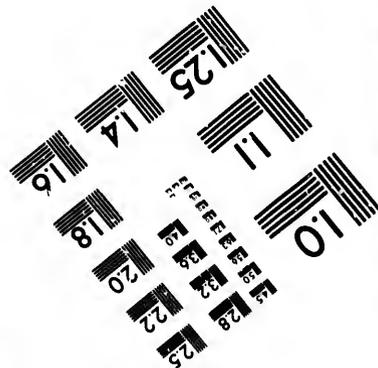
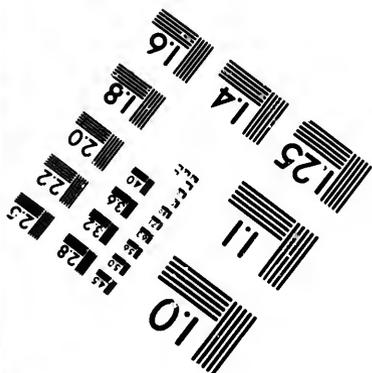
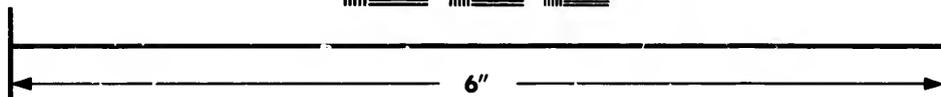
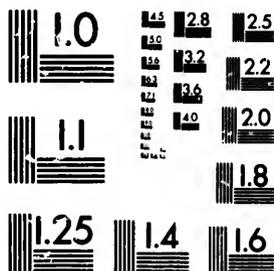


