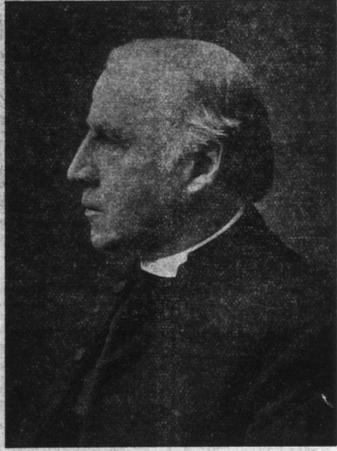


# "THE DAY OF MOURNING"

## For the Exalted One Who Did His Duty.

Memorial Services in the Church of England Cathedral, at Gower St. Methodist Church, St. Andrew's Church, Masonic Temple and British Hall.



HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP JONES.

### OFFICIAL MEMORIAL SERVICE IN THE N.F.L.D. CATHEDRAL.

The beautiful Cathedral of the Church of England, with its classic pillars and Gothic arches, took on a sombre aspect yesterday, draped as it was in black and purple for the official memorial service of His late Majesty King Edward VII. This service afforded to many in the city the opportunity of joining in corporate prayer and in a communion of soul with their brethren throughout the Empire as the mortal remains of the Peacemaker were committed to its resting place. The noble proportions of the structure, the festoons of purple and black, intercrossed in the arches above the pillars, the purple and black background of the altar, its lights, its chaste white flowers, the plaintive tones of the organ, the soft voices of the choir, the sad setting of the chants, anthems, hymns, the simple grave, homely and patriotic note of the Bishop's address, the solemn mein of the mourners, were all in unison and blended and harmonized with the feelings of grief which dominate the citizens of the Empire. Especially appropriate was the text which spanned the altar with the inspiring words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of Life." His Excellency the Governor, Sir Ralph Champney Williams, K.C.M.G., with his suite, Mr. T. Fitzherbert, P.S., Lieut. Gale, A.D.C., and Capt. Goodridge, A.D.C., were received by the Rector and his staff of Churchwardens. His Excellency was in official uniform, as was the Right Hon. Sir R. Bond, K.C.M.G., who wore the uniform of Privy Councillor. The organ played "Requiem Aeternam," Harwood, and Chopin's "Funeral March" as the choir, theological students and clergy and Bishop filed into their places in the stalls.

The clergyman in attendance were: Rt. Rev. Llewellyn Jones, Bishop of Newfoundland, who was attended by Rev. G. H. Bolt as Chaplain, carrying the Pastoral Staff; Canons Pilot, Temple (Topsall), Dunfield, Smith (Portugal Cove), and White; Revs. T. G. Netten (Pouch Cove), J. Hewitt (Fetty Harbor), G. H. Godden (St. Thomas), W. C. Booth (Bell Island), J. Bell and J. Brinton (Cathedral), I. Uphill (St. Mary's), C. H. Barton (Queen's College), G. Hewitt (Bay Roberts), E. L. Birchby (St. Thomas's), and J. Prescott (Random). Next followed the hymn "O God, our help in ages past." Rev. C. Barton, Vice-Principal of Queen's College, read the opening sentences of the Order for the Burial of the Dead: "I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord: he that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: who I

we beseech Thee, O Merciful Father; through Jesus Christ our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen." "The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen." Whilst the choir and congregation were singing "When the dark waves round us roll," His Lordship the Bishop attended by his Chaplain, bearing the Pastoral Staff, proceeded to the pulpit and delivered the following address:—

