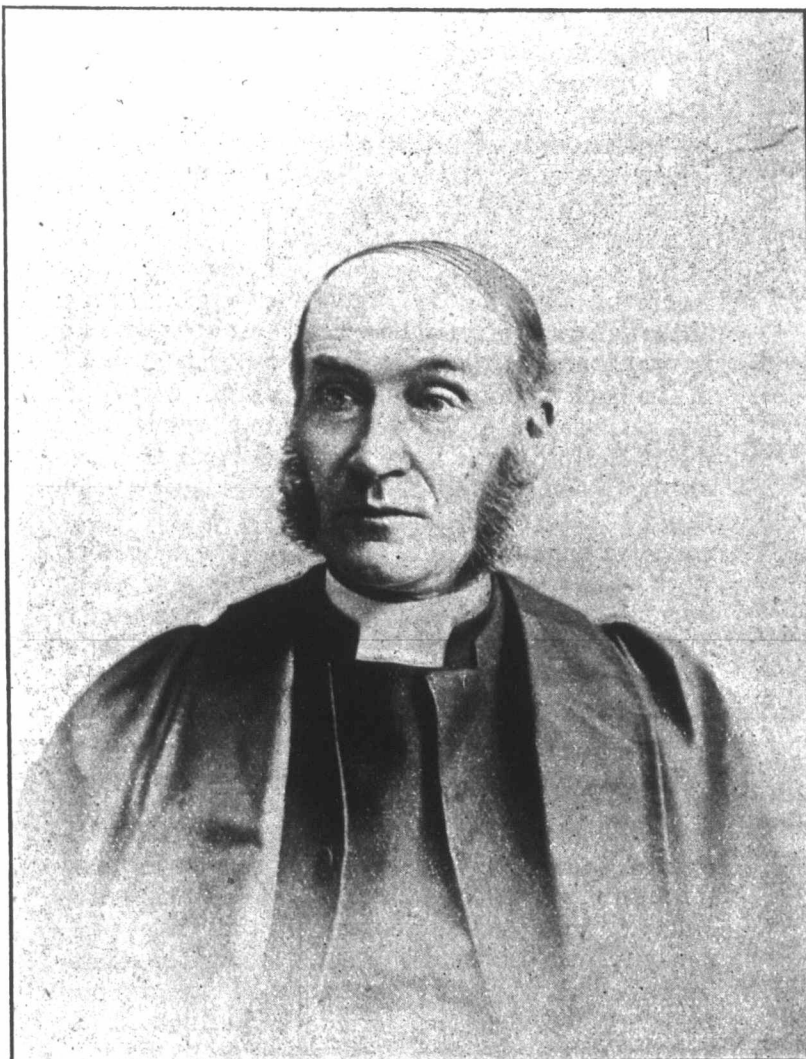


THE NEW BISHOP OF NIAGARA.

If the Diocese of Niagara grudged their bishop to Ottawa, it may be said with at least equal emphasis that not only the parishioners of St. James', but the inhabitants of Toronto, will lament the departure of Canon DuMoulin. The Canon has been a most important factor in the ecclesiastical life of Toronto, and has quietly and steadily won his way to the first rank and the highest place. He came among us in a time of trouble. He assumed the rectorship of St. James' amid circumstances of great difficulty and perplexity. The old order was changing. It could not possibly be maintained unless the usefulness of the great Church was to be sacrificed. It was not fitting that the Cathedral Church of the Queen City should be a mere preaching house, however important preaching may be, and we maintain its supreme importance. Against such a theory the very stones would cry out from the wall. The building itself was a continual protest against it. Yet there were a good many of the regular and old time worshippers in that church who not only held that theory, but who looked upon any attempt to break in upon the deadly dulness of the service as an invasion of their rights as Protestants. They were not only opposed to High Churchism, in any sense of that word, moderate or extreme; they were out of sympathy with the spirit of Anglican worship and teaching. It is superfluous to point out at length how these difficulties were overcome. Quietly, steadily, the rector and those who saw with him, the necessity for changes, set to work to amend, remodel, and so forth, as it seemed needful, expedient, possible. The result is that St. James' has now a service which, as far as it goes, would do no discredit to a well equipped English Cathedral. There are some few points in which it might advantageously be assimilated to the normal Anglican type; but, when it is remembered that St. James' is a parish church as well as a Cathedral, perhaps as much has been done as is expedient, for the present. At any rate, there are few malcontents among the parishioners or pew holders; and all will admit that the changes have been judiciously and successfully brought about. But Canon DuMoulin's ability and practical wisdom have been shown in another department. Many will have forgotten, or have hardly known of the difficulties which the Canon had with his brother clergy some years ago—difficulties, however, for which he was in no way responsible. At that time he was never nominated as a deputy to the Provincial Synod. But a change has taken place. The Canon, by his sober, steadfast, and brilliant discharge of his duties, has quietly taken his place as one of the foremost, if not one of the most prominent men in the Synod; and now he is regularly returned by the clergy at very nearly the head of the list. And this testimony is the more remarkable since his voice is seldom heard in the Synod debates. When men who have comparatively no right to be heard, are wearying the ears and wasting the time of the Synod, this great orator is sitting silent with a kind of *cui bono* look on his expressive countenance—now and then rising to speak some weighty words, weighty and well weighed in their meaning and commonly eloquent in their expression. All the world knows that Canon DuMoulin is a great preacher—perhaps the first in Ontario; and