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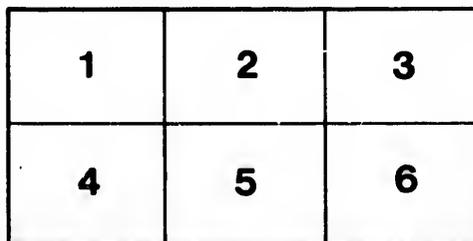
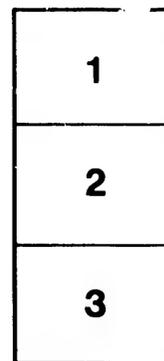
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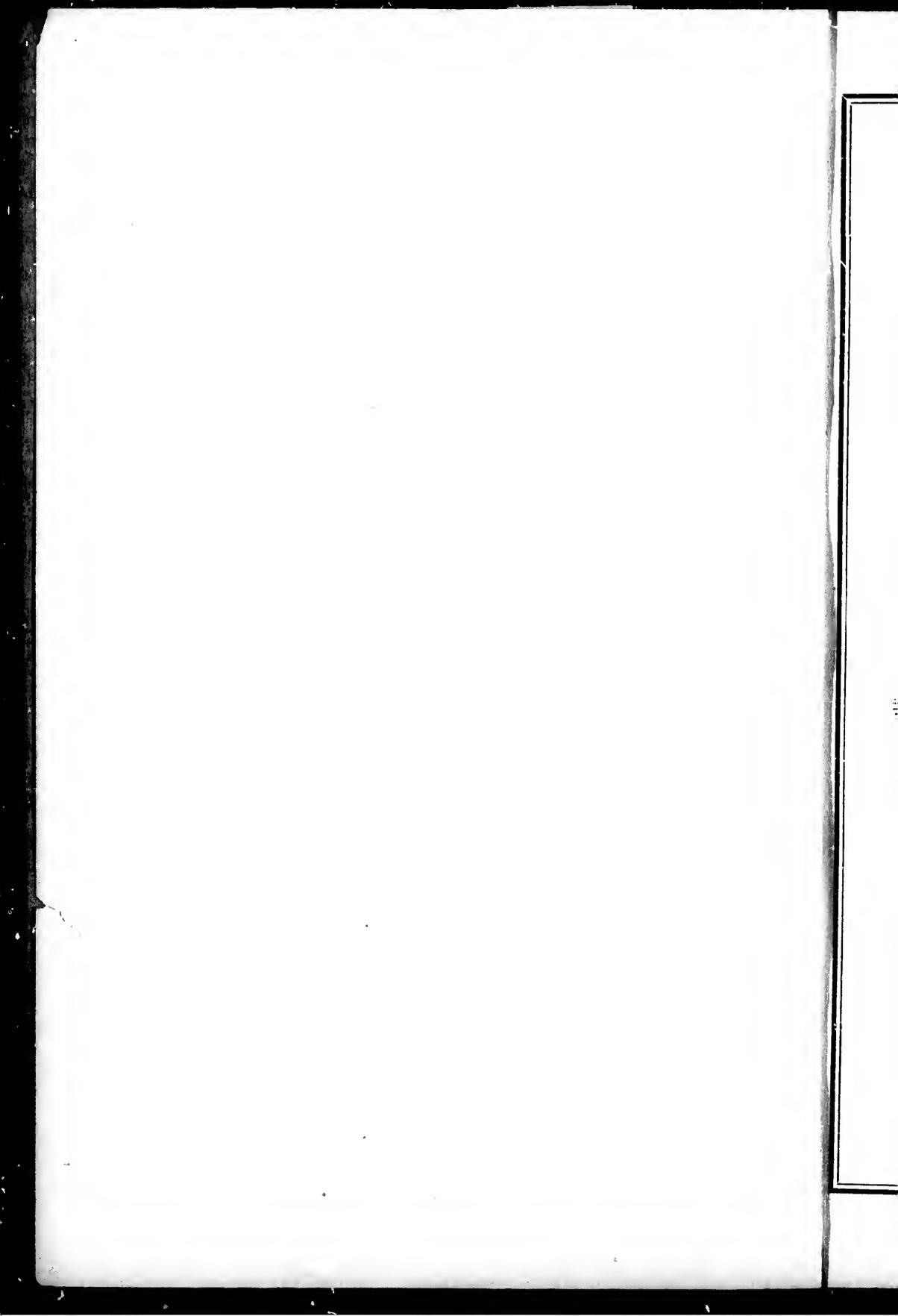
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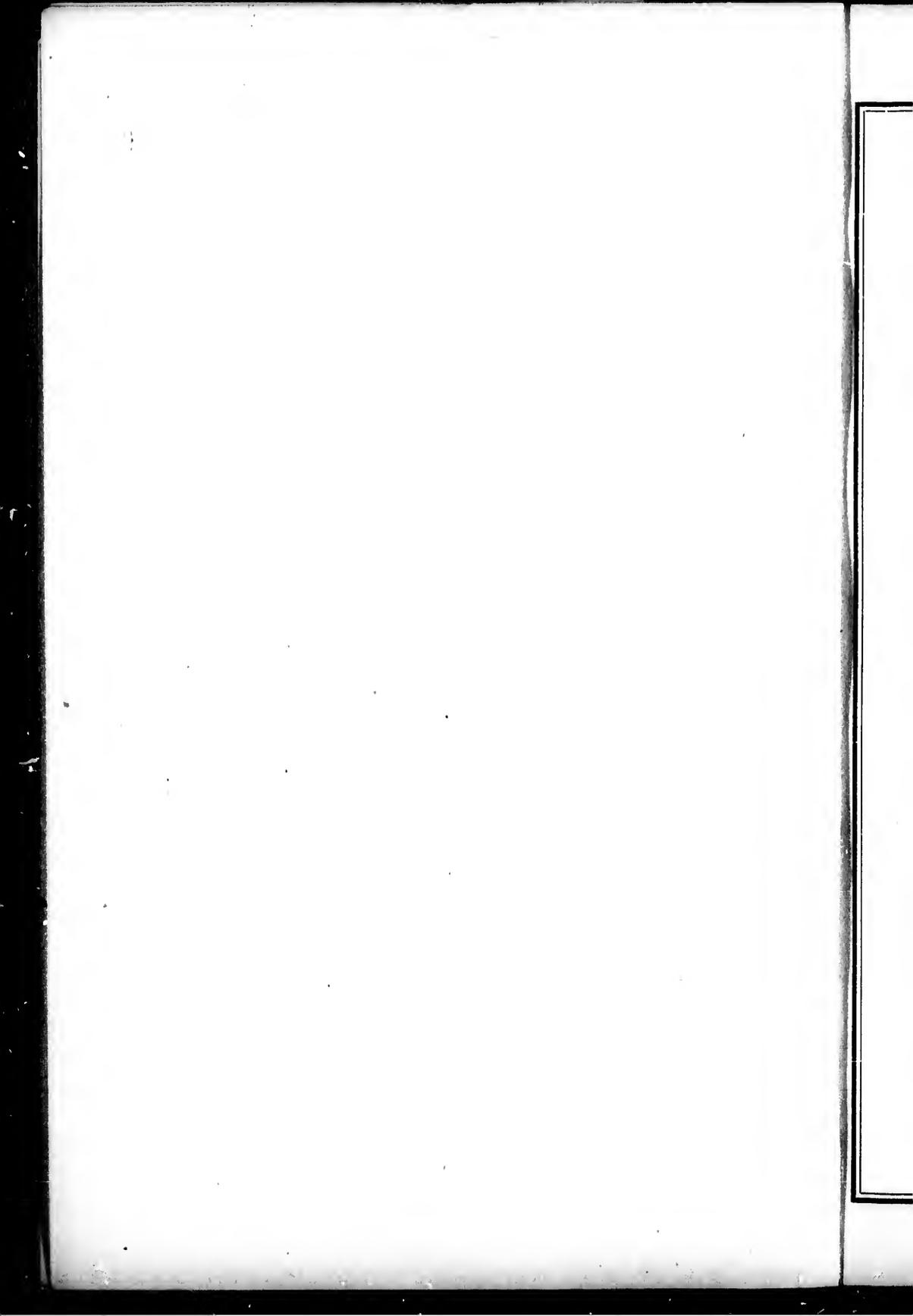
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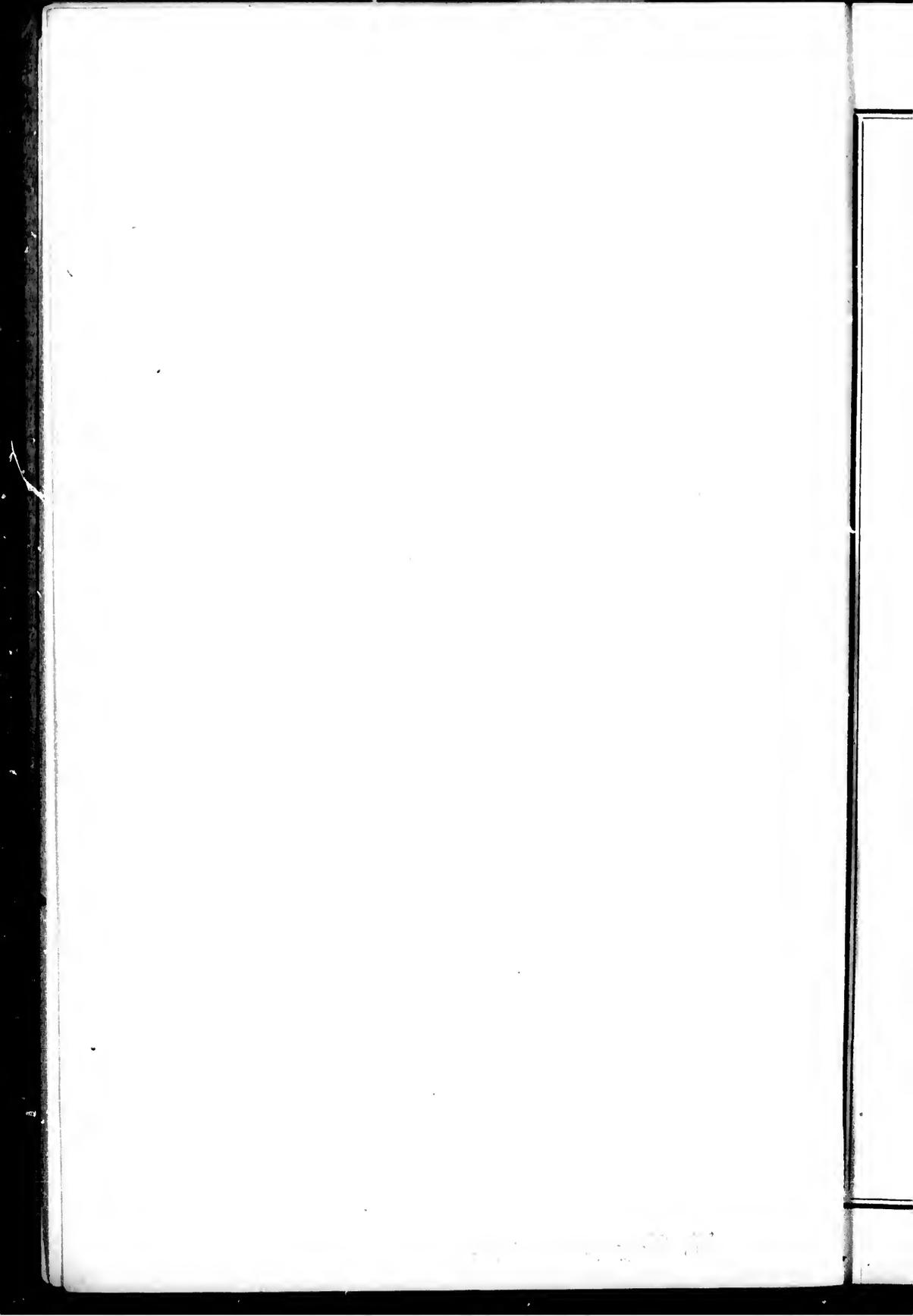




