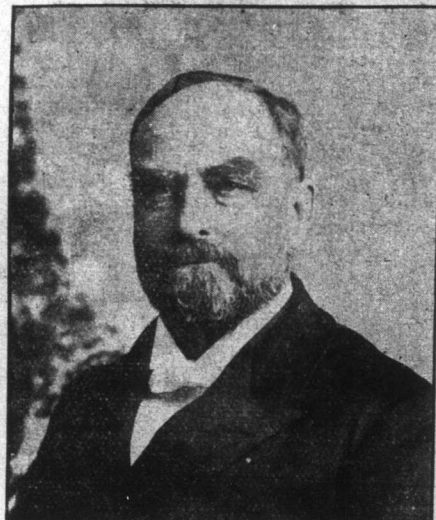


occasion. The speaker paid a high tribute to His late Majesty, and showed how far-reaching was his sway, and laid special emphasis upon the magnitude of His Majesty's influence among the nations of the earth. He depicted the great sorrow that had come upon the Royal household, and especially upon the Queen Mother. He dwelt strongly upon his beautiful characteristic of the Peacemaker and moralized upon his last words, in which he said, "Well, it is all over, and I think I have done my duty." Chopin's "Funeral March" followed



REV. H. P. COWPERTHWAIT, M.A., D.D.

#### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

At 11 a.m. yesterday the memorial service for the late King Edward VII. began in St. Andrew's Church, a very large congregation being present. The church was draped in mourning and the service was one of deep solemnity, bringing home to the minds of all who took part in it the evanescence of things material. The anthems rendered by the choir were "What are these?" (Stainer), and "Blest are the departed," from Spohrs Last Judgment. Mrs. McKinnon's beautiful voice was heard in the hymn "O Rest in the Lord," and the organist, Mr. Mawer, rendered the Dead March in Saul and Chopin's "March Funebre." The preacher was Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite, who took as his text "For death is come up into our windows and is entered into our palaces."—Jer. 9-21. The rev. gentleman's discourse was as follows:—

This text is quoted because it is suggestive of the circumstances that have called us together to-day. Death, unbidden, almost unannounced has entered the palace of our King and terminated his busy life and beneficent reign. We bow in humble submission to the King of Kings in the exercise of his prerogative over the lives of men.

"Death loves a shining mark," and in entering the palace of our King, he has with unerring precision struck a shining mark. None more so, perhaps, could have been found among the inhabitants of the earth.

The news of the sudden death of our Sovereign flashed by the electric current under the seas and over the hills and vales, has brought sorrow to millions of hearts and homes throughout the Empire. Yes, his death is more than a national bereavement, it touches a sympathetic chord in the brotherhood of nations, for King Edward was almost universally known, revered and loved. Our King was royally born, having come of a long unbroken succession of sovereigns from William the Conqueror.

As a ruler he was wise and tactful, and filled a difficult position with the highest credit to himself and advantage to the realm over which his sceptre extended. As a diplomatist he exerted a strong influence in the different courts of Europe. An English Monarch, in these days, has fixed constitutional limits to his power, but by skill and judgment, exercise greater influence than even absolute monarchs, and this our own Sovereign did, always guided that influence with wise moderation.

As a man, he possessed in an eminent degree, those qualities that went to make him what the world ever admires—a man of man. His sterling honesty, his love of fair play, his passion for work, as well as the deep sympathy he ever manifested for his people in their pleasures or misfortunes, made him beloved among all classes.

Somebody has said of our late King that he was a very human man. This estimate of him is correct. Whilst a stickler for form, ceremony, etiquette in regal functions, he was the plain brotherly man in his intercourse with ordinary people. He had no particular affection for the collectors of royal souvenirs, but the plain, breezy, matter of fact man who was human without official or society veneer, he took to his heart.

