

We recall with joy in this hour of separation how delightful our intercourse with you in the goodly fellowship of the Presbyterate has ever been, an intercourse extended over two and twenty years; and we place on record the fact that during those many years your brother Priests have one and all felt for you an ever-deepening trust and affection. Your humility and gentleness, your brotherly sympathy and ever-ready help, your devotion and self-sacrifice in the Lord's work, spending and being spent, have formed an example of inestimable value, and will remain to us a cherished and fragrant memory. We will follow you in your future life with our love, our sympathy and our prayers, and in those prayers we will not forget those dear ones who go out with you and whom we also love in the Lord. And now we ask our Bishop to place upon your breast, over your heart, where He whom our gift recalls is ever enshrined, this Pectoral Cross,—“Magni Amoris Pignus Parvum”—to be the outward sign and pledge to those to whom you are sent, that in your future Bishopric of Souls, as in the past, you will ‘seek to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified,’ and will ‘glory in nothing save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Grace be with thee, Brother. Amen!”

At the close of the Address, the Reverend G. H. Parker, with whom the presentation originated, and who had undertaken all the labour and research connected with the manufacture of the testimonial, handed to the Bishop of Quebec a beautiful Pectoral Cross. This the Bishop hung round the Bishop of Algoma's neck with the appropriate words, “*In hoc Signo vinces.*”

Bishop Thorneloe made a most suitable and touching reply, as follows:

“My dear brothers in Christ Jesus—dearer to me than words can tell—never dearer than now as I take leave of you, how can I adequately express to you what I feel at this moment? How can I thank you for your most loving, your too kind Address; for this costly, beautiful and significant gift; and, above all, for all that you have been to me during the years that are past? Indeed I can do little more than lift up my heart to God in gratitude for the priceless blessing of your friendship, which has been such as is rarely enjoyed even by Clergymen.

I do thank God; and I thank you my brethren. The beautiful words of the Address you have presented to me, although I dare not accept them as an accurate description of myself or of my life, will be to me a reminder of what a true Pastor ought to be.

And whatever of truth there is in the words of praise you have used towards me, I feel persuaded must have come in no small degree from your example; from the unity of feeling and the loving brotherly kindness which have so long been a tradition among the Clergy of Quebec.

It will be no small comfort to me in my future work to recall your assurance that you will “ever follow me with your love, your sympathy and your prayers.” And should I ever grow despondent amid the hardships of my new sphere of labour, this silent preacher, this beautiful Cross will remind me not only of your love for me, but of a love that passes human comprehension, and will warn me that the way to success and happiness lies through trial and self-sacrifice, and that, as a follower of the crucified Lord, I must be ready to endure hardship.

May God grant you all His choicest blessings and reward you for all your love and devotion. I shall prize your gift and your words beyond measure.”

The Archdeacon then asked the newly ordained Bishop to give his brethren his first blessing, which he did very solemnly and touchingly, all the Clergy kneeling before him. So ended one of the most impressive and beautiful functions ever witnessed in the fine old Cathedral of Quebec.

The sacred edifice was filled again at 8 o'clock with a large congregation for Festival Evensong with Sermon by the newly consecrated Bishop. The Service was bright and hearty throughout, the musical portion of the Service being especially noteworthy and highly creditable, both to the able and painstaking Organist, Mr. Bishop, and to the Choir, which was a large one. The Processional Hymn was “Onward Christian Soldiers,” and like all the others was admirably rendered. The Psalms for the day were chanted very regularly, and the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* by Trimpe in “D” were sung with much taste. The masterpiece, however, was the Anthem. It was Stainer's beautiful one, “I Desired Wisdom,” and was sung in a manner which no one present had ever heard equalled.