The following brief Memoir is compiled from autobiographical notes in the hand writing of the late Very Rev. Dean Geddes; to which have been added the record of his death and funeral, extracted from the Hamilton daily papers, as well as the sermon preached in the Cathedral on the Sunday morning, (November 22nd,) succeeding his death; and one preached at St. Marks' Church by Rev. Canon Sutherland, formerly Curate to the Dean; the whole being affectionately dedicated to Mrs. Geddes as a slight token of the loving respect in which the Dean was held by

THE VICAR.

HAMILTON, Advent, 1891.



In Memoriam

The Very Rev. John Gamble Geddes,

RECTOR OF HAMILTON,

—AND—

DEAN OF NIAGARA,

Born March 29th, 1811;

Died November 16th, 1891,

In the eighty-first year of his age and fifty-
seventh year of his ministry.

**"God forbid that I should Glory, save in
the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."**

Gal. vi. 14.

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THE Very Rev. John Gamble Geddes, the second son of James Geddes, Esq., Assistant Staff-Surgeon in Her Majesty's Service, and Sarah Hannah Boies Gamble, was born in Kingston, Ontario, on the 29th Day of March, 1811, and was one of a family of sixteen, of whom nine daughters and five sons survived, and married, and with one exception had families. The Dean is the fourth of the family who has passed away in less than two years. At the beginning of last year (1890) there were three brothers and seven sisters living, their combined ages being seven hundred and fifty years. A year and a half ago his eldest brother died, and since then two sisters. There now survive, Mr. Forbes Geddes, who lives at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and who was the youngest brother of the family: and five sisters, Mrs. Greer of Toronto, and Mrs. Henry, of this City, who are older than the Dean; Mrs. Armstrong, of Ottawa; Mrs. Halliwell, of Toronto, and Mrs. Gold, who lives in England; the three last mentioned being younger than the Dean.

The Dean, through his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Gambie, was connected with the U. E. Loyalists; her father, Dr. Clarke, removed with his family from New York to New Brunswick at the peace of 1783, where she was married to Dr. Gamble, Surgeon of the Queens Rangers, and after fourteen years residence there she removed to Canada, to join her husband, then quartered at Niagara. She ascended the River St. John with her five daughters, of whom the Dean's mother was one, in a bark canoe, traversing on foot the portages of the

Temiscouata route, sheltered only by the heavens and the primeval forest. She lived to the age of ninety-two, when her immediate descendants had reached the large number of two hundred and four.

The remarkable longevity of a large number of the American U. E. Loyalists, who came to the British Provinces after the Revolution, has been noticed by the Lord Bishop of New Brunswick, Dr. Medley, as a striking instance of the fulfilment of the promise contained in the fifth Commandment, embracing, as it unquestionably does, the duty of obedience to civil Rulers. The Gambles and Geddeses may well be counted among the number.

Dean Geddes received his early education in the Grammar School at Kingston, and at the age of seventeen years was appointed to a Scholarship in Divinity under the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. For six years he studied at the Theological College at Chambly, and when twenty-three years of age was ordained Deacon, on August 10th, 1834, his father having died of Asiatic Cholera the day previous to his ordination. For three months he served as curate to Archdeacon Stuart in St. George's Church, Kingston, and was afterwards sent as curate to Three Rivers, in what was then called Lower Canada. His next place of service was Hamilton. In March, 1835, when just twenty-four years old, he received the appointment of Rector of Hamilton, Barton and parts adjacent, and on the 10th of that month entered upon his charge, in which he continued for an uninterrupted period of forty-five years, his original license, as he reminded the Synod of 1891, never having been revoked.

The following statistics will illustrate the marvelous changes that occurred under his ministry: On his

arrival he found that there was no Church in which to worship, and gladly accepted the offer of the Jail and Court House for that purpose. The population of Hamilton at that time was about fifteen hundred, and the number of his first congregation only thirty-five, partly accounted for by the fact that many leading Church families had pews in the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, and were regular attendants there. In 1879, when the Dean retired from active duty and left the Parish in the hands of a Rector in charge, there was a population of some thirty-seven to forty thousand, (increased to forty-eight thousand in 1891;) five Churches, (increased to ten in 1891,) including Christ Church Cathedral, which has been rebuilt, and as many numerous and prosperous congregations.

His Ministerial acts were as follows:—Marriages, solemnized, one thousand two hundred and fifty; Baptisms, five thousand one hundred and eighty-six; Burials, three thousand: and over one thousand young persons Confirmed under his instruction.

His Ministry was exercised in times of varied Public calamity, viz.: Two visitations of Asiatic Cholera, when he stood almost alone among the sick and dying, ministering to all irrespective of race or creed, while others fled from the scenes of horror and infection; one of Ship Fever among the Immigrants; one of Rebellion, (1837-38;) one of Foreign Invasion, (1866,) and the appalling Railway Disaster at the Desjardins Canal, March 12th, 1857, when fifty-nine lost their lives through the falling of the train through the open swing bridge into the frozen waters beneath.

Out of the seventy heads of families and Communicants who were enrolled as members of the Church of England at the organization of the Parish, not more than five are to be found at the present date.

On September 23rd, 1841, the Dean was married to Susan Davidson, second daughter of the Honorable John Stewart, of Marchmont, in the Cathedral of Quebec, by Bishop Mountain, assisted by his Chaplain, the Rev. George Mackie. Two sons and three daughters were born to them :

John Gamble, who married Josephine Magill ;
 George William Allen, who married Clara Gurnett ;
 Hannah Stewart who was married to Constantine
 Brough ;
 Susan Stewart, to Major Phipps ;
 Mary Allen, to Dr. John Walters.

