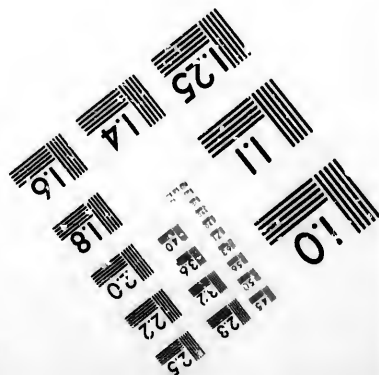
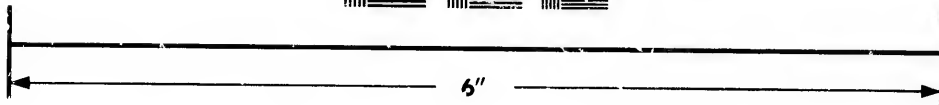
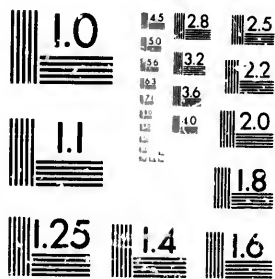


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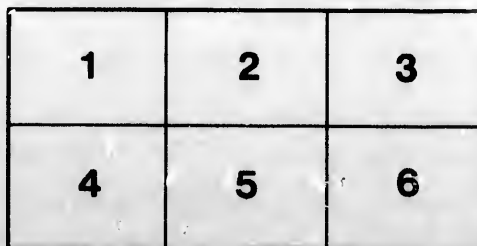
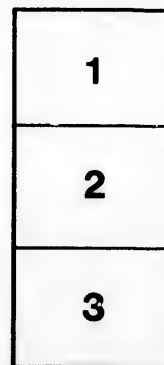
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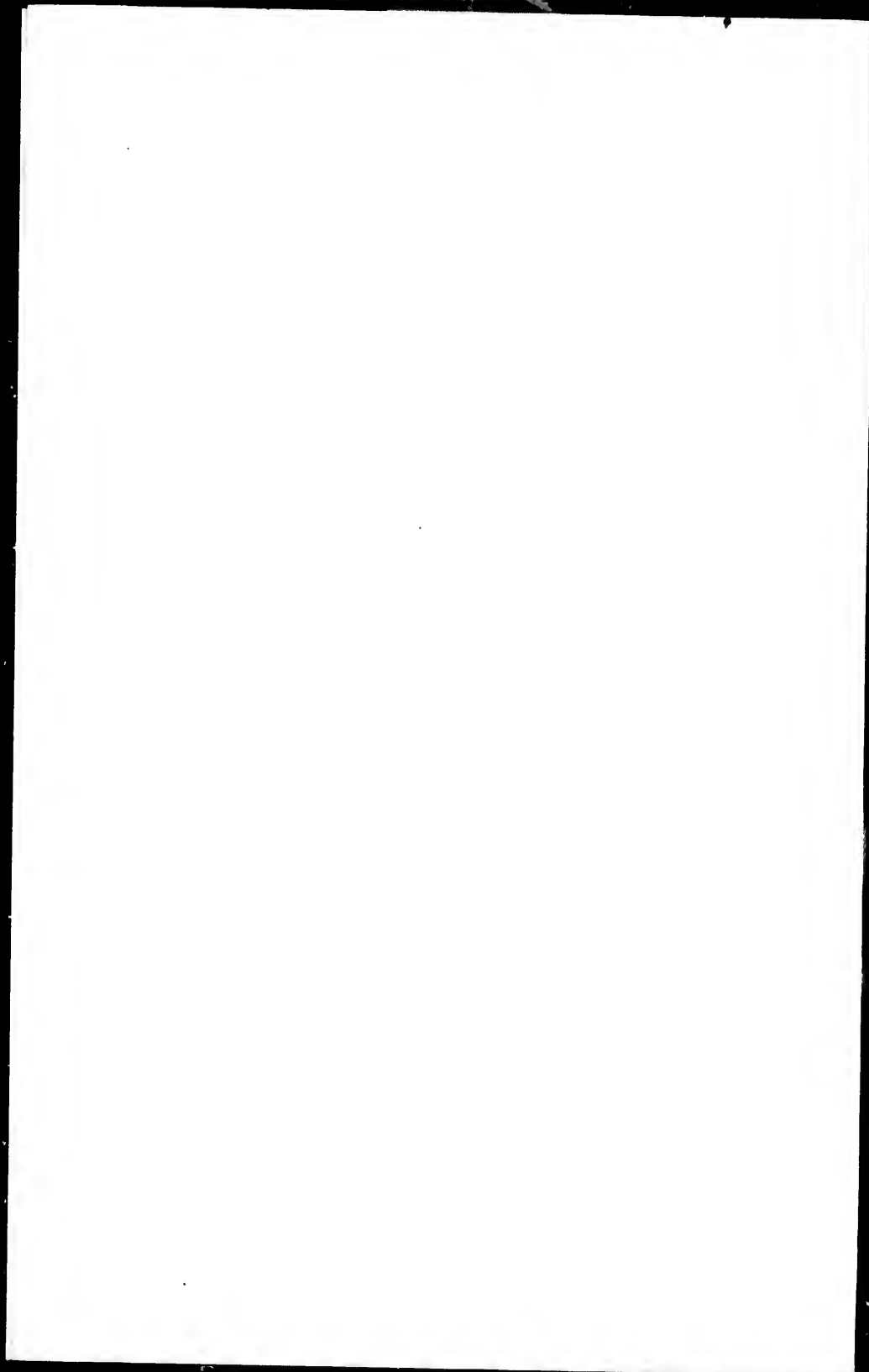
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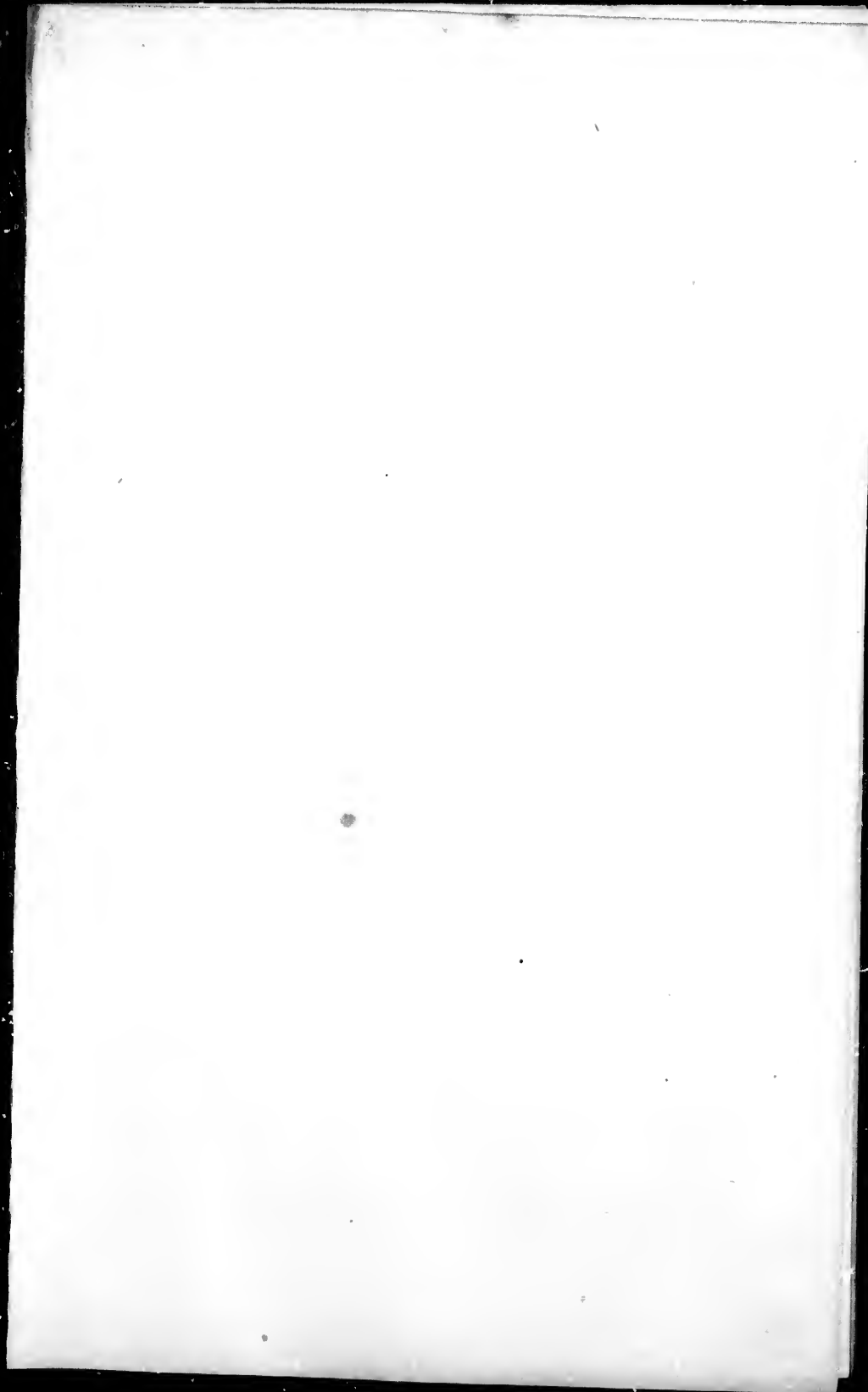
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FUNERAL SERMON

DELIVERED AT THE SOLEMN OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE MOST REV.
THOMAS L. CONNOLLY, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX, IN ST.
MARY'S CATHEDRAL, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, ON MON-
DAY, 31ST JULY, 1876, BY THE RT. REV. JAMES
ROGERS, D. D., BISHOP OF CHATHAM.

"I am the good Shepherd. The good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." St. John x. ii.
"I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. As to the rest
there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge will render to me in that day;
and not only to me but to them also that love his coming." II. Tim., iv., 7, 8.

