as of all creeds. He was a good man, a well-meaning man, a liberal man, and sought to be on friendly terms with his neighbours of other faiths. The Church has had more brilliant and more learned prelates in Canada, but few indeed more simply honest, earnest and hard-working. Mgr. Lynch gave his whole heart to his duties. His Church and his race had the benefit of his talents unstintingly applied and his time continuously spent; and when death came at the end of a long life and a long episcopate, he could look back on many a good work and many a sacred edifice that owed its strength and existence to his earnest purpose. In his taking away Canada has lost a worthy adopted son.—*Montreal Gazette*.

To say that the late Archbishop has, for upwards of a quarter of a century, occupied a foremost position in the current history of the country, would be but repeating what every one knows. That his influence has, on many important occasions, been most potent is also well known. A churchman, he was always to the front in the furtherance of anything that in his opinion would conduce to the welfare of the church of which he was a devoted teacher and which of course he also believed to be in the best interests of his adopted country. Nevertheless, His Grace's relations with the people of all classes and creeds and parties were always of the most cordial nature in private life. A native of Ireland, he never let pass an opportunity of advocating her cause, and while all classes of Canadians will lament his loss, those of his own origin will feel it in a more poignant manner. A wise and prudent counsellor in time of difficulty or doubt, his advice will be missed by many who were fain to have recourse to him. His pastorals were always clear and vigorous, and his letters to the press on various matters affecting the body politic were always read with interest. These emanations from his pen would, if collected in book form, form a most interesting commentary on current events for after generations.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

#### IN MEMORIAM

Gone to the sight of Heaven's King,  
The spirit of our good Archbishop passed and fled;  
And now in him we mourn the saintly dead,  
While angels holy psalms shout and sing:  
Now borne above by swift angelic wing  
Straight to the Beatific Vision of that Love  
Which led him early seek the saints above,  
Who now with greater joy God's praises ring.  
From early childhood full of love, he sought  
The quiet of his native Irish woods,  
And there he built a bower all untaught,  
And worshipped God in purity of thought.  
Of goodly mind, and yet not caring for earth's gifts  
and goods,  
He sought the priestly life in which to serve his God:  
While in his daily life he showed his love to man,  
And constantly in acts of lasting kindness  
Their true and everlasting love thus bought.  
Ah! can we not, while here on earth, to others gently show  
The love he showed to us while still below?  
Methinks I hear him answer: "Go and try.  
If you would reap those fields of love beyond the sky,  
First freely sow,  
That when old age has gently crept upon your brow,  
You may not shrink from seeking Life on high."

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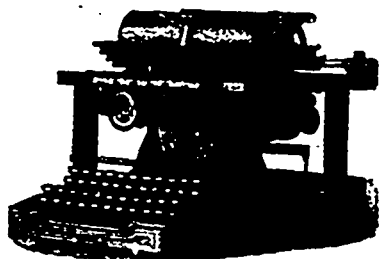
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**TENDERS**

**SEALED TENDERS** marked for "Mounted Police Provisions and Light Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the President of the Privy Council Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, 15th May, 1888.

Printed forms of tender, containing full information as to the articles and approximate quantities required may be had on application at any of the Mounted Police posts in the North West, or at the office of the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the service contracted for. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers in connection with this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED. WHITE,

Comptroller N. W. M. Po'le

Ottawa, March 20th 1888

**Notice to Contractors**

**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, etc., Prescott, Ont." will be received at this office until Thursday, 31st Mar. 1888, for the several works required in the erection of Post Office at Prescott, Ont.

Specifications and drawings can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of F. Jessup, Esq., Collector of Customs, Prescott, on and after Saturday, 12th May, and tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenders.

An accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBEL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works. }  
 Ottawa, 7th May, 1888

**\$9,999.00**  
**IN GOLD**  
**TO BE GIVEN AWAY**

In order to introduce my Nursery stock throughout the United States and Canada, I will give away \$9,999.00 in gold as follows, to the parties sending me 14 Three Cent Canadian, or 21 Two Cent American Postage Stamps for any one of the following collection of plants or bulbs, which will be sent by mail (postpaid), in April next, and guaranteed to arrive in good condition:

- No. 1.—3 Hardy Roses.
- 2.—3 Everblooming Roses.
- 3.—3 Hardy Climbing Roses.
- 4.—3 Dahlias.
- 5.—3 Gladiolus.
- 6.—3 Hardy Grape Vines.
- 7.—3 Raspberries, 4 each, black and red
- 8.—3 Strawberry Plants, 4 choice kinds.

All letters with stamps enclosed as requested above, for plants, will be numbered as they come to hand, and the senders of the first thirteen hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

1st. — \$250	The next 30, \$10 each.
2nd. — 100	The next 40, 5 each.
3rd. — 50	The next 415, 3 each.
4th. — 30	The next 820, 1 each.
5th. — 20	

After 50 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

1st. — \$125	The next 10, \$15 each.
2nd. — 125	The next 15, 10 each.
3rd. — 75	The next 40, 5 each.
4th. — 50	The next 470, 3 each.
5th. — 35	The next 560, 1 each.

After 100 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next one thousand letters will receive gifts as follows:

1 and 2.....	\$100 each	The next 5, \$20 each
3, 4 and 5.....	75 each	The next 15, 10 each
6, 7 and 8.....	50 each	The next 304, 3 each
9, 10, 11 and 12.	25 each	The next 663, 1 each

After 150 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred and nine letters will receive gifts as follows:

1.....	\$100 each	The next 10 \$20 each
2.....	75 each	The next 25 10 each
3 and 4.....	50 each	The next 245 3 each
The next 5.....	25 each	The next 479 1 each

Any person may send any number of times for any of above collections.

If three cents extra is sent, I will send in April a printed list of the names of all persons who are entitled to the gifts.

As a direct investment this will not pay, but my object is to introduce my stock, and build up a trade by mail. I employ no agents, but deal direct with customers, and can sell and deliver stock to any part of the United States or Canada, either by mail, express or freight, at about one-half the price charged by other Nurserymen through agents. Send me a list of wants and I will quote you prices. Mention this paper, and address all letters—

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