

His word from East to slumbering West
 Went out for all creation;
 Our far-off islands woke and blest
 Thy Name with adoration,
 We kneel where our forefathers knelt,
 They trod Thy courts before us;
 Unseen, though near, our hearts have felt
 Their blessings wafted o'er us.

We thank Thee, Lord, for these our sires,
 Whose faith, in power out-welling,
 Through flood, through field, through martyr fires,
 Hath wrought by love compelling.
 Still breathe on us, great Lord of morn,
 That zeal of Saints and Sages;
 So tongues unheard and isles unborn
 Shall hymn Thy praise through ages.

We bless Thy Name for one and all,
 Who founded for Thy glory
 Each low-built shrine, each minster tall,
 To teach mankind Thy story,
 May we, their sons, our lamp display
 Of love and wisdom burning,
 Till twilight melt in golden day
 At our dear Lord's returning. Amen.

Dedication of Pulpit.

By the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Primate
 of Canada.

The pulpit bears statues of five great preachers, St. Paul, St. Peter, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Columba, representative of the early churches of the Gentiles and of the Circumcision, and of the Greek, Latin and British churches.

The pulpit, a very fine example of carved oak, was provided by the will of the late Mrs. Binney.

SERMON:

By the Right Reverend Frederick Courtney, D.D., Rector of St. James' Church, New York; formerly Bishop of Nova Scotia (1888 to 1904):

"Thus saith the Lord: The Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye build unto Me, and where is the place of My rest?"—Isaiah LXVI:1.

Sharp and clear from out of the dim distance of the long past centuries this challenge from the mouth of Jehovah himself falls upon our startled ears, apparently arraiging us for attempting the doing of the very thing which has called us together today. The ever-moving "tent of meeting" in the forefront of the Israelites as they journeyed from place to place, during the forty years of their wilder-