My Lords: Very Reverend and Reverend Brethren, and dear Friends:

In accepting the delicate duty of addressing you on this mournful and solemn occasion, I have done so with very great reluctance, being conscious of my utter inadequacy to do justice to the subject, or to your or my own feelings. I have yielded in respectful deference to the wishes of the bereaved, venerated clergy of this now widowed Archdiocese, and through a sense of filial obligation and gratitude towards him who was for us all, but especially for me, both father, benefactor, and friend. His big, noble heart and brilliant intellect have ceased their mortal functions. He has finished his course! He is taken from us! The sense of bereavement which all feel, the sudden blow which nearly breaks our hearts, must plead my excuse and bespeak your kind indulgence.

Alas! how fully we are made to realize the truth which Divine Wisdom keeps constantly sounding in our ears, "Be ye also ready, for at what hour you think not the Son of Man will come." — Luke xii. 40. "It is allotted for all men once to die, and, after death, judgment." — Heb. ix. 27.

In the words of the royal Psalmist, with humble submission to the Divine decrees, we exclaim: "Thou hast lifted me up and cast me down. My days have declined like a shadow, and I am withered like grass. But Thou, O Lord, endurest forever!" — Psalm ci. 11, 12, 13.

Yes, O Lord, You lift up and You cast down; You humble and exalt the sons of men; communities as well as individuals are made to feel Your omnipotence and their own nothingness. "Vanity of vanity, and all is vanity," (Ecclesiastes i., 2), except serving God. But "to serve Him is to reign." Then blessed be His holy name! Sit nomen Domini benedictum!

"He lifts up and casts down." This truth has been remarkably exemplified in the person of the illustrious Prelate now cold in death before us, at whose loss, not only this Archdiocese, but the whole Ecclesiastical Province, of which he was the honored and beloved Metropolitan during the past seventeen years, feels deeply afflicted. But if the community is now "cast down" by his death, it is because it had previously been exalted and greatly benefitted by his eminently useful, laborious, and beneficent career, since the day in October, 1842, when, a modest, youthful priest, he landed in Halifax, as Secretary and Chaplain to his venerated and illustrious predecessor in this Metropolitan See, the late Archbishop Walsh of revered memory. The advent of these two gifted and Apostolic men, the erudite Bishop and his amiable, devoted Chaplain, to our shores on that occasion, has proved to be an event of great importance, not only to their own flock, but to all the Province. For although ever faithful in the first place to their own special duties towards their spiritual children; nevertheless their active, comprehensive minds grasped with avidity, their big, generous hearts throbed sympathetically with every interest that affected the community — or even individuals of it — in which their lot was cast. The opinion, the judgment, the influence of intelligent, educated, practical gentlemen on passing questions of interest to the public, must be more or less useful to all.

And here let me express, on behalf of the whole Catholic community, both clergy and laity, our grateful appreciation of the kind sympathy and condolence so universally manifested by our separated Brethren of other communions for the loss of our

beloved Archbishop. This tribute to departed worth, while most consoling to us, is most honorable to them, and claims our grateful acknowledgments.

But it was to the Catholic people especially that the advent of Bishop Walsh and Father Connolly proved to be a benediction. From various causes by the will of Him who "casteth down" and "lifteth up" a pleasure, and for his own wise ends, the Catholic people of this community had been in tribulation and difficulty during some years previously. There were occasional alternations of sunshine that broke the continuity of gloom which the death of the revered Bishop Burke—the first R. C. Bishop, appointed by the Holy See Vicar-Apostolic of Nova Scotia, — had cast over Halifax. Of that holy Prelate, too, as well as of the illustrious deceased, whose obsequies we are now celebrating, it can be truly said, what was said of Moses, that, "Beloved of God and men, his memory is in benediction" — Ecclesiasticus xlv. 1.

When Bishop Burke died, several years elapsed before a successor was appointed, owing to the scarcity of Catholic Clergymen understanding English at that time. For the effects of the penal laws were still felt. Catholic emancipation had not been granted, and with the exception of Maynooth College — but a short time established, and that solely for Ireland — the candidates for the priesthood in the British Dominions had to go to some foreign College (to Spain or France or Portugal, etc.) to prepare for holy orders, with but little chance to study English.

At length the choice of the Holy See fell upon a devoted missionary priest then at Antigonish, who having studied theology in Spain and exercised the holy ministry in Scotland, had come to the spiritual succor of his countrymen who had migrated to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Father Fraser in Scotland was beloved and revered by his parishioners, as he was afterwards by his flock in the eastern part of Nova Scotia. This I learned in Miramichi from some of those who had been his parishioners at Lochaber in Scotland.

But in becoming Bishop in Nova Scotia he preferred to reside among the settlers from Scotland, in whose behalf he had first come. That fine and noble people, amongst whom some of the best blood of old Catholic Scotland flowed, who had made great sacrifices at home for their faith, deserved, now in exile, the fatherly care and apostolic ministrations of their compatriot Bishop. The flourishing condition of the present diocese of Arichat, whose Catholic population forms, to-day, such an important and valuable part of the general population of this Province, shows that the good Bishop was guided by the Spirit of God in abiding with that portion of his flock.

But the Catholic people of Halifax, who had been blessed by the presence of good Bishop Burke, felt abandoned on account of the absence of their new Bishop. Though they had one and, sometimes, two zealous priests stationed amongst them, still they languished for more spiritual ministration. They had no Catholic College or High School for the education of either boys or girls. Their congregation was daily increasing in numbers and wealth. The passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, first in this Province and finally in the British Parliament, gave an impetus to their wishes for progress in their religious institutions. They suggested to their good Bishop, Dr. Fraser, and he carried out their wishes by applying for two additional priests for Halifax, one to aid in parochial duties, the other to direct a Seminary for the higher education of boys.

Father Dease, since deceased, and the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, now Archdeacon of Limerick, arrived from Dublin in 1839, for these works. Father Dease returned to Ireland after a couple of years. Dr. O'Brien remained six years in Halifax directing St. Mary's College, which had been founded on his arrival. The eloquent preaching and devoted zeal of these gifted Priests, and the brilliant teaching in the new College, gave an impetus to Catholic progress and education that cannot be over-estimated.

But in the absence of the Bishop from Halifax, little difficulties in carrying out the details of various duties arose between the parish clergy, which extended sometimes to the people. Father Dease withdrew and returned to Ireland. A party spirit grew up amongst a large portion of the laity. Some felt aggrieved because the Bishop would not reside in the capital. Recourse was had to the Pope. The Holy See, after hearing and duly considering the case, applied, with its usual wisdom, the remedy which ultimately proved so effectual in promoting peace and the spiritual prosperity of all parties.

Good Bishop Fraser was permitted to remain at Antigonish, to continue to bless the people of his just predilections; while a new Bishop was to reside at Halifax.

In the selection of this new Bishop for Halifax great circumspection was deemed necessary. The little misunderstandings and divisions, already mentioned, that had

existed among the Catholic congregation, and the numerous population of our separated brethren of other denominations in the city, would require a man of superior parts, of conciliating disposition and manners, to promote peace and good will amongst all. The then Archbishop of Dublin, Most Rev. Dr. Murray, who had been asked by the Holy See to recommend a candidate, and to whom Bishop Fraser had previously applied for the two priests for Halifax, already mentioned, selected Father William Walsh, a priest of his diocese, but a native of Waterford, then stationed as curate at Kingstown, which is near Dublin, and a station of the British Navy.

Dr. Walsh had long been distinguished as a pious, zealous priest, an eloquent preacher, an erudite scholar, and accomplished writer, who had rendered most valuable services to Catholic literature. To the urbanity and manners of a gentleman he added the keen wit, the rich humor, the genial conviviality which made him the favorite guest in every select social circle favored with his presence. His accomplishments were also perfected by travel. During his occasional vacation excursions, rendered necessary to recruit his delicate health, he visited nearly every thing and place of artistic or historic interest in Europe. He formed acquaintances with personages of distinction and men of letters. In the circles in which he moved in Dublin and Kingstown, he often had occasion to meet and enjoy the society of gentlemen of every rank, in the army and navy, as well as the most distinguished civilians and scholars. Thus he was eminently suited for his destined station at Halifax; and the result of his long administration of sixteen years, from 1842 till his death in 1858, proved the wisdom of the choice made in his person.

But his solemn requiem was chanted, and his obsequies performed by thousands of affectionate and afflicted mourners, similar to what we are now performing to-day for his worthy successor, the confidential friend and aid-de-camp (if I may use the term) who accompanied him to Halifax thirty-four years ago. It is now time to speak of him.

And what shall I say of him who was so well known to all who hear me? Shall I speak of his personal qualities? of his habits of thought and action, the sayings and doings of his daily life, his going forth and coming in, his consoling the sick, admonishing the erring, comforting the distressed? of his cheering the domestic circle by his kind visits, his genial social intercourse, his cordial and generous hospitalities, his earnest and eloquent preaching, his soothing and fortifying words in the confessional? of his practical wisdom when conferring with his Priests, or Sisters of Charity, or the Religious of the Sacred Heart, with the servants of his household or workmen at his Cathedral, with casual visitors, neighbors, or friends? in all this exercising as he did an almost ubiquitous presence, an active, untiring energy, an ever-present thoughtfulness of the minutest details, either regarding persons or works—shall I describe all these? To do so would be to undertake to say what is intimately known to you all much better than my words could tell it.

And yet it is of this multiplicity and succession of little words and thoughts and acts, that the great work of his laborious and fruitful life was made up. But there was a charm in his manner of doing them, an apropos and good judgment in all he said and did, a graceful amiability, a glowing cordiality and candor, that captivated all who came within his influence.

The early education and training which he received at Rome in the Novitiate of the Capuchins—that branch of the Religious Order of Franciscans to which he belonged—confirmed and perfected what he already possessed from nature, namely, that beautiful simplicity and transparent candor for which he was so remarkable. For this simplicity—I mean the term as distinguished from duplicity or insincerity—is the first fundamental virtue inculcated in the novices of all Religious Communities, whether of men or women, in the Catholic Church. It is that lesson which Christ taught his Apostles when He took a child and told them that unless they became like that child they could not gain Heaven; that while wise and cunning as the serpent—to conquer sin and overcome the wiles of the enemy—they should be, at the same time, innocent and simple as the dove. [Matt. xviii. 2.3—x. 16.]

