

Death is an unavoidable visitor to every family. No matter what be the station in life, the rank in society, the importance, small or great of the role one plays ^{on the stage of} in the world, sooner or later provision must be made for the ^{impersonal} mysterious caller, death. Possibly in no walk of life are the visitations of death more noticeable than among the clergy. Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Pastors die and their places are eventually filled by equally able successors. The Chair of St. Peter at Rome, ^{Episcopal sees in the} Bishops, ~~in their~~ respective dioceses, ~~and~~ city and country parishes contribute their share to the glorious history of the Church by the achievements of the deceased ecclesiastics who exercised office as heads of their allotments in the Lords Vineyard.

In this august Cathedral of Halifax Archbishops, ^{Prelates} Bishops, priests,

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religious, laymen, and good friends of all demoninations ^{M M} assemble today to pay tribute to the memory of a great churchman whose body is awaiting transference to the city of the dead. Monsignor Charles E. McManus, whose name has been a household word in the archdiocese, is now numbered among the departed rectors of this venerable parish. The priest who endeared himself to thousands of children by his kind and loveable ways, is dead. The cleric who fashioned and trained scores of young levites, no longer will be able to give of the maturity of his experience and the wisdom of his counsels. The shepherd of the flock whose life has been spent in "going about doing good" has been summoned by Almighty God to give an account of his stewardship - Yes! Monsignor Charles E. McManus ~~no longer~~ ^{not} can be

ranked among the living, because He, like so many others whom we learned to love and admire, is dead !

It will be a long while before the present generation will forget the true priestliness of Monsignor McManus . For over forty years Monsignor McManus has been a conscientious ambassador of christ. Faithfully discharging the duties attached to his various parishes and ecclesiastical assignments Monsignor McManus spent himself in the service of His Divine Master, doing his veritable utmost for the greater glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls.

In his pastorates of Sheet Harbor, Londonderry, St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Monsignor McManus was an ideal shepherd of souls. Similar to Christ he could have said- " I am the good shepherd, I lay down my life for my sheep. I know mine and mine know me. "

From early morning until far in the night this good pastor worked for the interests of the flocks confided to his care. His parishioners became children of a far-flung family to whom he always remained a loyal and devoted spiritual father. No parochial concern was trivial or unimportant in his eyes - all were equally dear ^{to him} and deeply cherished.

In the field of Christian education the late Monsignor McManus has bequeathed a memory enshrined in benediction. Practically a score of priests of this Archdiocese have abundant reason to recognize in Monsignor McManus the instrument of their vocation. As President of St. Mary's College by his earnest, self-sacrificing and deeply religious spirit Father McManus became the idol of the boys ^s and the leader whom they sought to emulate.

Stern and rather forbidding in appearance, the college president possessed a heart of gold and a keen sense of humor. With the lads on the football or baseball campus, or again in the rink playing hockey or basket-ball, Father McManus became once more a boy with the boys, foremost in the thickest of the fray, taking and giving knocks with the best of the other athletes. No wonder the young men looked up to him with admiration and resolved to follow in his footsteps as priests at God's altar.

Possibly no period of Monsignor McManus's life will be more gratefully recalled than ^{the} that time spent at St. Joseph's Parish during the aftermath of the famous Halifax Explosion. It is not given to every pastor on this peaceful side of the Atlantic Ocean to live

through a devastating disaster where church, rectory, school, convent and society hall are completely destroyed. Not all shepherds of souls receive the distressing tidings that 400 of their parishoners have been instantly killed and several ^{other} hundred^s wounded and rendered homeless. I shall never forget the scene witnessed in St. Mary's Rectory towards midnight of the day of the explosion. After hours of almost super human effort occupied in ministering to the dying, wounded and homeless Father McManus sought hospitality from the late Monsignor Foley. Throwing himself in a chair before a fireside in the Cathedral Rectory Father McManus presented a picture of a Man of Sorrow's. Weary with the day's effort, sore at heart over the harrowing ordeal, conscious of the deaths that had occurred and the sufferings that had

^{resulted}
been imposed, grieved over the reports that his own mother was dying, his parish a shamble; his flock seeking shelter all over the city, and suburban districts, truly Father McManus had been called upon to shoulder an exceptionally heavy cross. Yet no word of complaining or rebellion issued from his lips. It was a case of a modern Job: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away and it hath pleased the Lord so is it done. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Indeed a closer study of this life reveals the shadow of the cross stretching from the days ~~owing to delicate health~~ when as a seminarian ^{owing to delicate health} he was obliged to interrupt his studies, ^{to} up ~~and until~~ and including, the two years before his death. It would seem that Christ in his love for this dear priest bade him come follow in the footsteps

that were stained with the crimson blood of Calvary.