There was no cant or hypocrisy about him. He would readily disclaim that he was either a seer, or a saint ready to be canonized, though in his early training and education every effort was used to make him a prodigy of learning and a bright example of all the virtues. That he always took kindly to this unwearied concern of tutors and advisors, is very doubtful. He lived for years in the lime-light of a criticism, often unjust, and even merciless, bearing in silence and true dignity, both praise and censure, and when he came to the Throne, vacated by Queen Victoria, of Blessed memory, he revealed a seriousness of purpose and a delicate understanding of the duties of his high office, that have been the delight of his subjects and the admiration of the world. Very justly has he earned from the grateful people of his own and many nations, in consequence of his untiring efforts in the interests of peace, the title of "Peacemaker." And "Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

King Edward "has ceased at once to work and live." During his all too short reign, no obstacle could daunt him in any effort for a nation's welfare, no foe intimidate him, but his last enemy whose name is Death, has conquered. When he saw this foe ap-

proaching, he said, "No, I will not give up, I will stand with my back to the wall and work to the last." And he did, with the pluck of our unbeaten race, but the empire of death is stronger than the strength of a royal arm and a royal will. With the words upon his dying lips that will be historic, "Well, it is all over, but I think I have done my duty," he has been gathered to his fathers, the best, the noblest of his hand over us for good. The simple, tender, womanly message of the heart broken Queen Mother that she and her royal son, our new King, should have a place in our prayers, will find a ready response in a nation's love. And He who healeth the broken in heart will assuredly send them his help in time of trouble.

#### MASONIC SERVICE.

Some 250 Masons assembled in their various lodges last night at eight o'clock for the purpose of attending the Memorial Service of His late Most Gracious Majesty, King Edward VII., Protector of the Craft, and late Grand Master of the United Orders of England.

After the lodges were closed they proceeded to the blue room. This room was somberly draped in black and purple. Bro. W. Spry presided at the organ, Bro. N. Snow played the violin, Bro. A. Miller, the cornet, Bro. W. Gray the tenor horn and Bro. Morgan the euphonium.

There were present:—The District Grand Master, E.C., Rt. Wor. Bro. J. A. Clift, K.C., in the chair, the Officers and Members of his District Grand Lodge being present: The District Grand Master S. C., Rt. Wor. Bro. John Cowan, with Officers and Members of his District Grand Lodge enter; followed by the Representative Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Nova Scotia, Wor. Bro. C. S. Pineson, P.D.D.G.M.; the High Priest, Officers and Companions of the Shandon Chapter of Royal Arch Masons; the Wor. Masters, Officers and Brethren of St. John's, Avalon and Tasker Lodges and Visiting Brethren.

Dead March in Saul was played while members enter.

Address of the District Grand Master. During the past fortnight we have been bowed in sorrow and we have mourned with genuine grief the loss of him, who as Masons, we were privileged to honor as our Grand Master and as the Protector of the Craft. The King is dead and we are assembled this evening, in the character of Masons, to pay a humble tribute of respect to his memory. At noon to-day the body of Our Sovereign, King Edward VII., was consigned to the earth whence it came. A nation mourns the loss of a Sovereign, the world is in deepest sympathy, it has lost a Peacemaker. Before proceeding with the ceremony this evening it may not be out of place if I were to relate a few incidents in the Masonic life of our late Grand Master. Initiated into the mysteries of Masonry in 1869 by His Majesty the King of Sweden, it was not long before His late Majesty took a prominent part in the work of the Craft. We find that a special communication of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, held in October, 1870, he was installed as Patron of Scottish Free-Masonry. On the resignation of the office of Grand Master by the Marquis of Ripon in 1874, the Heir Presumptive to the Throne was on the 2nd of September of the same year elected to that office and subsequently on the 28th of April, 1875, was duly installed and invested as Grand Master of the United Grand

