



In Memory of the

Right Rev. James Carmichael,

D.D., D.C.L.

Fourth Bishop of Montreal.

Died September 21, 1908,

Aged 73 Years.

And of his wife,

Emma Dubourdieu,

Died January 16, 1907,

Aged 68 Years.

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

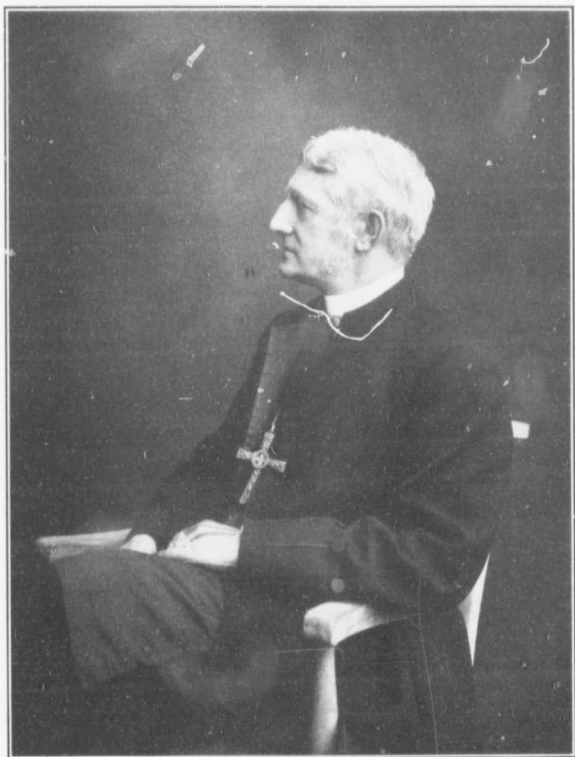
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Col Hanson
In Memory of
Old times
from
James Carmichael
Knoxton P.Q.
17 Mar 1909

To our Father's and Mother's
Friends this Memorial Volume
is presented by their loving sons,
James, Frederick, Harry and
Samarez Carmichael.



James Montreal

The last photograph and signature of the Bishop.

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**The Right Rev. James Carmichael,
D.D., D.C.L., Fourth Bishop
of Montreal.**



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Born in Dublin, Ireland, on July 24, 1835, the second son of James Carmichael, Clerk of the Crown for Tipperary. Educated in Dublin. Came to Canada in 1859. Ordained deacon March 16, 1859, and priest December 11, 1859, by the Right Rev. Benjamin Cronyn, first Lord Bishop of Huron. Married at Galt, Ont., August 1, 1860, to Emma Dubourdieu, youngest daughter of Saumarez Dubourdieu, Esq., M.D. Incumbent of Clinton, Ont., 1859-1868; Assistant Minister of St. George's Church, Montreal, 1868-1878; Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, Ont., 1878-1882; Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, 1880-1882; Rector of St. George's Church, Montreal, 1882-1906; Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, 1882-1883; Dean of Montreal, 1883-1902; Prolocutor of the Provincial Synod of the Church of England in Canada, 1892, 1895, 1896, 1898; Prolocutor of the General Synod of the Church of England in Canada, 1893, 1896, 1899. Elected first Bishop-Coadjutor of Montreal, March 5, 1902. Consecrated as such in St. George's Church, Montreal, on the Feast of St. Mark the Evangelist (April 25), 1902, by the Most Rev. W. B. Bond, D.D., D.C.L., third Lord Bishop and first Lord Archbishop of Montreal and fifth Metropolitan of Canada (afterwards second Primate of All Canada), His Grace being assisted in the act of consecration by the Lord Bishops of Toronto, Huron, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ottawa, Niagara, Algoma, Ontario,

Saskatchewan and Calgary, and the Bishop of Vermont, U.S.A. Succeeded to the See of Montreal as its fourth Bishop on October 9, 1906, on the death of Archbishop Bond; enthroned in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on November 4, 1906. Attended the first Pan-Anglican Congress and the fifth Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops in London, Eng., in June and July, respectively, 1908. Died at "Bishopscourt," Montreal, on September 21 (the Feast of St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist), 1908; buried in Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal, on September 24, 1908.

