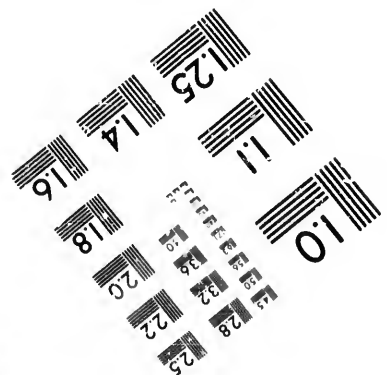
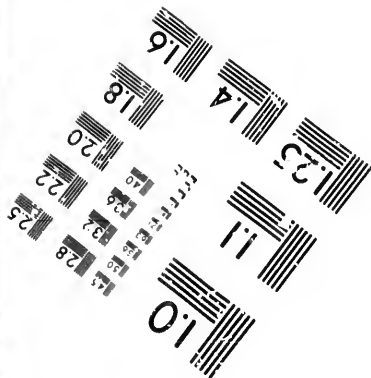
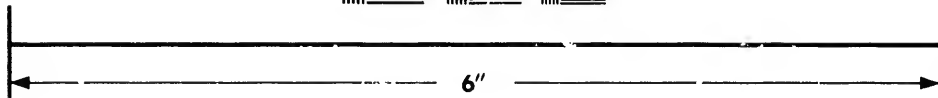
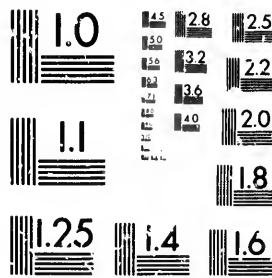


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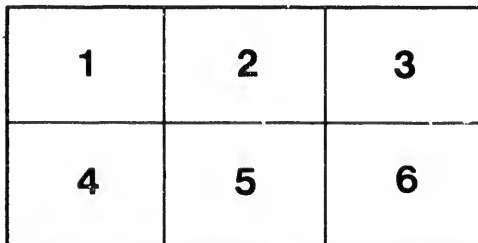
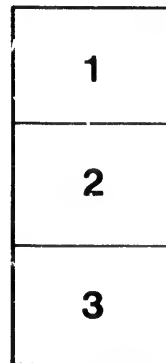
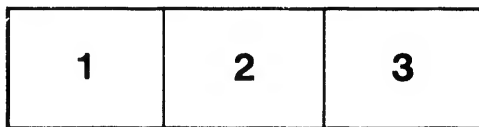
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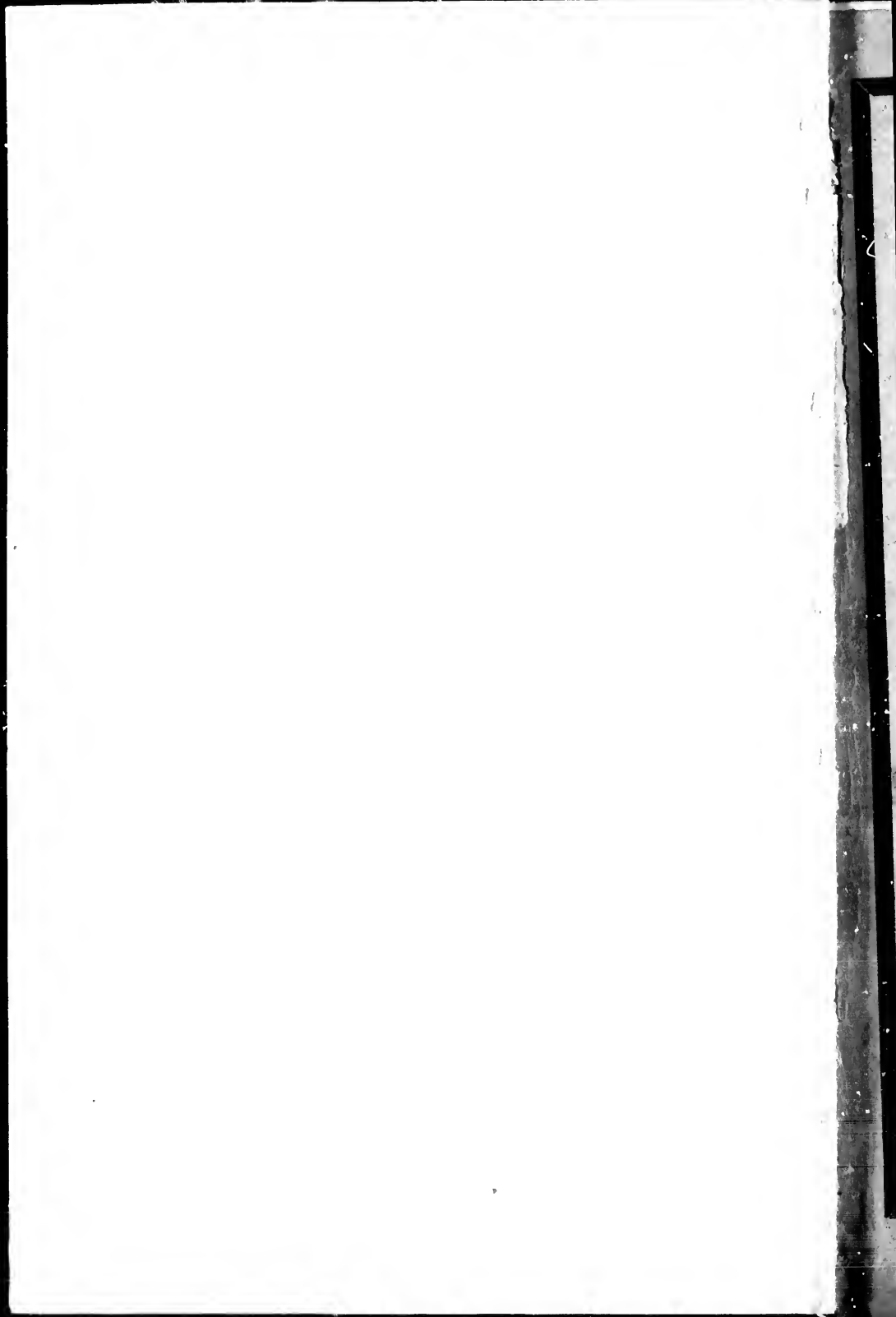
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THE DEATH OF THE METROPOLITAN.