Lodge of England. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, in May, 1882, received a deputation at Buckingham Palace from the Grand Lodge, headed by the Prince of Wales, Grand Master, and wearing Masonic clothing, to present an address to Her Majesty on her recent escape from the hands of an assassin. In 1885, the late Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, was initiated by the Grand Master in person. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales presided at a large assemblage of Free-Masons in the Royal Albert Hall in June, 1887, when an Address on the occasion of her Jubilee was proposed to Her Majesty. On the 2nd of August following, the Queen received a deputation, headed by the Grand Master, when an address was presented. In 1888, the Grand Lodge presented an address of congratulation to Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their silver wedding. On June 7th, 1888, His Royal Highness presided at the centenary celebration of the Royal Masonic Institute for Girls, when the contributions to that institution amounted to the handsome sum of £57,500. On June 14th, 1897, His Royal Highness presided over another assembly of Masons, when an address was passed to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee. The fees of admission, amounting to £7,012 19s., were without deduction equally divided between the Prince of Wales Hospital Fund and three Masonic institutions. At the celebration for the Royal Masonic Institute for Boys, held in the Royal Albert Hall, on June 10th, 1898, under the chairmanship of His Royal Highness,

solemnity of this kind as a summons to prepare for our own approaching dissolution. What are all the pomp and splendour of majesty, the pride of wealth or the charms of beauty when nature has paid her just debt? Fix your eyes, my brethren on the last scene; view life stripped of her ornaments and exposed in her natural meanness and you will be convinced of the futility of all those empty delusions. In the grave all fallacies are detected, all ranks are levelled and all distinctions are done away. "Well, it is all over, but I think I have done my duty," were the dying words of our late Monarch and Grand Master. May as men or as Masons, when we are called upon to lay down our working tools, be able to say in all truth and too, my brethren, whether it be sincerity that we "think we have done our duty."

Next came the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," a Prayer by Bro. Rev. Jos. Thackeray, Chaplain of St. John's Lodge; a hymn, "Days and moments quickly flying." Suitable sentences with responses; an Anthem, "Peace Perfect Peace," sentences, a Scripture lesson read by Bro. Rev. J. Thackeray.

Oration by Wor. Bro. McNeilly, K.C., District Grand Registrar.

MR. McNEILLY'S ADDRESS. To-day the nation has paid its solemn funeral tribute to the greatest Monarch who ever occupied an earthly throne. "The cease of majesty," says Hamlet, "Dies not alone, but like a gulf does draw What's near it with it. It is a mighty wheel"

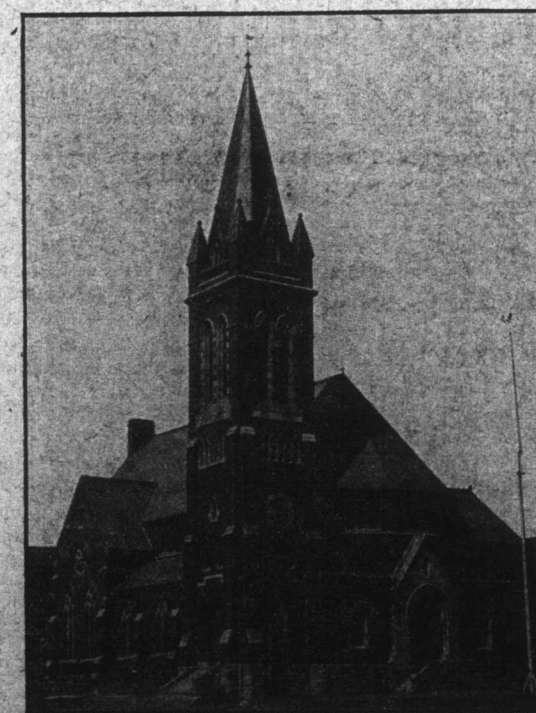


RT. HON. SIR R. BOND, P. C., K. C. M. G., who attended the Official Service as a Member of the Privy Council.

the Grand Master, the contributions amounted to the handsome sum of £141,203. The King, on his accession to the Throne, laid down the Grand Mastership, but graciously consented to continue his connection with the Order by assuming the title of Protector of the Craft. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was then unanimously elected Grand Master and has since filled that office. The time at my disposal prevents me from entering upon any further details of the Masonic work of our late King though, of course, there is much more of equal interest to be told. My brethren, here we have but another instance of the uncertainty of life and the vanity of all human pursuits. The last offices paid to the dead are chiefly useful as lessons to the living; from them we are to derive instruction and consider every