In October, 1903, the Bishop, with others, represented the Church of England in Canada at the Triennial Meeting, at Washington, of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. In September, 1904, he represented the House of Bishops of the Canadian Church at a Special Meeting of the General Convention held in Boston during the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the United States.

In 1885 he received the honorary degree of D.C.L., and, in 1902, that of D.D. from the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville. In 1893, Trinity University, Toronto, conferred on him the degree of D.C.L.

The Bishop was the author of "Errors of Plymouth Brethren," "Organic Union of Canadian Churches," "Is there a God for Man to Know?" "Questions for Teachers on the Church Catechism," "Monograph on Evolution," "Monograph on Higher Criticism," "Sermons on the Christian Year," etc.



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Bishop Carmichael.



WORDS OF LOVING REMEMBRANCE by the Right Rev.

J. Phillip DuMoulin, D.D., Lord Bishop of Niagara
—for 47 years the intimate friend of the Bishop:—

Little wonder is it if I feel the death of my old and dear friend, the late Bishop of Montreal, very deeply. For the 47 years of my clerical life in Canada he was my friend all along and without interruption. How kind and considerate a feature it is in the Divine operations that we know not how near the end of a long co-partnership may be. "Two men shall be in the field, one shall be taken and the other left." Our last meetings, those nearest to the separation, were all that could have been desired, yea arranged, had either foreseen the coming severance.

We met in old England at the Pan-Anglican Congress, walked in the same procession at the great closing service in St. Paul's, stayed together under the Bishop of London's hospitable roof at Fulham, met at the Marlborough House garden party, sat together in the Lambeth Conference, were photographed side by side in the historic picture of that memorable assembly, walked and talked in the lovely grounds at Lambeth Palace, and finally met at the London and North-Western Hotel, Liverpool, drove from thence in the same cab to the steamer the "Empress of Ireland" for our homeward passage. The journey was a fine one, giving opportunity for daily happy intercourse, ever bright and cheerful,—his presence secured all that—till we reached Quebec, where, with cordial words, we parted, never to meet again in this world.

On Sunday, September the 20th, I held confirmation at Chippewa; on Monday morning I took train for home. At Niagara Falls, in the train, I bought a newspaper and

therein read of the sudden and serious illness of the Bishop of Montreal. On reaching home I learned from a tearful face, that met me at my door, how his soul was delivered from the burden of the flesh into joy and felicity.

How much is there for the survivor who writes this to view with rare thankfulness, even though clouded with human sorrow, a longer, a closer friendship than is granted to most men; a fair sky "over which no fleck ever passed"; and closing days, and a farewell as bright and hopeful as if we ourselves had had the making of them.

As for him: higher, happier, holier than the best earthly estate is his to-day, for a great Bishop long ago writing to friends most dear declared, "To abide in the flesh might be better for you, but, for me, to depart and be with Christ is far better."

As for me, let me say all that is to be said—as I think of him, of Edward Sullivan, once Algoma's Heroic Bishop, and of many another, "the lost, the dear,"—in the words of Charles Wesley's noble hymn:

"Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see,
My company before is gone
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day."

J. Phillip Niagara

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Bishop Carmichael.

A **TRIBUTE** of love and esteem from the Bishop's successor in the See of Montreal—the Right Rev. John Cragg Farthing, M.A., D.D., D.C.L., fifth Lord Bishop of Montreal:—