### ADDRESS OF THE LORD BISHOP.

On a day like this, when there is one topic in every household, one question on every lip, it is impossible to stand in this place, and take part in this service, and not endeavor to give some expression to that of which every heart is full. By a natural Christian instinct the whole nation is gathered into one focus. We all press, as it were, round one open grave, we all feel that with the mourning family who are there assembled, we are indeed one. God is at this moment holding up the uncertainties of life, and the great realities of death before every eye, and casting a funeral pall over the whole Empire. The shadow of mourning is resting not only on the British Isles, but on the remotest extremities of the earth where the English language is spoken, even among the children of that New England now parted from the English Crown, but hastening to communicate through their late Chief Ruler, as their representative at the grave, the assurance of their sympathy with that Crown. "The King who has just passed away from us, and whose body is being even now consigned to its last earth-

probably his characteristic. And how much we have owed to that calm and well-ordered mind which has presided over the destinies of this nation during the last nine years, we have yet perhaps painfully to know. Never was a King more deserving of the affection of his people. Surely we may say that since his accession he has been inspired by the blessed memory of those beautiful associations which surround the whole long reign of his beloved and honored mother. Surely it has been his unswerving devotion to duty, his constant labor to promote the peace of the world, and his zealous endeavor to aid in the alleviation of human suffering, which at so critical a period as the present has won irresistibly for his person that homage from all his subjects which some probably would have denied merely to the position of the Sovereign. Only put the case that during this first decade of the twentieth century a ruler obstinately addicted to his own will, standing very rigorously up on every point of his prerogative, had wielded the sceptre of England, instead of one wise enough to make all reasonable concessions to his people, and gracious enough to secure their affections—would the machine of the State have worked as well, or passed as smoothly over the ruts and rugged places which in these days of new ideas and popular commotions, all machines of State must encounter? Bless God, my brethren, for that greatest of all national gifts, a thoroughly wise and good ruler, to whom any man may be loyal from consideration of his personal attributes, no less than of his exalted station. It is not my intention, however, to occupy the short time at my disposal

is upon these lessons that I wish now for a few moments to fix your thoughts. I confine myself to those which apply to all of us alike. The first lesson of such an event is that it calls us out of ourselves. Nothing is so narrowing, contracting, and hardening, as always to be morning in the same groove, with no thought beyond what we immediately see and hear close around us. Any shock which breaks the even course, anything which makes us think of other joys and sorrows besides our own, which teaches us to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep—is of itself chastening, sanctifying, edifying. Secondly, it touches a chord which vibrates in the least responsive hearts. It appeals to our sense of the sanctity, the preciousness of family ties; it draws us round one family hearth. It makes us feel according to the trite saying, that Royal persons are of the same flesh and blood with us; but it also makes us feel—which is no less important—that we are of the same flesh and blood with them. Let us, as we think of the loyal mourners at the open grave to-day, thank God that he has implanted these instincts within us. Let no one be ashamed to own, let every one be eager to cherish, these pure and sacred feelings, which the whole nation has before now been proud to exhibit, and which are in fact the foundation of all true national and all true Christian life. Thirdly, it brings before us how amid all our dissensions and party strifes we are still Englishmen—Englishmen first and foremost—whatever we may be besides. This it is which gives to the Family that represents the whole people, so rare, so singular

course we can bear is the tenderest and the most intimate. Let us ask for our new King and Queen—let us ask not one gift but all. Not comfort alone, but every office of the Holy Ghost—wisdom for the station—peace for the mind—strength for the day—grace for the soul. And for ourselves, my brethren, the lesson of death is indeed the same, whether it comes from the palace or

Consul Fertugal; J. E. Ray, Esq., Trade Commissioner, Canada; C. McK. Harvey, Esq., Acting Consular Agent, Italy. Imperial Service Order. Thomas Long, Esq., Joseph O'Reilly, Esq., J.P. Honouables. H. J. B. Woods, W. J. S. Donnelly, Superintendents of Education, Civil



HIS EXCELLENCY SIR R. WILLIAMS, K.C.M.G.

the cottage. It speaks—and let it speak. And what does it say? "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." I believe there is in many minds a dark apprehension of the future. I believe that they see in this affliction the rising of a cloud which is to envelop our nation's happiness. I cannot so read the providence. But so long as the Divine Presence is so manifest amongst us, in a loyal and loving, and united people, I can only see sunshine in the grave—the dawn of a brighter and a better day.

After the Bishop finished his address the hymn "God of the living in Whose eyes" was sung, and the Bishop pronounced the Benediction. After this there was a pause for silent prayer. Next came forth the plaintive and solemn strains of the Dead March. The Bishop, clergy and choir retired in processional order, and after His Excellency had left the vast congregation wended their way out of the sacred structure whilst Organist Allen played Beethoven's "Funeral March."

