

## CHURCH NOTES.

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 MAY, 1898.  
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Holy week and Easter have come and gone since our last number appeared. We were much encouraged by the attendance at the special services, and can only hope that the spiritual life of our people has been uplifted and deepened by the solemnities of the season. No thoughtful person could pass unmoved through the remembrances of the awful day of Calvary; and no Christian man or woman could gaze without emotions of joy into the empty sepulchre. The large number of communicants on Easter Day, more than for some time past, gave evidence of the deep impression made by the Lenten teaching. All praise be to God who giveth the increase.

On Good Friday were laid to rest awaiting the Resurrection morn, the mortal remains of Mrs. Frances B. Symonds; for many years a resident of the Ridges, about three miles below Fredericton, and who was, with her husband, the late Lt.-Col. Edward Symonds, and the members of their household, a regular attendant at the Cathedral. While living here, the whole family took the deepest interest in all the work of the church, and especially in the Sunday school at the mills, in which they took an active part. The body was brought from St. John by the

morning train, and the funeral services were conducted by the Cathedral clergy, the Rev. Canon deVeber, a life long friend of the deceased, committing it to the earth. A large gathering of mourning relatives and friends testified to the esteem in which Mrs. Mrs. Symonds was held.

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On Friday, April 1st, the funeral took place of Mr. Edwin S. Waycott, of Marysville, an old friend and pupil of the Dean, who officiated. The death of Mr. Waycott recalls a touching instance of devoted self sacrifice. Thirty years ago, at Monte Video, Captain Richard Waycott, whose ship was lying in the harbour, started in a small boat with his son Edwin, then a young boy, for the shore. By some mischance the boat capsized, turning bottom upwards. The father, seeing the boat would not sustain the weight of both, fastened his son to it as well as he could, and saying good bye to him, struck out to swim to land, which however he did not reach. The lad was rescued but the father was drowned. It fell to the lot of the Dean, then just ordained, to break the sad news to the widow and family. It was a strange coincidence that after so many years he should be called upon to perform the last sad rites for one who had had his life given back to him by so signal a providence. The mother still lives, and the