After getting the Parish thoroughly organized, and in a prosperous condition, Dean Geddes applied himself again to his studies, and in 1848 he graduated from King's College, Toronto, having availed himself a Statute of the University, enabling Clergymen engaged in Parochial duties to attend examinations without residence or attendance on Lectures. Subsequently he took an "ad eundem" degree of B.A., at Trinity, and afterwards the M.A. degree. The same University conferring upon him the Honorary Degree of D.C.L. upon his appointment to the Deanery of Niagara.

Among the Public offices he was called to fill at various times were :

Chaplain to the Jail and Hospital; Grammar School Trustee, associated with Dr. Craigie and Rev. Father Gordon; Member of the Council of Trinity College; Chaplain to the Incorporated Battalion of Militia then under Command of Col. Gourlay; also Chaplain to the forty-seventh Regiment, the Rifle Brigade and other Regiments that were quartered here later on. The Gore and Wellington Church Society made him Secre-

tary, an office which he held many years, and for a great length of time he was Clerical Secretary of the Synod of Toronto. Later on he was made Examining Chaplain to Bishop Bethune, of Toronto; then Prolocutor to the Provincial Synod: Rural Dean: and when the Diocese of Niagara was formed he became Dean.

In 1879 he retired from the Parish and went to England, where he accepted the living at Tatsfield, Surrey, to which he had been presented by Mr. Leveson Gower, of Titsey, and was also made a Member of the Council of the Diocese of Rochester. While in England, between 1884 and 1886, he held missions in Leigh, Surrey; Upchurch, Kent; Weeden and Rushton, Northamptonshire; Stanton, St. John, Oxford; Birchanger, Hereford; Ashley, Cambridge; Gloucester, Primrose Hill and Regent's Park, London.

The Dean and Mrs. Geddes, crossed the Atlantic four times; in 1855 visiting England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Prussia and Belgium; again in 1866, visiting England and Scotland, and attending the Church Congress at York. In 1876 a third visit was paid, when the Dean had the honor of an invitation from the Archbishop of Canterbury, (Dr. Tait,) to attend the Annual Dinner given at Lambeth Palace to the Bishops of England. During this visit he served on Deputation for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the following Counties: Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, Gloucester, Somerset, Leicester, Oxford, Buckingham, Essex, Wilts and Suffolk; as also, in 1880, when he spent a fortnight advocating the cause of missions in Cornwall, in the Parishes of Salt Ash, Menheniot, St. Dominick, St. Mellion, Callington, Lostwithiel, Truro, Bodmin, Redruth, Kee-Tunis, St. Tudy, St. Bruard, Davidstowe, Camelford, Pillarton, Broad-oak, Baconnia, St. Mevic and St. Austell.

At this time he was the guest of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, (Dr. Benson, then Bishop of Truro,) and had the great privilege of being invited to his Enthronization in Canterbury Cathedral, forming one of a procession of five hundred Clergymen in Surplices.

Twice the Dean and Mrs. Geddes enjoyed seeing Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, under most favorable circumstances; once on entering Paris, in 1855, and the second time in Edinburgh, when she unveiled a Statue of Prince Consort amid the shouts and acclamations of thousands.

The Dean returned to Canada towards the close of 1886, and made his residence for two years at Chippewa, holding the Rectory there in the absence of Rev. E. J. Fessenden in England. In 1888 he returned to this City much to the joy of all his older Parishioners, who loved to see his dignified form in his stall in the Cathedral, or to be greeted by him with his bright face and happy smile on the street, or to receive his visits in their houses where he was always a loved and honored guest.

He continued here to the close of his days leading a constant life of activity in such offices as his strength permitted, and which he loved to perform, his one wish being to be occupied in his Master's service to the end: and he never declined taking duty for any of the Clergy in the City or neighborhood who desired assistance; his last sermon being preached in St. Luke's Church, on Oct. 18th, and his final blessing given in the Cathedral, on Sunday, Oct. 25th.

His last illness came upon him without any warning, he having retired on Monday night, Oct. 26th, in his usual health, having been out twice during the day; it was about 1:30 a. m. that Mrs. Geddes was disturbed by his

heavy breathing, and quickly taking alarm she sent in for their neighbor Dr. McCabe, who immediately pronounced it to be a case of double Pneumonia and telephoned for his own Physician, Dr. Ridley, to whom he was very much attached, calling him affectionately "the beloved physician." The doctors, after careful examination, could give but little hope of his recovery, and sent at once for such members of the family as were in the City, and for the Vicar, who administered the Holy Communion to him about 4:30 a. m. The Dean himself felt that his time was short; calmly, and without expressing regret or showing fear at the near approach of death, he told the sorrowing friends around him that he believed the end would come before another nightfall. Towards the morning of Wednesday he rallied, however; his extraordinary vitality asserted itself and by noon of that day he was somewhat better. For three weeks he held out against the inevitable, sometimes so low that it was thought he might drop off at any moment, and at other times apparently gaining strength and leading his people to hope that he might recover and be with them yet a few years. On Sunday night, Nov. 18th, he was very low and hope gave way. He passed a restless night and was perceptibly weaker towards morning. Again he rallied a little and was easier during the forenoon of Monday, but in the afternoon he lapsed into unconsciousness and passed away quietly shortly after three o'clock; just falling asleep with his head on the shoulders of her who for fifty years had shared his life with all its joys and sorrows, and in whose love he rested, to awake only in the sunshine of the greater love of Him who gave His life for His friends.

The bells of the City Churches were immediately tolled to announce the sad news, and flags were placed

at half-mast on the Post Office and the Drill Hall, (the Dean having long been a Military Chaplain): and afterwards on the City Hall, his memory being held in universal respect.

During the sad three weeks of watching he was assiduously tended by Mrs. Geddes who rarely left the sick room, and by his daughter Mrs. Brough; while his most faithful nurse, without whom he could hardly be persuaded to take his food and medicine, was his daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Geddes, who day and night ministered to him with true and unsparing devotion.

His calm faith and sweet patience from first to last were most remarkable, and those whose duties called them daily into the sick chamber could but feel that they were brought near to Heaven's gate, and even though death was there all the time the Christian soldier never yielded to defeat, but his passing through the valley of shadows was a triumph and a victory, as he exulted in the conscious dawning of a new and blessed life, and for him death had no sting, nor the grave a moment of victory.

