

It would be impossible to express even in the most comprehensive language the deep sense of the irreparable loss sustained by the Church of England in Canada in the death of Bishop Baldwin. From hundreds of pulpits in every part of Canada most hearty and eloquent words were sent forth, and the spontaneous tributes of Christians of every denomination showed how deeply he was loved by all who professed and called themselves Christians. While it is impossible, therefore, to even refer to the various multitudinous testimonies that poured forth so unanimously from Halifax to Vancouver, and were echoed even in the United States and the Mother Land, it may, perhaps, be permitted to summarize them all in the words of one of the most eminent and eloquent of Canadian churchmen :

“ He was a man who could say truthfully, if ever any man could say it, ‘ I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course.’ He stood, perhaps, among the foremost of the sacred orators of our Canadian church, and yet one does not love to think of him simply as a modern Chrysostom with golden mouth, pouring forth thoughts that breathe and words that burn, but one loves to think of the man of simple character, of simple heart, a son of God, if ever such there was, a man who made belief in goodness easy for other sons and daughters of men in the midst of their toils and struggles. Here was a man who came from the heavenlies, who seemed to bring a blessing with him as he came, and to make us feel that Heaven was real, that Christ was a Saviour, and that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a better one than this we see. He made us see what the power was of pure, unalloyed, unadulterated goodness, and that, great as is the power of wealth and station and intellect, greater still and more lasting, too, is the power of a good life. After all, it is better far than that you should be famous or that you should be rich, or that you should have a life of easy pleasure, that you should hear at the end of the day the word of the Divine Redeemer saying, ‘ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy God.’ God grant that the power and the witness of that life may not die — as die I know it will not — but that it may bring forth fruit unto life eternal, in lives that are touched and hearts that burn with love for the Saviour, whose lineaments he in some degree reproduced, and whose unspeakable love it was his highest joy to claim.”