

a much better result would have been obtained. As it is, the church of the present day owes much to him. By him Synods, with lay and clerical representatives were established, and his influence was felt also in the establishment of the Provincial Synod which meets every three years in Montreal. He lived to see great improvements in all things around him, in the city of Toronto as it grew from "muddy little York" to one of the foremost cities in the country, in St. James' Church, from the wooden structure of pioneer days to the present grand building which now adorns the same site, in his own Diocese, which was subdivided into the Dioceses of Huron and Ontario,—he lived to see all this and much more in the general growth of the whole province, its improved roads, over which with wonderful patience he had ridden many weary hours in his well-known covered carriage, tossed about by a roughness known only to those who have experienced it, in the railways which he saw built in many directions,—he lived to see all this and much more, and then, in a good old age he yielded up his active life, and his "soul returned to the God who gave it." His remains are resting under the chancel of his own Cathedral. The good bishop was low in stature; his speech was marked by a decided Scotch accent, and many anecdotes are told of his life and dealings with men; his face wore that resolute expression which was but an index to his character. By some he was thought tyrannical; but if the turbulent days in which he lived sometimes called forth that firmness of purpose and resoluteness of action which might appear as such, there is overwhelming evidence that his heart was kind and loving, and the enormous crowds of sincere mourners that followed the good bishop to his grave, showed that the community at large were conscious that in the death of the first bishop of Toronto, a noble life had gone out in their midst.

Toronto, Province of Ontario, in 1886.



THOUGH private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love.
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most: for where most pray is heav'n.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: for thou art there,
Only by His permission. Then beware;
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking. Quit thy state.
All equal are within the church's gate.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise.
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time other's symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged His Temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches either are our heaven or hell.—*Geo. Herbert.*