This trait was such a remarkable characteristic of the beloved Archbishop, that whoever happened to be in conversation with him could see clear into his interior, so to speak. The honest rectitude of thought and wish, coupled with translucent candor in expressing it, which were so habitual to him, ever won the admiration and confidence even of those who might not happen to agree with him in opinion. Thus it was not usual with him to try to conceal or dissimulate his opinions. He had no need to do so. He could express them clearly and his reasons for holding them, with an

amiability of manner, a modesty and unobtrusiveness which precluded all possibility of offence. His keen sense of justice, his delicate appreciation of the rights and feelings of others, kept present to his mind the golden rule of doing to others as he would wish that others should do to him. With true Christian politeness, without compromising truth or principle, he knew how to comport himself towards all blamelessly. Even towards those with whom he differed, he could agree to differ and still sincerely regard them as real friends. His exuberant good nature, his kind, generous heart, controlled by the comprehensive wisdom of his clear head, communicated themselves to those who heard him, and, thus, a genial, kind feeling and mutual good will became general in whatever circle might happen to be honored and influenced by his presence. Like his Divine Master, he went about doing good. The pure motive of pleasing God, of causing Religion, in the persons of its ministers, to appear amiable and not repulsive, was a mainspring of his action.

On one occasion, when he appeared worried by several duties pressing on him at once, while directing his domestics in some details preparatory to one of his usual parties of select guests invited to dinner, an intimate friend ventured to remonstrate with him respecting his increased labor and thought which this exercise of hospitality brought upon him. He replied: "I do this from a sense of duty—from a motive similar to that which influences me when I go to read my breviary, or preach a sermon, or hear confessions, or perform any other duty of my office. It is the duty of a Bishop to be hospitable, to promote good will and friendly feeling, to remove misunderstandings and antipathies; and this is so especially in a mixed community like ours, where there are so many discordant elements. This interchange of hospitality on my part, smoothes away difficulties for many of our flock who have business and civil relations with men of other creeds, or who, as servants or workmen, depend on them for employment. It facilitates for them the practice of their religious duties, and thus smoothes the way to heaven for many who might otherwise be impeded therein." The protection and salvation of our flock, so as not to lose through our fault, any one of those committed to our care, is a fundamental duty of the pastoral charge. It is this sacred duty that I have in view while discharging social, as well as ministerial functions."

Thus he was truly a good shepherd, having an exalted sense of the dignity and responsibility of the pastoral office. The flock committed to his care he loved as only big hearts, like his, can love. For his flock he lived and toiled and watched and prayed, with anxious pastoral solicitude. He had the spirit of the martyrs, ready to suffer and even to die, if required, in the fulfillment of his sacred duties. He risked his life on all occasions when attending the poor immigrants or others stricken with ship-fever or cholera or other contagion. Twice or thrice he was himself stricken down, in the midst of his work of charity in the plague ships. He lingered for weeks in the jaws of death, until at length his heroic spirit, fluttering on his lips, about to depart, was restored by a kind Providence in order to prolong a life so useful. On the first of these occasions another Priest of this city was also taken down in the same fever with him. It was the venerated Father McIsaac who is here present, and for whom ever after the deceased Prelate cherished the fond affection of a brother-soldier wounded in the same engagement. On another subsequent occasion, in 1851, when Father Connolly was in the delirium of fever, on the brink of death, the medical Health Officer of the port, Dr. Hoffman, who had visited the same fever ship where the Priest had caught his sickness, died a victim to that plague. And who does not remember the devoted activity of the good Bishop amid his faithful Priests in St. John, during the cholera there in 1854? and again still later, as Archbishop of Halifax, his paternal visit to the Priest and Sisters of Charity whom he had brought to attend the cholera patients, at the quarantine station on McNab's Island, at the entrance of this harbor?

To him, then, is emphatically applicable the first of these two passages selected for my text: "The Good Shepherd giveth his life for his flock." With the same chivalrous spirit of self-sacrifice at the call of duty, which actuates the heroic, patriotic soldier who risks his life in defence of his fellow-citizens and of his country, the deceased Prelate was ever animated. No hero's heart could be more courageous to face danger or bear inconvenience in fulfilment of duty—no woman's heart more tender and sympathetic for the sufferings of others, than his!

The second part of my text also applies to him with singular appropriateness: "I have fought the good fight * * * I have kept the faith."

As Priest and Vicar General in Halifax, as Bishop of St. John, N.B., and as

Archbishop of this Metropolitan See, has he realized these words.

No Priest was ever more devoted and efficient in every detail of his sacerdotal duties: in the confessional most assiduous, having his confessional always surrounded by a crowd of penitents—attending sick calls, instructing and receiving neophytes into the church, administering baptisms and marriages, instructing and catechising children for first communion, visiting in families, directing the Catholic young men's literary societies, and their reading-room conversations or debates, conversing with other citizens whom he casually met, on every topic of public interest which came up, in which he shewed conversational powers rarely surpassed, with depth of erudition, breadth of view, brilliancy of imagination, knowledge of human nature, an appreciation of men and things, of passing events or past history, or probable future developments, that excited ever increasing admiration and esteem. His kind, cheerful manner, with his habitual benignant smile, made him welcome to everyone and everywhere. His success in reconciling neighbors who were at variance with one another, in making sulky persons amiable, in breaking down ill will and bad feeling, was wonderful. In a word, his influence for good wherever his duties called him to advise, to admonish, to console, to strengthen in good resolutions, was marvellous. He was alike agreeable with the poor and with the rich; the humble laborer, the educated gentleman, equally delighted in his presence. In the drawing rooms of the highest circles, at the sick beds of the poorest in their most wretched tenements, he was equally at home, ever diffusing sunshine and happiness.

As confidential Priest and Vicar-General he was most devoted to his Bishop, most faithful and earnest in co-operating with him, even in cases where the stern firmness of the ecclesiastical superior respecting parishioners or other persons seemed too severe to the kind, soft heart of the Vicar-General. In such cases, while faithfully obeying the Bishop and maintaining his authority, his happy conciliating way of doing it effectually neutralised all opposition.

Such was his sacerdotal life in Halifax during the ten years which preceded his elevation to the episcopal dignity.

As Bishop in New Brunswick, the same qualities of head and heart exerted similar influences in a larger field—but modified as to his own feelings by the sense of grave responsibility and anxious solicitude which ever accompany the office of chief. Hitherto, as simple Priest he never felt the anxiety of official superiority. Another bore that charge, while the plain, easy path of obedience enabled his cheerful mind and buoyant heart to abound in the happiness of duty fulfilled, without any sting of corroding care. But now, "the solicitude of all the churches" of his diocese must be concentrated in him. He who had never known fear as a Priest now trembled at the thought of his dreadful responsibility as a Bishop! But God blessed his humility, his earnest desire to do right, to fulfill the will of Him who employs "the weak things of this world" to outdo the strong. The new Bishop confided not in himself, but in Him who called him and charged him with the burden of official responsibility. With this feeling of humble confidence in God, in the aid of the Holy Ghost, he entered upon his work in New Brunswick. In the short space of seven years, aided by the devoted Priests and enthusiastic people who affectionately welcomed their new Pastor—with whose name and fame they had already been familiar—the whole face of the Diocese was changed. New life and enthusiasm were infused into a well-disposed population, already ardent and zealous. The Bishop's eloquent and earnest preaching, his indefatigable travelling in all directions over his diocese, the magic influence of his sociability with his Priests and all others whom he met during these visits, soon produced their natural results and became the theme of conversation in every hamlet and household. He took up his residence in St. John, and procured of the Holy See, to make that city, instead of Fredericton, the episcopal seat of the diocese. He immediately began the great work of his cathedral. This noble edifice, though architecturally it may not be considered perfect in every respect, is, nevertheless, a magnificent work, when we consider the circumstances, the limited means, the short time, and the innumerable difficulties in which it was constructed.

During this period of his life it is really wonderful how much fatiguing labor he underwent, how much good he accomplished. His robust physical constitution and mental energy knew no repose—constant preaching, conferences with his Priests, visitation of his diocese, collecting funds to build his cathedral, and disbursing the same, seeing to every portion of the work, even the smallest details, procuring materials, employing workmen, and rallying his flock not only for money to carry on the building, but for such free labor as could be utilized—in all this performing the ordi-

nary work of ten or twenty clever professional men. Now he could accomplish all this as he did, besides establishing the Sisters of Charity, the Nuns of the Sacred Heart, the Orphan Asylum, as well as the attempt to conduct a College for boys, is to me the greatest of wonders. True, where he had to multiply and divide himself on so many and such various works, each part could not be done with exquisite perfection. But the wonder is how he could at all have accomplished so much under the circumstances, with so little of faults.

When called away from St. John, he had the consolation of seeing the cathedral, though not finished nor entirely free from debt, yet sufficiently advanced as to be occupied by the congregation, with its pew-rent furnishing a generous income to meet current expenses — an object of administration at which he ever wisely aimed — the Sacred Heart Ladies and the Sisters of Charity engaged in their holy work, though not yet in their destined convent., the material property of the Diocese, both in St. John and throughout the Province, greatly increased, the number of Priests augmented, with flocks practical and earnest in their religious duties — a result to which the various spiritual retreats for the clergy and missions for the laity, which he had procured, given by the Jesuit and the Paulist Fathers had much contributed.

Thus, though it was by no means disagreeable to him to return to Halifax, the scene of his former labors and fond recollections, still it cost him no small sacrifice of feeling to leave St. John for which he had so strenuously labored. The generous and devoted people of that Diocese — both Clergy, Religious Sisters, and Laity — never ceased to occupy a large place in his heart's affections.

