

I need not attempt to prove this, my dear brothers, for you, most of you, know far better than I can, that what I say is true, and for this once therefore I heartily wish that it had been possible for some one else to be addressing you from this place to-day. I feel bound however just to set before you what I have been told, and it amounts to this, viz., that the influence of Mr. Wm. Rae in Lower Town was earnest and loving, and powerful for good, and I would affectionately urge upon you, if you know that this is true, now that he is removed, to do what in you lies to continue and render permanent his noble work.

And beyond this, there are just two or three points which I myself was permitted to observe, and which now I should like to name.

And, first of all, I should like to remind you that our dear friend was a true lover of sacred music. One of my sons said to me only yesterday, "It was quite remarkable to notice how Mr. Rae always stayed at the close of the Evening Service on Sundays here in the Cathedral, and turning round and looking up always listened to the closing Voluntary that was being played on the organ to its very end." Yes! his loving soul actually feasted upon the sacred theme, and there is no doubt that, whenever sacred music thus appeals to our innermost being, it is a mighty and blessed influence for good, and, on the other hand, to have no soul for the pure, sweet, sacred music of the Church is, to say the least of it, a very great and grievous loss.

And now, I must tell you how, last Monday afternoon, when I was conferring with the Board of Concurrence with regard to the appointment of a new Rector to Sherbrooke, I had occasion to say that I had received a telegram stating that a very strong letter (written on Saturday by Mr. William Rae) was lying in Quebec, in favor of the Clergyman, who was eventually elected. One of the members of the Board of Concurrence, whom you all know very well, Dr. Heneker, interposed and said, "You will be grieved to hear that Mr. Rae has been taken from us: he passed away yesterday, Sunday!" For a moment I hardly knew where I was, or how to go on; but the thought that our dear brother must have spent one of his last hours in trying to do a kindness for a friend, and at the same time to promote the welfare of an important Parish solaced me; for it was an instance

of his love towards man, an instance, among thousands, by which he shewed the truth and reality of his love towards God.

And now, lastly. I feel bound to say that from conversations which at different times I was privileged to hold with our departed friend, and from what I heard of his conduct on this and that public occasion, and indeed from his perfect urbanity and happy *bonhomie*, which were absolutely free from all artificial veneer, nay, from the very smile on his face and from the unsullied truth, which shone out of his eyes, there was plainly nothing of narrowness, nothing of that bitter obstinacy or wicked cursedness, which in fallen man means to have its own way, even although there may be no inward conviction with regard to the value and importance of the matter in hand or the question in dispute. But, on the contrary, there was always a broad and loving desire to do good to all around him, and withal a vigorous, firm and pushing determination to accomplish that good, and a perfect readiness for a great deal of personal self-sacrifice, in order to reach the desired end.

Of such a man as this, therefore, of whom, I fear, we must say, "it is hardly probable that we shall see his like amongst us here again," of such a man as this, who shewed his love towards God, by his practical, loving, generous actions and words with reference to his fellowmen, of such a man as this, while I join with you in sincere and tender sympathy for those who are now so sadly bereaved, of such a man as this I feel that I can say to you to-day, as I look forward to the Resurrection of the Just, exactly what our blessed Saviour said to Martha of old concerning Lazarus who was dead, viz., this "Thy brother, your brother, yea our dear brother now departed—he, at that grand and glorious day, shall rise again!"

At the close of the Address, the grand Pentecostal Hymn 210 "Holy, Heavenly Love," was sung with much earnestness, and then, after a concluding prayer and the Benediction by the Bishop, the Cathedral Organist gave one of his grand renderings of the "Dead March in Saul"—all standing and passing away with its last solemn strains. It was altogether a bright and happy Christian occasion, although naturally many are deeply grieved at their severe loss and all are full of the deepest sympathy for those who are so sadly bereaved.