

The mantle of Elijah has fallen on the shoulders of their successors—younger men, energetic and full of Christian life, now, almost over all the Diocese, supply their places.

Nothing struck me more than this, at the last meeting of the Synod in February, 1909, when I scanned the members of the Synod, Clerical and Lay Delegates, I saw so few white haired men present.

My eye rested then on a host of young athletic Clergy and Laymen "all eager for the fray"—and to them now is left, under the ægis of their own energetic and beloved Bishop, to;

"Stand up—stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His Glorious Day.

In reading over many of the sketches in this volume, I doubt not but many a tear will be shed over the name and remembrance of some saintly old warrior who now "rests from his labors."

No Clergyman is now alive, so far as I know, who was present when Bishop Fulford arrived in Montreal, and only one now alive, who was at the opening of the first Synod of the Diocese in 1859, though a very few are still to the fore in the earlier years of the sixties—the author being one of them.

I must here record my most grateful thanks to all those who have taken such an interest in the work, but especially to the widows of our oldest Clergy, and who have so helped me in my labors, by sending me copious notes and clippings, relative to their husbands, and their work in the Diocese. It has enabled me to place before the present generation, facts and figures so astounding, as well as interesting, as will make them say: "How our