His love for the prayers and hymns of the Church was deep and true, and he anticipated and valued the daily prayers offered at his bedside, never failing to ask, if through his weakness they were sometimes deferred for a little, why they had not been made, and always making all the responses in their order, though at times almost exhausted by the effort.

His loving consideration for others, such a characteristic of his life, was never abated, he was always anxious lest his attendants should be wearied by their ministrations, and would insist that they were ever doing too much and must not over-tax their strength for him. "The care of all the Churches" too he never

laid aside, watchfully noting each day and enquiring who was providing for or assisting in the many Cathedral and Parochial duties, that he never wished to be relieved of while health and strength availed him.

Truly his death bed was one to be envied; one by which it was a privilege to have watched; one from which we may learn how a Christian ought to die.

On hearing of the death of their aged Rector, a meeting of the Cathedral congregation was immediately convened, when it was resolved, with Mrs. Geddes' permission, to defray all expenses of the funeral, and assume all necessary arrangements, and a Committee being appointed to draft a resolution of condolence, prepared the following, which was handed to Mrs. Geddes by Dr. Ridley :

HAMILTON, Nov. 18th, 1891.

" MRS. GEDDES,

DEAR MADAM :

We take this earliest opportunity of conveying to you the heartfelt sympathy of the Congregation of Christ Church Cathedral in the sorrow which has befallen you by the recall of your beloved husband and our honored Rector from the scene of his labors here, to take his place among the blessed ones who rest from toil and care in the Paradise of God. We feel that there can be no occasion to remind you of the joys into which he has entered as his eternal reward, since we know how gladly he himself welcomed the message of sickness which bade him prepare for the Master's presence; but we do desire to assure you that we are not unmindful of the devoted faithfulness that has characterized his life work, the fruits of which are now ripening in the increased growth of the Church in this city, and at the gathering of which in the Great Day of harvest we believe he will receive the Master's commendation, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' We are aware that no human hand can bind a broken heart; but we believe that the loving sympathy which weeps with those that weep is helpful to the mourner, and we would prayerfully commend you to the

tender care of Him, our great High Priest, whose pitying heart is ever touched with the trials and sorrows of His people, and in whose only Presence we can hope to find our perfect consummation and bliss. Praying that as the sufferings of Christ abound in you, so your consolations also may abound by Christ, we are, dear madam, on behalf of the congregation, your faithful and sympathizing friends."

EDWARD M. BLAND, (Vicar); GEO. H. BULL, HENRY T. RIDLEY, JAMES CAHILL, J. E. O'REILLY, JAMES FERRES, Committee.

THE FUNERAL.

The Funeral took place on Thursday, Nov. 19th, and was an occasion long to be remembered for the solemnity of its character, and the intensity of mournful respect manifested by all classes of the community.

Early in his illness the Dean had given full instructions regarding the manner of his burial, which were faithfully carried out. The body lay, vested in cassock, surplice and black stole, in an oaken casket, the lid of which was in the shape of a cross, so that when uncovered the silent form lay literally under the cross, an emblem that had always been dearly loved by him; upon the lid was this inscription:



J. Gamble Geddes,
Rector of Hamilton, and Dean of Niagara;
Born 29th March, 1811; Died November 16th, 1891.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

At 10 o'clock the city Clergy assembled at the house and bore him forth for the last time, to the waiting hearse, walking in procession on either side of it to the Cathedral, where the body was received by Bishop Hamilton and the Vicar, with the Canons of the Cathedral; the Choir waiting just within the centre aisle. Upon reaching the door the coffin was placed upon a bier and covered with a purple pall, on which again were placed a cross of flowers (his grandchildren's offering), his College cap, Doctor's hood and white Stole; the Choir and Clergy then preceded it to the Chancel where it was placed in the Choir; the Rev. E. M. Bland reciting the sentences " I am the Resurrection and the Life." The altar was vested in purple, surmounted by a white cross and adorned with white flowers and wreaths, the floral offerings of friends. The Dean's stall was draped in black, relieved by a cross of white flowers and a bunch of full grain in the ear, significant of his completed labors. The Choir stalls, and at the West end, the Font, dedicated hardly a year ago as a memorial to the Dean, by offerings from those whom he had baptized, were also covered with black hangings.

The Holy Communion was then celebrated by the Bishop, assisted by the Canons of the Cathedral. The Celebration was choral, embodying some of the Dean's favorite hymns, as, " The King of Love," " And now, O Father," Glory be to Jesus ;" and a large congregation availed themselves of the privilege of communicating with the immediate friends and members of the Dean's family.

At the conclusion of the office the Bishop and Clergy stood round the coffin and sang the Nunc Dimittis, while the pall was removed and the calm face uncovered to enable friends and relatives to take a last look at him they loved and honored.

From then till three o'clock a continuous procession passed through the Church, of all classes in the community, old and young, rich and poor anxious to gaze for a brief moment on those silent lips that had spoken the Word of Life to so many during more than half a century spent in the Master's service, and to drop a tear beside the casket that enshrined his body, but could not hold captive his redeemed spirit.

During the whole time of the Lying-in-state the organ whispered solemn music, interrupted now and again by the tolling of the muffled bell.

All the particulars of controlling the movements of the thousands who flocked in were undertaken by the men of the Cathedral Guild, while the clergy, vested in cassocks and surplices, took turns in watching, one at the head and the other at the foot of the coffin; this duty being assigned to Canon Sutherland and Revs. R. Cordner, E. A. Irving, T. Geoghegan, W. Massey and E. M. Bland.

At three o'clock the Cathedral was crowded by an immense congregation evidently manifesting the respect in which the Dean was held in Hamilton. The number of the clergy had also been largely augmented not only from the Diocese but from Toronto and London; Trinity College being represented by Rev. Dean Jones, and the Chancel was filled with white robed priests who also followed to the Cemetery.

The pall-bearers for the afternoon had been selected from the different Churches that had existed during the Dean's active tenure of office:—

For the Cathedral, J. E. O'Reilly, J. J. Mason,
J. M. Lottridge;
Church of St. Thomas, R. R. Morgan, J. E. Bull,
W. Burton;

Church of Ascension, Adam Brown, H. McLaren ;
St. Mark's Church, E. Martin, Q. C.

All Saints' Church, George Mills, F. W. Gates.
The Canons of the Cathedral, viz. : Revs. Canons Worrell, Curran, Bull, Belt, Houston, and Sutherland, forming a Guard of Honor.

The order of service was as follows :—

Hymn 428, " The Saints of God."

Psalms 39 and 90, in monotone, led by the Vicar.