I had met the late Bishop Carmichael in London, Ont., before 1895, but I was never brought into close touch with him before the meeting of the Provincial Synod in that year. The following year I met him again in Winnipeg at the General Synod, of which he was Prolocutor. After that we met from time to time at various church gatherings. It was at the General Synod in Quebec in 1905, however, that I really got to know him. I had been elected Prolocutor, and this common interest seemed to draw us closer together. We met each day at the early celebration in the Cathedral, and after service we walked arm-in-arm up the hill discussing the work of the Synod. He used to give me "pointers", from his long experience as Prolocutor, to help me in my work. We spent the Sunday together in Quebec. I had always admired him and looked up to him as a great preacher and an ideal presiding officer. When I got to know him, I loved him. The Canadian Church has had many great men, but I do not think she ever had one who was more universally beloved than the late bishop. In talking shortly after his death to a prominent Roman Catholic member of Parliament in Ontario, I made the remark that he was the most beloved man in our Church in Canada. "Yes," he said, "the most beloved clergyman of any Church in Canada." This testimony, I believe, is true.

I feel I am fortunate in succeeding such a man, for he has left behind him an atmosphere in which it is a happiness to live.

John Cragg Farthing

His Last Service! His Last Sermon! His Last Blessing!*



The following article, descriptive of the last appearance of the Bishop in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, and the scene at his funeral, was published in "The Standard," Montreal, over the signature "J. M. B.," on Saturday, September 26, 1908:—

" Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows
And the end of toil and gloom,
Amén."

Such were the closing words of the recessional hymn at Christ Church Cathedral on Sunday morning last. Prophetic words they proved to be to the beloved Bishop of Montreal, who, even as they were being sung, sat in the shadow of death in an arm-chair in the Cathedral chapter house.

They were the last words he was ever to hear from the lips of the choristers of his beloved and stately cathedral church. They made up the concluding stanza of the last hymn of praise that was ever to fall upon his ears in the Church Militant. On the morrow he was to see the

* It is rather a remarkable coincidence that the last primatial blessing of the late Archbishop Sweatman of Toronto, Primate of All Canada, was also given from the altar in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. Indeed, it may be said that His Grace, like the Bishop, closed his active ministry in this Cathedral. He officiated at the consecration of the Bishop's successor in the See of Montreal—the Right Rev. John Cragg Farthing—on January 6th, 1909 (the Feast of the Epiphany), and also made an address and pronounced the benediction at the conclusion of the enthronement ceremony, held on the evening of that day. Twelve days afterwards he was seized with bronchial pneumonia. On January 24th he passed to his eternal rest.



THE ALTAR in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, in front of which the Bishop pronounced his last blessing. To the right is the episcopal throne, as well as the mass-door through which he was assisted after the attack of faintness at the altar.

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beatific vision, hear the hosannas of "all angels" and the sanctus of "cherubim and seraphim."

"Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation
Marching to the Promised Land."

With this verse the recessional opened, the choristers at the same time beginning their rhythmic march down the choir and through the nave and transept into the chapter house. A little later there stepped, or, rather, there was led from the altar a tender, loving and lovable old man. Through a long pastoral life—first as deacon, then as priest, and, latterly, as bishop—he had been "a guide, a comforter, a friend" to thousands in this city and throughout this broad Dominion, which he loved with all the ardor of his warm Celtic nature. The snows of many winters rested upon his shoulders, and he seemed weary, very weary. He had a few minutes before concluded a powerful sermon; he had more recently pronounced the solemn benediction of the Church, and he had just bestowed his apostolic blessing on the large and influential congregation that had gathered in the cathedral that morning to hear him tell of the wonderful vitality and spirituality of the historic national church to which he and they belonged.

While bestowing the blessing, however, the finger of God touched him.

In a few hours he was to "fall on sleep."

His pastoral work was done; his ministry was over.

Now he was to hear the last hymn of praise that was to greet his ears from mortal lips. And then he was to pass into the "valley."

How significant that hymn was:—

"Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
* * *
Marching to the Promised Land."

As the voices of the choristers rose and fell and were wafted through choir and nave and transept to the farthest

parts of the cathedral; as the sonorous tones of the wonderful diapasons of the organ supported the choir and congregation in that majestic strain of glorious melody—that magnificent pæan of victory over doubt and sorrow, strife and discord, death and the grave,—the saintly and heroic bishop, whose life had been lived in the service of others and whose name was a household word in Canada, began, in very truth, his “march to the Promised Land.”