As Archbishop of Halifax, his labor, though much modified from what it had been in St. John, was no less devoted and effective. Its influence now extended not alone to his own Archdiocese, but to all the Suffragan Dioceses, through their Bishops, whose head as Metropolitan, he had become. In his intercourse with them, which was frequent — they met regularly, at his invitation, at least once a year, besides the casual single visits — he exercised the most amiable, open-hearted, and fraternal bearing towards them, and for their opinions and wishes, though not always coincident with his own, he ever shewed the utmost respect. His high, reverential estimation of the episcopal character was most sincere, and was evident in his every word and movement in regard to his episcopal co-workers; while their appreciation of his great personal merits enhanced their due recognition of his higher official rank. Thus their intercourse was of the happiest kind.

In his relations with citizens generally, his happy influence fostered and consolidated the general good will and mutual kind feeling which usually characterized the inhabitants of this city and Province. He was a true patriot, ardently encouraging every enterprise calculated to promote the welfare of the country in which Providence had cast his lot. Its institutions and honor and public men he never failed to defend when the occasion called for it, but always in such a way as not to derogate from the merits of others. An ardent lover of his own native Erin, he was sincerely loyal, from conscientious conviction, to the Sovereign and Government under whose protection he lived; while his cosmopolitan experience and breadth of view enabled him to discriminate between nation and nation, appreciating the good features of each.

He was an excellent judge of character, and ever admired, with almost boyish enthusiasm, true talent and merit wherever he found them, whether in opponent or friend. As episcopal administrator, he knew how to utilize to the best advantage the material at his command, how to station each Priest in the post where he could do most good. He surrounded himself with faithful co-operators. Both in St. John and Halifax he was most happy in his Vicars-General, the confidential participators in the work of diocesan administration. The Very Reverend Dr. Hannan, in this city, so universally known and esteemed, ever rendered the most valuable co-operation and assistance. Like the rudder of a ship, though not always visible, ~~being in sight~~, yet rendering the most important of services, so he, by wise counsel, by quiet, patient, modest but assiduous attention to the various details of duty as senior Priest of the city, and Vicar-General, bore a large part in all the good effected by his Superior. So it was in St. John, in respect to the Vicar-General whom the Archbishop selected to be recommended to the Holy See as his successor in that Diocese. The efficacy and success with which His Lordship, Dr. Sweeney has administered the Diocese of St. John, the progress in every department — finishing the cathedral, building the episcopal residence, convents, and schools, in the city — the increase of property and churches throughout the diocese, the congregation of the Fathers and Brothers of Holy Cross at Memramcook, where their new magnificent College is

doing so much good -- all this religious progress reflects honor on the Archbishop's choice of the faithful men whose merits he did not fail to appreciate, and in whom he reposed confidence.

But apart from the moral influence exercised by him as Metropolitan, the material work done by him since he became Archbishop, in erecting religious edifices and working up the funds necessary to meet that expense, in a diocese which is not rich, was very great. Besides the valuable school buildings which he erected at St. Mary's and St. Patrick's, the Church of St. Joseph and the Orphan Asylum, within the city, and the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity at Mount St. Vincent, outside of the city, this Cathedral -- which can hardly be surpassed for elegance of architecture and solidity of structure, even to the cross which tops its graceful granite spire and front -- is a lasting monument of his love for the beauty of God's house, and of his persevering labor, tact and success in promoting it.

The peculiar circumstances in which the work of this cathedral was carried on, called forth and manifested, in a most remarkable manner, the Archbishop's practical wisdom and goodness, his consideration for the pious feeling of his flock, and his desire to preserve the monumental souvenirs and traditions of the first founders of this church. Thus he did not undertake to build an entirely new cathedral on the adjacent ground. This would really have cost less money and labor, and have left the original one to be utilized for some other purpose. He chose rather to enlarge and transform the existing building. And why? He knew that the flock who had knelt in reverential devotion in that temple for so many years would be loath to leave it. The pews which they had occupied in silent adoration during the adorable sacrifice of the mass, or in listening to the sweet melody of the organ and choir, or to the eloquent preaching of the Word of God which at times deeply affected them -- the altar rails at which they had knelt to receive the Bread of Life, or before which they had plighted their nuptial engagements, or received confirmation -- all these were cherished memorials of so many happy and holy moments in their lives, that could not be abandoned without a great sacrifice of pious affections. This sacrifice the sympathetic heart of their prudent Prelate deemed it unwise to exact. So, instead of abandoning the church which had been commenced by the venerated Bishop Burke, and in whose construction so many of the older members of the flock had felt such deep interest and honorable pride, this cherished edifice, with all its sacred souvenirs and traditions, was preserved and metamorphosed into the exquisitely chaste and beautiful temple which it is at present -- a cathedral worthy of the progress which ecclesiastical architecture on this continent had made since the original fine church was built, and worthy of the Metropolis of the Ecclesiastical Province which Halifax had, in the meantime, become.

Thus in active labor and ever anxious thought he fought the good fight -- a valiant, heroic soldier of the cross, vigilant and faithful to the end!

Also, he "kept the faith." If ever this was true of faithful pastor, it was of him. The spirit of faith -- the faith which worketh by charity -- animated his every act. The truths of Religion formed an essential part of all his thoughts and feelings, so thoroughly was he imbued with them during his early studies, so congenial were they to his impressionable, devotional nature. He believed not only with the simplicity of blind obedience, but with the most full conviction, the most clear insight into the truth of what he believed. This was evident to all who heard him preach; so earnest in feeling, so cogent in logic, so replete with accumulative proofs from Scripture and tradition, were his sermons. From the duty of "preaching the Word in season and out of season" he never desisted, especially in the penitential seasons of Advent and Lent, when he entered with heartfelt devotion into the spirit of the Church's discipline by fasting and praying himself, as well as aiding the Priests in the labors of the confessional. His knowledge of Holy Scripture, of what is called the "Loca Theologi," that is proofs of Religion, natural and revealed, of every imaginable objection to religious truths, and their solutions, which are found elaborated in St. Thomas of Aquin, his favorite author, was admirable. His short, comprehensive instructions to children preparing for first communion were inimitable for their simplicity, clearness, and impressiveness while, in the confessional his manner of exciting to contrition, to abhorrence of sin, and to a determination of amendment, was so earnest and effective, combining paternal benignity with authoritative firmness, that the penitent felt every word coming from the interior of his confessor's heart. His own prompt and regular recourse to the sacred tribunal of penance ever edified the Priest whom he might happen to choose for his confessor. If in an impulsive moment he went too far in reproving

ing those around him, domestics or others, as sometimes happened—for like Moses and St. Peter, he had a quick, impulsive temperament—he would become humble as a child, cordial and sincere in expressing regret and making atonement. Thus his habitual piety, his living, active faith, earnest though modest and unostentatious, were a constant edification to those intimate with him.

When called to take part in the deliberations of the Oecumenical Council of the Vatican, the same spirit of faith animated him, the same anxiety to please God, to fulfil with simplicity and fidelity, his duty. All through that trying period he maintained the same honorable distinction of a laborious, studious, able, and faithful Prelate. The sense of the responsibility of his office as one of the Fathers of the Council, called together by the Chief Pastor to carefully examine and honestly express their opinions during the period of deliberation, made him study with all the assiduous application of which his great mind was capable, and to express his opinions with all his characteristic, honest, manly candor and the apostolic liberty which it was his right as well as his duty, according to the regulations of the Council, to employ. This right he exercised, this duty he performed in such a way as to give no just cause of offense to any one, nor to wound his own upright conscience by any faithless abstention from a difficult and delicate duty—the duty of urging his own views against what was evidently the wish of the majority, during the period of deliberation while it was permissible for him to do so. I allude especially to the great question of the Pope's infallibility when speaking *ex cathedra*, which engaged so much attention.

This doctrine the illustrious Archbishop always held. It was what he had learned during his own early theological studies, what, as a theological opinion, from conviction of reason, he had adhered to; for it was the doctrine which he taught me, when as President of St. Mary's College he taught me Theology. The text book in which I then studied, whose author, Thomas-ex-Charmes, was a Franciscan, was the same which he himself had used, and in which the Infallibility question is fully treated of. The compendium of this course of Theology is still the manual used by the authorities in Rome in the examination of candidates for Holy Orders—a circumstance which shows the high estimation in which this work is held.

But he did not think it advisable to erect this doctrine into a dogma of faith, binding all under pain of anathema. His desire to promote concord, to facilitate the return to the church of our separated brethren, which had always influenced his ministry, his anxiety to not provoke still greater opposition and persecution against the Church and the Apostolic See, made him argue earnestly and in all good faith against the opportuneness of defining this question. The Church, he reasoned, had existed nearly two thousand years without such definition, and he could not see any urgent necessity for it at present; while, on the contrary, he feared that its definition now might estrange still further from the Catholic Church those already separated from it.

But from the beginning he expressed his determination, as a matter of course, of bowing with simplicity and sincerity to whatever would be the decision of the Council. On the day on which he delivered his second able discourse on this question, he pre-faced it by one of the most beautiful, simple, and unreserved acts of faith that can be imagined. "Venerable Fathers," said he, "before entering upon my argument, I wish to express my full and entire acceptance of, and adhesion to whatever will be the final decision of this Council. For if the Church of Christ be not truly represented here where are assembled nearly all the Bishops of the Catholic world, duly convoked and presided over by the Chief Pastor, the Supreme Head on earth of the Church; if the deliberations and decisions of this august body, aided by the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, whom Christ sent to guide and enlighten his apostles and their successors, and abide with them forever, be not the expression of infallible truth, then there is no infallible authority for defining religious truth, in this world! We must here use the words of the Apostles to our Lord, when He asked if they also would leave Him. Simon Peter answered, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the Words of eternal life.' So, Venerable Fathers, if the truth be not here, where else can we find it? To whom else shall we go? AD QUEM IBIMUS?" [John VI. 69.]

Then when the dogma was formally defined, he immediately intimated his unqualified acceptance of and adhesion to it, as to every other dogma of Catholic faith.

