

what it was that had served to lay him low. I could not think it was the burden and fatigues of his missionary labours that had done it, great indeed as these were. Nor could I believe that the strain and worry, and they, too, were great, of caring for the scattered churches of Algoma accounted for it. For men of less constitutional strength, as I would judge, have endured as much and lived. What was it?

I could not help thinking it must have been the *spiritual strain* caused by his ceaseless yearning, and only partially successful efforts, to make provision for all the widely scattered members of his flock whose needs cried out and appealed to him on every hand. He longed intensely to reach and minister to every soul for which he was in any degree responsible. He could not take the weight of his responsibility lightly. His being was on fire to spread the truth of God, and to plant the Church in every settlement—yes, even in the waste and solitary places of the remotest corners—of the diocese. Colder natures and less earnest might have been content to excuse themselves and say: "I cannot do impossibilities. With such scanty means at my command I must be very cautious. I must not run the risk of going too far and of reaching out into primitive and new-formed settlements only to find myself left without support. I must wait, and tell the people to wait, for much that we desire, till better days." He might have spared himself all the anxiety and worry incident to making provision for missions which could do little or nothing to help themselves. And had he done so the world would not have blamed him. Rather it would have called him prudent. It would have praised his caution had he thus saved self. And caution is a very necessary thing. But he was not of this spirit. Perhaps, like his Master, "he loved others" too well to think of saving self. At any rate, he pressed out, in a spirit of faith, to reach and minister wherever there was need. There, indeed, lies the secret of the wonderful growth of the Diocese of Algoma under Bishop Sullivan, so that in fourteen years of his episcopate its missionaries were doubled and its churches more than doubled in number. And there, it seems to me, lies the secret of the breaking of his vital force. He put himself in his work. He went forth in faith, believing that the Lord who had put the work before him would provide for that work. And so He did. But the great worker himself was borne down in the struggle. The strain of waiting and watching for help so often slow in coming, so often coming in scanty measure; the pain of not knowing whence the next quarter's stipends were to come for the missionaries; the effort to go on still, in faith, despite the inadequacy of the support afforded him to meet the obligations he had undertaken: his grief at what seemed to his eager heart the Church's coldness, which could let a work like his suffer and languish, while money for all selfish ends and every worldly object was so abundant; his disappointment at finding himself, at times, like an officer on the battle-field, who, in his enthusiasm, has outstripped his men and is left alone amidst his foes; the contrast between his own keen perception of the needs of the people to whom he felt it his sacred duty to minister, and the comparative indifference of the Church at large, as he turned to it to ask its aid—all this, it seems to me—this, rather than the mere strain of his legitimate work, was the secret of his breaking down.

And, if it be so, what shall we say? Was there not something, at least, akin to martyrdom in his death? And was it not the glory of the man that thus in faith, at the cost of his life, he went on to do his duty and save men's souls?

And is not our lesson plain? Let those in authority beware how, in their laudable desire to be prudent, they make it a leading aim to save themselves from all strain and worry—never going further than they can see their way before them, and failing to mingle faith with their caution in their efforts to save the souls of men for whom Christ died. It is not necessary that we should live; such is the lesson taught us. But it is necessary that we should obey the Lord's command and go forth, at His bidding, to "preach the Gospel," by precept and example, "to every crea-

ture" we can reach. Yea, "woe to us" if we "preach not the Gospel," if we count the cost and hang back, fearful, in dread of consequences, making no ventures of faith for the perishing souls of men!

This is the lesson for those in authority. And for those under authority there is a lesson quite as obvious. What answer shall we make in the Great Day, if in this life we spend all we have of time, and talent, and money, on ourselves, and let the cause of our most holy Redeemer languish and die for lack of our aid; if we gratify every whim and enjoy every pleasure, but leave the soldier of the Cross, who calls upon us for assistance, and has himself gone forward at God's bidding, unsupported; if, while we have made ourselves comfortable and fulfilled every requirement of fashion and of folly, we have not provided means for the Church to spend its leavening influence throughout the land? And this is a series of questions affecting not only God's people in older Canada, but also ourselves even here in Algoma! Indeed, it seems to me that the questions suggested press first and foremost, and with peculiar force, upon us. For, if we at home have not done our duty, how can we blame those who are far away? And the death of our great



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leader, who went forth with such splendid enthusiasm into the fray, and has fallen, calls upon us with thrilling emphasis to decide what share we have in the responsibility which weighed so heavily on him, and whether we have not, every one of us, much to answer for in our lack of liberality and lack of thought, and of devotion to God's cause.