Matins were said at 7.30 a.m., and at 8 a.m. the Bishop celebrated Holy Communion, assisted by Rev. Jas. Bell, Gospeller, and Canon White, Epistoler and server. In the prayer for the Church militant supplication was made for those who departed this life in Thy faith and fear, especially Edward, our late King and Governor.

### LIST OF INVITATIONS

#### MEMORIAL SERVICE—KING EDWARD VII.

His Excellency the Governor, Lady Williams, Miss Dean, M. T. C. Fitzherbert, P.S.; Lieut. Gale, A.D.C.; Capt. Goodridge (N.H.), A.D.C.; Right Hon. Sir Robert Bond, Privy Councillor; Hon. Sir W. H. Horwood, Chief Justice; Hon. Mr. Justice Johnson, Hon. Sir E. D. Shea, Hon. James S. Pitts, C.M.G.

#### Executive Council.

Hon. R. Watson, Hon. M. P. Cashin, Hon. S. D. Blandford, Hon. C. H. Emerson, K.C.; Hon. M. P. Gibbs, Hon. J. C. Crosbie, Members Legislative Council, Members House of Assembly.

#### Clergy.

Rev. W. T. Ditchon, President Methodist Conference; Rev. L. Curtis, D.D.; Rev. W. T. D. Dunn, Rev. M. Fenwick, Rev. C. Hackett, Rev. F. R. Matthews, B.A.; Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, D.D.; Rev. J. K. Curtis, B.A.; Rev. Jos. Thackeray, Rev. W. Kendall, Rev. Geo. Foreshaw, Lieut.-Col. Rees, S.A.; Staff-Capt. Cave, S.A.

#### Foreign Consuls.

M. Chorat, Vice-Consul, France; K. R. Prowse, Esq., Consul, Germany; J. S. Benedict, Esq., Consul U.S.A.; E. A. Hayward, Esq., Consul Belgium; W. H. Franklin, Esq., Consul Cuba; J. Morey, Esq., Consul Spain; J. Browning, Esq., Consul Denmark; Tasker Cook, Esq., Vice-Consul Norway; A. J. Goodridge, Esq., Vice-

Service, Deputy Heads, First Clerks and other officials; Council Board of Trade, City Council, Bank Managers, Press Representatives, Principals of Colleges.

#### Societies.

Masonic Society, Benevolent Irish Society, Mechanics' Society, Newfoundland British Society, Loyal Orange Association, T. A. & B. Society, Star of the Sea Association, Society of United Fishermen, Church of England Temperance Society, Oddfellows Society, Church of England Institute, Sons of England Society, St. Andrew's Society, Newfoundland Teachers' Association.

#### Brigades.

Lieut.-Col. Rendell and Commissioned Officers Church Lads' Brigade; Lieut.-Col. the Hon. D. J. Green, K.C., and Commissioned Officers Catholic Cadet Corps; Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Jax S. Pitts, C.M.G., and Commissioned Officers Methodist Guards Brigade; Major McNeil and Commissioned Officers Newfoundland Highlanders Constabulary.

Hon. R. Watson was the member of the Executive Council who had charge of the arrangements for the Official Memorial Service.

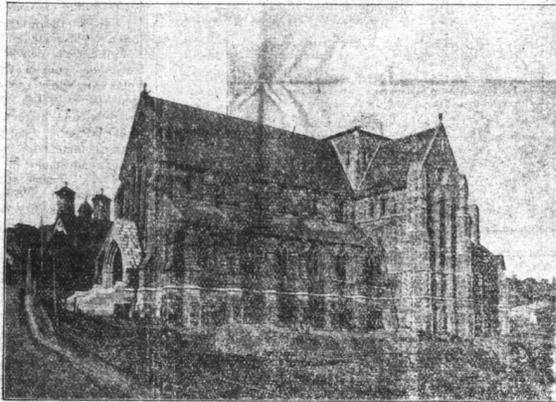
#### GOWER STREET CHURCH.