A SERMON

Preached in Christ Church Cathedral,

MONTREAL,

ON

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4TH, 1868,

BY THE

REV. PHILIP WOOD LOGSEMORE, M.A.,

SENIOR CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, AND LATE EXAMINING AND  
DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN, AND SECRETARY TO THE METROPOLITAN.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Montreal:

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

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## A SERMON.

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2 KINGS II. 3.

*Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?*

**E**LISHA was the servant of a master who, throughout the whole of his career, appears to have held converse rather with heaven than with earth. Elijah, though in the varied scenes and incidents of his history showing himself a man of like passions with us, thoroughly human, with strong human sympathies, and tender regard to human friendships, appears, however, to our view, in full manhood, in maturity of years, as the ambassador of Heaven, as the representative of God's mighty power in the world. With no notice of his ancestors, his home, education, father, mother, companion, friend, he comes suddenly on the scene, a solitary man, from whence no one knew, appearing sometimes in peopled neighbourhoods, sometimes in the desert and on the hill-top, recognized at once by his desert clothing, the leathern girdle and the hairy garment. "He comes in with a tempest," remarks an old writer, "who went out

with a whirlwind." Elijah's is a most instructive biography. The glorious champion of truth and righteousness, the bold reprov<sup>er</sup> of Ahab, the undaunted son of the desert, who apparently knew no other fear than the fear of God, so indifferent to human opinion, needs, with all his greatness, the grace of God to uphold him under weaknesses and failings, to bring back the man who, at one time, could challenge single-handed a multitude of idolatrous priests, from the despondency of spirit which at another time shrunk from work and duty. Like our own fluctuating selves in the changeful moods of a kindred spiritual experience, consequent on the varied circumstances of this mortal life, Elijah was now elated, and now depressed. In his strong character might be discerned the elements of tenderness and the strength of will, the union of weakness and greatness, which, by the power of God, become to a whole generation a mighty influence for good and an example to posterity for all time.

The stormy life of the master in Israel had a glorious close; and a lofty recompense was visibly vouchsafed. By life's chequered discipline, the confused changing moods of his own spirit had gradually, but surely subsided, and grown into calm faith, holy obedience, and faithful trust, and, all his graces being perfected, he was taken up to Paradise by a whirlwind in a chariot of fire with horses of fire, borne upwards and heavenwards to that abiding rest and refuge for the time-wearied

and storm-tossed, where the earthquake, and the whirlwind, and the fire, the tumult, the tempest, and the alarm are known no more, but where the "still small voice" of comfort, and peace, and joy is heard, until the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall sound to call the redeemed from the rest of Paradise to sing the eternal song of Heaven.

