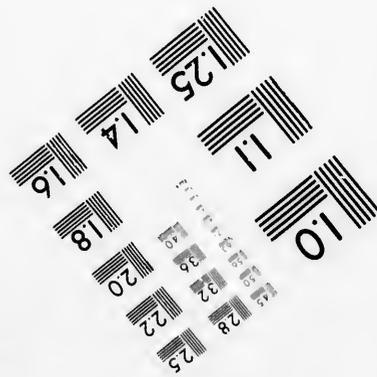
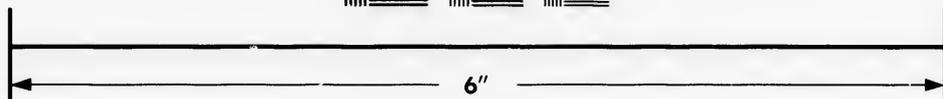
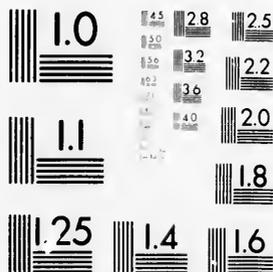


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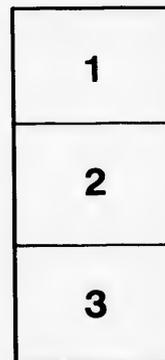
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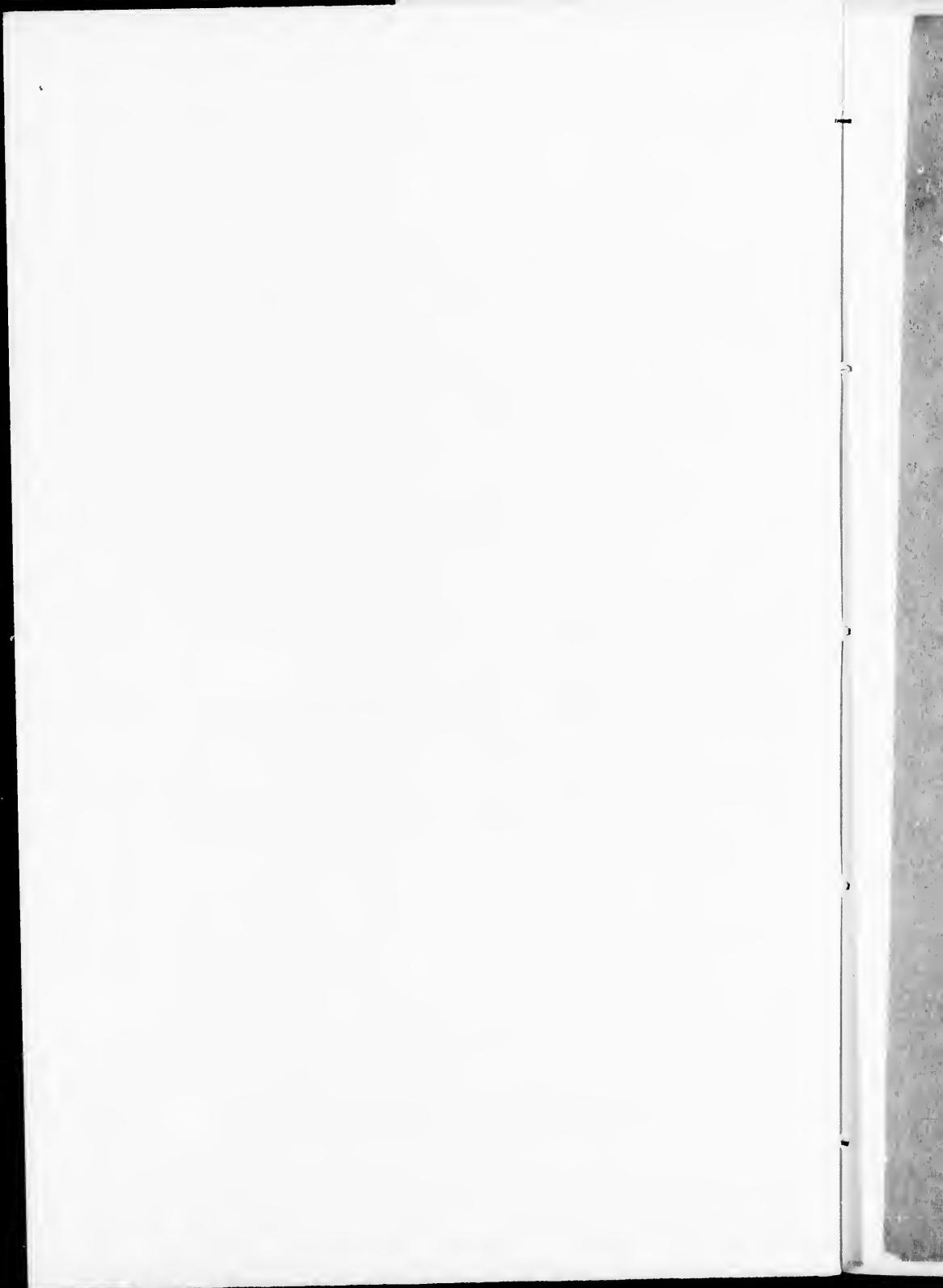
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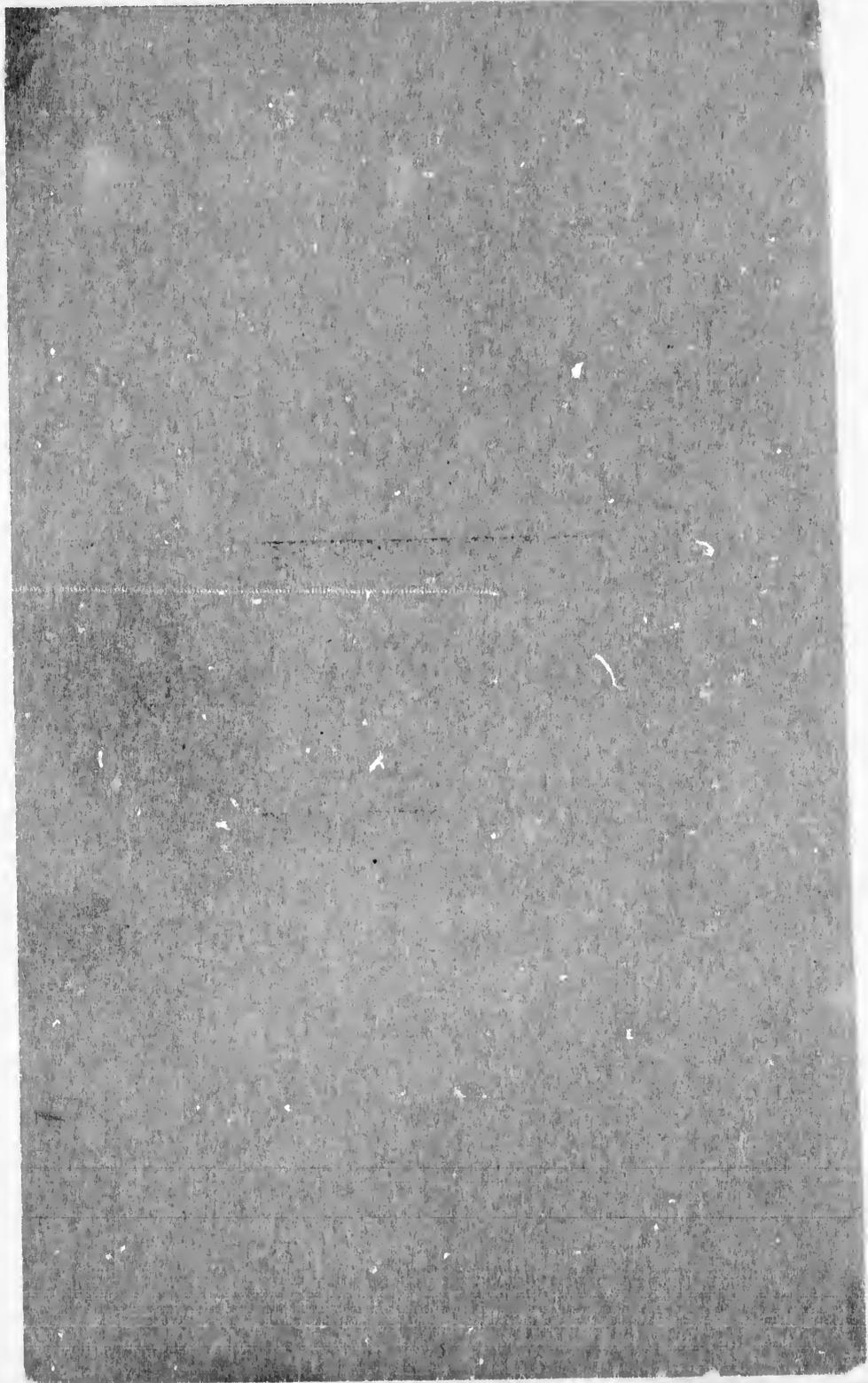
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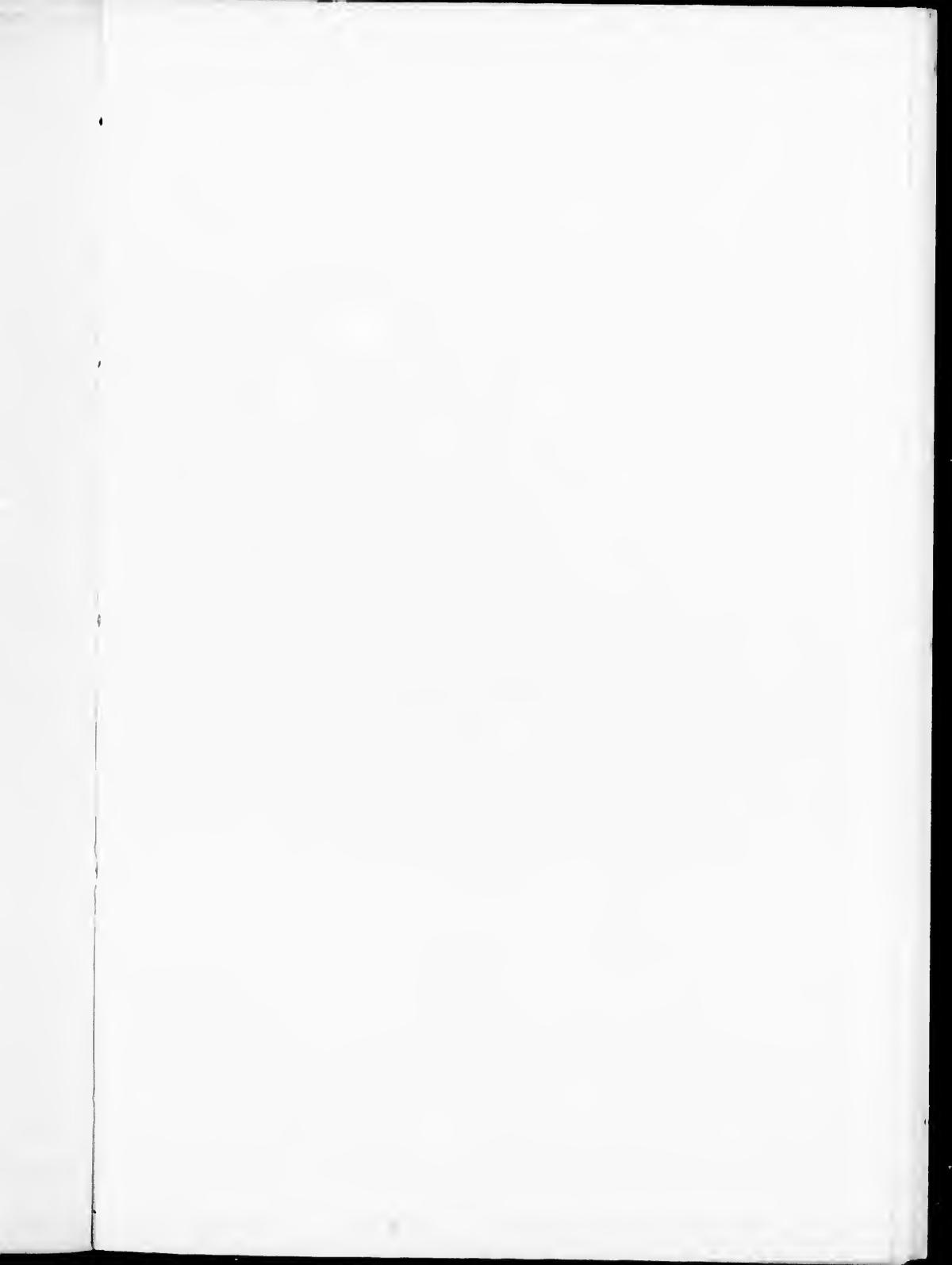
Henry J. Morgan