Weak and trembling, sick and almost in a faint, he was supported by the vicar through the mass-door adjoining the episcopal throne to the vestry beyond, where he was given a glass of water. Reviving somewhat, his faithful vergers assisted him to the chapter house, where he waited the coming of the choir and clergy. As he sat there in the solemn stillness of the room the final outburst of song broke upon his ears, for the singers had almost finished their march through chancel, nave and transept, and were gradually nearing the room in which he sat. With an ever-increasing crescendo the words of the closing stanza broke the stillness of the air:—

“Soon shall come the great awaking,

* * *

Then the scattering of all shadows,

And the end of toil and gloom.

Amen.”

The music ceased, and the choristers wended their way through the cloister to the chapter house. A little later the venerable bishop rose from his resting-place in that pretty octagonal room wherein all the business appertaining to the cathedral, both in its diocesan and parochial capacities, is conducted, and, taking his accustomed place at the head of the table, His Lordship dismissed the choir with the prescribed collect, and then signed the preachers' register.

That signature was destined to be his last.

Shortly after his return to his episcopal residence in the cathedral close, hard by, he was seized with a second

heart spasm—angina pectoris—and a few hours later lapsed into unconsciousness. At 7.10 o'clock on the following morning he had crossed "the bar" and had met "his Pilot face to face". The "promised land" had been reached, and he had entered upon his inheritance. He had joined that portion of the "whole church" for which the Church of England duly prays in its daily Eucharists.

To him had been granted the privilege of being the first member of the Anglican Episcopate to deliver a message from the great Lambeth Conference and the Pan-Anglican Congress to the Church Militant here in Canada.

To him also had been vouchsafed the honor of being the first member of that Episcopate to carry a message from those two great religious gatherings to the Church Expectant in the Paradise of God.

The priest and bishop whose life was spent for the betterment and uplifting of those around him was worthy of the honor.

On Thursday last his mortal remains were laid to rest near those of his illustrious predecessors in the See of Montreal—the gentle Fulford and the saintly Bond—in the peaceful valley of the dead beneath the northern slope of old Mount Royal, far from the din and bustle of a great city and close beside the inanimate form of her who had been the God-given partner of his joys and sorrows, the mother of his children, his more than help-meet for nearly 47 happy and blessed years; and whose passing, soon after the mantle of the great "Elijah" had fallen on his shoulders, was the tragic, yet manfully borne, sorrow of His Lordship's life.*

Who among those present at the wondrously beautiful requiem service in the cathedral will ever forget its solemnity, its pathos, its simple grandeur; who will cease to

* Mrs. Carmichael's last illness extended over a period of two years, and for several months before her death she was unconscious. She never knew of the death of the great "Elijah"—Archbishop Bond—nor of the elevation of her husband to the See of Montreal. The latter became Lord Bishop on October 9th, 1906, and Mrs. Carmichael passed away on January 16th, 1907.

remember the crowded church, the misty eyes, the broken sobs; the plaintive measures of the dirges, the inspiring uplift of canticle, and psalm, and hymn; the hopeful message of the epistle lesson; the infinite sadness of the committal; the homage of wealth and poverty, of church and state, of bench and bar, of learning and commerce; and the spontaneous tribute of love and respect for the illustrious dead from men and women and little children of widely differing creeds and tongues and nationalities?

Who will ever forget the sweetness and tenderness of the scene at the graveside, when the mortal remains of His Lordship were commended to the keeping of "the Resurrection and the Life" and his spirit to the "Shepherd and Bishop of Souls" by one who had been his intimate friend in budding manhood, his co-missionary and co-worker in early ministerial life, and, in recent years, his brother-bishop and apostle? Meet, indeed, was it that the last words to be spoken over his inanimate form should fall from the lips of Bishop DuMoulin, at whose episcopal consecration he had pronounced, in tender and affectionate language, the valedictory of the Anglican presbyteriate in this Canada of ours,* to whose shores both had come in the long ago with that other loving friend,† since "lost

*At the subsequent consecration of Bishop Carmichael in St. George's Church, Montreal, on April 25, 1902, Bishop DuMoulin preached the sermon.

