

## OBITUARY.

A GREAT loss has fallen upon the Rural deanery of St. Andrews and particularly upon the parish of Aylmer, Montreal. On Tuesday the 12th Dec. the Rev. George Canning Robinson, incumbent of Aylmer, and Rural Dean, entered into his rest after a sickness of four days. Up to Friday the 8th he had been active in his work; suddenly the Master's call came to put aside earthly labor.

His ministry was not a long one, but it was full of good deeds. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Fulford in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, the 20th of Dec., 1863, and priest the 25th Sept., 1864. He served for a short time as curate to the Rev. Mr. (now Archdeacon) Lindsay, of Waterloo, Que. In July, 1864, he was appointed to the parish of Clarendon on the Upper Ottawa. In this place for almost twelve years he gave himself with untiring zeal to his Master's cause. On the 29th of Nov., 1872, he was appointed by Bishop Oxenden, Rural Dean of St. Andrew's, an office which he filled with efficiency up to the time of his death. At the end of May, 1876, he was removed to the then vacant parish of Aylmer.

During his incumbency of Clarendon he was instrumental in getting a very fine stone church under construction, which was opened for Divine service on the 25th of Jan., 1878, he himself preaching at one of the services of that day.

At the time of his death he was very carefully watching over the remodelling of Christ Church, Aylmer, after plans by Mr. Thomas, of Montreal, and it is evidence of the beauty of his character and the extent of his personal influence that the workmen in the church, though most of them strangers, profoundly felt his death, and worked nearly the whole night of the 13th to have the church in a state of readiness for the funeral. It was most touching to see them all come at nine o'clock, the morning before the burial, to look for a last time upon his face.

In his parish his loss is felt very deeply by all, without distinction of class or creed. At his funeral the tears of strong men testified their feelings, and little children cried as he was carried into church. The service was bright and hopeful, befitting the obsequies of one who ever loved brightness in the services of the Church, and who, during life, dwelt much in thought upon the communion of saints and the resurrection of the body. He was universally respected. The kindly gleam of the eye, the manner begotten of interest and sympathy, the indescribable influence of a good and pure life made all with whom he came in contact at home with him, and kindled in those who knew him a love which will remain.

To his family he has bequeathed a legacy beyond all price—an inheritance of bright recollections of a noble heart, and a loving, devout and holy life, full of kindness to the poor, sympathy with the troubled, desire for God's glory, and effort for the upbuilding of His Church.

The friends of the Rev. A. C. Avant, Rector of Bobcaygeon, were much distressed to hear on Christmas Eve, that he was at the point of death, and prayers were offered for him in several churches. On Christmas morn his spirit passed away from the rejoicing Church in the midst of its festival season, to the higher joys of heavenly rest. Mr. Avant, after a brave struggle with difficulties enough to daunt a man of less determined resolution, succeeded in passing through Trinity College, and was ordained deacon some five years ago. While in Toronto he acted as

superintendent of St. Luke's Sunday school, and gave valuable help in a self-sacrificing spirit to the Church in that parish, deeming any labour honourable done for Christ. He was much respected in Toronto, and on removal much missed. His zeal and energy at Bobcaygeon were unbounded, and his parish and missions were just beginning to blossom with the promise of good fruit when the Master called him hence. On the day of the funeral all the stores were closed, and a very large number followed his remains to the grave, among them being the leading residents of the district, members of various Churches, with his sorrowing associates and helpers, who were joined by a number of the clergy. Mr. Avant had been ailing some weeks, and fell a victim to a fever superinduced by over exertion in parochial work while too sick for duty. "The good shepherd giveth his life for the flock."

The following beautiful lines, by Hon. Mrs. Norton, express a sentiment (making allowance for the difference of surroundings) closely appropriate to the death of the lamented Rev. H. C. Avant:

## THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

O, far in the East his tomb shall be made,  
Where palm trees are throwing their soft southern shade,  
And the ocean that leaps round his own native land,  
Sends its long surging waves to the warm India's strand;  
Yet mourn not, though strangers have closed the calm eyes,  
Whose last dying glances were turned to the skies;  
Nor grieve that he perished so far from his own  
No deathbed where God is can ever be lone!  
Obscure be his rest, and forgotten his name,  
Not for earth were his deeds: not for earth be his fame:  
The angels, who witnessed his long task of love,  
Have written that name in the records above!  
And the prayers which he taught in the days long gone by,  
To the slave or the savage shall reach the Most High,  
Ascend to the bright world of glory and truth,  
And plead for God's servant who died in his youth!

## BOOK NOTICE.

PROVOST WHITAKER'S SERMONS.—LONDON, EDG.: Rivingtons. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price \$1.75.