“ Oh! Jesus, Thou has promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be.”

**REV. FRANCIS W. KIRKPATRICK,
DIED
AT KINGSTON, ONTARIO.
JANUARY 1st, 1885,
AGED 45 YEARS.**

“ Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer.
Till He whose home is ours above,
Unite us there!

This little pamphlet is a mere hasty collection of tributes paid to the life and character of the Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick, but in the hope that the sorrowing friends of the deceased might care for them in a collected form they are humbly presented by a parishioner of St. James' grateful for his pastor's friendship and counsel during many years, as a slight offering to his revered memory.





OBITUARY.

"A devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway."

That death, cruel and remorseless, makes no distinction, has been exemplified in Kingston of late, as within the past few months many of the most prominent, esteemed and beloved citizens have succumbed to its dreaded power. But "God moves in a mysterious way." As the old year passed away and the New Year came in, while hundreds were clasping hands and wishing one another "A Happy New Year," the Angel of Death was entering the dwelling of one beloved by thousands, one whose ear was ever ready to hear the tale of woe, whose hand was ever ready to succour the needy in their distress, one of whom it can, with truth, be said, he lived

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that he could do.

And the Angel of Death, by his black pall, darkened the brightness of the New Year in many a heart. For a time after 1885 entered the battle was strong, the agony was great; tender, loving voices could only pray, that as he walked through the valley of the shadow of death, he might fear no evil, that God would be with him, that His rod and His staff might comfort him—while faithful hearts could only murmur "Amen" to the prayer. But ere long the conflict was over. Life ceased to battle, Death had conquered, and there was a calm. At last, about four o'clock, the weary one fell asleep in Jesus—quietly, consciously, trustfully. He knew that his Redeemer liveth: he knew in whom he had long trusted. Death had not conquered—rather the Lord of Life had said, "Friend, come up higher." "And softly, from that hushed and darkened room two angels issued, where but one went in."

And the mourners went about the streets; as the news that FRANCIS W. KIRKPATRICK was no more spread abroad, there were words of grief on every tongue, and tears of sorrow in many an eye. He died bemoaned not only by the members of his own congregation—who loved and esteemed him,—but by the members of every church, Protestant and Catholic alike, for in his charities and in his love he knew no distinction of church or creed; that one was in suffering and woe was a sure passport to his large heart.

The deceased, born Oct. 5th, 1839, was son of the late Thomas Kirkpatrick, Q.C., member for Frontenac, and inherited the high character which makes the memory of the father revered. After receiving secondary education at Kingston Grammar School, F. W. Kirkpatrick attended a full course in Trinity College, Dublin, and graduated as B.A., in 1859, and as M.A. in 1860, with honors, carrying off a number of university prizes. His divinity course ended in 1861 with the highest honors of the year, the Divinity Exhibition, of the value of \$1,500. Having been made a deacon in St. George's Church, Belfast, by the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, on letters dimissory from the Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, he was ordained priest on the 21st of February, 1862, by the Lord Bishop of Chester, and immediately after was appointed curate of Cumber, Ireland. He served there for two years, and, receiving appointment to the mission of Wolfe Island, returned to Canada and assumed that parish in 1864. Here he won his way into the hearts of the people, and great was their sorrow when five years later the Lord Bishop translated him to St. James' church, Kingston. Here he first officiated on Easter Day, 1869, and entered on no ministerial bed of roses, as the congregation had been disturbed greatly by the resignation of their faithful and devoted first pastor, and the failure of the movement to have the curate of that time appointed to the vacancy. Very soon, however, Mr. Kirkpatrick was taken into favor and year by year he, by many

noble qualities, wove such a web of love about him that each member of the congregation now feels as if a very dear brother has been taken away. Fifteen years of service in St. James' ended in April last, and was marked by an affectionate address from the pastor, and by a handsome presentation from the congregation. His ministrations were attended by deep sincerity and earnestness, and by unremitting attention to services, the Sunday school and parochial societies. He was the head and front of all, never tiring nor complaining, always working with a nervous energy to fill any broken link in the chain of work. He leaves a church in the greatest harmony, as one happy family. Though decided and outspoken upon doctrinal points, he drew men to him by the gentler ways and out of the preaching of a pure gospel. His ministrations brought financial as well as spiritual prosperity to the congregation. The church was placed in its present handsome state, a parochial school house was built, and the parsonage improved, while the greatest liberality has been displayed whenever he made a call for diocesan or parish objects. Benevolent and self-sacrificing, to a fault, he by example has taught the lesson of freely giving. With such a leader it is not strange that an uneasy feeling was shown when he received a call to St. Peter's Church, Brockville, in May, 1884, and there was great satisfaction when he concluded not to leave his work in Kingston. How much greater must be the sorrow now, that he is called away forever!