Of all the monarchs whose deeds are written in the Chronicle of Time, there surely never was a King upon whose life and genius so many large and far-reaching interests appeared to hang; upon whom the solution of so many problems of internal and international statecraft seemed to depend. And though all these problems loom unsettled demanding prompt and courageous action; yet they have seemed trivial and unimportant by the nation which, for the past two weeks, has been deploring the loss of the MAN who was within the Monarch.

In the presence of a great national



ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

calamity, such as has befallen us, it seems almost presumptuous to endeavor to express in mere vocal utterance the feelings which lie deep in our individual bosoms. How much more audacious would it be to attempt to clothe in words that thrilling sense of sorrow and loss which has pervaded that greater heart of the Empire, that heart which we can realize as a living force, that heart of the nation which dispenses its life-blood through all the veins and arteries of the British world?

Overwhelmed by the magnitude of this sentiment, one naturally asks if it were not better done to cherish a silent sorrow for a loss so great; and, in quiet meditation, attempt "to justify the ways of God with man." Touching this Master Spirit, which has passed from this earthly kingdom to the immediate Kingdom of its God, should we not feel that

"The silent organ loudest chants The Master's requiem."

For in our common sorrow, heart responds to heart in silent sympathy. Imbued, as are our spirits with "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," do we not feel the force of the majestic silences, and the sublime truth of the great philosopher's aphorism that speech is silvery, but silence is golden?

Can anything be more thrilling in its contemplation than that solemn pause in the whole world's work, which marked this day in every portion of the Imperial territory; and even on the distant seas, which own no sovereignty save to the keels which cleave them, and these in great part the keels of British Commerce and Britain's defence. Surely that was an eloquent silence when the throbbing pulses of unnumbered ships, in all the oceans of the world, ceased for a time to beat; when thousands of British trains, freighted with sorrowing subjects, stayed their motion into reverent rest "like Joshua's moon in Ajalon," when the whirring wheels of factories ran down, and the din and clangor of labour sunk into a solemn hush.

Far down in the depths of our spirits we feel the "tirl" of the emotions, which these things stir into existence. Intuitions they are, evidence it may be of a higher but undeveloped, spirit power. Elusive they may be, but they are none the less persistent. Language is impotent to express their subtle ineffable reality.

Even in these latter days there are men of learning and of science, men of illustrious names in letters and in art, who hold that the Heavens declare the glory of God even by some mystic connection with the destinies of men and nations. I propound no such theory. But I cannot refrain from comment on the fact that in all ages, and among all peoples, this belief—call it superstition if you will,—has obtained. "They fought from heaven," says the Sacred Book. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." The star in the East heralded the great event to which the whole creation had moved. Into the mouth of Brutus Shakespeare put the words: "The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes," and again, "When beggars die there are no Comets seen."

Comets have always been associated in the minds of the people with national disasters; and certainly there are many instances of the coincidence of the appearance of these wanderers from the interstellar space with terrestrial disasters of plague and famine and fires and floods and deaths of mighty men.