Hymn 288, " A Few More Years."

Lesson, 1 Cor., xv, 20, read by the Bishop.

Anthem, " Blessed are the Dead."

Prayers, Canon Sutherland.

Hymn 437, " For all thy Saints ;"

And then to the impressive strains of the Dead March the cortege moved solemnly forth from the sacred building, the Clergy in surplices following, and accompanied by a long line of carriages and hundreds of mourners proceeded to the Cemetery.

At the grave Canon Worrell, as Senior Canon, read the Committal, and as the solemn words " earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were pronounced, those who stood with uncovered heads felt that there had been laid in the grave one who as a kind father, a loving friend, a faithful pastor, and an earnest and devoted servant of the Master had few equals ; but they were comforted by the thought that the words engraven on his coffin plate were indeed a fitting obituary " Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

MEMORIAL SERMONS.

The following sermon was preached in the
Cathedral, on Sunday Morning, November 22nd,

By Rev. Edward M. Bland,

ON THE TEXT, II TIMOTHY, IV. 6-8 :

" I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

" Such were the words in which the aged Apostle with violent death staring him in the face expressed his faith in a Saviour's promise and the certainty of his reward in the life of the world to come, not presumptuously or self-confidently as in Pharisaic self-righteousness, but only humbly and in child-like trust claiming, or rather appropriating, as it was his duty and privilege to do, the fulfilment of those words so eminently calculated to cheer a Christian's dying bed : ' I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.' ' Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

It is important however that we should recognize that these words are not the fruit of a new born pious sentiment, still less are they the mere expression of an apt, well sounding quotation, but they are the genuine result of a conscientious life : not sinless ! for did he not declare himself chief of sinners ? Not self-deceived ! for did he not know himself to have been a persecutor and injurious to the Church ? Not unmarred by ignorance upon his own confession ! but the life of one who had obtained mercy and forgiveness and so had found peace.

It is a remarkable life to read as the sacred page reveals the burning but misguided zeal of young Saul of Tarsus converted by the power of Jesus, into the fervent earnestness of Paul the Apostle, willingly becoming first a prisoner of Christ Jesus and then a prisoner for Christ Jesus. It is the earnestness of St. Paul in life that you must take for your example if you would emulate his faith in death. It is always much easier to wish to die safe than to make up your mind to live holily, for pious wishes do not always preface pious lives. Look at the magnificent parts and opportunities of Balaam, who knew to do right and did it not; how often and again has been re-echoed down the ages his grand aspiration, 'Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his;' but all the while he was belying the sentiment of his lips by casting about in his heart for some means whereby, without deliberate lying or open rebellion, he might over-reach the Almighty and do a serious injury to God's people in order to gain worldly preferment and lucrative reward for himself, and being frustrated in every attempt, did he accept the warning lesson of rebuke and seek to live consistently with his privileged calling? alas, no, but first inciting the Moabites to tempt Israel to sin, then joining them in battle against Israel he is picked up on the battle-field, having FINISHED HIS COURSE, having rejected the faith, and to him has ever been allotted by the historian the crown of shame for his miserable, self-destroying apostacy.

That death is the universal portion, is only to utter a truism often neglected and by individuals relegated to a convenient oblivion, or to a possible ripe old age, and among all our lessons of life the very last we want to learn is how to die; but death, sooner or later must come and how will you and I meet it? Shall we welcome it as

a friendly messenger, or shun it like a foe? The answer depends entirely on the preparation you have made for that event; if you have lived in the fear of God, conscientiously discharging your duty as in His sight, obedient to His will, punctual and faithful in your worship, upright in your walk and conversation, trusting in God's mercy, through Christ Jesus, the message will be no ill tidings to you; but if you have never confessed yourself a sinner, nor made a hearty repentance, nor honestly sought amendment, nor tried to live a Christian life; if self, and only self has been your god, then tremble indeed and fear, for the message of death is a message of desolation.

You will seek from me this morning some word of instruction how a Christian ought to die, as gathered from the death-bed of him who has ministered the consolations of our holy Faith at so many dying beds, who has been the faithful pastor, guide and friend of thousands who have passed, or are now still in passage from the cradle to the grave, sheltered by the fostering care of the Church of England in this city, and more particularly in this Parish of Christ Church to which his life's devotion was given in a service of more than half a century, a period rarely attained in this era of fretful impatience and eagerness for change. The message of his life you have had before you, as it has been lived almost uninterruptedly in your midst since he first came to Hamilton in March, 1835, a young Deacon, to commence the work, now ripening to a noble harvest, of planting the Church of England in this City, so that he could well say with St. Paul to the Ephesians, "Ye know from the first day that I came—after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and how I have kept back nothing

that was profitable unto you but have showed you and have taught you publicly and from house to house." You have read how solemnly he was, so to speak, sealed to his ministry by the death of his father from cholera on the very day preceeding his ordination, and it seems to me that in that circumstance you find the secret of his loving and unsparing devotion to the cholera patients in the time of Hamilton's visitation, as well as to all the sick of whatsoever rank, or station, or creed, or however repulsive might be the form of their disease at all times of his ministry,—and I have almost learned to believe that many of his old parishioners could think it a privilege to be on a sick bed so they might only be ministered to by the Dean, and listen to his gentle voice of warning or encouragement in holy psalm, and hymn, and prayer; and in this respect particularly let us pray that his mantle may fall on his successor, since

To comfort and to bless; to find a balm for woe;
 To tend the lone and fatherless, is Angels work below;
 The captive to release, to God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace, it is a Christ-like thing.—

His character was one to be known and read of all men; firm and unswerving in matters of principle, yet most gentle and humble-minded, conscientious in the discharge of even the most trifling details of his ministerial office, scrupulously systematic in all his methods, never forgetting or omitting a single item of duty; his parish records a model of neatness and accuracy;—faithful and tender in his visitations to the sick and the whole he was nevertheless uncompromising in his allegiance to the Church and her doctrines, and was prompt and earnest in combating the insidious approach of heresy or schism. Instant in season and out of season, he infected others with his constant diligence, and he loved

to labor till the last, only the day before his seizure having been occupied with visits to some of the sick, for though he knew, as he told us himself, that he might have dropped dead on the street at any time, yet he never could feel that he was too old to labor while it was day.

In St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, is a tablet to the memory of its great Architect, Sir Christopher Wren, bearing this Epitaph :

" Si monumentum requiris Circumspice."

" If you seek his monument look around you."

And surely the same may worthily be said of him we mourn for to day.