Thus, in every possible way and manner he "kept the faith." He believed, with the deepest conviction, all which the Church teaches. He defended and expounded it in season and out of season, he practiced it with simplicity and rectitude. While he never obtruded, unwelcome, in mixed company, his own belief on those who dif-

ferred from him, he never lost an occasion, when circumstances required, to shew forth its rational beauty, its logical consistency, its scriptural harmony, its infallible authority, its compatibility and fitness to the wants and condition of the human family. He loved the Church with all the ardent, cordial, dutiful affection of a youthful, warm-hearted son for a beloved mother. He loved with sincere, filial affection the Head of the Church. The great and good Pio Nono he loved, not only because of his office as Pope, but also because of his personal goodness, his truly great qualities of heart and head and portly bearing, which distinguish him individually from other men. No son of the church was ever more sincerely loyal to its interests, more affectionately devoted to its Chief Pastor; no subject of a temporal Sovereign could be more faithful to the interests of the nation and Government as well as to the person and office of its Royal Head to whom he owes allegiance, than the deceased Archbishop. He was a faithful Prelate, a loyal citizen, a good man!

Hence we have grounds to hope that "the crown of justice" mentioned in my text, if it does not already, will, in that "Just Judge's" own good time, adorn his brow.

Let us, by our pious, affectionate supplications to Heaven in his behalf, hasten this consummation of the Divine justice and mercy.

[Here one of the clerics from the sanctuary ascended the steps of the pulpit with a private intimation to the Preacher that the time fixed for the funeral had come.]

I am reminded that the time for proceeding with the obsequies has arrived. I must apologise for detaining you so long. I was unwilling to undertake this office, and now that I have got upon my theme, I am at a loss to know how to end, the subject is one of such deep interest. I must however conclude. I shall do so in the following words of the inspired volume, so appropriate to the solemn function of the present occasion:—

"Let us praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation. . . Such as have borne rule in their dominions, men of great power and endued with great wisdom, shewing forth in the prophets the dignity of prophets. And ruling over the present people and by the strength of wisdom, instructing the people in most holy words. . . Rich men in virtue, lovers of beautifulness, living at peace. . . All these have glory in their generations and were praised in their days. . . These were men of mercy whose godly deeds have not failed. Their bodies are buried in peace, and their name liveth unto generation and generation. Let the people narrate their wisdom and the Church declare their praise." [Ecclesiasticus XLIV. 1 to 15 passim.]



APPENDIX

The following obituary notices extracted from some of the newspapers of the cities — Halifax and St. John — in which the late Archbishop resided, give the "Spirit of the Press" and record the principal circumstances of this sad event.

[From the *Daily Acadian Recorder*, Thursday evening,
July 27, 1876.]

Archbishop Connolly.

We can scarcely find words to express the many feelings which the announcement this morning of the sudden and serious illness of this excellent and respected prelate occasioned in the community. He has long possessed the universal esteem of all classes — Protestants as well as his own parishioners have appreciated his many genial, kindly qualities, and his numerous eminent virtues. True to the doctrines of his Church, His Grace has ever been liberal in sentiment and maintained no harsh opinions towards any. In managing the affairs of his diocese, the Archbishop exercised great care and exceeding wisdom. He has always been beloved by his people because always zealous in promoting their interests, faithful to their souls, and interested in their temporal and spiritual prosperity.

But it has been in discharging the duties which pertain to the relationship between his Church and the State and society generally, in which His Grace excelled in all high qualities. In promoting harmony and avoiding discord, dissension and strife; in guiding affairs with wisdom, and aiming to advance the general interests of the country without sacrificing the sacred doctrines of his Church; in these high duties the Archbishop is known to every man in this Province who has been familiar with its public affairs. Far seeing at all times, and the friend of peace, he has felt that more could be done by patient, zealous advocacy of principle, than by violent assertion or fierce denunciation. During the whole period of his incumbency he has never instigated a quarrel with the State that we are aware of, or carried on a discussion with bitterness or animosity.

Socially His Grace has been most genial and hospitable, and as friendly and as urbane to Protestants as to Catholics; and there are very many gentlemen in this city who recall with the most pleasant remin-

iscences happy hours spent in his palace in social enjoyment. Endowed with a wonderful power of making friends — a singularly ingratiating manner, a polished gentleman and a worthy friend — should his illness terminate fatally, he will live in the hearts of hosts of acquaintances.

Intellectually the Archbishop has proved himself far above the common mould. Thoroughly educated and eminently master of the lore of his own church, the sacred oracles have been his life's study with the result of a mind rich with their great truths. A most easy, fluent, and eloquent preacher, he has been listened to with the greatest admiration by all classes of people. His simple unaffected utterances on all questions have been pleasing alike to the cultivated audiences of Boston and the plainest of country parishioners. We think we are justified in saying that His Grace's talents have given him a continental reputation. In many cities in the United States he has been sought after, and his public addresses have been invariably listened to with pleasure and spoken of with praise.

We could dwell at great length on the estimable qualities and exalted virtues of the venerable Archbishop who this bright summer day is reported to be in a dying condition; but time would forbid. We feel that the community would suffer a great loss in his death; and know not when we should again have such a genial, loving, and kind-hearted prelate at the head of the Catholic Church in this Province, one who so temperately, so wisely, and so excellently would discharge the delicate and responsible duties of this elevated position. Thousands of Catholics are now mourning the sufferings of a beloved spiritual father; and thousands of Protestants are sympathizing with them, because of the prospective loss of a judicious prelate, and a noble, generous, and philanthropic citizen. Well, his work may be done; and the great Wisdom which rules Earth and Heaven may have ordained that the faithful servant should be called hence to his reward.

[From the Halifax Daily Reporter and Times, Friday Evening, July 23, 1876.]

Archbishop Connolly.

Death, which has been busy among the humbler ranks of the community, has now "with equal foot struck wide the door" of the Archbishop's residence, and laid its cold hand upon that noble and genial face which has long been well known and loved in this city. The late Archbishop needs no eulogy of ours; he has gone where words of human censure or applause will avail nothing. But in the interest of truth and of society it is only fair to record some of his virtues, and mark the salient points of his bright career. He was — need we tell what his own happy face and fluent tongue told so well? — he was an Irishman by birth. His classical education was far advanced when he left Cork for Rome, where he was trained as one of the Capuchin Order. He was ordained to the priesthood at Lyons in France in 1833. He returned to Ireland, and in 1842 he came to Nova Scotia, and was for some time secretary to the late Archbishop Walsh. After being Vicar-General of the Diocese he was made Bishop of St. John. On the death of Archbishop Walsh, in 1859, Dr. Connolly was appointed his successor. He was but 62 years of age. His death has taken the whole community by surprise, the news of his illness being accompanied by the intimation that there was no hope of his recovery, and quickly followed with the announcement that he was gone.

He died of congestion of the brain. All was done that medical skill could do, — that prayers and loving ministrations could do, — but the end had come that comes to all, and the good Archbishop obeyed the inevitable summons.

As a public man Archbishop Connolly stood high in the estimation of the people generally, and his influence was felt in other Provinces of the Dominion. He was an ardent educationist, and went as far as the rules of his church would allow in the way of co-operating with Protestants. * * He was as much a statesman as a churchman, and was well able to gauge public opinion and adapt his measures to the emergency. His action when this country was threatened with a Fenian invasion was all that could be desired from a patriotic Irishman. The stand he took with respect to Confederation was worthy of a far-seeing and large-hearted man. * * He was a warm friend and admirer of the brilliant orator, poet, and statesman, D'Arcy McGee, and the eulogy he passed upon his departed friend was enthusiastic.

It is not for us to speak of his discharge of his ecclesiastical functions, whether as priest or prelate; that is a matter for his own particular religious connection. We can, however, testify to his large charity, and his willingness to aid in removing distress. As a citizen he was ever among the foremost to give of his means to meet any case of emanant necessity, whether by flood or fire. It will not become us to say much of his private hospitalities. Suffice it to say that he was never behind the foremost in extending a hearty welcome to distinguished strangers, and in sustaining the character of our city for courtesy and kindness.

For the sake of the whole community, Protestant and Roman Catholic, for the sake of that peace and good will which Christ's ministers should always and everywhere maintain and promote, and which were well illustrated in the life and conduct of the late Prelate, — we regret his too early removal from among us; and our best wish for those who most deeply feel the loss and most friendly cherish his memory is that they may have to preside over them a successor worthy of Archbishop Thomas L. Connolly.

[From the Daily Acadian Recorder, Friday Evening, July 23, 1876.]

Death of Archbishop Connolly.

"It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who for the same scarce feels the hurt. And therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolours of death. But above all, believe it the sweetest canticle is *Nunc Dimittis*: when a man hath attained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy." — BACON'S *Essay on Death*.

There was no surprise in the community when last midnight the tolling of the bells in the various Roman Catholic Churches of this city proclaimed that Archbishop Connolly had passed away from earth. In writing as we did last evening, it was difficult to bring the pen to phrase other than an obituary, for beyond all peradventure, it was known that His Grace's illness was mortal.

Anything regarding the sad event cannot fail to possess a melancholy interest, and a brief recapitulation of the incipency and progress of his illness will not be out of place. On Sunday last he felt unwell, and called in his physician, Dr. Pitts, who warned him that only rest and care could prevent a serious illness. His Grace, however, thought lightly of the premonitory symptoms of his disease, and on Tuesday afternoon drove out to his suburban resi-

dence, Dutch Village. That evening he became very ill, and feeling that the fears of his medical adviser would be realized, he ordered his carriage and returned to town, in the early morning. Gradually he grew worse, and by three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon became unconscious. Doctors Almon, Ternan, and Farrell were called in for consultation, but from the first it was only too apparent that all their skill was unavailing. His disease was congestion of the brain, commonly called "brain fever."

Up to the time of his last illness — to a casual observer — His Grace seemed to retain his wonted good health, but to those who knew him best and watched him closely it was too apparent, for some time past, that his fine constitution was rapidly being impaired.