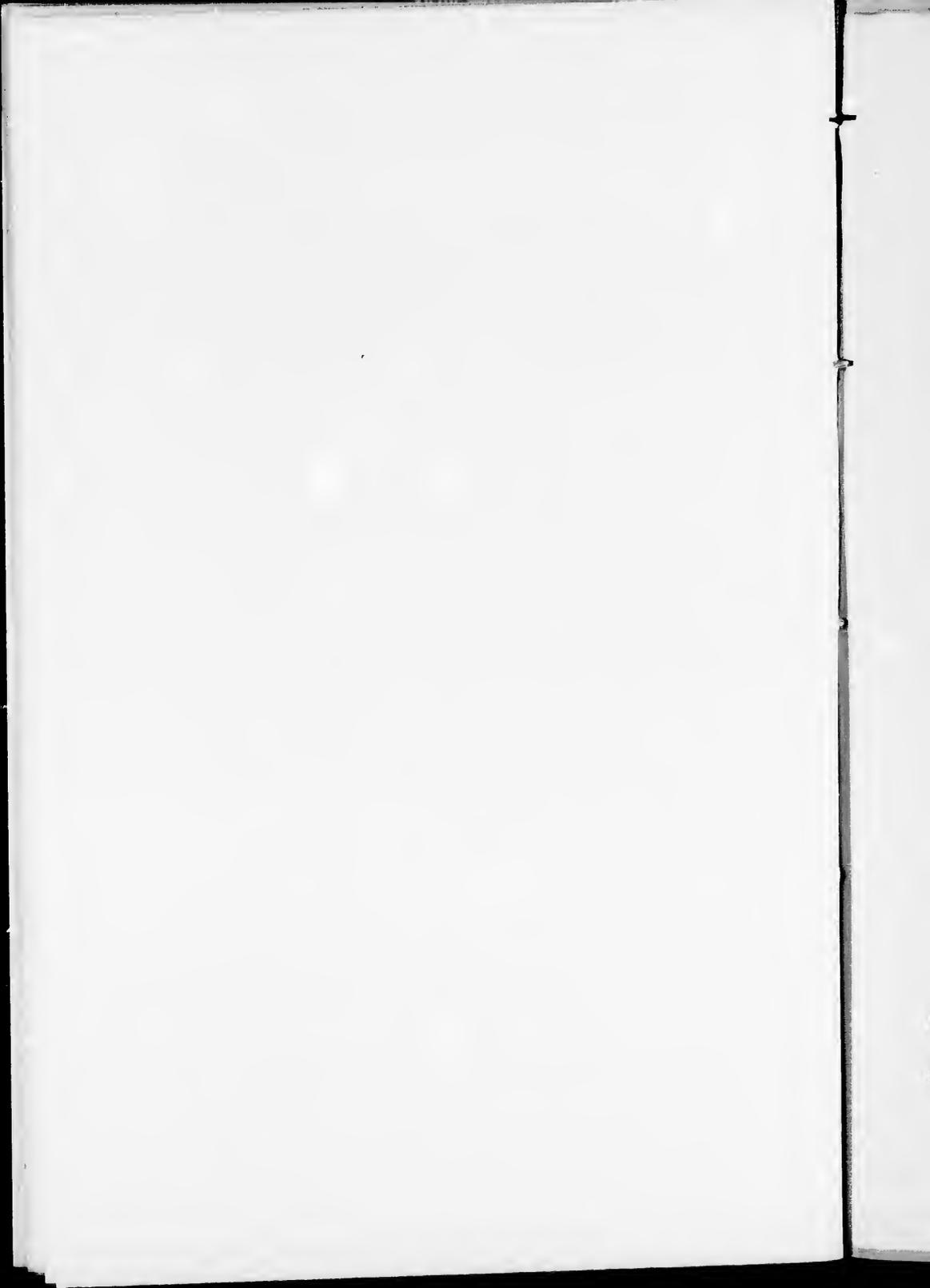
Besides his parish duties Mr. Kirkpatrick filled many other posts of usefulness, working ever with zeal, conscientiousness and thoroughness. He was rural dean of Frontenac, having oversight of its churches, and to his visits, influence and prudent management is due, in great measure, the remarkable progress made in the missions to the north. He was for over ten years the commissary of the Bishop of Algoma, in Ontario diocese, and he made the former and its excellent schools many faithful friends here. Because of his efforts for and

interest in missions he was chosen one of the central committee of the great missionary association of the Church in Canada, and also filled leading places, year by year, upon the mission committees of Ontario Synod. No centre of activity where his service was sought was refused his help and encouragement.

While his place as an incumbent will be difficult to fill, it will be even more difficult to make up the loss to the public at large. He was, indeed, the good Samaritan. Daily he made the rounds of not his parish alone but of the city, bringing help to the needy, by which he diminished his own means, and comfort to the sick and sorrowing. His visits were not those of the clergyman alone, but of the sympathetic friend, and every family of the congregation felt its regard for him sacred by reason of his kindness to them in their hours of trial. These acts of social duty were supplemented by regular religious services at the Gaol and General Hospital, where his presence was always a balm to the suffering.

Mr. Kirkpatrick's strength was never equal to the work he imposed upon himself, and at last he taxed it too highly. In the summer the congregation urged a trip upon him, and he visited Algoma Diocese; and on his return he began work with such renewed vigor, that in December he undertook the two weeks' mission, which few clergymen could have made such a great success as that which crowned his efforts and Rev. Mr. DuVernet's. Then followed the usual preparations for Christmas. On the day preceding the Festival he was called to Wolfe Island to officiate at the funeral of Mrs. Grimshaw, and had to expose himself upon the steamer, in walking on the ice, and driving in a sleigh, for several hours. The Rev. Mr. Godfrey having resigned the Island charge, Mr. Kirkpatrick's regard for his old parish induced him to assume some of its duties, and upon this journey he caught a fatal cold. Next morning, while administering the early Christmas communion, he fainted, literally falling at his post a martyr





to Christian duty. Typhoid-pneumonia developed itself, he gradually sank, and during the last twenty-four hours symptoms grew rapidly worse. He suffered much, but died at last in great peace, having arranged his earthly affairs with friends and turned resignedly to the rest he had earned so well. The announcement of the death fell like a pall over the city, but more especially upon the congregation. The "Happy New Year" greetings were almost forgotten in the sadness of hearts, and scarcely any callers were at the houses of the ladies. Such genuine sorrow is rarely witnessed.

The Last Rites.

At ten o'clock on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, the doors of St. James' Church were opened and citizens admitted to view for the last time the face of the late Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick. Crape hung in loops from the walls; the organ, chandelier, pulpit, lectern, reading desk and chancel railing were heavily draped, and the communion table bore a covering of white. The remains of deceased, in a handsome casket, were placed before the chancel. Beside the inscription was a bunch of lilies, in silver, inscribed "Christ has risen." Several beautiful wreaths of flowers, tributes from friends, rested on the casket. The remains were viewed by hundreds of lamenting visitors, including both the most prominent people of the city and the poor and thinly clad, the latter braving the storm and cold to see all that was left of one who had been a friend indeed to them; tears coursed down their cheeks as they looked at the corpse and passed silently out of the building with heavy hearts and sad faces. Those who stood in the edifice for some time witnessed many affecting scenes, and frequently heard the remark: "We shall miss him this winter." Silently people came and went until the funeral hour approached.

The church then was crowded to the doors, and seats had to be placed in the aisles. In the front pews were seated

the personal mourners, and members of the family, among them being Mr. George B. Kirkpatrick, of Toronto, cousin of deceased, and Mr. J. Grant Macdonald. The clergymen present were: Ven. Archdeacon Jones, and Rev. Messrs. Spencer, Clerical Secretary; Crawford, of Brockville; Baker, of Deseronto; Burke, of Belleville; Poole, of Sydenham; Jones, of Barriefield; Carey, Bousfield, Cartwright, Nimmo, Dobbs and Cook, of Kingston. Among those of the other denominations present were the Rev. Drs. Williamson, Bain, Mowat and Jackson; Rev. Messrs. McCuaig, Hooper, Hooker, Bland, Houston, and several others.

At two o'clock the choir in subdued tones sang the hymn "Jesus, I am resting," the deceased's favorite during the recent mission. There was hardly a dry eye in the church and sobs could be heard distinctly. The solemn pause was then broken by Archdeacon Jones reading the burial service. The Rev. Mr. Burke read the 39th Psalm, and then the 90th Psalm. The beautiful 479th hymn was then sung:

On the resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again,
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

The Rev. Mr. Carey read the lesson "But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." Again a hymn was sung, the familiar one:

Christ will gather in his own
To the place where He has gone,
Where their heart and treasure lies,
Where our life is hid on high.

The Rev. Mr. Dobbs read the remaining portion of the burial service, including the committal. The pallbearers, Rev. Messrs. Crawford, Spencer, Baker, and Messrs. P. Bates, Shore Loynes, E. J. B. Pense, then bore the casket slowly down the aisle, and to the hearse. The entire congregation seemed moved to deepest sorrow.

On the streets large crowds had assembled and in the cortege were the most prominent and esteemed citizens as

well as the poorest classes, to whom the deceased was so dear. The procession was one of the largest ever seen in the city.