†The Right Rev. Dr. Cronyn, shortly after his election as first Lord Bishop of Huron followed the traditions of his time and went to England for episcopal consecration. Before returning to Canada he visited Ireland, his native land, where he delivered several addresses on the needs of his bishopric. As a result of his appeal for men, several zealous young Irishmen, then studying for holy orders, volunteered for clerical work in his diocese, among the number being Messrs. James Carmichael, Edward Sullivan and John Phillip DuMoulin, of Dublin. Of these, Messrs. Carmichael and Sullivan were the first to cross the Atlantic, the year 1859 witnessing their arrival in Canada and their ordination as deacons by Bishop Cronyn. In 1862 Mr. DuMoulin came to Canada and joined them in missionary work in the diocese of Huron. During the years which followed, these three became greatly attached to one another, and each eventually became a bishop in the Canadian Church. The Rev. Dr. Sullivan was raised to the bishopric of Algoma in 1882, and the Rev. Dr. (Canon) DuMoulin to that of Niagara in 1896. In 1902 the Very Rev. Dr. (Dean) Carmichael was elected first Bishop-Coadjutor of Montreal, and, in 1906, on the death of Archbishop Bond, he became fourth Lord Bishop of Montreal. The first of the three to cross the "Great Divide" was Bishop Sullivan, and his passing was poignantly felt by the two friends left behind.

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awhile",—willing exiles from the green isle across the sea—as missionaries of the Cross of Christ.

In a voice vibrant with pathos, with lips quivering with emotion, with wistful eyes intently fixed on the slowly receding coffin, and with right hand lovingly upraised, this life-long friend of the dead prelate pronounced the seraphic blessing first spoken by Moses unto Aaron by command of the Lord of Hosts in the days when the world was young:

"Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you; the Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace, now and evermore."

The blessing was a prayer—a last sweet invocation of friend for friend, and those who heard it felt that all was well; that He, Who "burst His bonds in twain" on that first Easter morning 19 centuries ago, would tenderly guard that which had been committed unto Him, and would raise it up again in "power and great glory" at His appearing.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature whom I found so fair.
I know he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved."

* * *

And now a few words about that memorable "last" service of the late Bishop, when he preached his last sermon and pronounced his last benediction. That it will never be forgotten by those who took part therein goes without saying. It was a wonderful service, and it did not require its tragic sequence to exalt it above the level of the regular services that are weekly held in the magnificent Gothic pile known as Christ Church Cathedral. Had the Bishop

lived, the service would have been memorable just the same—such an one as few are privileged to attend in a life-time.

It marked the return to his own diocese of the third Bishop of Montreal who had taken part in the deliberations of a Lambeth Conference—that august gathering of prelates which moulds and fashions Anglican doctrine and Anglican polity to a far greater extent than many Churchmen imagine. These Conferences—the idea of convening which originated in the Canadian Church—have been held decennially in London since 1867, but only on three occasions were they graced by the presence of Bishops of Montreal.* Hence, the return of Bishop Carmichael to his diocese, and the fact that he was going to tell his flock something of what had transpired not only at the Conference, but at the great Pan-Anglican Congress which preceded it, conferred a distinction on last Sunday morning's service that would have made it always notable in the history of the Anglican Church in this diocese, irrespective altogether of the tragedy that followed it.

The service, apart from His Lordship's sermon, was much the same as the ordinary Sunday service of Morning Prayer. The congregation was a large one, and the music was well up to the standard of excellence for which the cathedral is noted. The chief feature, apart from that of worship, was the sermon of His Lordship.