Dr. Connolly was born in Cork, where his father was a retail dealer, and received his preliminary education in his native city. At a very early age he attracted the attention of the celebrated Father Matthew, who doubtless saw in the boy the father of the man. By Father Matthew's advice he became a novice in the Capuchin Order, as he had expressed a desire to enter the Priesthood. He was sent to Rome to complete his studies, and spent six years in the Eternal City. Returning home through France he was ordained Priest by Cardinal Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, in 1838, in the Cathedral at Lyons. He was sent to Dublin, and for four years labored at the Capuchin Mission, Church St. In 1842 he volunteered for the Foreign Missions, and his services were accepted by the Right Rev. William Walsh — afterwards first Archbishop of Halifax — "who was then on the eve of sailing for Nova Scotia as the Vicar Apostolic of this Province." On the 16th October, 1842 — a Sunday morning — Dr. Walsh, with his Secretary, Father Connolly, and his Steward, Mr. William Stoker, nov. Sexton of the Cemetery of the Holy Cross, landed in Halifax from the S.S. *Britannia*. At that time, the affairs of the Catholic Church in this Province were, from divers causes and conflicting interests, in a somewhat chaotic state; but the cool judgment of Bishop Walsh, and zeal of his Secretary, soon placed matters right, and Father Connolly at once became the most devoted and popular of Priests. Full many a heart beats quick today as he recalls the slim young man who was made one with a slender maiden by "Father Tom," as he was then familiarly called some thirty years ago. In these days it was hardly considered worth the name of a marriage if Father Connolly was

not the officiating clergyman. In 1845 he became Vicar-General of the Diocese. Blessed with a robust constitution, and a devotion to his sacred calling, he was indefatigable in the performance of his duties. Many of the elder citizens can remember the winning smile and bluff presence of the Missionary Priest, as he moved from house to house administering to the spiritual and temporal wants of his parishioners, spurning fatigue and defying pestilence. When the fever ship *Infanta* was here in the year 1851, Father Connolly was among the first to go on board to tend the dying plague-stricken passengers, toiling night and day till he was himself prostrated by the disease in Passion Week, and had a narrow escape with his life. On the death of Dr. Dollard in 1852, he was, by favor of the "Holy Roman Apostolic See," presented to the Bishopric of St. John, N.B. Before leaving Halifax to enter upon his Episcopal duties, he was presented by parishioners with a service of plate and an address. The address was signed on behalf of the donors by Sir Edward Keiny and Patrick Power, Esq., M.P., a fact which shows that these two gentlemen occupied the same representative position, and were held in like esteem by their co-religionists a quarter of a century ago as they do today. The larger field Bishop Connolly now entered upon increased his zeal and extended his usefulness. The Cathedral in St. John, which for many years was considered the handsomest Ecclesiastical edifice in Canada, was built during his incumbency of the See, as were also many other of the buildings belonging to that Catholic Diocese.

When the late Archbishop Walsh was called hence in 1859, Bishop Connolly was preferred to the Archdiocese of Halifax, and became Primate of the Maritime Provinces. He had adorned that exalted position for the space of seventeen years, when last night he closed a devoted and honored career, in the 62d year of his age, 38th of his ministry, and 24th. of his Episcopate.

St. Joseph's Church and Orphanage, the Convents at Mount St. Vincent and Spring Garden, St. Mary's and St. Patrick's schools, and last though not least his magnificent Cathedral, are monuments to his skill and perseverance. It was his wish to see St. Mary's finished before he closed his eyes on the world, but it has been otherwise ordered, and he has left his great work to be finished by his successor.

The Archbishop's early years were spent at a time and in a country where the best endeavors of the priesthood were required to guide aright in public matters the then

newly enfranchised Catholics, so that it may be said politics were a part of his education. At all events, he was far-seeing and sound of judgment in public matters, so much so that his views on questions of a public policy were always referred to by men of all political parties.

[From the *Morning Freeman, St. John, N. B. July 29, 1870.*]

Death of the Archbishop of Halifax.

On Wednesday night telegrams were received in St. John announcing that the Archbishop of Halifax was dangerously ill. On Thursday morning his many friends in St. John were astonished and grieved to learn that there were no hopes of his recovery. Scarcely anything else was talked of during the day, and enquiry was constantly made at the Bishop's Palace and at the newspaper offices. The people were unwilling to believe that one whom they so loved and respected could be snatched away while yet he was in the full vigor of his mental and physical powers, and almost without a day's warning. The accounts received from time to time left no room to hope for improvement. In Halifax, as may be supposed, there was much excitement. All day long and far into the night hundreds congregated in the streets near the Bishop's residence, waiting for the intelligence conveyed to them from time to time, and striving to hope that there may be a change for the better. When the physicians abandoned all hope and the great Archbishop lay insensible to all around, the spirit slowly parting from the body it had animated, a number of his most intimate and valued friends it is said were admitted one by one, to look for the last time on him of whom they were so proud while he lived, and whose value perhaps only a few fully understood until they found he was about to leave them for ever.

The first telegrams received in St. John — on Wednesday night — stated that he had been suffering for a few days from pain in the head, but that nothing serious was apprehended until Wednesday night. The *Acadian Recorder* of Thursday evening says:—

"The community was startled this morning at the announcement that His Grace, Archbishop Connolly was dangerously ill, with no prospect of recovery. It appears that on Sunday last, he was seized with sudden indisposition, but became better, and went to his suburban residence, Dutch Village, on Tuesday afternoon. During the night, he experienced a relapse, and fearing a serious illness, ordered his carriage and drove at 4.30 o'clock yesterday morning to the Episcopal residence at St. Mary's, where he now lies insensible; and it is almost certain that death will supervene in a few

hours. His disease is congestion of the brain, or brain fever. Drs. Almon, Pitts, Parker, and Farrell, have been in constant attendance.

"In another place, reference is made to this melancholy event, which has created a powerful sensation to-day in the community.

"At 4.30 o'clock this evening, enquiries at the Glebe House elicited the information that His Grace was still lingering, but that the end might take place at any moment. It was hardly possible that he could live out the day."

We have not yet heard whether the physicians attribute his illness to any known causes. He has been much troubled of late about his schools in Halifax, and we saw it stated that he was preparing a course of lectures to be delivered in his Cathedral church. When he had such work as this on hand he was a hard working student, working day and night in total indifference to personal comfort and to health. It may be that these causes, acting on his brain in the late warm weather, superinduced the disease, which he disregarded until it had gained complete mastery.

Archbishop Connolly, though still a young man, and in appearance scarcely past the prime of life, has done a vast amount of important and useful work. Educated in Rome, he spent some years in France, and afterwards worked for some years in Ireland as a priest. Coming to Halifax in 1842, he displayed there a zeal which nothing could cool or daunt, an energy which nothing could tire. His great natural abilities, his extensive acquirements, his intimate acquaintance with the works of the great theologians and ecclesiastical writers, the vast stores of knowledge which he had laid up, his great eloquence and the power to influence and persuade all who listened to him, placed him in a high rank as a theologian and pulpit orator; but it was in the zealous, earnest discharge of his duties as a missionary priest, in the confessional, or at the bedside of the dying that he won the affections of the people who loved as much as they admired him. The Catholics of Halifax love to tell that when in the terrible year of the Irish famine some ships came to Halifax, crowded with emigrants, sick and dying of the dreadful ship fever, Dr. Connolly, braving the pestilence in the discharge of his duty, went amongst the sufferers, lived amongst them, tended them when they were sick, not only administering the sacraments, but nursing them while they lived, and helping to bury them when dead. After some time the fever seized him and his life was long in danger. Then, as on last Thursday night, the Catholics of Halifax, and many Protestants as well, watched anxiously from hour to hour, praying for his recovery, but fearing to hear of his death. His work was not yet all done. He re-

covered, and he continued for some years longer to do duty as a missionary priest in Halifax. Chiefly through his exertions, under the guidance of his able predecessor in the Archbishopial See, the College of St. Mary's and the Convent of the Sacred Heart were established — institutions which continue to this day to do a vast amount of good. In 1852 he was consecrated Bishop of this diocese, vacant by the death a short time previous of the first Bishop — the saintly Dr. Dollard. He found much to do here. St. Malachi's, the only Catholic Church in the city, was an old wooden structure, insufficient to contain, at all the Masses, one-half the Catholic population. The number of Priests in the diocese was insufficient, and there were no Convents and no Catholic Schools except one kept in the Temperance Hall, and the Catholic people were despondent and spiritless. Here there was an ample field for his peculiar abilities — for his zeal, his energy, his business qualities, his power to awaken and arouse the Christian zeal, and honest pride, and all the nobler feelings. He set to work at once. He infused his own spirit into the people. He showed them what ought to be done, and when he called on them to do their part of the work, there was a response which astonished himself and the people on whose behalf he had begun to work. The first subscription for the Cathedral was, if we remember correctly, nearly \$10,000. Having determined to build on the site on which the Cathedral now stands, he unhesitatingly sold the house which his predecessor had built, and with his priests went to live in the small house on the newly purchased ground. The accommodation was extremely limited. The Bishop himself had one small room in which it was almost impossible to move; but in this he lived for years constantly watching the progress of the work on the Cathedral, making and altering contracts, paying the workmen, keeping his own accounts, yet neglecting no other duty, preaching frequently and earnestly, attending meetings of his parishioners, going on visitation frequently to places which no Bishop had ever visited before, finding time also to spend hours in the confessional, a work which he loved to the last to perform. Bishop, working priest, superintendent of works of his Cathedral, collector, accountant, his was during all those years a most active, busy, laborious life. While yet he lived in that small house, the city and Portland were visited by the cholera, and hundreds were victims of the pestilence. During all that time the doors of his house stood open day and night. The friends of the suffering