The long march to Cataraqui Cemetery was a solemn one ; and rarely has such an affecting leave been taken of the remains of a dear friend. The thought was not so much for the dead, for he was safe in the heavenly arms, but for the living, for the bereaved church, aye, for the city itself.

A beautiful incident occurred during the reading of the burial service. The sun suddenly burst out of the leaden sky after the day's storm, and shot a bright ray of light upon the casket and across the church, through the east window, under which the devoted pastor had for so many years served the Master. To many minds, impressed with his virtues, the incident seemed to be a veritable symbol of a happy resurrection.

Memorial Services.

Rev. A. Spencer conducted the services in St. James' Church on Sunday morning, Jan. 4th, and preached a sermon that affected many to tears. The edifice was still draped, and the congregation, which filled the church, generally gave evidence of the great bereavement suffered. The hymns chosen were the 88th, " Days and moments quickly flying," and the 479th, " On the Resurrection Morning."

SERMON BY REV. A. SPENCER.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—St. John xii, 24.

This is one of those sayings of our Lord to which He has attached special pre-eminence by prefixing to them the solemn and emphatic formula, "Verily, verily, I say unto you." This formula, with the "verily" repeated, is found only in St. John's gospel ; but there it occurs no less than twenty-five times, and every saying to which it is prefixed contains some deep principle of the kingdom of God, or is the solemn

declaration of some fact of transcendent importance in the history and fortunes of that kingdom. At the end of the first chapter our Lord closes his conversation with Nathaniel in these words: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." These words contain within them the fundamental doctrine of the Mediation of Christ, *i.e.*, that the Incarnate Son of God is the only channel of communication between earth and heaven. He uses the same emphatic formula to direct attention to that most vital principle of the kingdom of God about which he conversed with Nicodemus: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born from above he cannot see the Kingdom of God. * * * Except a man be born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." These and other examples of our Lord's use of this formula shew that He employed it throughout His ministry to rivet the attention of His disciples upon some root-principle of the kingdom of God. We are, therefore, prepared to find in the text some weighty truth which will repay consideration.

The first thing which arrests attention is the apparent contradiction contained in the words. While alive the corn of wheat abideth alone. To bring forth fruit it

MUST FIRST OF ALL DIE.

So that death is the condition under which alone it has the power to become fruitful and reproduce itself. Moreover it must fall into the ground and there remain for a certain season. Wheat sown in the autumn must participate in the apparent general decay of winter; it seems thrown away and wasted. Dead and buried in the earth, involved in the general decay of all things, how hopeless seems the future of that corn of wheat. But stay! "Except it fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." Its season of life is its season of barrenness, "but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." So that in its death and burial it first begins truly to

live. Patience, patience, till the earth lays aside its white mantle of snow and softens under the genial influences of the sun and rain, and then shall be found that even in death itself there is concealed a hidden mysterious principle of life which only waits for its manifestation till the appointed season. Soon will appear "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear," until, watered by the showers of spring and ripened by the summer's sun, it bringeth forth much fruit." "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receives the early and latter rain." Here, then at last faith and patience meet with their due reward, and so every year this surpassing miracle of nature teaches its solemn, cheering, hopeful lesson of death in life and life in death, "the silent but mighty lesson of an all-prevading influence, of an omnipotent and omnipresent power ever at work in this merest atom of God's creation, ever present, not only to preserve, to cherish, to foster it, but even in its very decay to reproduce it, and further still to multiply it, so that it should bring forth much fruit."

This is the natural meaning of the words, but under their natural meaning is veiled a mighty master-truth. They were uttered by Christ in one of the last days of his earthly ministry. He has made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem and is in the midst of that brief moment of popularity which led his foes to exclaim, "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold, the world has gone after Him." At this moment some Gentiles approach Him, Gentiles who, being Greeks, are representatives of that nation among whom learning and culture had reached their highest development. When informed of their desire to see Him our Lord breaks forth in what seems almost

A HYMN OF TRIUMPH,

but as he proceeds, it is found to be mingled with some strangely minor chords: "The hour is come that the Son of

Man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a Corn of Wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." So then, by the corn of wheat He means Himself. He it is who, by His Incarnation, "fell into the ground,"—came down to earth, was born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified, dead, and buried,—and by His death "brought forth much fruit." Doubtless there arose before Him, as He spoke, a vision of the "ten thousand times ten thousand," the "thousands of thousands," the "multitude which no man can number of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," standing "before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands,"—the noble harvest of souls which should spring from the corn of wheat fallen into the ground and now about to die. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This He said, signifying what death He should die." Yes, it was a glorious prospect, suggested by the approach of these Greeks, by this drawing unto Him of these first-fruits of the Gentile world. And so He set His face as a flint and nerved Himself to encounter a death which was to be so prolific of life; and, looking through it and beyond it, sounded his note of triumph: "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a Corn of Wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

But did He mean Himself alone by the corn of wheat? Have others no share in the saying except as they help to make up "the much fruit" springing out of the death of the corn of wheat? Nay, but this truth, which finds its highest realization in Christ, is an all-pervading law, as universal in the spiritual as in the natural world. The Incarnate Son of God wills that His members should be like Him, as in other respect, so especially in this, that their fruit-bearing shall be the outcome of death. Whence is it that good works, which

are the fruits of the Spirit, take their rise? Is it not out of that "Death unto sin" which is succeeded by "A new birth unto righteousness"? It must not for a moment be imagined that when our Lord, or St. Paul, or any of the inspired writers, speak of dying unto sin and rising again unto righteousness, they are using the terms "death and resurrection" in a mere figurative sense. They mean great and awful realities which those terms are the fittest to express. They mean realities of which mere temporal death and resurrection, such as that which befell Lazarus and the daughter of Jairus, are little more than shadows. Christians, like other men, have a nature derived by natural birth from their fallen ancestor, Adam, over which the sentence of death hangs; but, unlike other men, they have the germ at least of another nature derived through their spiritual birth from Christ. It is their business to crucify and kill the old corrupt part of their nature, for it is only in proportion as they anticipate and carry out themselves

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH

pronounced against it that they can hope to escape the future judgment of the Great Day, even as our Lord says, "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto Life Eternal." Now the only way whereby the old nature can be crucified and slain is by the development and growth of that germ of a new nature which we have derived from Christ by our birth from above. In proportion as the new nature grows and flourishes, in that proportion does the old nature dwindle and wither away. The more care and attention we bestow upon the new nature,—the more we nourish it with the streams of grace ever issuing forth from the living Rock, the Incarnate Son of God, through the divinely appointed channels,—the more we expose it to the sunshine of Divine Love, and water it with the tears of penitence,—so much the more will the old nature droop and fade, until at length, by its utter extinction, it

yields, through the new nature which has grown up out of its ashes, abundant fruit, even Life Eternal. So then the law of the corn of wheat is the law, not only of Christ Himself, but of every Christian. So long as he lives the old external life only, he "abideth alone," and there is no "fruit unto holiness." But when the hidden life breaks forth, when the germ implanted in spiritual birth gives token of its presence, then straightway begins the decay of the old outward life; a blight falls upon it; it droops and fades and withers away until at length the sentence of death is fulfilled upon it. The outward man disappears from view, and in the Paradise of God the inward man stands clearly revealed in all the glory and beauty of a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of a kingdom whose glory shall not pass away.

But the corn of wheat, in dying, does not "abide alone." The outcome of its death is not one life, but many. There is "first, the blade; then, the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear." So that in dying it brings forth much fruit,—not merely itself, the corn of wheat, reproduced, but many corns of wheat, each in turn capable of bringing forth much fruit. The death of Christ was the birth of Christianity, when His side being opened, there flowed thence the two great sacraments, blood and water, out of which has grown up His mystical Spouse, the Church. The same life producing power He has willed that His members should be endowed with in varying degrees, from those martyrs of old time whose blood "was the seed of the Church," down to the patient fruit-bearing of the humblest Christian in every age who scarce dare claim eternal life for himself, much less aspire to the honor and glory of imparting the like precious gift to others. Yet it is an all-pervading Law,—the Law of the Spiritual even as of the Natural World,—that "abiding alone" is the unvarying penalty of an undeveloped inner life; while on the other hand the development and growth of that inner life must result in

producing some fruit, whether it be more or less.

We know not the process of such fruit bearing any more than we understand the development of the germ hidden in the corn of wheat into the full-grown fruit-bearing plant. We cannot tell how the developed inner life of any individual Christian is prolific of other Christian lives; but we know it to be a fact because the Eternal Truth hath said it. And moreover, we ourselves have seen it and so are witnesses to this universal law of the Spiritual even as of the Natural world. In some rare instances, so signally is this law exemplified that it cannot escape the notice even of the busy world around. Most often is this the case after the prolific "corn of wheat" has literally "fallen into the earth and died." The true saint of God who, while living, has seemed to be not unlike other men, so hidden and unobtrusive is the process of fruit bearing,

HAS NO SOONER CLOSED HIS EYES

to this mortal scene than all at once, even to the least observant, he is seen and known to have brought forth "much fruit." Even those who least appreciated him while living now see and know that a "prince and a great man has fallen in Israel," one who in the heavenly Jerusalem will take high rank among the princes and great men of the Israel of God. For with Him unto whom it belongs by right to judge the saints and award them their eternal crowns the test of greatness is *not* that which prevails on earth. "His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts."