The memorable chapter from which the text is taken sets before us the translation of Elijah. The eventful time has arrived when he is to be translated so that he shall not see death. There is no change in the demeanour, so as to mark anything marvellous impending. He is not overpowered with the invisible glories which are so soon to burst upon his view, as calmly he walks with Elisha from Gilgal. None of all Israel are summoned to the heights of the Jordan valley to witness his wondrous departure. To the faithful and attached Elisha, he says, "Tarry here, I pray thee, for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel." The same is repeated at Bethel and yet again at Jericho. But Elisha's constancy reveals to him the closing scene. "As the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth I will not leave thee." Along the mountain range on the eastern banks of the Jordan Elijah had passed, making his farewell visits at Gilgal, Bethel, and Jericho. In these three favoured cities there is some unwonted stir and excitement. The sons of the prophets had received a divine intimation that Elijah was

about to be taken from them, and we find them gathered together in earnest and anxious groups. Elisha is to succeed him in his prophetic office, to catch the mantle which falls from him as he ascends unto God. So he keeps near unto him ; and as these two revered men of God are welcomed amongst the company who attend the schools of sacred truth and learning, Elisha is summoned aside to hear the sad news, which with trembling lips they whispered in his ear : " Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day ? "

Lest the composure of Elijah's mind should be interrupted at this solemn moment by any lamentations, or lest speaking of it publicly multitudes should assemble as idle spectators, or to counsel them to be calm and not to be disquieted because the Lord would make up their loss, Elisha replies, " Yea, I know it ; hold ye your peace ; be silent ! "

The Spirit of God had made known to the people most interested that a great man was about to be taken up to his glorious reward. Sorrowing, like the elders of Ephesus, when on the shore at Miletus they bid St. Paul farewell, that they should see his face no more, they confide to Elisha the eager question : Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy Master ? Shall we never see him again ? Is it indeed the case ? Yes, verily, I know it. Hold ye your peace. In mute, expressive, silence and thoughtful acquiescence, realise the will of God.

Now amid all our hopes and fears ; amid all the counsels and blessings which may have been given and withdrawn from here ; amid all the thoughts and memories that may have been filling our hearts as the recent event awoke a train of reflections, which will scarcely ever die out, I shall say what I have to say by an appeal to listen to the sacred philosophy of death contained in these words of the sons of the prophets as we ponder the loss of the Departed. "Knowest thou that the *Lord* will take thy Master—thy Pastor—thy Bishop—from thy head to-day?" "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Many thoughts have crowded into my mind, my Brethren, since I last addressed you from this place, and I will now take the first opportunity of expressing them. Perhaps none of us have yet had time to realise the *fulness* of the event which has happened ; but we can now look calmly back, and if not able just yet to see the wisdom of God's inscrutable decree, at least attempt to arrange our thoughts in some order, and learn by degrees the intended lesson from Him who doeth all things well, though moving amongst us ever in a mysterious way.

Death at any time in a parish is a solemn event, awakening feelings and thoughts which are apt to slumber in the soul. The death of the Pastor

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

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



quicken us in His service, and by setting forth the *Bishop's gain*. I wish to say something of his Work, and something of Himself. And if all pulpit appeals, utterances, and expositions should be begun, continued, and ended in dependence on the help and operation of the Holy Ghost, surely the present is one occasion in particular when we should strive for a full measure of such sanctifying influence, that what is said may be sober, sound, and true, and what is heard may be in all respects profitable unto godliness.

First of all, then, Brethren, the Church mourns her loss! I mean the Church at large—yes, the Mother Church—the Colonial Church—the Sister Church near us and in doctrine one with us—the Canadian Church—the Church in the Diocese of Montreal. We who have had for long years the personal presence, the immediate and direct personal episcopal supervision of the late Metropolitan, who can see *that Face* and hear *that Voice* no more, can command to come to us here from across the water, from across the boundary lines of the Dominion, from the uttermost parts of the earth throughout all our Colonial heritage, a wide, true, full wave of sympathy and condolence, which they who would cavil at a belief in the reality of the one Communion and Fellowship in the Church of Christ our Lord can neither gainsay nor resist, and which we who believe in the Communion of Saints most heartily acknowledge and cordially reciprocate, upon the perpetually verified principle of Holy



Writ concerning the Body, that "if one member suffer all the members suffer with it, and if one member rejoice all the members rejoice with it."