the power of speech will certainly be no disqualification for the discharge of the duties of a bishop. But the facts which we have already mentioned will show that he possesses real faculty and influence, and that his powers of administration may become as remarkable as his oratory. In regard to his general position as a Churchman, he will be an ideal bishop. In saying this, we do not wish to deny that High Churchmen and Low Churchmen have both made admirable bishops, and we sincerely hope that representatives of both schools will always be found on the bench. Yet it is better that a bishop, as the governor of a diocese, having to deal and to deal justly with different parties, should not himself be a party man. And a party man the bishop elect certainly is not. He is evangelical—we say that, rather than an evangelical—in the true sense of the word, in a sense that would be admitted by all schools. Yet no one would speak of him as a Low Churchman in the sense of belittling the orders, the ordinances, or the services



Farmer, Bros.' Photo, Toronto.

REV. CANON DUMOULIN—BISHOP ELECT OF NIAGARA

of the Church. Whilst the pulpit of St. James' has had its rights recognized, those of the choir and the altar have not been ignored. If Canon DuMoulin can only have a successor who shall carry on his work in the same spirit and with the same success, St. James' will soon be the glory of the Anglican Church in Canada. As for Niagara, Toronto's loss is their gain. Bishop Hamilton has left the diocese in good working order. We are sure that the new bishop will carry on every good work with zeal, wisdom, love, and self-sacrifice. May his days, as a Father in the Church, be many and prosperous! The following facts may be of interest in connection with the election of Dr. DuMoulin to the See of Niagara: He was ordained deacon in 1859 and priest in 1860; and served for a time as curate at London and at Galt. Subsequently he was curate of Holy Trinity, Montreal, until 1872. From 1872 to 1875, he was rector of St. Thomas', Hamilton. From 1875 to 1883, he was rector of St. Martin's, Montreal. In 1883 he became rector and Canon

of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. In 1890 he received the degree of D.C.L. from Trinity University, Toronto, being previously M.A. of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

It is strange that although the Diocese of Niagara is only about twenty years old, the coming bishop will be the fourth titular Bishop of Niagara. Bishop Bethune was Bishop of Niagara before his elevation to that of Toronto.

ST. JAMES' RECTORY, TORONTO.

The King is dead, long live the King. No sooner is it known that St. James' rectory is vacant than public gossip fills it again and names are canvassed. That Dean Carmichael would be thought of as the successor of Canon DuMoulin is natural, but is, we think, improbable. The name which occurs to us of the man best fitted by untiring, unselfish devotion to the Church's work, the only one the equal of the Bishop Designate for learning, eloquence and administrative ability, is that of the Rev. Professor Clark of Trinity College. It would be an honour to Toronto to have him in the rectory. Whatever may be done and whoever may be appointed to the chief parish in the Diocese of Toronto, we trust the incumbent will be a Canadian by years of hard work and experience among us.

PRAYER.

Day by day renew the lisping words: "God bless father and mother." Kneel in the quiet room, morning and evening, and pray for them. Pray that God may bestow upon them His choicest blessings. Pray that they may have many years; that sickness and weakness may be far from them; that their dwelling may be kept in safety; that their days may be passed in comfort; and, above all, that the peace which passeth all understanding may be their peace. Thus you will yourself obtain the reflex blessing—thus your own heart will be kept tender, and your life noble and true. Astronomers have long taught that all planetary heat passeth away. Once this earth shone with its own light, and blazed forth in tremendous flames; but it has cooled down. Hereafter the sun itself, some tell us, will become a frozen mass, bound together with the earth and moon, and other planets, and rushing through space—cold, lightless, lifeless! Heat everywhere passes away, unless it be maintained and renewed.

Even love to parents may be evanescent. The chilling frost of absence, other interests, and other loves—affection for wife, and children, and friends—may dissipate the warmth once throbbing in the child's heart. How shall it be maintained? By kindling the fires of old affection. Keep the portraits of father and mother framed, and hanging on the wall of your room. Do not conceal them in an album. Gaze often upon them. Soon one or other, or both, may be called hence; soon you may stand, with Cowper, looking with blinding tears at your mother's portrait, and exclaiming, with him:

"O, that those lips had language! Life has pass'd With me but roughly since I heard thee last, Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see, The same that oft in childhood solac'd me, Voice only fails, else how distinct, they say, Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"

—There is a way of escape for lost, struggling humanity, but it is ever the same—straight and narrow—to each individual.