were to be found there at every hour, and the Bishop and his priests worked incessantly. It was surprising to find, that though so much and so constantly exposed, they all escaped so well. When the cholera passed away Dr. Connolly found a new duty thrown upon him, and he at once set to work to discharge it. Hundreds of children were left without parents or friends, depending on the charity of an impoverished people for the bread they ate. Without waiting to ascertain, or even think, where he could get money to pay the expenses he was about to incur, he gathered those poor orphans together, provided them with clothes, and food, and shelter, and then, proceeding to New York, induced the Nuns of the Sacred Heart to send down a colony of their order to take care of them. Thus was laid the foundation of the splendid Orphan Asylum, of which the Catholics of St. John have such reason to be proud. He established here also the Sisters of Charity, who have ever since continued to render such valuable services to the Catholic community. The whole Province was then one diocese, and in every part of it his works were seen and his influence for good was felt. Everywhere Catholicity raised its head, and a new spirit was infused into priests and people. When it was necessary he showed that he could do battle too in behalf of his faith and his people. The letters he wrote when forced by an unprovoked attack into a controversy, and the lectures he delivered on the doctrines of the Catholic Church will long be remembered in St. John; but he loved rather to conciliate and to win by courtesy and kindness and the exercise of that true Christian charity which embraces all mankind. His work was but partially accomplished when the Archbishopial See of Halifax became vacant by the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, and he, acknowledged to be pre-eminently most fit for the position, was chosen by the Pope to be Dr. Walsh's successor. He left St. John with reluctance and regret. He loved its people, he liked their character, which was so much in sympathy with his own, their Catholic zeal, and their spirit of enterprise and their energy, and he wished to complete the Cathedral and the other works which he had begun; but he obeyed the mandate of his superior. In Halifax he worked as in St. John. There, too, a new church was wanted and he undertook the work which he almost lived to see finished. There he built school houses, and favored by a less obnoxious law and a more just administration, he organized schools admittedly amongst the very best in the city, at which

all the Catholic children received an excellent education.

[From the *Morning Freeman*, St. John, N.B., August 1, 1876.]

The Dead Archbishop.

On Friday and Saturday the body of the deceased Archbishop Connolly lay in state in the Archbishopal Palace, Halifax, where thousands of people of all denominations went to obtain a last look at the remains of the dead Prelate. On Sunday the body was conveyed to the Cathedral. The coffin of black walnut, with massive silver handles, was covered with purple silk velvet, ornamented with silver studs. A procession of Sisters of Charity, bearing lighted tapers, with Acolytes, Priests, and Bishops, preceded the remains to the Church, which was draped in mourning. The remains were placed in the sanctuary, and were viewed by many persons during the day and night. On Sunday afternoon Vespers for the Dead were celebrated by Bishop Cameron of Arichat, assisted by the Bishops of St. John and Charlottetown, and a large number of the priests of the diocese.

Halifax papers all contain articles on the death of the Archbishop, showing the great respect in which His Grace was held by all classes in the community, Catholics and Protestants alike. The *Chronicle*, after announcing the fact of his death, says:—

“Dr. Connolly’s prelacy was a tale of two cities. In both he won the highest favor, and both will unite to-day in mourning his untimely death. After seven years’ service as Bishop of St. John, he was, in 1859, on the death of the late Archbishop Walsh, appointed Archbishop of Halifax, which office he held for seventeen years. His eminent services in Halifax are too well known to require much praise. The zeal and energy with which he entered into every work designed to promote the spiritual or temporal welfare of the people under his care, won for him the confidence and love of the Roman Catholics of both city and country. His services to the people of his own faith were great and can never be forgotten. But his good qualities were not confined to his intercourse with his own people. While he firmly adhered to the faith of his own church, he was ever liberal minded and tolerant to those whose religious views differed from his. It too often happens that in mixed communities such as ours, differences of religious opinion produce ill-feeling and bitterness, which are carried into the various relations of life. Nothing of the kind, however,

existed in any circle that was influenced by the kind heart and genial manner of Archbishop Connolly. Protestants as well as Catholics were ever welcome to his home and hospitality. His aim apparently was to promote the most friendly feeling between the Catholics and Protestants of the city, and to his example and efforts, no doubt, is largely due the harmony that exists between the two bodies in Halifax. On this account his death is to be deplored as a loss, not to Roman Catholics only, but to the whole community of which he was such a worthy member.”

The *Citizen* says:—

“His kindly disposition, his friendly feelings towards men of opposite religious opinions, the fearlessness with which he exposed his person to contagion while visiting and comforting the sick, the thoughtfulness with which he attended to the wants of the needy, are monuments which speak louder in his praise than we can do. The liberal hospitalities which he dispensed will be cherished in the memories of a wide circle of friends, as an endearing memorial of his social virtues. The cathedral, the school houses, the academies and orphanages which he erected attest his energy as a public benefactor. It is rarely that the death of any man has touched a chord that vibrated so widely. It is rarely that men have lived so as to make their loss felt so deeply. The general sorrow felt at his death is the best eulogy that can be pronounced upon him. It is far more effective, and more to be desired than any monument which may be erected to him.”

The *Herald* sums up the character of the deceased Prelate as follows:—

“Intellectually Archbishop Connolly was robust but not versatile. His strongest talents were for theology and public affairs. He must have been indeed an omnivorous reader in his youth, for he was very familiar with the literature of England and France in the graver aspects, as well as with the Patristic learning and the Biblical criticism of all centuries.

“As an orator he was profuse and homely; powerful with mixed congregations; at times too familiar in his illustrations, at times too vehement in declamation, but always fluent, clear, and earnest. Personally he was a very various man. No man is perfect, and the late Archbishop was human. But the weaknesses that were obvious to intimates were not obvious to all. That he was a kind Prelate to his priests is known. That he was a favorite confessor is equally known. His hand was ever ready to do a kindness, and his impulsive nature sometimes on the other

hand led him into some severities. To those who were sick under his charge he was a physician, friend, consolers, and attendant. To delight an invalid with delicacies and nourishment, to smooth the pillow of a dying religious, to devote an evening to giving pleasure to those whose round of duty left room for few pleasures—these were acts which he performed with the pleasantest and most fatherly affection."

The same paper describes the closing scene in his life as follows:—

"His priests watched patiently by his bedside in sad resignation. The Sisters of Charity ministered to his last moments with their tender and patient care. His people by thousands gathered in houses, on the streets, about the Glebe House, and penetrated in great numbers to witness his last hour. He lay not in his usual room. He was placed in the great parlor for air, and the conveniences of nursing. And there, in that large chamber where for twenty years had been entertained all that was highest, best, brightest, and most accomplished in colonial society, from the Prince to the youngest members of his congregation, in the midst of the books that he loved, surrounded by his priests, and in the presence of many of his weeping people, this distinguished prelate passed away—dying just as the city clocks told the hour of midnight. The bell at St. Mary's was tolled for an hour, and the sad fact that the end had come was thus made known throughout the city."

Rev. Geo. M. Grant, of St. Matthews (Presbyterian) Church, thus refers to the Archbishop's death in a letter published in all the Halifax papers:—

THE MANSE, HALIFAX, July 28.

"A great man among us has fallen. We are as a rule blind to merit very near ourselves, and therefore the true worth of Archbishop Connolly w'll be better appreciated by us years after this. But his virtues and true greatness all classes and denominations in Halifax gratefully acknowledged while he lived, and now that he is dead I am sure all are anxious to pay every respect to his memory. How this can best be done it is for those in authority to consider. Whether a public funeral should be tendered or this matter be left in the hands of his own church and to the spontaneous expression of the citizens, I shall not undertake to say, but of course an opportunity will be afforded us to manifest our sense of the loss which as a community we have sustained.

"It is needless to add that I am not thinking now of Dr. Connolly as a church-

man, an Archbishop, nor even as a much esteemed friend. I write concerning him as our most prominent public man, and as a public benefactor. Theobald and Stephen Langton were great not chiefly as Archbishops of Canterbury, but as patriots and statesmen. No one thinks of Richelieu and Mazarin as Cardinals, but as each in his time—the brain of France. And many to-day think of the late Dr. Connolly not as the self-denying priest, or the Archbishop abundant in labors, but as the man who has long deserved well of this city and this Dominion of ours. He was a wise man—rich in saving, common sense. He was a man of peace—ever seeking to build bridges rather than dig ditches between men of different creeds. He was a great man, with an eye that discerned any spark of greatness in others, with a noble scorn of all that is base, and with resolute strivings after great things. He was a good man—beloved by the poor, by all whom he ever employed, and by all who really knew him.

"Believe me, yours, &c.,

"GEO. M. GRANT."

[From the *Morning Freeman*, St. John, N.B., August 3, 1876.]

Funeral of the Archbishop of Halifax.

The people of Halifax of all denominations and all classes showed in every possible way their sorrow for the sudden death of the Archbishop and their respect for his memory. The city wore a sad funeral aspect wherever you turned. All over the city, at all the public and private flagstaves, and on all the vessels in the harbor, flags hung at half-mast. The bell of St. Mary's tolled mournfully all day long, and late into the night, and people moved about now quietly and spoke in subdued tones as if the city's great loss was deeply felt by them all. St. Mary's Cathedral—Altar, Pulpit, Throne, and Columns—was heavily draped in black, and great numbers of people remained constantly in and around the Church. On Sunday afternoon the remains of the Archbishop, clad in Episcopal robes, and placed in a massive coffin covered with rich purple velvet and with silver mountings, was borne into the Church in solemn procession and placed in the Church. Prayers for the dead were chanted at the usual hour by the Bishops and priests in attendance, and the Church was crowded with people. Until a late hour the public were admitted to the Church. On Monday all business was suspended. The shops were all closed, and streets and wharves and workshops were

as silent as on Sunday. At an early hour a large number of people might be seen proceeding from all directions to the Cathedral, which was densely crowded, when the solemn office for the dead commenced at nine o'clock.

