

our Bishop and granted him an extended leave of absence and a special grant of \$1,500 to enable him to seek renewed health and vigour in rest and in a warmer climate. But it was too late. He returned only to find that though he might begin well he was not equal to a sustained effort. In vain he hoped and his people hoped. After spending two more winters in the south of France he decided to resign his work for other hands to continue. This was in 1896. Before he had left the diocese, though his resignation had been accepted, Rev. Canon Dumoulin was elected to succeed Bishop Hamilton in the See of Niagara. This caused a vacancy in the rectorship of the Cathedral Church of St. James, Toronto, the most prominent of all the Anglican Churches in Ontario. He was urged to accept the vacant rectorship by the congregation, through the Bishop of Toronto, and he did so, thinking that he was well enough to perform the duties of a position that would make much smaller drafts on his physical powers. How well he sustained the traditions of St. James', which demanded a high standard of preaching power and excellence in other directions, the mourning citizens of the Queen City testify. During the past two years he had made for himself a reputation for all that belongs to good Christian citizenship, and added to the lustre that will long shine from a career of great abilities used without stint for the glory of God and the extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

About a year after our late Bishop had begun his work in this diocese he was asked by Huron Diocese to be the Bishop of Huron. He declined to leave Algoma, believing his duty was here.

Bishop Sullivan leaves a widow and two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Mr. Alan Sullivan, was absent in England at the time of his father's death.

THE BURIAL.

On the morning (at 9.30) of Monday, January 9th, a short service was held at Bishop Sullivan's late residence, after which his body was removed to the Cathedral where, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., a constant stream of men and women viewed the remains as they lay, in episcopal robes, in an uncovered casket in the chancel of the church. During this time a solemn watch was maintained by the clergy of the Cathedral and a number of other Toronto clergy. The plate on the coffin bore the inscription:

Right Reverend Edward Sullivan, D.D.  
Trinity Coll., Dublin.  
Rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto,  
and Formerly Bishop of Algoma,  
Born 18th August, 1832;  
Died 6th January, 1899.

At 3 o'clock began the service for the Burial of the Dead. A large congregation of people were present, consisting for the most part of men. The procession consisted of the choir, the clergy, about sixty in number, and the Bishop of Toronto, the pall-bearers and the mourners. The bearers were: The Bishop of Huron, the Bishop of Niagara, the Bishop of Algoma, Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, Messrs. A. S. Irving, R. N. Gooch, Hon. G. W. Allan (Chancellor of Trinity University), Messrs. N. W. Hoyles (chairman of Wycliffe College Council), W. T. Boyd and Rev. A. H. Baldwin.

The opening sentences were recited by Rev. R. Ashcroft. Then followed Charlotte Elliott's beautiful hymn. "My God, My Father, While I Stray," a favorite hymn of the deceased bishop's, sweetly sung with subdued organ accompaniment, and many were the tear-bedewed faces as the plaintive verse was reached:

What, though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;

Submissive would I still reply,  
Thy will be done.

After the 90th Psalm had been sung Rev. G. C. Wallis read the lesson, and the congregation joined the choir in singing the well known hymn.

Now the labourer's task is over

The Bishop of Toronto, with voice well nigh choked with emotion, read the prayers. Then from the choir came the consoling words of the *Nun Dimittis*. At its conclusion the procession reformed and proceeded from the Church to St. James' cemetery, where the words of committal were said by the Bishop of Toronto.

Among those present were representatives of the Lieut. Governor of Ontario, the Mayor of the city and nearly all the Board of Aldermen, a number of clergy from points more or less distant from Toronto, among whom was Rev. A. J. Cobb, of Powassan, Diocese of Algoma, representatives of the W.A., and other Christian bodies than the Church of England, repre-

of Rev. R. Renison, who for four years had ministered to that congregation and parish, the Bishop continued:

But thoughts more serious and solemn even than these are stirred within us to-day. One who has moved among us on a higher plane than that of rector of this parish; one who, under God, guided the destinies of the diocese for fourteen years, endearing himself to all by his suavity and tenderness and winning the admiration of all by his splendid gifts; one through whom God spoke with more than ordinary power, not merely by reason of his universal eloquence, but because of his high and responsible position

for the higher the office the more powerful for good or ill the influence, and the weightier the responsibility of him who fills it; one whom God called and equipped and sent to us, to teach us glorious lessons, to guide into paths of noblest action, to fit us for a destiny higher infinitely than any earth can give; has not merely been summoned to another sphere of earthly labor—

that he was two years ago, when I, in humble trust, was called to relieve him of his responsibilities here—but has been summoned to a still higher plane of existence. He has passed from scenes of earthly trial to the rest and peace of Paradise. After a brief but acute attack of the malady which had allowed him for years—a malady no doubt brought on by his devotion to his duty while in office among you—with his family around him and sacred words upon his lips, his latest utterances being "Jesus," "Holy Spirit"—Bishop Sullivan passed to his rest on the bright and holy Festival of Epiphany, that day of glorious promise to all the world, and on Monday last, clad in his robes of office—his Algoma robes, I was told—stately even in death, a peaceful calm illumining his strong, manly features, he lay in the chancel of his own great church, while thousands who had listened with delight to that now silent tongue came to pay to him the tribute of a last farewell. He lay there, watched by loving friends and surrounded by beautiful and fragrant flowers, which told of rich, undying affection, till, at 3 o'clock, the hour appointed, a mighty multitude assembled for the final scene, and he was borne with honour to his tomb.

What are the thoughts that crowd upon us as we think of the death of Bishop Sullivan? Solemn thoughts there must be of the frailty of the most perfect human vigour and the transient character of the noblest earthly gifts; of the absolute dependence of the lives of every one of us upon the will of Him Who gave them, and of the folly of wasting

in merely earthly aims that brief career, whose chief characteristic, after all, is its uncertainty. Yes, and thoughts of deepest sympathy with, and holy aspiration for God's blessing upon those who are so sorely bereaved the members of Bishop Sullivan's family. And must we not add thoughts of trust in Him Whose Name was on the Bishop's dying lips—that one and only source of comfort and salvation—"Jesus Christ."

But surely for us there must be other and special lessons to-day. For he who is gone was closely connected with us, and in living and dying we may well believe had much that he was sent from God specially to teach us. Surely there are in the breaking of that vigorous frame, and the silencing, we might almost venture to say prematurely, of that eloquent tongue, lessons for those who are in authority, and lessons for those who are under it.

As I stood looking down at that fine but wasted form, I could not refrain from pondering



The Late Right Rev. E. Sullivan, D.D., Second Bishop of Algoma, 1882-1896

sentatives of national and benevolent societies, city officials and many prominent citizens.

MANY TRIBUTES—ALGOMA.

It goes without saying that in every mission in Algoma mingled words of grief and hope and faith were spoken from the pulpits in every mission, and the prayers of the Church asked on behalf of those bereaved. Algoma had the best years of the dead prelate's life. And as a Missionary Bishop of Algoma will the name of Bishop Sullivan (our friend and co-worker, as he liked to call himself) be handed down to posterity. For this reason we give the first place among the many tributes to his worth from the lips of many eminent Churchmen and others to those uttered by his successor in the episcopate of Algoma (Dr. Thorneloe.)

Preaching in St. Luke's pro-Cathedral at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, on Sunday, Jan. 15th, from St. John i. 6—"Sent from God," after referring to the recent departure from the Sault