

certainly been all evolved out of this one parish. If any other parish may seem to vie with it, or even surpass it in any of the great features of Church life, such success is after all only due to the emigration of colonies more or less powerful with fresh young life and vigor, from the Mother parish,—colonies which are the greatest honor to their mother, even though for a time they may seem to weaken her. How many congregations of faithful, loyal churchmen in all parts of Canada and in our sister Church of the United States, owe their existence or their prosperity to the parish of Quebec? A great many more than we have any notion of, but first certainly all the other parishes in this city.

2. But this parish of Quebec has an honor to boast of, which gives it a place in the affection and reverence of its children, beyond even this,—the honor of being founded and presided over for the first century of its existence by a succession of men who have left behind them an odour of sanctity such as belongs, I will venture to say, to no other Church in Canada.

The foundations of this parish were laid by Bishop Jacob Mountain, the first Bishop of Quebec, and it remained in the spiritual charge of his nephew and his son for seventy years. His nephew, Salter Mountain, was Rector for the first twenty-four years. His gifted son, George Jehosaphat Mountain, afterwards the third Bishop, held the charge of the Parish for forty-six years, down to his decease. For seventy years then the parish was in the hands of the Mountain family. These were all, father, nephew, and son, we may safely say, holy men of God. The value of their personal influence for those seventy years upon the Canadian Church and more especially upon this parish can scarcely be exaggerated. And the tradition of their spiritual-mindedness—their humility—their self-repression, nay, I may use a stronger word the streak of asceticism which ran through their lives—their life of prayer and devotion to duty—must always remain to this parish, in which their lives were spent, a treasure beyond all computation.

Those seventy years of holy living

were taken up and carried on to the completion of a century by another, not of the Mountain family, who, though never Rector of Quebec, was yet through the whole of his Episcopate, which exactly completed the century, most intimately bound up with its Parish life—our dear Bishop Williams, whom every one loved with the warmest affection, and whom everyone trusted from the ground of the heart.

3. Add to this their preaching. This pulpit has been occupied for a century by a series of preachers in the best sense of the words, great and influential. The first Bishop of Quebec was perhaps the greatest preacher of the age. His son George, the third Bishop, if he did not attain to the splendid oratory of his father, yet as one upon whose lips all sorts and conditions of men hung down to the very end of his life—as one who never failed to bring home the message of the Gospel to the dulllest intellect as well as to the brightest before him; as one whose appeals to conscience were irresistible, broke down all barriers, and forced the fortress of every heart,—was surely in the best sense of the words, a truly great preacher.

The stimulus of these blessed memories of the blessed dead, stirring as they do the hearts of us all, must surely influence very deeply one whose own it to be, we trust, for many years to come, this pulpit whence all this light and instruction flowed. Can he ever forget that he is himself the son of one who was always,—as a friend writes to me, quoting the words of a child,—“beautiful to behold standing in the pulpit”—of one, the beauty and instructiveness of whose preaching in this pulpit was a power waxing greater and greater to the last.

Well then, dearest brother, speaking in the name of all who are here present, we commend you to God and to the word of His grace for the great work which is before you. We shall follow with affectionate interest your efforts, and the growth and progress under your guidance of this, our dear Mother Church. We rejoice to think of all that you have to encourage you in the trials and disappointments which are sure to come.

The memory of your own dear