

In Memoriam

Maurice S. Baldwin

Third Bishop of Huron

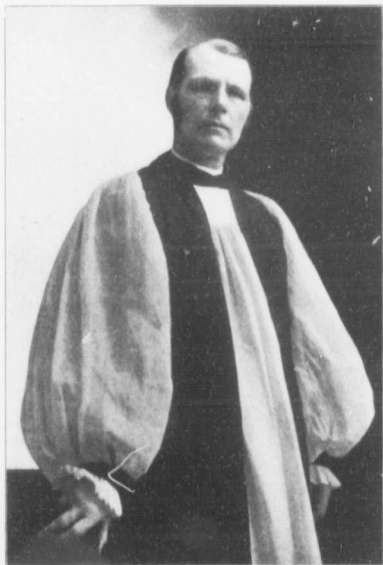
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The Right Reverend Maurice S. Baldwin,
Third Bishop of Huron.

Biographical Memoir

MAURICE SCOLLARD BALDWIN was born in Toronto June 21st, 1836, of an old and distinguished Canadian family, members of which have rendered eminent service both in Church and State. His father, John Spread Baldwin, was an honored citizen who contributed largely in the early days of its history toward laying the sound political foundations of this Province. His mother was Annie Shaw, the saintly daughter of Major-General Shaw, an officer of the Imperial service, and to her training and influence in childhood he ascribed, under God, his knowledge of the Gospel, and youthful piety. He often used to speak in loving and pathetic tones of his mother's love for her boys, and the way she taught them, as Eunice taught her little Timothy, to love the Scriptures. In after life, as the result of a loving mother's prayers, three of her sons ranked as eminent churchmen in the Church of England in Canada: Canon Edmund Baldwin, of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto; the Reverend Arthur Baldwin, the rector of All Saints' Church, Toronto; and the Right Reverend Maurice Baldwin, third Bishop of Huron.

He was educated at Upper Canada College, and graduated from Trinity University, Toronto.

In April, 1860, he was made deacon in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ont., by Dr. Cronyn, first Bishop of Huron, and in the following year ordained priest by the same prelate.

His ministry began in St. Thomas as Assistant Curate to Rev. St. George Caulfield, whose parish included Christ Church, Westminster, Trinity Church, Lambeth, and St. Ann's, Byron.

In 1862 he received his first sole charge as incumbent of St. Paul's Church, Port Dover.

At the very beginning of his ministerial course he gave evidence of a remarkable gift for preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, accompanied by a sanctified power, which contributed so signally throughout to his conspicuous success in promoting the glory of God and the edification of his Church.

In 1865 he was called to Montreal and became rector of St. Luke's Church. Two years later he received the appointment of Junior Curate to Dean Bethune, of Christ Church Cathedral, with the title of Canon. In 1872 he was elected Rector of the Cathedral, and shortly after made Dean. His devoted labors of love, his powerful preaching and earnest pastoral work, during a period of thirteen years, touched the moral and spiritual life of Montreal to a marked degree, and produced such deep and blessed effect the fullness of which Eternity alone will disclose.

On St. Andrew's Day, 1883, Dean Baldwin was consecrated, in the Cathedral he had served so zealously, third Bishop of Huron, and in that exalted office he spent unreservedly the last years of a hallowed ministry.

As to his domestic life little need here be said. It was sweet and pure, and characterized by all those home-like, home-loving traits one would expect in such a man. His first wife was Marie Ermatinger, eldest sister of His Honor Judge Ermatinger, of St. Thomas, who, however, was spared to him but a short time. In 1870 he married Sarah Jessie, youngest daughter of Mr. Justice Day, of Montreal, by whom he is survived, and who during the long years of a happy wedded life has proved a fitting helpmeet to him, partaker to the fullest extent possible in all the joys and trials and duties of his life and labors. Four children were given to them, viz.: Louisa, at home, Maurice Day, Rector of All Saints' Church, Montreal, Anna (Mrs. Alex. Robertson), of Montreal, and Adeline, at home.

The Diocese of Huron, to which Bishop Baldwin's Episcopate was devoted with singular fidelity and abundance of service for well-nigh twenty-one years, has been greatly prospered of the Lord through him. All its interests were intensely precious to him, all received his anxious care, for all he labored and prayed day and night, and upon all he bestowed freely the best energies of his bodily and spiritual nature. His dedication of himself to the high and holy duties of his trust as Overseer of the flock of Christ never drooped or waned for a single hour. Nothing, perhaps, could more fittingly demonstrate this than these words wherewith the representatives of his sorrowing clergy and laity expressed their devotion to his memory :

"His deep earnestness, his spirituality of mind, his fervid eloquence, his simple faith and devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ, are qualities that shone out pre-eminently in his life,