* The first Lambeth Conference was held at Lambeth Palace, London, Eng., from September 24 to September 27, 1867, and was attended by 76 Anglican prelates, including the Most Rev. Francis Fulford, D.D., first Lord Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada. (To Bishop Fulford, primarily, and to the late Archbishop Lewis, of the diocese of Ontario, and the Provincial Synod of the Church of England in Canada, secondarily, belongs the credit of originating these Conferences.) The second Conference was held from July 2 to July 27, 1878, 100 bishops being present, among the number being the Most Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., second Lord Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada. (On August 14 following Bishop Oxenden resigned the See of Montreal. He never returned to Canada.) The third and fourth Conferences, held, respectively, from July 7 to July 28, 1888 (145 bishops being present), and from June 30 to August 2, 1897 (199 bishops being in attendance), were not graced by the presence of the then Bishop of Montreal. The fifth Conference was held from July 5 to August 6, 1908, and at this Conference Bishop Carmichael was one of the 230 prelates present.

The latter was a profound deliverance—one of the most important discourses ever preached by the late Bishop. It was marked by great impressiveness and grandeur, both of voice and gesture, its diction was classic throughout, and it breathed a scholarly refinement and a fervour and enthusiasm that were not lost upon the congregation. The Bishop's voice was sonorous and strong, and he preached with his accustomed vigor and eloquence. At times that wonderful right hand of his was used to emphasize his points with splendid dramatic effect. And at others the voice rang out with magnetic power, riveting on the speaker every eye in that vast congregation.

For instance, who will ever forget that most dramatic moment when His Lordship, after referring to the great antiquity of the Church of England, suddenly leaned forward and, in a voice that fairly electrified his hearers, exclaimed: "Of no mushroom growth is this Church to which you and I belong"?

Who, again, will not always remember the impassioned vehemence which characterized his allusion to the possibility that an attempt might be made at some time in the future to sequester the endowments of the Church and to rob it of its "purple and fine linen"?

Or, again, who will ever forget the enthusiasm with which he described the work of the Church of England during the past 100 years, and pictured the outlook for the future?

Never in his short but eventful and beneficent episcopate had the Bishop appeared to better advantage; never had his oratory been more impassioned; never had his eloquence been more impelling; never had he seemed more inspired.

And yet he was less than nineteen hours away from the "Land of the Hereafter."*

Oh! the pathos of the moment, had those to whom he was preaching realized its tremendous import.

* The Bishop finished his discourse at ten minutes to one o'clock on Sunday, September 20. At ten minutes past seven o'clock on the following morning he passed away.

The sermon ended, His Lordship turned towards the altar and, with right hand uplifted, in a low, well-modulated voice, pronounced the ascription. It was the last time he was ever to lift his mortal voice in adoration of the Blessed Trinity. Then slowly he left the pulpit and wended his way over the marble flags of the choir pavement, past his throne—it was to know him no more—to the sanctuary, preceded by his verger and followed by the clergy who had participated in the service. Passing within the marble communion-rail he seated himself in the quaint old episcopal chair where he and his predecessors had so often sat when conferring the grace of holy orders and administering the rite of confirmation.

At that moment there was not the slightest hint that his life's work was almost over; that, with the pronouncing of the benediction, he was forever to pass out of the life of this diocese and out of the broader life of the Church of England in this Dominion and in the world. There was not the faintest premonition that the music of his eloquent voice would soon be stilled; that the shadows of life's eventide were rapidly enveloping him; that God's silent Angel-Messenger was sitting beside him patiently waiting the Master's bidding to re-unite him with "loved ones far away"; that the Good Shepherd, Whose loving example he had tried to emulate through a pastorate of nearly 50 years, was beckoning His servant home. His Lordship looked his accustomed self, the delicate pink still suffused his cheeks, his eyes were as bright as ever, and it did not appear that the sermon had overtaxed his strength.

As he said himself, when recovering in the cathedral vestry from the attack of faintness that had seized him at the altar: "I never felt better in my life than I did on my way over this morning. Strange, isn't it, that these attacks should always come on when I feel at my best?"