Look at this Cathedral and at the Churches sprung from its side; look at his memory enshrined in the hearts of those who loved him and hailed his gentle presence wherever met; look at the thousands who thronged these aisles on Thursday last flocking to take a last look at his peaceful face as it lay composed for the last sleep, and surely we bless God's Holy Name for this His servant departed this life in His faith and fear, yes, and bless God for the death he died equally as for the life he lived.

When I was called to his bedside that early Tuesday morning, (Oct. 27), he calmly said amid his painful struggles for breath as he reached me his hand : ' Well Bland, you have come to see me die ;' I said, ' Not yet Sir, surely ;' ' Yes,' he replied, ' my course is done, my race is run,' and then almost immediately repeated, though often interrupted by his gasping for breath, the hymn " The King of Love my Shepherd is," and then in Greek, without faltering, the passage of my text, presently adding with his characteristic humility,

“Do not misunderstand me, I did not mean to claim the words of St. Paul, it is only my prayer that there might be a crown for me;” and towards evening recalling again the words, I assisted him to repeat them but stopped at “shall give me at that day,” when he at once went on, “and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing.” He made all his preparations for death without faltering, bidding me celebrate the Holy Communion for him as soon as the others came, and to tell the Bishop how he wished he could have been present to administer it. When all was ready he said, “a few weeks ago it was the golden wedding—now is the marriage supper of the Lamb,” and then composed himself for the service after repeating Hymn 322, “Now, O Father, Mindful of the Love.” Before the Benediction he stopped me saying, “Now the commendatory prayer, for you may not be with me when I go,” and afterwards he led us in the Nunc Dimittis and then repeated the sentences from the Burial office, “Man that is born &c.,” emphasizing, “Suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from Thee.” Throughout his illness it was his courage and patience that sustained the watchers, and his calmness never forsook him. “I have had a long and blessed life” he said “why should I complain.” “Do not weep for me; you would not weep when the mariner reaches home safely after his voyage, nor when the runner in the race wins the prize.” He was constantly thinking of the Church and Parish and the daily duties belonging to them, and if his mind wandered at times it was only to the thought of his office, and again and again he blessed a waiting congregation, or affectionately addressed them, or thought he was administering the Holy Communion. Ten minutes before his death he seemed to see you all before him, and calling to “My

Christian people" he gave the Benediction without missing a word. He had previously charged me to bid you all an affectionate farewell. Once when reminded how precious a privilege it was to cast our burdens on Him who careth for us he whispered "Who is sufficient for these things." And again when in response to a morning greeting he had said "I am comfortable but very weak;" the text was quoted "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Yes, was his response, "I have often proved that," adding in a loud voice, "My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

After Thanksgiving day when spoken to of the grand service we had that evening, in a broken and feeble voice he expressed his great thankfulness at being permitted to return from England and spend his declining years amid the scenes of his former labors and at last to die here surrounded by friends.

On his last Sunday his chosen hymn was "Weary of Earth and Laden with my Sin," and when one of those watching by him noticing his rapidly increasing weakness said, "Father you will soon have the crown of glory," he answered, "Oh no, I shall be content to lie at the foot of the Cross;" and his last text on Monday morning was, "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," and after that he seemed to feel himself wandering in exile and pleaded to be taken home. "This is not my home." "Do take me home;" and loving messengers unseen by human eyes hovered round awaiting the last breath, listening for the Master's command and the striking of the hour of rest for the tired pilgrim. Then at half-past three in the afternoon came the Master's voice falling most

welcomely on his eager ear, "Come;" and as the poor body sank back into the embrace of loving arms, and gentle fingers closed the fast darkening eyes, the spirit borne by Angel hands, and encircled by bright ministering Spirits who discourse of joys once dreamt of, now so soon to be tasted, speeds on its way to the Paradise of God, and, floating back on the still air to soothe the sobs of the widowed and bereaved ones, comes Heaven's own message of consolation, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; even so, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine on him."

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The following extract is taken from the sermon of
REV. CANON SUTHERLAND,
Preached in St. Mark's Church, on Sunday, Nov. 26 :

“On Thursday we joined with the whole city in mourning the loss of one who had prayed and worked and suffered through a long lifetime for the coming of God's kingdom. If ever that saying were true, “The voice of the people is the voice of God,” it was true that day. The steady stream of all sorts and conditions of men that thronged the Cathedral, that for long hours passed in unbroken sequence through the Chancel ; if that long line of mourners—and there must have been thousands—if their saddened looks meant anything it was this, “we have lost a friend.” To us who stood by his body the scene seemed one long triumph. At last, at long last, the people had recognized him for what he was. Each of us knew his own loss, but to see how he was beloved, and by whom, by rich and poor, by young and old—some so old that they had to be helped up the Chancel steps, tottering with age and infirmity,—some so poor that all the mourning they could afford to wear was in the reddened eyelids or the short-drawn breath as they looked their last on him :—to witness these things was a revelation. I believe that scene was a parable of another scene within the veil, an echo of the solemn benediction pronounced upon him as he entered into Paradise :—“Well done, good and faithful servant !” Yes, on Thursday his fellow-churchmen and fellow-citizens echoed the voice of God and said “Well done !”

It was a triumph, but it was won after a long and sometimes a bitter conflict. Those who knew the Dean knew that he was ever of a good courage. He was always brave. Many a time, in will and intention, he laid down his life for the brethren. In the face of duty he never calculated risks. He ministered to the plague-stricken in infected dens with

as calm a pulse, with as steady a heart as when he ministered in his Cathedral Church. To some men it is easier to face death than to risk unpopularity. To the Dean, the claims of truth were as imperative as the commands of duty. He was never tempted—or if tempted, he never yielded to the temptation of suppressing what he held to be true, even in the interest of the peace he loved so well.

" Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour."

He saw truth clearly, held it firmly, taught it fearlessly. No man can say of him that he was inconsistent; his life, so far as human frailty allows, was in full accord with his teaching. 'Tis true he magnified his priestly office; but not in the pulpit alone. He magnified it in his home life; he magnified it by the bedside of the sick and dying; he magnified it in the drawing rooms of the wealthy as well as in the homes of the poor, and as he magnified it in his life so he magnified it in the hour of death. His last act was priestly; his last act, like his Master's, was a benediction. Yes, on Monday last, before his grey head fell back on his wife's bosom, his last act was to raise his feeble hands and say to his people, absent in body but present to his spirit, that benediction with which the Church bids us dismiss the people at the time of the Holy Communion, and when he had said this he "fell asleep."