“and the memory of them remains with us as a heritage and
“inspiration. In many respects his life reminded us of the
“attitude of mind evinced by the Christians of the New Testa-
“ment. In his reverence for the Word of God and his familiar
“acquaintance with the contents of the Sacred Volume; in
“the realization of God’s constant presence about his path; in
“the simplicity and honesty with which he referred everything
“to God’s ordaining; in the place of prayer in his life; in his
“enthusiasm for Missions as the first and most urgent work
“before the Church; above all, in the supreme motive which
“dominated his whole life and which formed the background
“of every thought and every act, viz., the sense of the cer-
“tainty and nearness of our Lord’s coming; in all these
“respects, we seemed, while in his presence, to catch the very
“breath of the early apostolic age. We cannot but deplore
“the irreparable loss to the Diocese of so much good and high
“example; but, while we do so, we also desire to place on
“record our knowledge and appreciation of the completeness
“of his devotion, and his consecration of every gift and every
“quality to the work of God’s Church in the Diocese, and we
“hereby acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude which this
“Diocese owes to Almighty God for the inspiration of his
“burning eloquence and saintly life, and pray that God the
“Holy Ghost will bless this season of sorrow to His people’s
“good by bringing home to the hearts of the thousands of the
“Church in this Diocese and throughout Canada the qualities
“so well exemplified in our late beloved Bishop’s life.”

It may be not out of place also to add that while Bishop Baldwin as a Master of Israel was beloved and honored by the Church of his affection—of which he was a worthy and distinguished representative—he was also held in the highest esteem and regard by every branch of the Church of Christ.

On the 19th day of October, 1904, he finished his course with joy and fell asleep peacefully in the Lord Jesus; but the memory of the saintly Bishop will be an inspiration and benediction to the whole Church of God for generations yet to come. “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them.”

The Funeral Services

The funeral services in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the morning of Saturday, October the 22nd, were touching in their solemnity, beautiful in their simplicity. A vast concourse filled the Cathedral, and at half past eight the Diocesan clergy, in their surplices, entered the Church in procession, the Dean of Huron reciting the opening sentences of the Burial Service, those heart-uplifting words of God :

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand
"at the latter day upon the earth."

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed
"be the name of the Lord."

The vast congregation then joined, with one heart and voice, in that Christian hymn of triumph :

Jesus lives : thy terrors now
Can, O Death, no more appal us ;
Jesus lives ; by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives : henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives : for us He died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives : our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives : to Him the throne
Over all the world is given ;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia ! —AMEN.

After the singing of the 39th and 90th Psalms, the Bishop of Ontario, the Right Reverend W. L. Mills, D.D., read the lesson from 1 Cor., xv.

Then followed the sweet strains of that beautiful hymn :

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin ?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough ; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus calls us to heaven's perfect peace.

— AMEN.

The sermon followed. It was by the Right Reverend James Carmichael, Coadjutor-Bishop of Montreal, and was indeed one of the most eloquent addresses ever heard within the Cathedral. During its delivery many were moved to tears by the references to the sainted life that had gone from the earth.

"If one could only live up to the faith of the Word of the living God," began Bishop Carmichael, "such a service as we are now passing through would be one of devoutest gratitude to God, of thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ, of gratitude to that ever-abiding Spirit which takes the weak lives of weak men into His hands and makes them do great things for God.

"I know this is not the teaching of the world. I know that if we follow that teaching logically and consistently every death should bring the sorest trouble, the bitterest tears. For in this world there is no hope beyond the grave. In this world, if we follow its logical teachings, dust goes to dust, ever to remain dust. And all the loves that cluster around our lives and every joy that makes life beautiful fades like the withered leaf. For the world has no message of hope.

"But what is the death of a man like that of him whose body we give back to mother earth to-day? What is the death of such a man in the light of the teaching of the Word of God? It is a victory, God's victory in man. Instead of grief and sorrow and tears, every Christian heart should feel that his soul has been garnered to God, that he has lived the life God would have him live, that he has given the message God would have him give, that he has lived for the God whom he loved to preach, that he has served the Saviour whom his heart and soul loved so well, that he has followed his Master's footsteps, that he has left nothing undone that human life could do to bring honor and glory to his Master's name. His hymn of death should be the song of victory. The battle is over, the victory won, and he who so well followed his Master in life is at last with the Master in heaven.

"Everyone must admit that there are circumstances connected with death that make men walk with wary footsteps in its presence, that lead them to speak with hushed breath. But here in a life so rounded by God, not only lived for God but in which he glorified God in every hour of that life, here should be nothing but the devoutest praise that the race is ended, the course finished and the victory won."

The Bishop here pointed out the earnest feelings that filled St. Paul when looking forward to his own death. He saw his course finished. There was not one word of sorrow. His life was ended, but no tears. He saw the vision of the future with undimmed eye. In visions he saw not a grave but a coronation—God had predestined and God designed the crown of glory laid up for him.

"And so in truth is it, my friends, with every holy life that passes into the presence of God. Nature tells us we must weep, we must feel, but above these should be the higher nature that looks upon the dead face and says, 'Thank God for a noble life ended, for the soul gone home to the Saviour.'

"'Lift up your hearts. We lift them up unto God'—for the noble life, so pure and gentle, that gathered around it wherever it moved not only the sympathies but the loves of men; for the life that as a young man could lay hold on young men and through the passing years until age came could still hold them fast; for the life that wherever it moved brought blessings to its fellow beings; for the life of which God has

said, 'You have fought the fight, you have finished the course, you have run the race. Henceforth there is laid up for you a crown.' With such, death is a coronation.

