

religious objects \$100 per annum, it ought not to be hard for a person enjoying \$2,000—\$1,000 more than the other—to give say 20 per cent. instead of ten, \$400 instead of \$200. He would still have \$800 to spare more than the other.

EVENING SERVICE LEAFLETS form a stepping-stone to church attendance for dissenters, which should not be neglected. Many are deterred by shame at their own inability to find the places, as their neighbours in church are doing so easily. Then they are mystified by the frequent changes of posture, having no rubric to enlighten them as to the when and why. The Leaflet does all this, and should be more generally patronized where dissenters are inclined to attend.

WHY HE WAS NOT AFRAID.—The wife of an officer who had behaved with fearless valour on a terrible battle-field asked him when he returned how it was that he had not been afraid. He unsheathed his sword and pressed it near her heart. She smiled; and he asked her the question she had just asked him. "He who holds that sword loves me better than his own life," was her reply. "So with me," said her husband, "He who holds the winds in the hollow of His hands, loves me so!"

OBITUARIES.

VENERABLE DEAN GEDDES.

The Venerable Dean Geddes, whose name has been so closely identified with the Church history of Western Canada, and especially of Hamilton, was born in Kingston more than eighty years ago. After spending his early years at the Grammar School of his native town, he proceeded to the Chambly Theological Seminary in order to prepare for the ministry. He graduated subsequently at King's College, Toronto, and was ordained deacon in 1834, priest in 1835. His first charges were at St. George's, Kingston, and Three Rivers, Quebec; but he settled down almost immediately as rector of Hamilton nearly sixty years ago. In 1879, he resigned the active charge, which he had held over forty years, and proceeded to England, whence he returned quite recently and resumed his residence in Hamilton again. Always of a gentle and even temperament, he has borne his years well, and has been accustomed to officiate quite frequently within the familiar walls of Christ Church Cathedral,—indeed, up to the very day of the attack of pneumonia on October 27th. Not only will he be missed in the Diocese of Niagara, but in that of Toronto also, where—before the Niagara Diocese was set off—he had been for many years the Bishop's Examining Chaplain, and Clerical Secretary of the Synod. In Montreal, too, he will be remembered as Prolocutor of the Provincial Synod from 1874 to 1877. Never self-assertive, pushing, or obtrusive, he will be remembered chiefly for good solid work done in the most unostentatious manner—a rare type of the gentlemanly and conservative clergyman of the last generation, of which few examples survive to the present day. In the middle of the 19th century they formed one of the most striking and distinguishing features of the Church of England, preserving the traditions of the English Establishment with gentle firmness amid the pushing and bustling manners of a less conventional age and country. Himself connected by birth or marriage with the Sewells, Gambles and Grassetts, the Dean gained extensive connections, through the marriage of his children, with several other prominent Canadian families.

The funeral took place from Christ Church Cathedral, which was very largely attended, and

he was laid at rest in Burlington Cemetery. At 10 o'clock the body was borne from the dean's late residence, Catherine street, north, to Christ Church Cathedral, the following clergymen being in attendance:—Canon Curran, Canon Sutherland, Rural Dean Forneret, Revs. Messrs. E. P. Crawford, Thomas Geoghegan, Wm. Massey, C. E. Whitcombe, C. R. Clark, city; F. E. Howitt, Stoney Creek; C. Scudamore, Grimsby; E. A. Irving, Dundas, and W. R. Clark, Ancaster. At the Cathedral the cortege was received by Bishop Hamilton, Rev. E. M. Bland, vicar, and Canon Worrell, of Oakville, Canon Houston, of Niagara Falls, and Canon Bull, of Niagara Falls South, who were joined later by Canon Belt, of Burlington, Rural Dean Mackenzie, of Milton, Rev. R. Cordner, of Waterdown, and Rev. Joseph Fennell, of Georgetown. The members of the family present were:—Mrs. Geddes, Mrs. John Geddes, George W. A. Geddes, Gamble Geddes, George Brough, of Toronto, and family; Mrs. Hooper, Miss Hooper and Frank Gold, of Hamilton. The casket was covered with many beautiful and costly floral tributes sent by loving friends in Hamilton, and various places in Ontario. Bishop Hamilton, assisted by Rev. E. M. Bland, Canon Sutherland and Canon Worrell, conducted the communion service, after which the body lay in state until 3 o'clock. During that time many citizens, young and old, filed past and gazed for a moment upon the face of the venerable dean who had laboured so long and faithfully in the Master's cause. At 3 o'clock the Cathedral was filled with a sorrowful congregation to take part in the funeral service. Bishop Hamilton conducted the service, assisted by Canon Sutherland and Rev. E. M. Bland. The pall-bearers were:—Messrs. Alex. Bruce, Q.C., W. F. Burton, Adam Brown, Geo. H. Mills, E. Martin, Q.C., F. W. Gates, J. Eldon Bull and R. R. Morgan. At the grave, Canon Worrell read the committal and Rev. E. M. Bland conducted the remainder of the service.

