

down by a miserable pagan system, which shocks our best and holiest instincts? Why should Christians have at their funerals things that speak of darkness and despair; pagan emblems, feathers, trappings, sepulchral gloom and all the solemn and expensive mockery of woe which sometimes surrounds our funerals. Is it not because we have forgotten the catholic faith: "I believe in the communion of saints, the resurrection of the flesh, and the life of the world to come," and if death means rest, freedom from sin, progress, present with Jesus, we can say "we give Thee hearty thanks" for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this, our brother, out of the miseries of this sinful world. We can sing in the midst of tears psalms of thanksgiving to Him who has given victory over the grave and taken the soul of the departed to be with Him in Paradise the blessed, and so, on Wednesday last, while we sorrowed most of all because we should see the face of our dear brother no more, we sang hymns of victory, we joined together in the breaking of the bread, we mingled with our sorrows rejoicing, because we knew that if we followed Christ as our brother followed Him, we shall again see his face in Paradise, where there shall be no more sorrow or sin or pain, for the former things have passed away. In speaking of the blessed dead, we must be very careful not to exaggerate. Death generally covers a multitude of faults. It is better to say nothing publicly, for the very best life is marked with so much that is imperfect. In the present case, however, I feel I must take an exception to the rule, and bring before you a few things which appear to me to have made the example of Richmond Spencer worthy of our imitation. In the first place, through good report and evil report; in times of trial as well as in times of prosperity, from the time he made Brandon his home, seventeen years ago, he supported and worked for the Church of his Redeemer. When the time for service arrived, if Richmond Spencer was not in his place or at his post of duty as an official, we knew for certain that professional duties prevented. The words of the Psalmist he made his own, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house and the place where Thine honor dwelleth." To him the Lord's Day was a state of refuge from men and the world, and he was never happier than when worshipping or serving in these courts. All through life he perceived what a large number of good men do not perceive, that the most exalted and active piety is compatible with the strictest adherence to church order and discipline. While he cultivated a spirit of deep personal piety he would never yield one hair's breadth of church principle to the somewhat indifferent spirit of the age. Sustained by the heaven-born principle of genuine piety, he not only gave attention to the externals of religion, but to deep searching of heart and earnest striving after that purity of heart which can alone make us capable of enjoying the rest of Paradise and the felicities of heaven. He took God's Holy Word as his infallible guide, and the Book of Common Prayer as that guide embodied in a devotional form. Religion for him consisted in an inward, practical, heart-purifying principle, nurtured by the ordinances of the church, but distinct from them. In the face of much misunderstanding and opposition, he was always a true son of

Catholic and Apostolic Church of England in Canada. He abominated that weak unchristian practice of crying down those who held high views regarding the church, the Bible and sacraments, as some Papists, Jesuits in disguise, and brought many to respect the views he himself held, by exhibiting in his own life the meekness, unselfishness, manliness and holiness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. When necessity arose, he was ready to oppose, lead and command, yet never with a selfish purpose in view, and after the fight he went back to the quiet routine of his professional life. His love for the Canadian Church was very true and deep, and never once does he appear to have lost faith in her great mission to this country. He was proud of being a Canadian, but still prouder of being a member of a Canadian church, and this faith produced in him so much energy, which bore fruit in this parish, and made him so welcome an ally to the clergy, and indeed to any Christians who had good works in hand. To the clergy here he was allied in time of need, giving encouragement in times of despair, as well as comfort in time of worrying mental anxiety. He loved the country of his adoption; this city and the people who lived in it. He always had a good word for each. He would say for Manitoba in the most trying of weather:

"Yet still, e'en here Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm."

Of his medical profession I can also say something. It was the daily round, the common task to the end of his life. He might have been frequently before the public, and advertised his abilities, but Christian humility forbade. He might, if he had been exacting, have made a fortune, but publicity and money-making were never the objects he had in view. In the sick chamber his very face exhibited the eager, unselfish, loving, courageous heart within, and made his very presence in the time of sickness and trouble inspiring to the depressed and sad.

Dear brethren, let us thank God for every such holy life and strive to follow in their footsteps, the path of simple faith, deep repentance, noble self-denial, earnest work for Christ, love for the sick and the poor.

On Wednesday, devout men carried Richmond Spencer to his burial, and made great lamentation over him. No money could purchase that. No cold philosophy could create such affection as was exhibited on Wednesday last at the funeral of our dear brother now departed; nothing but

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