The Halifax *Chronicle* says:—

“Shortly after nine o'clock the Bishops and Priests entered the Sanctuary. The following is a list of those present:—Right Rev. Dr. McIntyre, Bishop of Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Right Rev. Dr. Cameron, Coadjutor Bishop of Arichat; Right Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Portland, Me.; the Very Rev. John Sears, V. A. Prefect Apostolic of St. George's Bay, Nfld.; Rev. Patrick Healy, S. J., President of Georgetown College, U. S.; Rev. Mr. Byrnes, Chancellor of Boston; Very Rev. Pius McDonald and Rev. Allan McDonald of Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Rev. Mr. Pelletier and Rev. Mr. Bannon of Chatham, N.B.; Rev. Ronald McDonald of Pictou; Very Rev. Dr. Hannan, V.G.; Rev. Messrs. Power, McIsaac, Daly, and Murphy, of St. Mary's Cathedral; Rev. P. Danahar, of St. Joseph's; Rev. James Daly, V.G., of Meteghan; Rev. Dr. Walsh of Church Point, Digby, N. S., and Rev. Mr. L'Abbe, of Holy Cross College, Memramcook, N.B.; Rev. Messrs. Michaud and Chapman of St. John, N.B.; Rev. Messrs. Carmody, Madden, Kennedy, Driscoll, Grace, McCarthy, Gay, Kearns, Holden, Brown, Butler, Underwood, O'Connor, Bresnan, Mihan, Madden, and Woods. These having taken up their positions, the office for the dead was commenced, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cameron presiding. The office having been gone through, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Sweeney entered the sanctuary, ascended the altar, and commenced the solemn high mass, Rev. Messrs. Power and Murphy acting as deacon and sub-deacon; the Rev. Mr. Mihan, master of ceremonies; Messrs. Ellis and Gaul, acolytes; Mr. Scott, thurifer. The mass sung by the choir, under the direction of Prof. Hagarty, was Schmidt's Requiem. At the elevation Prof. Curry, of St. Mary's College, sang with beautiful effect “Redemptor Mundi Deus,” by Mozart.”

THE SERMON.

The Bishop of Chatham, himself a pupil of the Archbishop, preached the funeral sermon. The Bishop dwelt with affectionate remembrance upon all the great and good qualities of one whom he knew so intimately and loved so well.

For some hours the rain fell heavily, and the streets were covered several inches deep with mud and water. Nevertheless several societies, wearing mourning em-

blems, and thousands of people of all ages, ranks, and conditions, assembled without the church and waited patiently for the conclusion of the religious ceremonies within. The state of the weather rendered a considerable change in the arrangements necessary, and detracted materially from the extent and appearance of the procession. It was deemed imprudent to allow all the children of the schools to walk as was intended. While the procession was formed the rain ceased, but it had preceded only a short distance when the rain again fell in torrents, and it continued to fall until long after the funeral was all over. It is difficult to form a correct estimate of the number in the procession. The *Chronicle* estimates that it was about seven thousand, but all the people of Halifax were at the funeral. The streets were crowded with vast numbers of people who walked with the procession in the most orderly, decorous manner, evidently desirous of taking part in the last tribute of respect to the illustrious dead. It was generally stated that the demonstration was the greatest Halifax had ever made, and that it would have been even greater if the day had been fine. The *Herald* describes the order of the procession as follows:—

- “Six Sergeants of Police,
- School Children (boys),
- St. Joseph's Societies, of St. Mary's, St. Patrick's,
- and St. Joseph's,
- St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, and St. Joseph's Juvenile
- Temperance Societies,
- Sisters of Charity (in carriages),
- Altar Boys,
- Acolytes,
- Visiting Clergy and Bishops (in carriages), including
- Bishop Haley of Portland, U.S.

THE HEARSE,

- Drawn by four horses,
- The pall-bearers were Sir Edward Kenny, Hon. James Cochran, Hon. M. Tobin, Thomas E. Kenney, Patrick Power, M.P., Michael Dwyer, Stephen Tobin, and Daniel Cronan, Esqrs.,
- The Chief Mourners, Rev. Thos. Daly, Rev. Dr. Walsh, Secretaries of the deceased,
- The Lieutenant-Governor and staff,
- The General and staff,
- The Officers of the U.S. Navy,
- Judges of the Supreme Court of the Dominion,
- Chief Justice and Judges of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia,
- Senators,
- Speaker and Members of the House of Commons,
- The Local Government,
- United States, Spanish, Belgian, and other Consuls,
- Clergy of all denominations,
- The Mayor and Corporation of Halifax,
- The Corporation of Dartmouth,
- Officers of the Army and Local Forces,
- Citizens—four deep,
- St. Mary's Catholic Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society,

St. Mary's Young Men's Temperance Society,
Charitable Irish Society,
Union Engine Company,
Officers and men of H. M. Army and Navy.

The Societies which brought up the rear lined the streets from the Cathedral, along Barrington, down Sackville, to Hollis Streets; and when the "citizens," of whom there were several hundreds, had taken their places in the line, the societies fell in, the troops—to the number of about five hundred, representing all the corps in garrison—bringing up the rear.

A few minutes after the procession started, the sky became overcast, the rain again descended, and continued to fall in drenching showers until after the Cemetery was reached. Most of the persons in the procession were, of course, provided with umbrellas, but the school boys, the boys of the Juvenile Temperance Societies, the clergymen who were on foot, the acolytes, and the altar boys could not be so provided, and the rain fell on them with effect, but it is earnestly hoped without serious results.

AT THE CEMETERY.

As the head of the funeral cortege reached the Cemetery gate, the priests chanted the service for the dead, and at the grave the funeral services were read by Bishop Rogers, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. Hannan, in presence of the other Bishops, Priests, and a very great crowd of people, who were not deterred by the horrible downpour of the rain from witnessing the closing scene of the interment.

IN THE CITY.

Not only the streets through which the cortege passed, but all the avenues leading to the cemetery, were crowded with spectators—crowded, too, with just such orderly and well behaved persons as one would expect to see in Halifax, who gave no trouble whatever to the police, but conducted themselves with the utmost propriety.

All places of business along the route of the funeral were closed; while on every hand in other parts of the city, the closed doors and darkened windows testified to the fact that there resided some faithful member of the revered prelate's church, or a Protestant who was anxious to thus pay respect for the illustrious dead. The cortege moved at half-mast from almost every house that bore a staff, while on the wharves, shipping in port, with scarcely a single exception, the colors were drooped.

The cortege occupied between forty-five and fifty minutes in passing a given point, and was at least a mile and a half in length. It comprised all creeds, conditions, and colors: "man and captain

walked together, peer and peasant, side by side." But for the weather, there is no doubt the attendance would have been still greater. There were hundreds for whom exposure to the rain meant serious illness, who would otherwise have attended; but the fact that in the face of one of the heaviest rain storms of the season so many did attend, is after all, perhaps, the best evidence of the respect entertained for the departed, whose body now lies by that of his immediate predecessor, to whom it is no disparagement to say that he could not have been more venerated, nor more deserving of veneration, than the one over whom the grave has just closed.

"Thither all earthly pomp and boast,
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost,
In one dark wave."

Month's Mind.

[From the Halifax Acadian Recorder, Sept. 6.]

"IN MEMORIAM. — This morning, the "month's mind" of the late Archbishop Connolly was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral. The services commenced at nine o'clock, the Right Reverend Dr. Rogers, Bishop of the Northern Diocese of New Brunswick, presiding. The office for the dead was chanted by all the priests present. Then followed the High Requiem Mass, which was celebrated by Bishop Rogers as celebrant, assisted by Rev. Canon John Carmody, P. P. of Windsor as Assistant Priest; Rev. Canon Patrick Power as deacon; Rev. Edward F. Murphy, as sub-deacon; and the Rev. W. J. Mihan, P.P., of Eelbrook, as Master of Ceremonies; Rev. Dr. Walsh, P.P., of St. Mary's, Clare, Digby, and Rev. P. W. Brown, P.P., of St. Bernard's, Digby, acted as chanters. The Gregorian Mass for the dead was sung by those present in the sanctuary. There were, in addition to those named above, the following:— Revs. Edmund Kennedy, P.P., of Herzing Cove; Michael Driscoll, Prospect; D. C. O'Connor of Liverpool; J. T. Brennan of Parrsboro; J. M. Gay of Minudie; Edw. McCarthy, Kentville; P. L. Madden, Chezzetcook; Charles Underwood, Eastern Harbor; J. Grace of St. Croix, Digby; James Daley and James Scott of Meteghan; Wm. McLeod, Pubnico; and Rich'd Kearns of Tusket Wedge, besides Very Rev. Dr. Hannan, Rev. Messrs. McIsaac, Daly, and Danahar, of this city; Rev. Mr. Moore, Garrison Chaplain; Rev. Mr. Woods, Dartmouth; and Rev. Mr. Butler, Bedford. — Immediately after the singing of the Gospel, Rev. Father Woods of Dartmouth, ascended the pulpit and delivered a practical sermon from the text

in the Gospel of St. John — "Beware, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." The reverend gentleman referred to the last sermon delivered by the late Archbishop in the Cathedral, when in view of the numerous sudden deaths that had occurred, he urged upon his people to keep their souls in a state of preparation for salvation. Father Woods divided his subject under three heads: first, the life and death of a good Christian, shewing that we owe certain duties to God, to our neighbors, and to ourselves; second, the life of a lukewarm or torpid Christian, shewing that a careless or indifferent acknowledgment of Christianity, unaccompanied by works of goodness and charity, is not sufficient to save the soul; third, he considered the life and death of an outrageous sinner. The preacher was really eloquent. He exhorted the people to lead good lives in order that they

might die happy deaths, and thereby merit a favorable judgment. In closing he urged upon all present to pray constantly for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop. Had they gone before, they knew that his late Grace would have prayed long and earnestly for them; and as he has gone before them, it behoves them in Christian charity to pray for him.

At the conclusion of the sermon the Requiem Mass was continued and finished. After the mass was concluded the absolution or "Liberia" was sung by the Bishop and clergy, who walked in procession around the catafalque representing the coffin of the deceased.

At the Offertory of the Mass Prof. Curric, of St. Mary's College, sang the baritone solo "Relemptor Mundi Deus," and after the elevation of the Host, he sang the "O Salutaris." J. P. Hagarty, Esq., presided at the organ.



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