And what is the character most approved by Him and best fitted, therefore, to stand every test? Its portrait is drawn for us by St. Paul in 1. Cor., xiii; and its living portrait is presented to us in that Apostle of Love unto whom it was granted to lean on our Lord's breast at supper. It is love which receives the highest promotion at the hands of Him whose very being is love; not that love which parades itself in professions and words of love, but that love which shows and proves itself in deeds of love, in deeds not done for osten-

tation, but such as are themselves the fruit of love to God for His own sake and of love to man for God's sake. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Do you not recognize the portrait, dear friends? Is it not life-like? Can you think of no one lately gone from us whose lovely character answers stroke for stroke to the great Apostle's portraiture? Ah, yes, and you are able even now, amid all the grief of your stricken hearts, to see that it is the hand of love which has removed him hence, love which could no longer refrain, but must have the dear object of love nearer to Himself and in His more immediate presence.

To pronounce any lengthened eulogy in this holy place upon so lovely a character as that of your late beloved pastor would be altogether superfluous and might almost seem presumptuous. For fifteen years he has gone in and out before you, and among you, and

HIS RECORD IS WRITTEN

not in tables of stone but in the fleshy tables of your hearts. Let me rather beseech you, while you cherish his beloved memory in your hearts, not to suffer the sanctifying influence of his saintly life to pass away without producing in your own lives its proper fruits. Doubtless he made it his chief aim so long as he trod this earth—by a life of humility, self-denial, and self-sacrifice,—to mortify the deeds of the body, to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts, and in the same proportion to cherish and develop the hidden life of the soul. Thus did the death of the outward life of the corn of wheat bring forth much fruit in the inward life. See to it that its effects reach much further than that, that it produce an abundant crop of other prolific corns of wheat; so that the

holy influence of that unselfish life may be ever extending and widening and continually bringing forth more and more fruit unto life eternal.

If such be your determination—if it is your earnest desire to “bring forth much fruit,” if you would escape the fate of those who neglect and kill out that germ of heavenly eternal life already implanted within them—you must set yourselves with no faltering aim to subdue selfishness, and all the forms of evil, which it carries with it. Let us attack this giant evil without ostentation, for this would betray insincerity and hypocrisy, which is another form of selfishness. Let us subdue it with cheerfulness, ever dying to self and ever living more truly the inward life while we thus die, on one hand “bringing forth,” on the other laying up “much fruit,” the fruit of every virtue and every grace, each of which in its own turn will be reproductive, each of which as it is “sown in the ground,” i.e. in humility, and thus, as it were, buried out of sight, will bring “forth much fruit,” will tend to the growth and sustenance of the spiritual life, and will spring up into Life Everlasting.

Sermon by Rev. C. E. Cartwright.

In the evening the church was again filled. The Rev. C. E. Cartwright conducted service. The hymns were favorites of the late pastor, “Rock of Ages,” “Resting,” “Christ will gather in His Own,” and “Jesu, Lover of My Soul,” and the text chosen was part of the 15th chapter of First Corinthians: “But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.” The sermon, like that of the morning, was a truly beautiful one, and elicited the feeling and gratitude of the congregation. The text, the preacher said, was the closing note of triumph of the Apostle for the resurrection from the dead, the power over death, and over that which constitutes the sting of death—sin. To the earthly man death was a great disturber of plans, and he dreads and

shrinks from it. He may occasionally lay his life down through some great deed of courage for his country or his race, that his name may live, but the instances are few. The great mass feared death. Yet the Christian, with the promise of forgiveness through God's forbearance, and in the light of the knowledge of God, feels that perfect love and hope cast out fear. When that Christian has by a pious life at school and college, and a noble manhood, been drawn close to God, death is not an enemy to be feared, but the way to a Father who loves and who has taught His beloved children to look forward to a consolation and a hope. To the pastor so deeply mourned it was not a dark journey, but the shining way and the setting ajar of the gates of pearl, through which the faithful servant of Christ sees the outstretched arms of God ready with a welcome to a home where the fountains are living joys, and where tears are wiped away. What can death do against such a man? He may be uncertain as to the exact state of existence in the next world, but he feels sure of reaching the shelter of the eternal arms of love. Death comes as but an ushering in to a fuller life. How different the state of the worldly man! Thinking only of his money and position here, placing all his heart on the treasures of this earth, he opens the way for death's easy victory, and all his plans are spoiled. How wasted to such is the power of the conflict on the cross with the resurrection as a glorious pledge of salvation! The congregation may look with hope out of their tears, for they have the promise and the knowledge that "the works" of the saints on earth "do follow them." On that day the churches of Christendom were celebrating the 500th anniversary of Wycliffe's death, and from the pulpits was recalled the fact that his body was dug up and burned, and his ashes scattered, to defeat the resurrection, yet he still lives in the spirit and in his works. Mr. Kirkpatrick's work had not ended with his death. His words will be remembered with greater power and force than if he were still

amongst us. His bright example will not soon be forgotten, whether as a boy at college, escaping vices and defilements, while yet of a joyous and happy character, or as a man shaming our very griefs with his cheerfulness. Providence seems to us a deep mystery; we do not know whether it is for his sake or our own that the loved one was taken, but we do know that God's rule is ever for the best. Death, through the love of His dear Son, is no longer fearful, sending a loved one into darkness, but to a home of light and love. Though dead the late pastor yet speaketh to those climbing the heavenly ladder here. Death will be to them but the covered way leading to the light, that no child may stray away. In that light there are no cares, frettings, or troubles; in its brightness the riddles of life will be solved, the tangled threads of God's purpose revealed. What seems now dark and mysterious will then be light and clear. We now look at them too near, but then the plan and purpose will be shown as a completed picture, perfect in its true shade.

One Common Sorrow.

At the morning service in St. George's Cathedral on Sunday, January 4th, Rev. A. W. Cooke preached. His discourse had reference to the nature of the risen and glorified bodies of the saints of God. He mentioned the Revs. Messrs. Leathley, O'Loughlin and Kirkpatrick, of this diocese, who had gone to rest. They were most devoted and saintly clergymen. Of the last named, the speaker said the events of his death were fresh in memory. Of his life it was unnecessary to speak, because his zeal, devotion and love to God and man were very well known. The departed were now in the rest of Paradise, and would finally join the church triumphant in heaven and enjoy that vision of God's glory of which they have a glimpse in these beautiful words:

"Who are these like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand,
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?"

The answer is : "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

In the evening Dean Lyster made a very feeling address, taking for his text the 56th and 57th verses of the 15th chapter of First Corinthians. He logically expounded the text, pointing out the blessed hope which Christians have in the resurrection of the dead, after which he referred to the work of the great Reaper "He has added to the death roll one whom everybody respected and whom we all loved. He was not brilliant—and he *was* brilliant. He was brilliant in his work ; he was brilliant in his labours. To mankind sick at heart he preached glad tidings of great joy. He was cut off in the midst of his Master's work and bore his sickness as a true and loving Christian. He died in the odor of sanctity, in full faith and hope in his Master, whom he loved and so well served. What more shall I say ?

"Father in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave me now Thy servant sleeping."

May I die such a death, and may my last hours be like his !"

ST. JOHN'S, PORTSMOUTH.

Rev. Mr. Dobbs selected for his text Hebrews xi. 4, and having referred to the two-fold rendering of the passage, "He, being dead, yet speaketh" or "Though dead is still being spoken of," stated that he had chosen the words, as bearing not only upon the 500th anniversary of the death of the great reformer Wycliffe, the Morning Star of the Reformation, but also upon the death of his late lamented friend, Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, so suddenly called away from a life of usefulness and renewed consecration to the service of Christ. Having shown how the voice of Abel and Wycliffe still spoke to us and "though dead" their life of faith and love are "being spoken of by us," he said that in like manner there comes a voice from the pastor. How true is this ! How sad the scene at St. James' on Saturday ! Why those

sad emblems of mourning? Why that crowded church? Why the rich and poor all assembled together? On answer only can be given: a beloved pastor had been taken and called to a higher scene of labour, a beloved friend had been removed, a useful and active member of society had been taken away, the poor had lost one who ever extended the loving hand of sympathy and aid. Such a gathering spoke volumes and leaves nothing for man but to accept their praises and bow in submission to the Divine will. The contrast between the sad scene and the closing days of the late mission were truly remarkable. The mission was looked forward to with fear, but soon these vanished away and none rejoiced more than the pastor of St. James'. Most probably—like many ministers—he had never heard the gospel message unfolded day after day and night after night for one fortnight. Such rich food was appreciated, and he drank freely of the gospel feast, and during his illness he said: "I have long chosen the service of my master, but I now rejoice in His fulness and am ready to go home." A remark made to a friend showed how he valued the services of Mr. DuVernet and at the same time marked his deep humility,—“How shall I ever stand in that pulpit?” The words were indeed ominous; he never stood in that pulpit again, but he has entered a higher service. “Absent from the body present with the Lord.” How true the words of the text: “He being dead yet speaketh;” or “though dead he is still being spoken of.” Let the remembrance of him and the solemn event of our Advent season, with all the unfoldings of rich gospel privileges, be embalmed in all hearts, and may we all be found drinking in these words:

“Jesus, I am resting,
In the joy of what thou art,
And am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.”

