

spend the same amount of time in devotion as if it were his usual early hour.

But it was not only the devotional side of the religious life which was illuminated by his modest example. To the practical work of the Church he devoted all the time and strength he could spare. Both in Montreal and Lennoxville he did good service as a lay reader, the former especially deserving mention as involving probably more self-sacrifice after his six days of hard and exhausting work, then taking part in the Mission Service in the neighbourhood of Lennoxville.

His last public religious act was to walk to the Parish Church, a Sunday or two before his last illness, after the morning Service was over, for Holy Communion.

His end was what the close of so brave and patient a life ought to have been,—courage and the exertion of all his vital powers in the struggle for life, with calm and simple yet entire resignation to the Higher Will.

The Reverend Principal of the College he loved so well was the right one to write his *In Memoriam*. He was a true, a typical Lennoxvillian,—and Lennoxville may well be proud of him,—a refined gentleman, a good scholar, a hardworker, a sound Churchman, a humble Christian, an affectionate brother, with a warm and kindly heart. Without doubt *Requiescit in pace Christi*.

H. R.

St. George's Parsonage,
Windsor Mills,
P. Q.

22nd April, 1897.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT LENNOXVILLE.

In S. George's Church, Lennoxville, at half past four on Wednesday afternoon, March 31st, there was held a touching Service, coincident with the funeral of the late Armine D. Nicolls, M.A., Bursar of the University of Bishop's College. The organist and choir were in their places and there was a large attendance from amongst the inhabitants of Lennoxville. W. A. Hale, Esq., son of the late Chancellor Hale, with others from Sherbrooke, and the Rev. Ernest A. W. King, M.A., from Waterville were also present. The Service began with the singing of Hymn 140, A. & M. "Jesus lives! No longer now can thy terrors, Death, appal us." Then Psalm XXXIX from the "Burial Service" was

chanted and was followed by the usual Lesson from I Cor xv, read by the Rev. Prof. Parrock, M.A. The second Hymn was No. 222 upon that consoling text "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" and beginning "Ten thousand times ten thousand in sparkling raiment bright." Rev. Prof. Wilkinson, M.A., continued the Burial Service, omitting the Prayer of "committal," and the Rev. Prof. Scarth, M.A., Rector of the parish and Rural Dean said the usual prayers. After Hymn 231. "For ever with the Lord," Mr. Scarth, from his large warm heart, and in tones trembling with emotion, made a few apt and touching remarks, saying amongst other things "You are all aware, my dear brethren, of the object of this special Service. Its purpose is to commemorate one, whose funeral is taking place in Quebec to-day about this time. Mr. Nicolls has been going in and out among us for years. He has been known to all of us more or less, to many of us intimately, to some of us *very* intimately, and to myself through all his life of forty-two years from its very childhood—a life singularly free from stain and marked by loving respect and honor from all in that wide circle wherein he was so well known. I am sure you all feel and appreciate the appropriateness of substituting—as we have—our accustomed Lenten Wednesday afternoon Service by this special "Memorial Service," and by a "meditation," which I will ask you to make with me upon the fourth verse of the twenty-third Psalm in those familiar words: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me." Close and reverent attention was devoted to this markedly fitting, instructive and comforting religious exercise, after which a most suitable and interesting, but very solemn Service was concluded by brief prayers and a Benediction.

JOHN JACKMAN FOOTE

The City of Quebec in general, and the Cathedral Congregation in particular, have sustained a heavy loss in the decease of Mr. J. J. Foote, the well known Proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

A man of pure life and of a high sense of honour and honesty, he deserved the respect, which was universally accorded to him.

He was a warm friend of the Cathedral, a member of the Select Vestry, a constant attendant at the Services and a regular Communicant.

His heart was in his home. A more affectionate father cannot be imagined, and his affection was amply returned. Hence his death creates a gap in the family circle, which nothing on earth can fill. The life of a journalist is an anxious one, and beset at times with insidious temptations. Hence, it is much to Mr. Foote's credit, that the keenest critic cannot impugn his integrity.