Despite the weight of sorrow that of necessity accompanied the tragedy of the Explosion, the late Monsignor McManus ^{let} ~~was~~ himself ^{to} ~~take~~ the task of rehabilitation and reconstruction with an energy and an efficiency that soon attracted universal admiration. So well developed was his relief, and identification-system that it was regarded as a ^{master -} ~~model~~ piece of social organization. It was generally ^{conceded} ~~considered~~ that Monsignor McManus was admirably equipped to deal with the needs growing out of the Halifax disaster.

The faithful of St. Mary's Parish were witnesses to Monsignor McMansus's pastoral zeal and kindly interest. Despite his failing ~~Health~~ the late rector of this ^{noble} parish exhausted every endeavour

to provide for the good of souls. His earnest, solid instructions will long be affectionately remembered. In the pulpit, in the tribunal of penance, at the bedside of the ^{sick and} dying ~~and the sick~~, in the classrooms ^{with} of the children, Monsignor McMansu unintermittingly pleaded for ~~the~~ imitation of Christ in the sanctifying of the soul.

Running like a golden thread all through this exemplary sacerdotal life was a spirit of profound piety and close union with Almighty God. Revered by his people and deeply respected by citizens of all demoninations Monsignor McMansu was a ^{saintly} ~~purely~~ priest, a cultured gentleman and a loyal citizen.

In his relations with his ecclesiastical superiors Father McMansu was a model cleric. Subjected to tests of more than ordinary moment

Monsignor McMansu's obedience to his bishop was prompt, loyal, whole-hearted and enduring. Assigned to posts of primary importance he shouldered each fresh responsibility with a williness and a thoroughness that was truly edifying. The tribute that was accorded him at Kentville on the eve of the termination of his office as Vicar Capitular of the Archdiocese disclosed the affection and esteem with which he was regarded by his co-laborers in the Vineyard.

Self-sacrifice was the key-note of Monsignor McMansu's life. Devotion to duty was ever his paramount consideration. To this departed ecclesiastic no man was a priest for himself. The priest's task was to sanctify and save those precious souls for whom Christ died, regardless of the exhaustion exacted, ^{or} of the price to bodily rest and health.

As curate, pastor, college president or Diocesan Administrator Monsignor McManus gave the best that was in him to God.

The late rector of this Cathedral *relished* the enjoyment of travelling. Those annual vacation trips were for him a relaxation in the interests of wider experience and with the aim of returning with energy renewed and an unflagging determination to consecrate all to God. During his travels Monsignor McManus invariably took a keen interest in the activities of Holy Mother Church, rejoicing ⁱⁿ her triumphs and grieving ⁱⁿ her sorrows. In quest of the Eucharistic Grail he attended the Congresses at Dublin and ^{Buenos} ~~Bona~~ Aires and if circumstances had not prevented, he would have gone to Manilla.

Appreciative of the excellence of lives consecrated to Almighty God Monsignor McManus exercised the role of friend, counsellor

and patron to the religious orders of the diocese, coming to their assistance whenever his help was required and at all times giving them his fullest moral support.

Time forbids that we prolong ^{any} ~~our~~ this feeble portrait of a great ^{Sacerdotal} ~~priestly~~ life. Suffice to note, that Monsignor McManus now cold in death is passing on the torch to the present generation. From those lips pallid in the coffin seems to issue the cry. "Priests and people of the Archdiocese of Halifax I have given you an example, even as I have done, do you also." Similar to Monsignor McManus let us love Holy Mother Church ! Let us be proud of our Catholic faith ! Let us ^{live} ~~live~~ as worthy members of the true fold of Christ !

Oh, let us not forget our Catholic duty to this departed shepherd

of souls! Whilst we promise imitation of his sterling virtues let us remember that in the sight of Almighty God even the angels were not found to be without blemish. Let us pray ^{after Requiem, and Requies} for the repose of Monsignor Mansus' soul. Let each ~~one~~ of us offer, or have offered, a mass that God bring him to Life Everlasting. Let us be mindful of him at the Holy Sacrifice, ~~beging~~ and pleading that Eternal Rest be soon given him. In the ^{words} of the mass for the departed, Let us pray:

" O God, to whom it belongeth always to have mercy and to spare, we humbly pray to Thee for the soul of Thy servant Charles whom Thou hast called out of this world, that thou wouldst deliver him not into the hands of the enemy; nor forget him forever, but command the holy angels to welcome him and bring him to the home of heaven: that, because in Thee

he put his hope and trust, he may come to the possession of everlasting joy: Through our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God for ever and ever. "