

REV. SAMUEL MASSEY, MONTREAL.

The Rev. Samuel Massey, late rector of the Church of Simon, St. Henri, Montreal, whose portrait we now give in connection with this brief sketch, is an Englishman, born and educated in the county of Chester. He brought his family to Montreal over 40 years ago, and is about the only clergyman now living there who was labouring then, except Rev. Canon Ellegood and His Lordship Bishop Bond. He is tall, with a good presence, and when preaching or reading commands attention, and never preaches to a listless audience. Though 78 years of age, his voice is still clear and strong, so that he can be heard in the largest churches without effort. He was one of the founders of the Verdun Hospital for the insane, and is now a Governor of that excellent institution. He was also one of the originators and founders of the Montreal Sailors' Institute, and greatly assisted in carrying it on for some years. To show their appreciation, the sailors in port presented him with an address and a purse containing \$150 in gold. He has also founded some six or eight prosperous Sunday-schools in the neglected parts of the city of Montreal, and has done some good work for the temperance cause. Mr. Massey is a hard worker; as a Christian philanthropist, he has won the esteem of the community. He is the author of quite a number of publications and tracts which have had a large circulation among various classes of society, all tending to elevate and comfort suffering humanity. He is well read in the theological controversies of the present day, and several of his publications have special reference to the changes that are doubtless taking place in the minds of thoughtful Christian men. For some years he has been the respected chaplain of the Sixth Fusiliers of Montreal, one of the leading volunteer city regiments, and has preached the annual sermon, generally in the Cathedral, on Church parade Sundays. He has four sons and three daughters. Lieut.-Col. Massey, of Montreal, is his youngest son. The two eldest sons are in very extensive business in New York, and the fourth is Mr. John Massey, assistant manager of Western Canada Loan & Savings Co., Toronto.

St. Simon's.—At a vestry meeting, held on November 12th, the Very Rev. Dean Carmichael in the chair, the following resolution was passed: "That the wardens, in behalf of the congregation of St. Simon's Church, tender to the Rev. S. Massey an expression of the high esteem and love which the members of the church and congregation have now, and have always had, for him; that they feel very grateful that he has been able to work with them and for them in the Lord for so long a time; that it is with deep sorrow and regret that they accept his resignation, and that they sincerely wish him many years of happy, peaceful retirement. Wm. Tweedie, Wm. Powell, wardens."

In taking leave of a large congregation, Mr. Massey preached a touching and impressive sermon, in which there were many reminiscences of a long and useful ministry extending over a period of more than forty years.

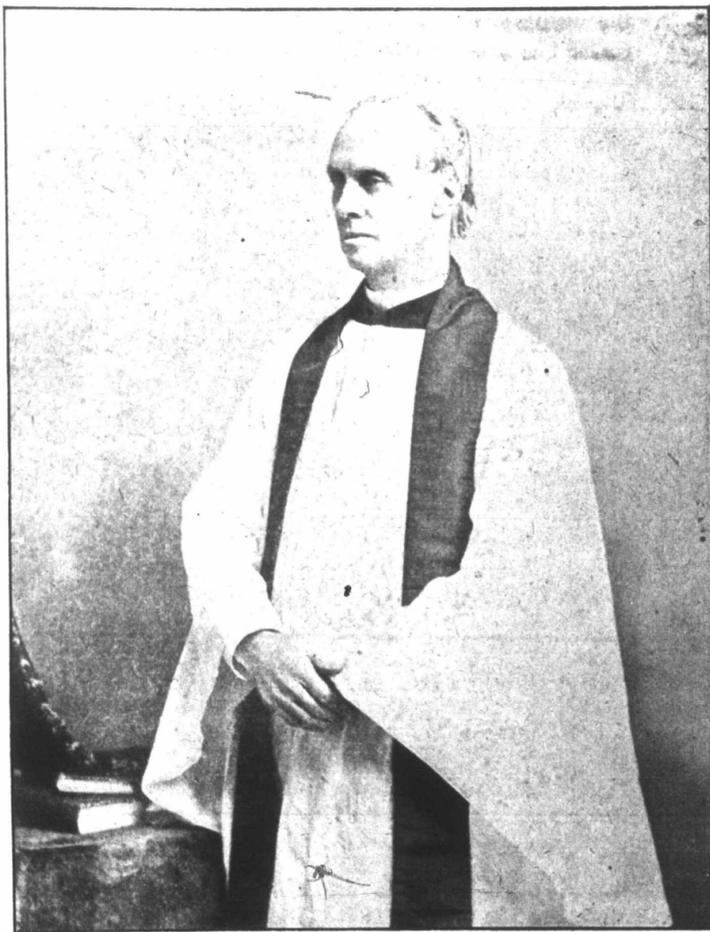
On Friday evening, Nov. 13th, a tea meeting was held in the church hall, when a purse of money and an address were presented to Mr.