We have just received a very neatly bound octavo volume, containing twenty-five of Provost Whitaker's sermons, selected by himself or suggested by those Graduates of Trinity College at whose entreaty this modest volume has been published. We are persuaded that every intelligent man who reads these sermons will feel that, while it is the natural outcome of the late Provost's excessive modesty, that even this brief production had almost to be extorted from him, it will yet be a most unnatural appreciation of the great character which that modesty hid from public view, if the Canadian Church does not make known its appreciation of this, by its demand for many volumes like it, to be culled from the treasures which the Provost's life work produced. Every sermon in this volume may justly be pronounced remarkable; not because of any startling effect or unfolding of new truths, but because of the flood of light it throws upon the hidden meaning and practical bearing of texts and truths with which we are perfectly familiar. The Provost was a perfect model of exegetical preaching. His sermons grew wholly out of his texts, and those texts were, for the most part remarkable for their brevity. He seldom, or never, preached what is called a subject sermon, a sermon, i.e., with a text stuck to as a sort of motto. He found ample scope for declaring the whole counsel of God in the exposition of the words of Holy Scripture; and no one can have heard Provost Whitaker preach, no one can peruse these published sermons, without being struck with the simple, clear, earnest eloquence with which that truth unfolds its its glorious proportions under the touch of his masterly hand.

We would ask for no better confutation of the cruel and slanderous aspersions with which he was pursued than that which a perusal of this volume will supply. The loving, reverent awe with which Holy Scripture is ever treated, the convincing fervor, the chastened eloquence with which salvation through Christ is everywhere proclaimed, ought to put to shame those who have not hesitated to "falsely accuse" one of the humblest and best, as

well as intellectually the greatest man who has yet adorned the Canadian Church. We would like to specify our approval of particular sermons, but almost fear to do so lest we should seem to disparage others which our readers will feel to be equally good. "The gain of leaving all for Christ," "The Powerless Appeal," "The one Communion and Fellowship," "The Power of the Cross," "Christ in our Midst," are sermons of wondrous beauty and power. As specimens of the simple and forcible use of Anglo-Saxon, no less than as logical, well reasoned discourses, these sermons deserve not perusal only, but careful study. Each volume is supplied with an excellent photographic likeness of the late Provost Whitaker, which his many friends will be glad to possess, but they will be still more glad to contemplate the exact portraiture of the Provost's mind and heart, which he has himself unconsciously drawn in many a passage of these brief sermons.

## THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

IT is with peculiar delight that we give the following correspondence between the dying ARCHBISHOP and Mr. MACKONCHIE. The example on the one hand of a burning desire for peace for the Church's sake, brightening the last hours of the dying, and the noble spirit of self-sacrifice and obedience shown by the priest of St. Alban's in the interests also of peace for the Church's sake, shine out as one of the brightest episodes of Church history. Would that these two examples become precedents, would that peace for CHRIST'S sake inspired all disposed to disturb our Church!

Addington Park,  
Croydon, Nov., 10, 1882.

My dear Mr. Mackonochie,—My thoughts—so far as I am able at present to give steady thought to public matters—have naturally dwelt much upon the troubles and difficulties which have made themselves apparent in connection with recent ritual prosecutions.

I am exceedingly anxious that the result of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts should, by the blessing of Almighty God, be such as to allay disquiet, and, by meeting any reasonable objections to existing procedure, to set men's minds free from the pressing duties which devolve upon the Church in the face of prevailing sin and unbelief.

Anything which, at this moment, increases bitterness of feeling may do permanent mischief to the cause which we all have at heart. Anything which tends to preserve peace now will tend to make a satisfactory solution of our difficulties far easier. I venture, therefore, privately to write to you—though I cannot yet do so with my own hand—to invite you seriously to consider whether you can in any way contribute to minimize the present feeling of bitterness which undoubtedly exists in some quarters.

I need not assure you that I do not wish in any way to dictate to you a course of action; but if you feel it possible, consistently with duty, to withdraw voluntarily, by resignation of your benefice, from further conflict with the courts, I am quite sure you would be acting in the manner best calculated to promote the real power and usefulness of the Church to which we belong.

I make this appeal to you under a strong sense of responsibility.

You will, I think, feel with me that the circumstances under which I write are altogether exceptional, and you will, I know, give prayerful thought to the subject.

I commend you to the guidance of Almighty God, and ask that He may give to us in these difficult times a right judgment in all things.

I remain, yours very truly,

A. C. CANTUAR.

The Rev. A. H. Mackonochie.

St. Alban's Clergy House, Brooke St.,  
Holborn, Nov. 11, 1882.

My dear Lord Archbishop,—Your kind letter of yesterday reached me last night.

Your Grace will understand that in a matter of so deep importance I shall not answer definitely without that time for earnest seeking after the guidance of Almighty God to which you refer me, although, indeed, your Grace will not doubt that I have endeavoured to gain it and to act upon it throughout the troubled circumstance of the last sixteen years.