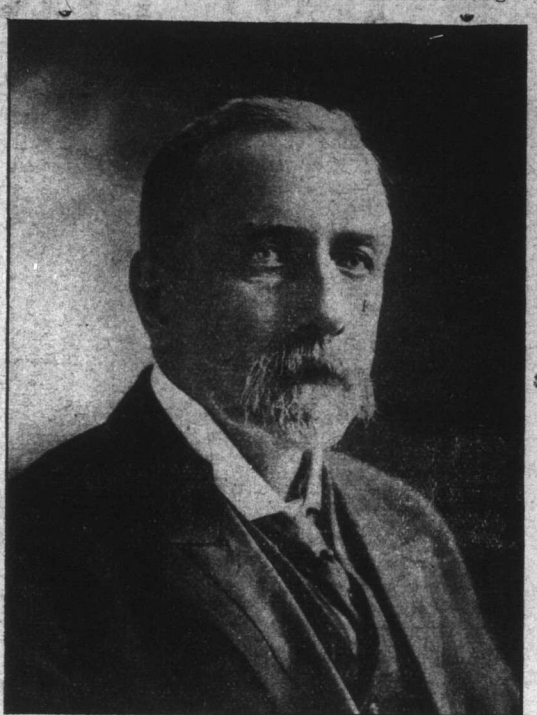
There is a marvellous and striking analogy in the present surrounding and the death of Henry V. This was a King who, by his splendid exploits, had become the idol of the English people. The First Part of King Henry VI., a play which, by the way, is not altogether Shakespeare's, has the following opening: Scene I. Westminster Abbey. Dead March. Enter the funeral of King Henry V., attended by the Duke of Bedford, etc.

Bedford speaks: "Hail be the heaven with black, yield day to night! Comets importing change of times and states, Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky. And with them scourge the bad revolting stars That have consented unto Henry's death. Henry the Fifth, too famous, to live long! England ne'er lost a King of King of so much worth, England ne'er had a King until his time."

Upon this great Monarch's fame the lustre of magnificent achievements has shone for nearly five centuries; and his name is still dear to English hearts, to whom he is the embodiment of Patriotism, of Valour, and of Honour; the type of the stalwart fighting Englishman of the days when kings led their troops to battle and to victory. At the time of his death, as the ancient chroniclers inform us,

a brilliant comet flamed in the sky, and at times was visible even in the daylight. Truly he was a great King, this English Harry; and while the history of England appeals to English hearts, the memory of him as it is enshrined alike in the Chronicle of history and in the majestic poetry of Shakespeare, will survive as a heritage to the British race.

But "peace has its victories, no less renowned than wars," and posterity, when it views in just perspective,



ALEX. J. W. McNEILLY, ESQ., K.C.

the careers of the mighty men of old will deliberately record we believe, that the splendour of our Edward's reign and his peaceful triumphs have done more for the maintenance of Britain's honour, the continuance of her prestige, and the preservation of the Pax Britannica, than has been accomplished by any monarch since Britain took her place amongst the Kingdoms of the world.

Many of us present attended to-day in various capacities, official and otherwise, the memorial service in that magnificent cathedral which is the glory of our city. Rude indeed and uncultured must be the soul which could fail to be impressed by the dignity, the grace and the solemn beauty of the glorious ritual of the service for the dead. It is beautiful and impressive wherever it is performed, but how greatly that beauty is enhanced when it is heard in such an environment.

In the great ministers transept Where the lights like glories fall, And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings.

Along the emblazoned wall. But there it was to the dead King that we paid our last tribute of fealty and homage.

Here to-night we have met as Masons to celebrate his memory as a MAN and as a BROTHER. As a King he claimed our loyalty; but it was the MAN within the KING, the MAN who was our BROTHER whose life and death appeal to us as craftsmen.

"Kings," we have been told in our treatise board, "have not disdained to exchange the sceptre for the trowel" and to become the comrades and partakers of our labours. And surely such a Royal Mason as this dead brother of ours the world has never seen. Our craft is cosmopolitan; we are all of us citizens of the world. Wherever civilization extends we can find a brother of the Craft. But to us as Masons holding under English jurisdiction, it is a proud memory that for years as Prince of Wales he was our Supreme Grand Master; and that he only resigned his place in our Council, when there devolved to him the exalted and all-engrossing duties of his Royal office. And even then he shed over our Order the benign aegis of his countenance as the Protector of Masonry throughout his Empire. His life was noble and nothing in his life became him like the putting it off. "Well, it is all over; I think I have done my duty." How deeply these simple modest words have sunk into every heart! And to-day the hearts of Britons the world over were asked for their pronouncement upon his latest words, that answer would be a humble echo of words, which for him have already rang through the heavenly Kingdom. "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The hymn, "Brief life is here our portion," was sung. The District Grand Master then impressively read sentences to which the assembly solemnly responded. Bro. Rev. G. H. Bolt, M.A., Chaplain Avalon Lodge read prayer. "God Save the King" brought the assembly to a close. After this the brethren were grouped and a flashlight photograph taken of the massed assembly.