You all, my brethren, can testify to this, as well as I. You know the public work and the public character of our lamented Bishop. There are many, nay, I may say all, of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, who are ready to speak of him as "the brother whose praise is in the Gospel throughout all the churches." His great public work for the last two years has undoubtedly been the establishment of the Church in Canada, in the present completeness of its organization. You will agree with me, and the public will agree with us, that in the transition state in which the Church in Canada and in the Colonies has been placed during the last few years, his was a character which had power, weight, and influence; his was a mind which could grasp the details of the Church's Work, and mould them together for the Church's good; his was a spirit which was peculiarly qualified to adjust difficulties and remedy discrepancies, to guide, lead, and direct others, and to accomplish, by the wisdom of his counsel, the soberness of his judgment, the impartiality of all his dealings, and a remarkable foresight with which he was gifted, those works for the Church which have brought about a prosperous issue, and left affairs on a permanent basis, so that correctness of principle adopted by posterity, may carry on the work of the Wise Master-builder who is gone.

Time would fail to tell of all that has been done so wisely and so well, under the judicious care of this Overseer, or Bishop, of the Churches. Why, the fact is that the actions and work of the Bishop must remain on the page of history, and occupy no small space in the abiding annals of the Mother and the Colonial Church. What need I more say now on this point? Much more probably by-and-bye. But I should consider it a grievous omission here if I were not to refer to that great and arduous part which was taken by the Metropolitan of Canada, in organizing, forwarding, and consummating the meeting of the Bishops at Lambeth, in Pan-Anglican Conference, the good effects and advantages of which will yet more and more, as time rolls on, bear testimony to the excellent spirit by which the assembled Prelates were actuated and imbued, and testify to the Church and to the world that the Holy Ghost still operates to perpetuate Christ's promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

There is no doubt that, throughout the whole of that great movement, the high-minded and godly man who occupies with so much grace, dignity, and excellence of spirit, the important post of Primate of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, held close brotherly intercourse with the Metropolitan of Canada, consulted his judgment, and set a high value on his opinion.

The last two years, men and brethren, were busy

years of public life; arduous and anxious, though, doubtless, enjoyable and inciting. The spirit rose to meet the emergency. There was a long constant routine, a busy round of Committee Meetings, Public Missionary Meetings for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, many Addresses at Ordinations and Confirmations, and earnest Sermons in large Cathedrals to immense congregations, and during the two years two voyages across the Atlantic, with renewed labours in his own Diocese. Well, Brethren, medical testimony says that physical powers and mental powers were thus put constantly on the stretch, overtaxed, ever active; and so the work was done. Of course we know that the respected Bearer of such medical testimony will gladly hear from this place the interpretation I presume to put upon the language; it is this, the good Bishop had, at God's command, stood to his post, fulfilled his mission, done his work and discharged his duty, and went, at a call from Heaven, to receive the reward implied in the commendation: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But lastly, in this consecrated House of God, which owes so much to him as another portion of his public work, conjointly with one who shared, all the time, city labours with the Bishop, and still lives to carry them on, I desire reverently, faithfully, and affectionately to say something of the personal character of the Departed. I think I have a right to speak. I know I wish to speak

aright. I was privileged to be intimately associated in pastoral intercourse with the Master whom the Lord has taken from our head. It is due to him, it is due to you, it is due to myself, it is due to the God whom he served faithfully, and whom we all try to serve, to tell you something of the last days, and the last hours, of the late Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada. It is hallowed ground, and I desire to speak and wish you to hear as if he were a witness, as though he being dead yet spake.

I know there is a conscious deep personal experience of the religious life in the soul of every one of us, over which a veil is drawn, which can never be revealed even to the nearest and the dearest, penetrated only by the Holy Ghost, the Witness of our own spirits, and Christ Himself, who, with God the Father, takes up His abode within, constituting the true life of the soul. No words, no thoughts, can communicate the assurance to a friend. This is "the life that is hid with Christ in God."

Nevertheless, God helping me, I have something to say of the last days, and then something of the last hours, of him whose memory we cherish; and then, with a brief exhortation, I shall have done for the present.