REV. ALEX. MACNAB, D.D.

A year ago at the Convocation service in Trinity College, one of the most stalwart figures among the clergy was that of the Rector of Bowmanville, now no more among us. Indeed, it was a question whether he or his son (the Rector of St. Matthias', Omaha) was at that time the more admirable example of manly vigour—tall, straight, and active. The cause of his death was, in fact, something unconnected with age's decrepitude—a violent attack of pneumonia, succeeded by heart failure. The fatal attack, like that of the late Dr. Carry's, came on as an incident in the course of duty; he was conducting a funeral service for a parishioner at the time. He was the only son of Simon Fraser Macnab, for many years a Government official, and grandson of Dr. Jas. Macnab, regimental surgeon to the United Empire Loyalists.

Besides being Rector of Darlington for so many years, Dr. Macnab was an honorary Canon of St. Alban's Cathedral. In early life he held a leading position in the Methodist ministry, and was President of Victoria College, as well as Superintendent of Education. He was ordained in the Church of England in 1850, and has been at Bowmanville for nearly forty years. The wife of John Carter, Esq., of Toronto, is one of his children. He was in his eightieth year.

The last tributes of respect were paid to the late venerable rector of Darlington by a very large concourse of people. The body was removed to the chancel of the church the previous evening, and vigils were kept by several parishioners and

the deceased rector's son, Rev. A. W. Macnab, of Omaha, Neb. The casket bore the words, "Alexander Macnab, priest." The church was becomingly draped in black and a large variety of floral offerings bedecked the altar and steps. The congregation, Sabbath school, choir, Mr. D. Burke Simpson, the Misses Simpson and some Toronto friends contributed handsome floral emblems. At the hour of 9 a.m. the Holy Communion was celebrated, Rev. A. W. Macnab conducting the service. From that hour till 2 p.m. the aisles were thronged with people, young and old, anxious to get a last look at the faithful rector who had laboured among them for forty years. When the funeral service began the church was densely packed with citizens and friends from a distance. As the Venerable Archdeacon Allan, of Millbrook, entered the chancel, followed by several other clergymen, the choir sang a hymn. The Psalms were read by Rev. Rural Dean Creighton, B.D., of Cartwright, and Canon Cooper read the lesson, while Rev. Dr. Bethune read the concluding prayers. The choir sang very nicely the pathetic hymn, "When our heads are bowed with woe." The pall-bearers were Rev. Messrs. Allan, Creighton, Fidler and Talbot. As the cortege left the church a fierce hurricane of wind and snow passed over the town, but in spite of the storm a long procession of vehicles followed the hearse to the cemetery. The chief mourners were Mrs. Macnab, Mrs. Murney, Mrs. Carter and Rev. A. W. Macnab. At the grave it was noticed that the sides of the cavity were covered with white cloth, which took away much of the cold repellent appearance of the grave, and served also to emphasize the fact of the Christian's sleep in Jesus. The top of the shell was also covered with cedar boughs to prevent the dread sound of the falling sod striking a chill to the hearts of the mourners. Several gentlemen from Toronto, amongst whom we noticed Mr. W. R. Brock, Mr. C. H. Greene, Mr. W. H. Holland and others, were in attendance. Telegrams were received from all parts of the country, offering sympathy and condolence or regrets at unavoidable absence. As the funeral cortege passed down the street it was noticed that the stores were closed, and in many private houses the blinds were drawn down in token of respect to one who has been for forty years associated with the spiritual and educational welfare of Bowmanville.

A WANDERER'S NOTES.

No. 3.

We once knew an Inspector of Schools, long, long ago, as the world moves, who was careful to time his inspection on a day and at an hour when he was not looked for or particularly wanted. A random wanderer may not be provided with an invisible coat, or provided with seven-league boots, yet he is privileged to peep round corners which are to others extended walls, and to see deeper into diocesan mysteries than the accredited "*oculus Episcopi*." Official vision can never go farther than the length of the red tape string, but the wanderer views all the Church's work, because he loves it with all his mind, and would fain discover a cure for its weakness. What a power would the Canadian Church not be if he could have his will in remodelling it! But it is growing old, and an aged Indian will not be reformed. There was one most cheering fact that often repaid a month of anxious work, and inspired a hope in Church life that was sometimes burning down rather low in the socket. The Bishops do not realise the wealth of real honest affection that is felt for them