Thus will the mission go on and fruit will spring up to the glory of God in the salvation of souls.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

After the sermon the Rev. S. N. Jackson said: I cannot close without some reference to the late Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, not in the way of eulogy, for that is unnecessary, but as an example for all to imitate. Here was a gentleman of the highest social standing, with ample means, who might have taken his leisure and enjoyed the pleasures of this world; but who instead chose rather to be a servant of God and all knew what the result of his labours had been. It does seem strange that so faithful a worker for Christ was taken, but God's ways are not our ways. Just as he had gathered so many into the fold of the Great Shepherd — both pastor and people being so marked in their harmony and as instruments in God's hands in the spreading of Christ's Kingdom, and also at the close of a successful mission which had greatly cheered and encouraged him, it does seem inscrutable, but as I have already shown the future is hid from us. We are strangers and sojourners, "looking for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away." His presence will be missed in many a poor household, not only in his own congregation but throughout the city. Was he not ever found going about doing good? What a noble life! It was grand! Would that more who have time and means at their disposal were like him. And a life of usefulness needs no eulogy, but is it not one we may all take note of and do likewise? Let his death be a warning that when we are called home we shall be ready like this true and devoted soldier of Christ, who was stricken while performing service, and who will receive his reward in eternal rest. The rev. gentleman made touching allusion to the bereaved ones in his prayer, which affected every one present.

CHALMERS' PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Finlay McCuaig, in closing his sermon (one commemorative of the English reformer, John Wycliffe), said

there was another good man to whose memory he would pay a passing tribute. He referred to the Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, his superior in the Kingston Branch of the Bible Society. The city had lost a good man in his demise, and without reflecting upon any minister of the city, he who had been called away so suddenly was the best minister in the city and could be the least spared. He would be missed among the poorer classes, to whom he ministered more than any other, because he knew where to find them and because he had the means to keep them. Being born in the city and having spent nearly all his ministry here, he was, perhaps, in a better position to find the needy and distressed, and when he found such it made no difference to him to what denomination they belonged. He helped them by words of kindness and deeds of charity all the same. He was humble and energetic, like his divine Master, and was always about his Master's business, and to show how much his heart was in his work while lying in a sick bed he had a special message for his bible class. On Christmas day he was at his place in the church. On New Year's day he occupied his appointed place in heaven. What a rapid promotion! The preacher said he could wish no more for himself, nor for any of his hearers, than that they might be taken as he was from the midst of his work.

ST. MARK'S, BARRIEFIELD.

The Rev. K. L. Jones preached on Isaac xxi., 11, 12—
“Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, the morning cometh.” The preacher alluded to the event which has lately cast a gloom over the city. The new year commenced in a solemn way. A few weeks ago we were passing through the Advent season, and the neighboring congregation of St. James' were being stirred to deeper spiritual life by the special services of a parochial mission. Foremost in the work was to be seen everywhere the form of their devoted pastor, preparing the people he loved to meet their God. No doubt, during that

solemn time, his own soul was fitted for the change which was to come so soon. On Christmas morning, he received the message of death at the very altar he had so faithfully served. New Year's morning he passed away to the new life in the Paradise of God. His death was in all its circumstances as beautiful as his life had been pure and good.

IN THE OTHER CHURCHES.

In St. Andrew's Church, the Rev. Dr. Bain made a touching reference to the affecting event, the removal of one who had shown himself a humble, loving, faithful servant of Christ, and earnestly prayed that his family and flock might receive comfort from the God of all consolation, and that all might be followers of him who was gone, as he was of Christ.

In Queen Street Methodist Church the Rev. H. F. Bland prayed that God would comfort the church bereaved of its pastor and the family deprived of its head. Both needed the consolation of the spirit in their sorrow. He prayed, also, that God would raise up men and women, strong, pious and true, to take the places of those who, having finished their work on earth, are called to a higher sphere.

Revs. Salem Bland, B. A., S. Houston and Dr. Williamson also made reference to the sad death. The loss to the community, to society, and to the church were touchingly mentioned, and his flock counselled to look to Christ in the hope of a union in a land where partings do not occur and where every tear is dried. The family were commended to the care of God.

In the Baptist Church the Rev. J. Hooper made a kind reference to deceased, testifying to his great usefulness and his merits as a christian and minister. He also expressed sincere sympathy for the widow and afflicted family.

At the Saved Army meeting Captain Hayes paid a touching tribute to deceased, speaking in most praiseworthy terms of his deeds in life.

Nearly every speaker at Sunday's meeting of the Salvation Army referred to deceased, expressing their deep regret at his demise.

Congregational Feeling.

At a very full meeting of the congregation of St. James' Church, Shore Loynes, people's churchwarden, was elected chairman, and F. R. Sargeant, vestry clerk, acted as secretary. R. V. Rogers, with deep feeling, proposed, seconded by E. J. B. Pense, this resolution :

"We, the members of St. James' Church desire to place on record the profound sorrow which we feel at the death of our dearly loved pastor, the Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick. Words cannot express the loss we have sustained in the sudden taking away of one who, for nearly sixteen years, was our minister, our counsellor, our guide, our friend. During all these years he went in and out among us, rejoicing with those that did rejoice, and weeping with those that wept. Many a mourner he comforted, many a fallen one he raised, many an erring one he brought back to the fold, many a broken heart he soothed, and many a tear he wiped away. As yet we cannot see why the hand of the Lord has been so heavy upon us, but in our dear departed's death we hear the voice of the great Master of the Feast saying, "Friend, come up higher." That consoles us somewhat, and we strive to say, 'the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"We mourn also because of the living, and we pray most earnestly that the God of all mercies will spread His loving arms around the sorrowing widow and the helpless orphans, shielding them from every harm, and giving them abundantly more than we can ask or think."

The resolution was carried by a standing vote and ordered to be engrossed and presented to Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

On motion of Jas. Shannon, seconded by G. E. Hagne, the

churchwardens and lay delegates, with James Wilson and Dr. Mackenzie, were appointed a committee to report what steps should be taken towards the erection of a memorial desirable to evince the appreciation of the congregation for the self-sacrificing efforts of the late pastor during the incumbency of St. James' Church: and their regret at his untimely death.

At a regular monthly meeting of the St. James' Church Temperance Society there was an unusually large attendance. E. J. B. Pense was appointed chairman, and made a feeling reference to the loss sustained by the Society in the death of the late President. C. H. Corbett moved, in a pathetic address, seconded by J. A. B. Smith :

"That this society record the deep sense of loss its members feel in the death of their beloved pastor, the Rev. Francis W. Kirkpatrick, the President of this organization, its founder and master spirit, who was almost foremost in every good word and work ; who devoted himself untiringly to promote every cause tending to elevate and beautify human life, and who illustrated by his loving and unselfish character, the precepts uttered by his lips. That we tender to his bereaved wife and family, our heartiest sympathies, and evoke for them the care of that God who provides for the widow and the fatherless."

The resolution was carried by a rising vote. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Corbett, Smith, Pense, Reyner, and Major Wilson, was appointed to take into consideration the erection by the Temperance Society of a suitable memorial to their late president.

Society Regrets.

At a regular meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union a resolution expressing the deep grief of the society at, and the sense of the irreparable loss which all Christian workers in the city have sustained by, the death of

the Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, was passed with every manifestation of sympathy and sorrow.

At the annual meeting of the subscribers to the House of Industry the subjoined resolution was carried unanimously.

“Resolved, that we hereby record (1) our sense of the great loss this institution in common with all the charitable institutions of the city has sustained through the removal by death of the Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, one of the directors of the House of Industry; (2) our tribute to his earnest unassuming character, his catholicity of spirit, and his untiring zeal and generosity in the furtherance of philanthropic enterprises in our midst; (3) our desire to convey to his bereaved wife, children and relatives our deepest sympathy on account of their great loss and the prayer that the Holy Comforter may sustain them in the assurance that His servant rests from his labors and his works do follow him.”

Voices From Abroad.

