
IN MEMORIAM.

"He is lying in his cassock and surplice, with a chalice in his hand—one that he has used for more than fifty years in his ministrations to the sick, and which he always desired to have buried with him. He looks so holy and calm, with a look on his face of such restfulness, and younger far than he has looked of late years. * * * * As it is, he has died in harness, as he always hoped that he would." And so passes away from us the "old Dean," gone, in a ripe but vigorous old age, from his toil to his rest and his reward.

Bred to the sea, when he exchanged his naval uniform for the surplice, he carried with him to his new work the cheeriness, the *push*, and the simplicity which so often attaches to sailors; and when years had silvered his hair and bent his form, there was yet a fresh boyishness and genialty in his manner that won its way to all hearts. His life was essentially one of work. Seventeen years of toil, when hardships and actual want were not unknown to his home, in the bleak missions of Newfoundland—several years in the more genial climate and quiet rusticity of Digby, in Nova Scotia,—and some twenty-five years in Halifax—each and all were marked by active work for the Master's cause. Those who knew Dean Bullock only in the pulpit of St. Luke's, know but little of his inner life and his real value. They only who have had the privilege of being associated with him in some church work, can fully appreciate his character. If there was work to be done, his great object was to get it done. He was never ambitious of doing it himself, if younger, and, as he thought, abler hands would undertake it. Still less did he covet the credit of doing it. But if others failed, he never