The last days were spent, as you know, in visiting several of the parishes of the Diocese for Confirmation services; and I have it on the testimony of the Clergy of those parishes that

there was a marked warmth and an earnestness in the Bishop's manner, and a remarkable energy in the administration of the services, which they remarked at the time, and have since recalled with feelings of no ordinary pleasure and affection. And as to the last five days of active service I can myself speak. I observed, during all those days of more than ordinary bodily exertion and fatigue, over the roughest of roads, a power of endurance at which I marvelled. There was no murmur nor complaint, but at the place and time appointed a readiness for every service which went in advance of the clergy in attendance; and if there were no weariness of body during the long journey, there was certainly no weariness of spirit. In the social intercourse which usually ended our day's labours the Bishop was the life of us all. His spirit came out in quiet, genial, I may say sacred, flow; memory evoking old associations of the early years of his life and first years of his ministry, in descriptions of work in parishes of the mother country, for the edification of the younger clergy. But, above all, I believe none will forget the Ordination Charge on the Sunday, nor the Confirmation Addresses on that day and others. I hear the words of the Bishop's last text even now: "For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting, and ordain elders in every city, as I had appointed thee." The thoughts created by the words spoken still linger in the

mind. Tied to no manuscript, there was an aptness in the words uttered, and a flow in the utterance, which told of the spirit keenly alive to the requirements of the position. And I noticed, what I shall call, this *brilliance*, wherever the Bishop went. My Christian Brethren, this is my explanation and conviction: the light of eternity, a more direct ray from the eternal world, was dawning on the Bishop's soul, *long* before he died. It fell on the spirit as he spake, and flashed from those last words which we heard. He was then, so far as earthly things were concerned, *a dying man*. The earthly was being eliminated, the heavenly was being more manifestly revealed.

These last words in public passed, and we returned to the city. The sequel we know. The Bishop's earthly career was closed. Exactly one week from the hour of his reaching the city, his spirit passed to "the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." Let me tell you that eighteen years ago, on *that very day*, the Bishop set foot on the wharf of Montreal. And, as all remarked, on the day of the meeting of the Provincial Synod, he was called away to a blessed place, where no sound of controversy or wave of trouble could reach him.

During those last hours on earth there was a quiet, peaceful, happy demeanour over the well-known form. All that was of earth had faded away from the mind. And if any one speak of the mind being unconscious, let it be understood



that such an expression does not rightly convey the state of mind under which the good Bishop breathed his last. No business question, requiring a train of thought and the balancing of the mental powers to give an answer in the affirmative or the negative, was wisely allowed to be put; but I would have you know, that the thoughts were running in a holy channel to the last, and evidence of the soul's consciousness and intelligence was abundantly manifested by a recognition of words of prayer, and an assent to spiritual truths expressed up to the very last.

And so the silver cord was gently loosened whilst we were watching there. As in life, so in death, the still water was running deep, the religious life was fed by deep internal fountains. The Holy Ghost set his seal, and Christ granted a guardianship, where the righteous lay dying. God sent his beloved sleep, and laid it on the eyes of the weary Christian warrior. The Divine Being Himself stood at the bedside, freeing the soul from the body. Death, with all its sad accompaniments, was but joy. Faith knows that, according to the dearest principles of our religion, that little chamber was crowded with glorious forms, that angels were waiting there to take charge of the disembodied soul, and when, in mortal language, the cold damp was on the forehead, and the eye fixed, and the pulse too feeble to be felt, we were not staggered at the spectacle, for we knew that a hand, gentler than any human, was closing those eyes,

and a voice, sweeter than any human, was whispering in those ears: "I will come again and receive you unto Myself:" "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." There was no sting in that death: there is no victory by that grave!

And thus the good Bishop fell asleep. A great and a good man has been taken from the earth. A faithful soldier of Christ has entered into his rest.

May God grant that both the memory of any good done by our dear Father in God in his generation, may make us therein to follow his example; and also that the belief we have of his reception among the blessed, may cause us to press the more earnestly towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus!

And may the Great Judge of all men give us grace so to fit and prepare ourselves for that great account which we must one day give, that when the time of our appointed change shall come, we may look up to Him with joy and comfort, and may at last be received into that place of rest and peace, where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and all our troubles and sorrows shall have an end, through the merits of Christ Jesus our Saviour. Amen.