SERVICE IN BRITISH HALL. At the British Hall last evening the service opened with a hymn followed by prayer.

Mr. W. H. Goodland delivered the introductory address, after which Rev. Canon White delivered his very able address of which we give the following synopsis:—

The British Society is assembled to pay a tribute to the memory of the late King in that spirit of loyalty which we have seen emphasized since the demise of our monarch. There possibly may have been kings as great and good, but in his own particular age it is hard to imagine one greater. To appreciate his greatness we should recall the conditions that existed when the King was called to

the Throne on the death of Victoria the Good, who had completed a reign of sixty of the most prosperous years, the affections of her people growing more deeply rooted each year. The standard of sovereignty which she left behind was the admiration of the world, and who could hope to live up to it? The verdict of his own people, as well as that of the whole world, is that King Edward has realized the high ideals of his mother, and besides increasing the prestige, the dignity and splendour of British Kingship, has by his example and influence elevated the science of kingship all over the world. As a diplomatist his reputation was world-wide. He also was keen to take a deep interest in the great body of toilers and the poor, and it always afforded him the greatest pleasure to relieve distress. We with all the others of his subjects throughout the Empire stand at his graveside to-day and pay our tribute to his memory. The world is poorer for the loss of Edward the Peacemaker, but we all trust that our new King (whom God preserve) may worthily the mantle that has fallen upon him. King Edward lies dead, yet we must all bow to the will of Divine Providence who rules the affairs of nations and individuals. We must conclude that He does all for the best. Prophets of evil say that he nation has passed the noonday of its day. We must prove that this prophecy is without foundation. We hear of the Empire is sound to the core. We can turn these lessons of sorrow to good advantage. It appears to me, said the rev. preacher, that if any voice could reach us from the mysterious sphere, where our King has entered, it would bid us offer all our sympathy to the beloved Queen Alexandra, and to all others who similarly mourn. The voice would also bid us to rise in unwavering loyalty to the new King and for each of us to do whatever in him lies for the stability and honor of the Empire.

Rev. Canon White having concluded his discourse, the hymn "Jesus lover of my soul" was sung, and then Rev. Chas. Hackett came forward and delivered an excellent address, which we are obliged to condense for want of space.

We are honoring a great man, one to whom duty was ever a watchword. We may learn many lessons from his life. A great landmark in our history having been removed, an opportunity is given to make men think. If we fail to learn the lessons that are laid open to us as citizens of the Empire, our tribute to the King will be lacking in what makes sympathy rich and bidding. Devotion to duty and country, to God and King, is the best tribute. If the deceased King could impart his wishes to us from the other world, I believe the first one would be to ask us to do all in our power to make the reign of the new King more glorious, if possible, than his own. In his last dying words, "I think I have done my duty," the King beautifully summed up his whole life, and every heart looking back over the past nine years will answer, "You have." From the moment that he ascended the Throne till his dying day he was ever influenced by the idea of duty. Nine years ago no one believed Queen Victoria's reign could be excelled. It does not detract anything from the name and honor of Queen Victoria to say that she left a son whose reign excelled her own in the increase of peace, honor and glory of the Empire. The historians of the future will speak of his reign as one of the greatest in the history of the Empire. The rights of the people have been safeguarded and the King as many times during his reign taken in a direct personal interest in the wants of the laboring people. His memory will be also treasured as the Peacemaker, not alone at home, but broad in international affairs. He has set an example for rulers that will for all time to come have an influence for good. Our tribute should not end at the graveside. He did his duty. We should do ours.