The *Evangelical Churchman*, of Toronto, speaking of Mr. Kirkpatrick's career, said: “It has been in all respects one of honor, he was ever at work for his Master, in all spheres of Church activity, seeking to bless, comfort, guide and encourage his flock, setting them an example of holy living and diligence in their Christian calling. The deceased was no party man, he had too gentle a spirit to care for squabbling, too honorable to give his Master's time to strife, and too refined a nature to degrade himself and office by selfish struggles for power. As a shining light his path has gone over his life's all too brief course, and now illuminates the way up whither his beloved Lord has led him to eternal light. The church can very ill spare clergy of the noble type of the late F. W. Kirkpatrick. * * In accordance with his charitable impulses throughout life, the late pastor, Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, has by will bequeathed one-tenth of his estate to St. James'

Church and the General Hospital, to be equally divided. The two corporations, which had been so much indebted to Mr. Kirkpatrick's services in life, have thus additional reason for gratitude."

The news of the death was received with great regret in this northern part of the county. Some years ago, on Sunday, 19th October, 1879, as Rural Dean, the late Mr. Kirkpatrick paid Kennebec a visit, in company with Rev. H. Farrar. Mr. Kirkpatrick preached in the Town Hall and afterwards administered the Sacrament. This service is noticeable from the fact that it was the first and only time that the Holy Communion has been celebrated in the township of Kennebec, according to the rites of the English Church, and he is the only church clergyman (except those stationed in this mission), that has ever paid Arden a visit, or conducted the Church of England service in this township.

Words of Affection and Regret.

CONCERNING MR. KIRKPATRICK FROM HIS BROTHER CLERGY.

One clergyman of the Diocese writes: "He is indeed, a Diocesan loss, and will I am sure be regarded as such by all the clergy. But individually also I cannot but mourn the loss of a friend, who in an intercourse of many years ever approved himself a thorough Christian gentleman."

Another says: "He always struck me as one who lived "waiting for the Lord." He was our Nathaniel among the clergy, and we shall all miss him so much, whilst with other innumerable fellow souls of the righteous he is in the hands of the Lord, and in this way we shall ever think of him."

Another: "His loss is a severe one to the Diocese, for he filled some important posts and discharged some important duties and trusts in a gentle and loving spirit; and in the discharge of those duties and trusts won the confidence and esteem of his brother clergy."

Another speaks of him as "universally beloved," as one "whose praise is in all the churches" and adds, "we shall all, young and old, among the clergy, miss greatly Mr. Kirkpatrick's wise counsel and fraternal friendships."

Another clergyman writes: "As far as he is concerned, except in leaving those whom he so dearly loved, he would wish no better lot than to enter into rest after his faithful labor of love. But to us who remain there is the loss of his earnest faith and true devotion as an example, which had its influence far beyond what he was conscious of. One never left him without feeling more deeply attached to him, and the better for even an hour's companionship. His unassuming holiness, his entire absorption in his work, his all embracing charity, compelled every one to be drawn towards him in respect and affection." "There is a wondrous fitness in his being taken whilst engaged in his Saviour's work on the anniversary of that Saviour's birth, for surely, in its truest sense, he had become as a little child in purity and faith and love."

Another says, "he, Mr. Kirkpatrick, was the one brother to whom he always turned for sympathy and counsel, and he always felt strengthened and refreshed thereby."

One not now in the Diocese, writes: "He was ever my truest, kindest and most valued friend in the Diocese of Ontario, and to multitudes his loss will seem irreparable. His pure, loving and useful life; the superiority of his spirit to this world's strife of tongues; his kindly interest in the temporal, moral and spiritual advancement of the poor; and his continuous services to the Diocese of Algoma, are but a few among the works that follow him. I think of him now as a stainless spirit, rejoicing in that loftier life which for him death was most surely the portal. Yea, to him there was no

death: "'Twas but transition," and the lamp of God's love was his light through the gloom."

Another, also formerly in this Diocese, says: "I feel as if I had lost my dearest friend and counsellor. To whom shall I now go for encouragement and sympathy? Yet we must be patient and resigned to God's blessed will. He knows best what is good for us and for him. He has taken him to His own bosom where he can rest from his labors. And these labors were so abundant, so cheerfully undertaken, so fruitful that many of his spiritual children rise up to call him blessed." "For the twenty years I have enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Kirkpatrick, I can see no imperfection in his conduct. His ministry has been spent in the place of his childhood. Yet who is there that can speak a word of disparagement? His early life, as well as his later years, must have been singularly pure to have left no stain of boyhood foolishness upon his record."

One of his co-workers writes: "I can scarcely realise it yet. We were so happy to gether, waiting for the Master, and now he is at Home with the Lord. At rest forever more, finding out the greatness of the Saviour's love. Now he is

Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy light:

A Brother's Offering.

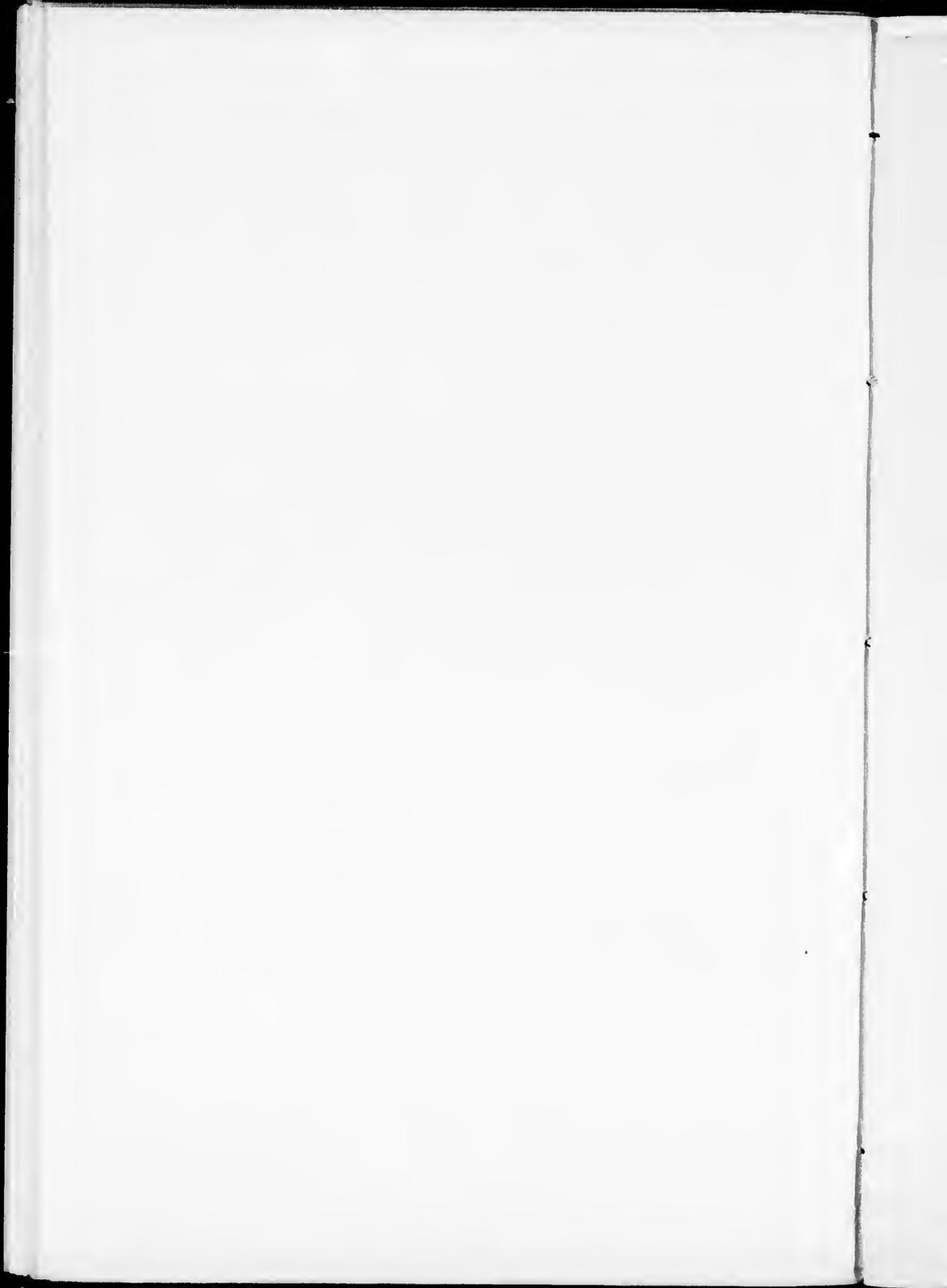
The Ven. Archdeacon Jones wrote: It was the wish of the family that no address should be delivered at the funeral of my late brother. Perhaps wisely. On such occasions there is a strong temptation to yield to one's natural feelings of affection and give utterance to sentiments of exaggerated laudation; and to none could this be more painfully distasteful than to him whose "buried worth" will not be forgotten for