"Lift up your hearts. We lift them up unto God"—for one endued with graces seldom given to the children of men, that wondrous grace that made him so that he could not stand on his feet but he must testify to Jesus, so that he could not attend the most trivial incident but he brought to it a dignified solemnity; for that exquisite simplicity of life which, rising far above all objections against God's Word, could only see in every page the blessed teaching of the Lord and Saviour; for that wondrous voice that could not speak save to bring the hearts and feelings of the men he spoke to into the love of God; for that moving eloquence that not alone touched men's hearts, but touched them for God. It is done, so says the world. But read your Bibles, study the book he loved. Take to your souls the lesson therein and learn that the voice that preached your Lord on earth is now praising Him in Heaven. 'Lift up your hearts. We lift them up unto the Lord.'

"You who were his congregation and you his clergy, you should treasure what he taught you. You should remember not only his holy life, but the tremendous power of his message from God. Let him not pass from your hearts' eyes as some beautiful vision God has vouchsafed to show you. Let him not pass from your minds. Hold to the true doctrine that he taught, the doctrine of the Son of the living God with outstretched arms on the cross uttering the promise that through His death, His cross and His passion He would save the souls of men. The doctrine of Christ and Him crucified—Christ and only Christ, Jesus and only Jesus—that was what put the soul into this man's words, that brought so heavenly a benediction about his teaching. Hold to it.

"Remember how he saw and taught the vision of a coming Saviour as if He were here. How he impressed on all the glorious comforts arising from this thought, that the powers of evil shall not always prevail in this world, that the day is coming—and he prayed that he might live to see it—when the Lord should come to claim His own, when the wilderness should blossom as a rose, and shame and sin and sorrow be no more. Take these messages of his. Prize them—the cross of Christ and the glory of Christ, the cross never eclipsing the glory, or the glory the cross.

"We bid him an earthly farewell, but it is not forever. Death may sunder us for a time. It cannot touch us for eternity. He is not dead. He sleeps and all is well."

That noble and inspiring hymn, by Bishop Walsham How, was then sung :

For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever bless'd.

Alleluia !

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

Alleluia !

Oh may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold.

Alleluia !

Oh blest Communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest :
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.

Alleluia !

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day :
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on His way.

Alleluia !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia ! AMEN.

The prayers were read by the Right Reverend J. A. Newnham, D. D., Bishop of Saskatchewan.

The coffin was borne to the hearse by the pallbearers: the Very Reverend Dean Davis, the Venerable Archdeacons Young, Richardson and Williams, Canon Hincks, Canon Downey, the Rev. Messrs. Seaborne and Sage, Chancellor Cronyn, Judge Elliott, Messrs. Matthew Wilson and Charles Jenkins, and passed on to the railway station through a vast concourse of silent and sympathizing citizens.

At Toronto the funeral cortege proceeded to St. James' Cemetery, the services at the grave being conducted by the Bishop of Toronto, in the presence of a large number of the clergy and laity. And there in the dust of that beautiful and quiet sleeping-place his body lies awaiting the resurrection morning.

It would be impossible to express even in the most comprehensive language the deep sense of the irreparable loss sustained by the Church of England in Canada in the death of Bishop Baldwin. From hundreds of pulpits in every part of Canada most hearty and eloquent words were sent forth, and the spontaneous tributes of Christians of every denomination showed how deeply he was loved by all who professed and called themselves Christians. While it is impossible, therefore, to even refer to the various multitudinous testimonies that poured forth so unanimously from Halifax to Vancouver, and were echoed even in the United States and the Mother Land, it may, perhaps, be permitted to summarize them all in the words of one of the most eminent and eloquent of Canadian churchmen :

“ He was a man who could say truthfully, if ever any man could say it, ‘ I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course.’ He stood, perhaps, among the foremost of the sacred orators of our Canadian church, and yet one does not love to think of him simply as a modern Chrysostom with golden mouth, pouring forth thoughts that breathe and words that burn, but one loves to think of the man of simple character, of simple heart, a son of God, if ever such there was, a man who made belief in goodness easy for other sons and daughters of men in the midst of their toils and struggles. Here was a man who came from the heavenlies, who seemed to bring a blessing with him as he came, and to make us feel that Heaven was real, that Christ was a Saviour, and that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a better one than this we see. He made us see what the power was of pure, unalloyed, unadulterated goodness, and that, great as is the power of wealth and station and intellect, greater still and more lasting, too, is the power of a good life. After all, it is better far than that you should be famous or that you should be rich, or that you should have a life of easy pleasure, that you should hear at the end of the day the word of the Divine Redeemer saying, ‘ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy God.’ God grant that the power and the witness of that life may not die — as die I know it will not — but that it may bring forth fruit unto life eternal, in lives that are touched and hearts that burn with love for the Saviour, whose lineaments he in some degree reproduced, and whose unspeakable love it was his highest joy to claim.”

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