

brethren, the clergy of the diocese. The address had been beautifully illuminated by the Rev. Arthur Jarvis, rector of Napanee, Ont., Archdeacon Roe's son-in-law, and grand-nephew of the first Bishop of Quebec. It ran as follows:

THE ADDRESS

To the Right Reverend George, by Divine Permission
Missionary Bishop of Algoma.

REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,—Called by the voice of the Canadian Church, and singular manifestations of approval and confidence from every quarter, to be her missionary Bishop, you have to day been consecrated to that high dignity and grave responsibility. Your place for the future in the Church's warfare is to be among those chosen sons of hers whom the Lord makes princes in all lands, and whose work is to win for Him an ever-enlarging territory. And now that the hour of removing to your new home has come, we, your brother priests, are unwilling to suffer you to go forth from among us without some words of affectionate farewell. We desire to express to you our sense of the loss which your departure will be to the diocese, a loss felt more keenly by those of us who have been in constant familiar intercourse with you, and to whom you have been, to some for many years, our guide, philosopher, and friend. Our sorrow in parting with you is tempered by the assurance that the whole Church is a gainer through your advancement to a sphere in which the gifts intrusted to you—gifts of counsel and prudence, gifts of lucid teaching and loving pastoral care, gifts of wisdom in organization and eloquence in speech—will find larger and more influential scope. We recall with joy in this hour of separation how delightful our intercourse with you in the goodly fellowship of the Presbyterate has ever been, an intercourse extended over two and twenty years; and we place on record the fact that during those many years your brother priests have, one and all, felt for you an ever-deepening trust and affection. Your humility and gentleness, your brotherly sympathy and ever-ready help, your devotion and self-sacrifice in the Lord's work, spending and being spent, have formed an example of inestimable value, and will remain to us a cherished and fragrant memory. We will follow you in your future life with our love, our sympathy, and our prayers, and in those prayers we will not forget those dear ones who go out with you, and whom we also love in the Lord. And now we ask our Bishop to place upon your breast, over your heart, where He whom our gift recalls is ever enshrined, this Pectoral Cross—*Magni Amoris Pignus Parvum*—to be the outward sign and pledge to those to whom you are sent, that in your future bishopric of souls, as in the past, "you will seek to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," and will glory in nothing save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Grace be with thee, brother Amen.

At the close of the address the Rev. G.

H. Parker, with whom the presentation originated, who had undertaken all the labour and research connected with the manufacture of the testimonial, handed to the Bishop of Quebec a beautiful Pectoral Cross. Thus the Bishop hung round the Bishop of Algoma's neck with the appropriate words: "*In hoc signo vinces.*"

BISHOP THORNELOI'S REPLY.

My dear brethren in Christ Jesus dearer to me than words can tell—never dearer than now, as I take leave of you—how can I adequately express to you what I feel at this moment? How can I thank

your example from the unity of feeling and the loving, brotherly kindness which have long been a tradition among the clergy of Quebec. It will be no small comfort to me in my future work to recall your assurance that you will "ever follow me with your love, your sympathy, and your prayers." And should I ever grow despondent amid the hardships of my new sphere of labour, this silent preacher, this beautiful cross—will remind me not only of your love for me, but of a love that passes human comprehension, and will warn me that the way to success and happiness lies through trial and self-sacrifice, and that as a follower of the crucified Lord I must be ready to endure hardship. May God grant you all His choicest blessings and reward you for all your love and devotion. I shall prize your gift and your words beyond measure.

The Archdeacon then asked the newly ordained Bishop to give his brethren his first blessing, which he did very solemnly and touchingly, all the clergy kneeling before him. So ended one of the most solemn and beautiful functions ever witnessed in the fine old Cathedral of Quebec.

EVENING—SERMON BY DR. THORNELOI.

At 8 p.m. the cathedral was again filled for festival, even song, and sermon by the newly-consecrated Bishop. The whole service was bright and hearty, and made a grand offering of prayer and praise to Almighty God.

"Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given."—Eph. 3: 8.

The Festival of the Epiphany is rich in glorious and hopeful suggestions. It shows us the whole world bathed in the sunlight of God's love. It brings to every child of man, however steeped in sin or lost in the wilderness of this world, an offer of divine mercy—a Saviour and an eternal home! The Sun of Righteousness, which at Christmas rises with healing in His wings, at Epiphany is high in the heavens, spreading His bright beams far and wide over the horizon, and giving promise of full noontide of spiritual blessing, when the knowledge of the Lord shall flood the earth as the waters cover the sea. From age to age, in the fulfilment of this promise, the Church of Christ, divinely organized, the shrine of His Holy Spirit, designed and commissioned to show forth Christ's death before God and man, has pressed out into all lands obedient to her Master's command, and eager to fulfil His purpose that none should perish. And though at times, through human frailty and wilfulness, her



The Right Reverend Edward Sullivan, D.D., D.C.L.
The Preacher at the Consecration of his Successor.

you for your most loving—your too kind address; for this costly, beautiful, and significant gift; and, above all, for all that you have been to me during the years that are past? Indeed, I can do little more than lift up my heart to God in gratitude for the priceless blessing of your friendship, which has been such as is rarely enjoyed even by clergymen. I do thank God; and I thank you, my brethren. The beautiful words of the address you have presented to me, although I dare not accept them as an accurate description of myself or of my life, will be to me a reminder of what a true pastor ought to be. And whatever of truth there is in the words of praise you have used towards me I feel persuaded must have come in no small degree from