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many a year by the mourning multitude who thronged St. James' Church this 3rd day of January, 1885. For few men were more modest and retiring, or so unostentatious in their deeds of charity and self-denial. And yet I have no doubt that to others of my reverend brothers present, as to myself, it would have been a gratification to have borne some testimony to our appreciation of the many eminent qualities of head and heart possessed by the departed priest of God. We should have liked to have assured the sorrowing people that we fully shared their grief, and their sense of the great loss they had sustained. And we would have also told them that our prayers would be united to their own, that He, Who disposeth all things well, would send them as faithful a pastor as the one He has seen fit to take to Himself. And all the more would we have desired to utter some such thoughts, because we were well aware of the difficulties that he had to meet and overcome before he attained the richly-deserved reputation and general esteem. We knew the sacrifices he made, the taunts he bore, the patient endurance of misrepresentations, while prayerfully and perseveringly doing his Master's work as conscience directed. In devotion to all that he believed to be his duty to God and to fellowmen, he had the spirit of a martyr. It was this spirit that made him habitually indifferent to all personal comforts, and indeed, to a fault regardless of those indulgences which, for others' sake, he persistently denied himself. * * * * Men who love their ease and live for time may call this Quixotic, but it is in such a mould that Christian heroes are cast. To them the earthly cross is as nothing when compared with the heavenly crown. They delight even thus to follow in their divine Master's steps. Speaking for myself and from my own conviction, I feel keenly that the place of my dear late brother cannot easily be filled, or filled at all; and that no clergyman removed by death, from the Diocese, has been a greater loss than the Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick. He was the beloved

friend of men of all shades of theological opinion, and by all respected for his consistency and sincerity. Of him it might be most truly said that he gave no offence whereby the ministry could be blamed." As an excellent scholar, a well-read theologian—far better and broader than many persons suspected—a man with a well-balanced, cultivated mind, and no slight sense of humor; these qualities, added to his unaffected piety, humility, and sincere Christian faith, made him one with whom it was always a pleasure to work, take counsel, and hold converse. There was an utter absence of all that was gloomy, morose, or fanatical in his religion, while no man took more pains in the discharge of his sacred duties, or was more devoted to the church of which he was a minister. To Christ and Christ's cause he gave his heart and life, and he strove to practice all he preached. Such men are rare. But they serve to show us what the power of Christianity can do, and the example they set encourages others to follow in their steps of faith, prayer, and devotion to duty. And what a noble heritage to leave to one's children! What a blessed memory for all the dear ones to look back to! What an unspeakable comfort amid all the sorrow of the parting for "the little while!"

Poetic Tributes.

All present in St. James' Church on Monday evening, Dec. 22nd, will remember the tender earnestness with which the lamented pastor read these lines of a hymn, which, he said, seemed more especially to breathe the spirit of the mission which had just closed:

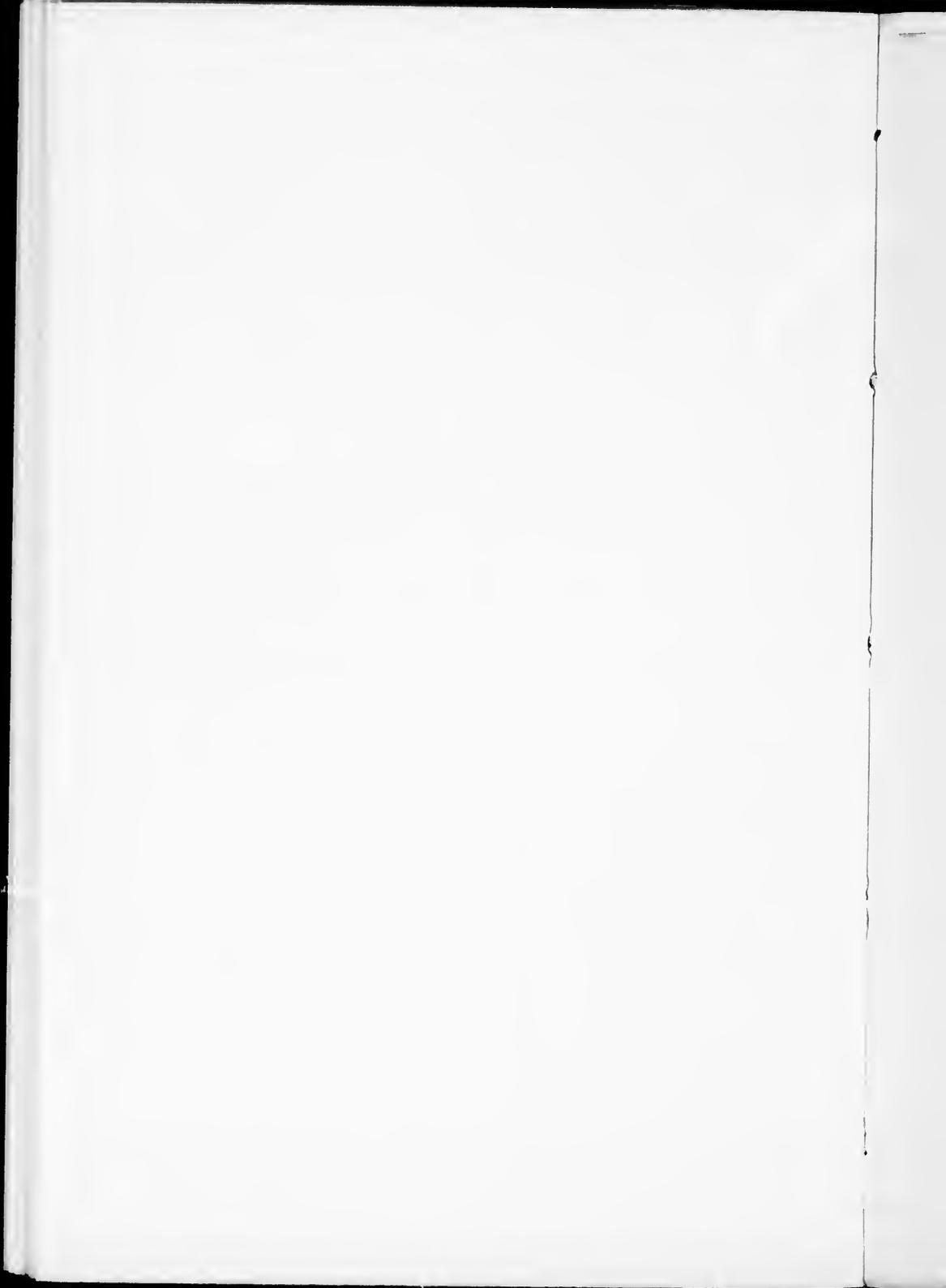
"Jesus! I am resting, resting
In the joy of what Thou art,
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart!"

Previous to the funeral service in St. James' this hymn was very appropriately sung by the choir with peculiarly touch-

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ing effect. The following lines were an attempt to express the feeling of those who listened:

Yes! we know that thou art resting,
Though we may but faintly guess
What the "joy" that thou art tasting,
What the blessedness!

Welcome to the toiler, weary
With the burden carried long,
Comes the sweet and solemn chiming
Of the evensong.

To the "good and faithful servant,"
Can we grudge the well-earned rest;
Fold the hands and lay white garlands
On the peaceful breast!

Well we know the quiet beauty
Of thy work of faith and love,—
Patient toil among the lowly,
Owned by Christ above!

And we know that thou art resting
Far beyond the grief and gloom,
Even while our tears are falling
By the open tomb.

For to us who still must tarry
'Mid the shadows and the strife,
Darkly falls the cloud of sorrow
O'er the light of life!

Long and sadly we shall miss thee
From the paths we daily tread,—
In the home and by the altar,
And the sick one's bed.

Yet the "joy" that thou art tasting,
We, too, may in measure know,
And the truth thou still art learning
We may learn below!

In that resting,—in that learning,
May we seek to follow thee,
Till the endless New Year's morning
We together see:—

Till the glad "New Song" of triumph,
Grief's sad cadence passed away,
We together sing in presence
Of the King, for aye!—FIDELIS.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. FRANCIS KIRKPATRICK. OBIT JANUARY 1ST, 1885.

There are some songs we fain would sing
To full clear notes in minor tones ;
And my rude wreath of rhyme I bring
In love of him who everything
Held still in trust for Christ alone.

Some strong sweet ballads there have been
Wrought by the bards of older days ;
Of Red Cross Knights as pilgrims, when,
Christ's sepulchre, by Saracen,
Had been defiled in Pagan ways.

This was a pilgrim, in these years
Of vague unrest and changeful creed,
When Christ's dear name is cold with sneers ;
He gave no dull reproach of tears
But sought the sepulchre indeed.

As one who seeks a risen Lord
To find and whisper "*Rabboni*,"
And then, by loving deed and word,
To teach the truths that undergird
The hopes of Immortality.

To scatter largesse far and wide
Of love that knows no bound or ban,
To lay all selfishness aside
That when he slept the world hath cried
"Behold this was indeed a man."

This is your heritage, Oh wife,
And children who have hardly known
The all of this dear vanished life !
This you may say : " In calm and strife
He was for years and years our own."

O, mother church, unfold thy scroll
And add another martyr there !
O, let the solemn requiem roll,
For pilgrim with true warrior soul
Whose life was one low earnest prayer.

—HORATIO GILBERT PARKER.