His was a grateful, humble heart. He had received many honors in his day, but they always took him by surprise. His election to the Prolocutorship of the Lower House of the Provincial Synod was the honor that he valued, I think, more than any he ever received, and it was entirely unexpected by him. He never sought to snatch at honors; unsought they came to him as the tribute due to an honorable life. We, his brethren of the clergy, were always proud of him. On any public occasion—the visit of the

Governor-General, or sending a delegate to another Diocese, or to the Church in the United States, we instinctively turned to him as the one who could best represent us and do us honor. It pleased him to know that he was held in such esteem, but that was all ; it did not puff him up with pride. He was very grateful to God for permitting him to come back and spend at home these last two years ; grateful and thankful too, as he said on the day after the general Thanksgiving, that he was permitted to die in his own bed, surrounded by every help that religious and loving hearts could minister. And so he passed. The God he served so long sustained him in the hour of death, and it was with a smile on his lips that he entered the valley of the shadow of death, for he leaned upon no broken reed, but on Him who is faithful and true, Who never leaveth nor forsaketh them that put their trust in Him. His death was no 'leap in the dark,' it was the calm departure of one who could say, 'I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.'"

APPENDIX.

HISTORY OF CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

Compiled under the direction of the Dean and published originally in the Canadian Mission News and the Hamilton Herald.

Very soon after the arrival of Mr. Geddes, the people began to take steps for the erection of a Church. In June, 1835, the first public meeting was held at the office of the late John Law, "for the purpose of furthering the erection of a Protestant Episcopal Church." At this meeting one site was offered as a gift by the late George Hamilton on upper John Street, another by the late Nathaniel Hughson on the East side of James Street North, and another by the late Allan N. Macnab. After many meetings and much discussion, the James Street site was decided on, and a building committee was appointed, consisting of George Hamilton, Edmund Ritchie, Daniel C. Gunn, Miles O'Reilly and Allan N. Macnab. Architect Witherall furnished the design and the work was commenced, Jonathan Simpson being the contractor.

In 1836 the erection of the building was commenced. Difficulties, which it is unnecessary to enumerate, here interfered with its speedy construction, and it was not until July 31st, 1839, that the Church was opened for public worship, Rev. R. D. Cartwright, of St. George's, Kingston, preaching the opening sermon. The city papers of that day gave long accounts of the opening ceremonies, and congratulated the people of Hamilton on the possession of "one of the handsomest Churches in British North America—a lasting credit to their piety and liberality." To show the light in which the old Christ Church building was regarded, Rev. Alexan-

der Gale, at that time the pastor of St. Andrew's Church, while paying a friendly visit to the Rector, was shown a model of Christ Church, and when told its dimensions—one hundred by sixty-six—he exclaimed at the enormous size of the building, and said (prophetically, as it would appear), "The committee must have intended it for a cathedral." It was not consecrated until 1842 by the late Bishop Strachan, under the Church-wardenship of Samuel Mills and Richard Duggan. At this time the tower and spire were still unfinished, but the ladies of the congregation, by making a strenuous effort, raised a thousand dollars, which gave a fresh stimulus to the work and led to its immediate completion.

Seven or eight years afterwards the Church was found too small for the requirements of the rapidly increasing congregation, and a project was formed for re-building it on a larger scale and of more durable materials. Plans and specifications were obtained, but the scheme was eventually abandoned in favor of a more ambitious project—the erection of another Church on the South side of the town for the accomodation of Church of England members in that quarter. In accordance with this, a site was purchased by an ever generous friend of the Church, the late Richard Juson, and presented by him as a gift, and in 1851 the Church of the Ascension, one of the prettiest churches in Canada, was erected on John Street, just North of Hannah, the very site offered by Mr. Hamilton in 1835. Of this Church the late Rev. John Hebden was the first incumbent.

But this accommodation did not long suffice to meet the increasing wants of the church population, and, in 1852, it was thought necessary to enlarge Christ Church by the erection of a new Chancel and a portion of the

nave "to form the commencement of a handsome and commodious Church which might last for generations, and in point of style and dimensions be somewhat in keeping with the population, wealth and prosperity of the city. In the absence of the Bishop, the cornerstone was laid by the Rector, at the request of the building committee—Messrs Thomas Stinson, Samuel Mills, Peter Carroll, Henry McKinstry, Thomas Blakeney and the Rector."

In completing the new Chancel, great aid and encouragement was afforded by the ladies of the congregation, who raised \$2,400 towards it. Two years after its completion, St. Thomas' Church was built and served by the Clergy of Christ Church till 1857, when it was made a separate parish, Rev. Dr. Blackman being its first incumbent. In the year preceeding a Chapel of ease had been opened in the West end of the town, a building having been provided by the late John Mills, where the services were performed and a Sunday School conducted. In 1873 the late Hon. Samuel Mills erected in the immediate vicinity a handsome stone Church of ecclesiastical design, which he gave over to the Rector of Christ Church during his lifetime. It was called All Saints'. After having been served by Mr. Geddes and his curate for many years, and having sent forth another congregation, who built the Church of St. Mark's, forming a separate parish, it was deeded to the Bishop of Niagara, Rev. Mr. Geddes voluntarily surrendering his rights in it.

The next important undertaking in the history of Christ Church was the completion of the design which had been begun in 1852. In 1873 a subscription list was opened and \$22,000 was subscribed, and \$20,000 more required was borrowed. The work was rapidly

proceeded with, and a strong incentive was found in the prospect of its being selected as the Cathedral Church of the new Diocese of Niagara about to be created, an event which was consummated by the consecration of the late Bishop Fuller on the 1st day of May, 1875. On the occasion of the demolition of the old Christ Church the Rector preached what might be called its funeral sermon. "It was with feelings of mingled sorrow and joy that the older members of the congregation witnessed the taking down of the old building," says a historian; "Nature seemed in union with their sorrow, for the day closed with a heavy downpour of rain."

February 20th, 1876, the Cathedral was opened with an octave of sermons. The preachers on the occasion were the Right Rev. Bishop Coxe; Rev. Dr. Shelton, of Buffalo; Ven. Archdeacon MacMurray; Rev. Canons Read, Dixon, Holland, Worrell and Hebden; the Bishop of Toronto; the Bishop of Niagara, and the Dean of Niagara. Singularly enough, as the destruction of the old building was inaugurated with torrents of rain, the opening ceremony of the new one was hailed with the brightest of sunshine.

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