

of a parish is a special occasion for serious thought and earnest prayer, striking a chord in the soul by virtue of the spiritual tie and peculiar relationship which have existed. But, above and beyond all, in consequence of the extended connexion and relationship, the death of the Chief Pastor of the Church; of the Diocese, of the Province, is an event so important, so solemn, so searching, that it calls for unusual meditation, thoughtfulness, and prayer. Such an event, too, is the more solemn when it has come suddenly—unexpectedly. Suddenly, unexpectedly, to us, I say. Not so, in God's eye. Not so to him who was called. In this sense, nothing was untimely—nothing precipitated—nothing premature. The Lord saw that a faithful servant had done his work. That faithful servant was ripe for eternity.

But still, we must speak practically, and with the memory of our Bishop so fresh in our minds, with the spirit of our departed Father in God settling down upon us all as the mantle bequeathed to a people to whom he gave 18 years of an active Pastoral Episcopate, I desire, in my turn, to avail myself of the high privilege of saying a few words of counsel and exhortation, as my humble testimony to the good Bishop's character and service. The Lord has taken our master from our head. I wish to utter some of the thoughts with which my mind is full by reminding you of *our common loss*, which is intended by God to serve as a warning to draw us nearer to Christ and to