If an immense congregation and profound reverence be a mark of loyalty to our late King, then it was essentially expressed at Gower Street Methodist Church last night. The entire service was a becoming memorial for so great a monarch, and it was not only expressed, but it was felt by all present. It was a service not soon to be forgotten. It was truly British, deeply spiritual and personally helpful.

The pastor of the church, Rev. W. D. Dunn, conducted the service, and was supported by the city ministers, each of whom took some part in the ceremonies of the hour. The service opened by the rendering of the Dead March in Saul. This March is always impressive. To listen to it is to feel a desire to be better; but it seemed to appeal to us in an especial manner last night. True, it was the Dead March in Saul, and for over a half century we have been hearing it in memorial; but as we stood with bowed heads and remembered it was for the King—for our King—for the Peacemaker, and that he was gone—that day, this 20th day of May, 1910, he had been laid away among the dead, and over him—as over all the sons of men—had been pronounced the words "Dust to dust," we indulged in a moment's reverie as the last notes of the March died away.

The service then proceeded as arranged on the programme, and each part of it displayed preparation and discretion. The choir was a full one, and with the rich organ under the control of such a master as Mr. King both the music and song were quite in keeping with the solemnity of the hour. "Crossing the Bar" and "Now the laborer's task is o'er" were certainly most impressive; but we think that Miss Russell's rendition of Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair" was the climax of the evening. Every word of the solo was heard and every note listened to its fullest value.

The honour, as well as the responsibility of preparing and delivering the address was conferred upon the Rev. James Nurse, of Topsall; and both his preparation and his delivery of what he prepared were worthy the



C. OF E. CATHEDRAL.

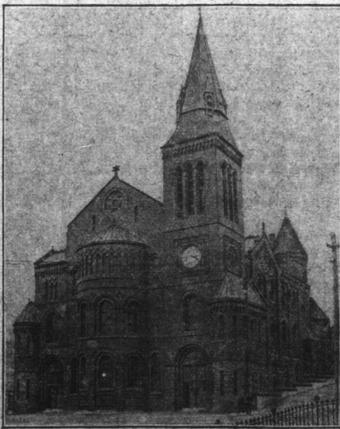
resting place, was endowed with gifts such as are given to very few of us. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that very few men in the history of the whole world ever occupied a loftier or a more difficult position, and that very few could have sustained it with more singular wisdom and grace.

Of all his moral qualities, judgment, and taste as part of judgment, were yond and above all sects and parties there is such a thing as an inextinguishable light.

In dwelling at any length upon the qualities which by universal consent made the career of our King so remarkable. Such a treatment is rendered almost unnecessary by the tributes which have been paid to his memory from every pulpit and by every section of the press. But there are lessons which we may carry away with us from the event which has left so deep an impression on palace and cottage, abroad and at home, wherever the tidings have reached. And it

is living, present shape the fact that beguiling feeling towards our common country, a sacred bond in the thought of one familiar name calls up all our patriotic emotions. There are nations, and there have been times, in which the devotion to the reigning family has been a thing separate and apart from the love of country. There have been times and places where the love of country, has existed with no loyal feeling to the reigning family. Let us thank God that with us it is not so. Loyalty with us is the personal, romantic side of Patriotism. Patriotism with us is the Christian, philosophic side of Loyalty. Long may the two flourish together, each supporting and sustaining the other.

And lastly, let us learn by this mournful event to go forth in more earnest prayer for those most nearly affected by it. Prayer for the King and the Royal Family is a prominent feature of all the public services of the Church. But perhaps with some of us the very familiarity of the words and the frequency of their utterances deprive them of much of their force and reality. Let us in this time of sorrow supplicate the more for the widowed Queen, "the Queen Mother," as we shall love to speak of her. For it to every one of us the death of our King comes not so much as a national loss, but rather to everyone as his own personal bereavement, what must it be to her? The very exaltation of her rank aggravates the trial. For sorrow seeks the shade. To be observed is itself a pain. To be alone with God is best. And the only in-



GOWER ST. METHODIST CHURCH.