Out of these thoughts comes yet one other. What can we do now? Are there any amends which those of us who feel that we have not done what we should may make?

Brethren, it were surely a fitting thing every way that we should have in this Diocese of Algoma some adequate memorial of Bishop Sullivan and his work. And what memorial could be more appropriate than a fund, associated with his name, for carrying on the work to which he devoted the best years of his life and which was so close and dear to his heart—the work for which, we might almost venture to say, he died. We have already felt the absolute need of making some provision in the way of a "Sustentation Fund" for struggling missions. We wish to raise at least \$50,000 as an endowment for carrying on the work in those places which for years and years, and possibly for all time, must be dependent upon outside aid. Soon the grants of the English societies will be withdrawn from us. Then what is to become of these missions unless we have some permanent endowment to aid them?

The S.P.C.K., with characteristic foresight and liberality, has offered us \$5,000 towards such a fund, provided we ourselves raise \$45,000 to meet it. It is a large sum—\$45,000! But we know well how the late Bishop viewed such tasks. In his spirit let us go forward. I appeal to you to-day to ponder the questions: "Have I done all I ought to have done to support the missions of the diocese?" "And ought I not now, both to begin more generous and systematic giving for the support of my own particular parish, and also, at personal cost to myself, to give something special towards the Endowment Fund for Missions as a memorial of the late revered Bishop?" We can hardly expect outsiders to do much towards this work unless we, who are chiefly concerned every way, first do what we can.

FROM THE SEE TOWN.

At a special meeting of the vestry of St. Luke's Pro-Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., the following resolution was adopted by a standing vote:—Resolved, That we, the members of the vestry of St. Luke's Pro-Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., do hereby express and place on record our deep sense of the loss sustained by the whole Canadian Church in the death of the Right Reverend Dr. Sullivan, rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, and formerly Bishop of Algoma. His great gifts, his devotion to his arduous duties while among us, and the personal graciousness ever manifested towards those with whom he came into contact, commanded not only our admiration but our love. And we desire to extend to the sorrowing members of his bereaved family the assurance of our sympathy and our prayers.

TORONTO.

On the same day the Bishop of Toronto, in his sermon at the memorial service at St. James' Cathedral, said: No Church was a true Church that was not a missionary Church, no minister a true minister of Christ if he had not the missionary spirit, no lay member of the Church was a Christian who was not a missionary at heart. The missionary spirit showed itself in an unmistakable way; in its intense yearning after the lost sheep, its labour to bring them back to the fold, its cheerfulness in facing hardship, toil, danger, and sickness in the Master's cause. The late Bishop Sullivan, judging by that test, was of the true missionary spirit. The preacher referred to the lesson of sublime renunciation deceased had taught the Church when he had left a life of comparative luxury to take his position as Bishop of Algoma. There was no need to dwell upon the toil, travel, and danger involved, and the great resolution with which he had fulfilled the part of the missionary bishop. He had raised Algoma from a disorganized district to the condition of an organized diocese. The hardships which he endured in accomplishing this, especially the great anxieties and responsibilities of the work, had stricken down his magnificent constitution, and laid the seeds of that disease which had felled him at last. One of the late Bishop's strongest characteristics was his sense of duty. When he had been asked to leave Algoma for an office in a much more settled field he had answered simply: "My duty to Algoma compels me to decline." That answer was characteristic of him; that high sense of duty was the secret of the unflagging assiduity with which he discharged his practical duties.

It is impossible to reproduce the utterances of preachers in their references to Bishop Sullivan. It may be noted, however, that in all parts of the country his death formed the theme of many sermons.

NOTES.

It was a source of regret that Dean Carmichael could not be present in Toronto at the burial of his old friend, Bishop Sullivan.

The congregation of St. Luke's Church, Toronto, adopted a resolution of sympathy on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 8th.

The City Council of Toronto adopted a resolution expressing its sense of loss and the desire to honour the memory of so great a prelate.

The Montreal Diocesan Synod, through the adoption of a resolution submitted by a special committee, recorded its sense of the loss sustained