Massey, in token of the appreciation of his services as rector. Mr. Massey, in reply, warmly thanked the congregation for their kindness and bade them farewell.

When my final farewell to the world I have said,
And gladly lie down to my rest,
When softly the watchers shall say, he is dead,
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast.
And when with my glorified vision at last
The walls of that city I see,
Will anyone then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?
Be waiting and watching for me?

THE LATE C. W. BUNTING.

The lamented chief of the *Mail and Empire* was a man whose worth and work cannot be summed up in an obituary notice. His proper memorial is the great newspaper of which he was for so many years the Managing Director. To the high place it occupies to day, among its contemporaries and in the respect of the Canadian people, it was lifted by Mr. Bunting. There is no



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situation in which a single character can steadily exercise more tremendous power for good or evil than in the work of directing a widely-read newspaper. Great as may be the influence of any given teacher, preacher, author or politician, it must as a rule be narrowly limited by place or time. It cannot be exerting itself every day, year after year, on a large part of the population of the whole country. The metropolitan daily can. It is a wholesale influence. It depends upon the character of its managing editor whether it is a wholesome one or not. It is often said that a successful newspaper cannot rise above the moral level of the people among whom it circulates. If that is so, the success of the *Mail and Empire* must be as flattering to the readers of that journal as it is satisfactory to the proprietors, for to its columns nothing was admitted that had any tendency to soil or poison young and innocent minds. It was natural for a man of Mr. Bunting's temperament to take as his models the highest type of

the British press, rather than the livelier, sensational newspapers of the United States. This has had a profound influence for good on Canadian journalism, which as a body is to-day a credit to the country. If a leading journal like the *Mail* had adopted the low tone, the irreverence, the cynicism, and the habits of making vice familiar that characterize the daily newspapers of the United States, it would have been imitated by scores of other Canadian journals, and the result of its evil example would have been directly and indirectly most unfortunate for this country. Having followed the opposite course, the result is in an equal degree fortunate. To everything that would help forward the public good or the public happiness, Mr. Bunting opened the columns of his paper as freely as he closed them strictly against what was common or unclean. Under him the paper was always to be found on the side of religion, righteousness, purity and humanity. Upon the temper, too, in which political questions are discussed, Mr. Bunting's precepts and example have been an influence for good. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the political articles that appeared in the party journals during the first ten or fifteen years of Confederation and those of to-day. In the articles of to-day, there is rarely a trace of personality, and an abusive or overbearing manner is practically unknown. To this softening of the asperities nobody contributed more than Mr. Bunting. Himself a strong man and a gentleman, he would not tolerate coarseness. In all other respects he was the exponent and exemplar of a high standard of journalism. Sound matter in correct manner was his formula. What he was as a journalist that also he was as a man. Whether or not a successful newspaper can be kept above the moral level of its readers, it certainly cannot rise above the moral level of the authors of its being. Mr. Bunting had noble qualities of heart and mind. He was admired, honoured and beloved by every member of his staff. Of his own great natural gifts and abounding goodness of nature he seemed to be unconscious. There could be no friendship more generous and less ostentatious than that with which he favoured those about him. His was indeed a most royal nature.

He had a heart of pity and an open hand for the downtrodden and the suffering. He had a remarkably sound, clear judgment, a memory stored with such facts as constitute the stock-in-trade of a first-class newspaper man, and had a rare intuition of the essential in newspaper matter. Few men could get at the gist of a matter so rapidly. His great knowledge, pleasant nature, keen sense of humour, and entire absence of egotism, along with a splendid voice and free flow of language, made him a most charming conversationalist. The books he claved by were the Bible and Shakespeare, the inspiring sources of so much that is enduring in modern English literature. He was a great reader of his Bible and a God-fearing man. He was a staunch Churchman all the days of his life, worshipping for many years in St. James' Cathedral. When that church was renovated several years ago, Mr. Bunting served on the committee which had the work in charge. He was a power in the land for good.