As he sat in that quaint old chair near the Holy Table, his ears drinking in the delicious melodies of the offertory voluntary, he looked fit for many additional years of service

in that portion of the Master's vineyard over which he exercised apostolic and episcopal jurisdiction. The mellow light of a fading summer's noontide streamed in upon him from the windows of the choir, and those who saw it play upon him could not help but admire the perfection and delicacy of his clean-cut features and note the mobility of his face and the beauty of the hoary crown that covered his head and added a glory to it such as the most elaborately jewelled mitre could never impart.

* * *

After the presentation of the alms and the reading of a prayer on behalf of the General Synod, now in session at Ottawa, the Rev. Dr. Symonds left the Holy Table and His Lordship ascended the marble steps leading thereto. As he took his position "humbly afore the middes of the altar" a shaft of sunshine from one of the clerestory windows bathed his figure from head to foot in a golden flood of light, imparting to it an almost supernatural appearance. No artist could have desired a more perfect, a more entrancing, a more ethereal picture to put on canvas. The face and figure of His Lordship were literally transfigured—aye, glorified.

With hands clasped, with the noonday sunlight, which was never more to shine upon him, streaming across his handsome features, with the figures of the Christ and His four evangelists looking down upon him from the richly coloured lights of the great east window, with a reverent congregation kneeling in front of him, he began that which proved to be, in the all-wise ordering of Divine Providence, his final blessing. Wonderfully eloquent, benign and touching it was. His Lordship always was impressive when uttering the benedictions of the Church, whether the occasion was a simple church service, a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, a wedding ceremony, or a burial service; but on Sunday last he seemed to invest the words with an eloquence, a pathos and a beauty that compelled the kneeling worshippers to lift their heads and

gaze altarwards to the spot where their venerable and beloved chief pastor was standing.

“The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.”

With eyes looking for the last time over the long expanse of choir and chancel and nave, and in a rich musical voice that seemed to thrill the whole fibre of one's being, he gave expression to this, the opening sentence of the Church's most inspiring and most pacific benediction. As he pronounced the name of His Lord and Master he reverently bowed his head, a practice he always followed when uttering the name of the second Person in the ever-adorable Trinity in the benediction with which the office of Holy Communion closes. Then, lifting his right hand, which trembled and shook as he held it aloft, he imparted the blessing:—

“And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always.”

For a brief interval thereafter he stood, with hands again clasped, awaiting the conclusion of the Sevenfold Amen. In that short interval it is believed the finger of God touched him. Quickly he made his way to the kneeling stool at the end of the altar, on which he sank, at the same time pillowing his face on his right arm which rested on the edge of the altar. In that reverent and lowly attitude he awaited the ending of the “Amen.” Under ordinary circumstances he would have remained standing in front of the altar until its conclusion, and this deviation from his usual practice was quickly noted by those who had been closely watching him. But no one realized its significance at the moment.

The “Amen” finished, he turned to the Vicar and, looking in the direction of the mass-door leading from the choir to the clerk's vestry, said: “Can I get out by that door? I think I am going to faint.” With tender solici-

tude, not unmixed with anxiety, Dr. Symonds assisted His Lordship to the vestry. As priest and prelate passed arm in arm out of the sanctuary there stole upon their ears from the slowly-receding band of white-robed choristers the words of the second verse of the recessional hymn:—

“ Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother
Stepping fearless through the night.”

Thus the good Bishop passed from the vision of his flock; thus he laid down the burden and heat of the day; thus he closed his long and beneficent ministry; thus was he borne from “out his bourne of time and place.” He was stricken on the last day of summer, and his passing occurred on the first day of autumn,—the Festival of St. Matthew, Apostle and Evāngelist.

* * *

“ Remain with you always.” Evermore the blessing—nevermore on earth the sight of his well-known features and the sound of his matchless voice.

* * *

“ I believe in the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come.”

Thousands to whom the Bishop ministered, and who loved him with an everlasting love, will see their old friend again, but under different circumstances and in a brighter world.

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

* * *

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child and mother
meet once more.”

Gratias Deo!

The Bishop's Last Sermon.



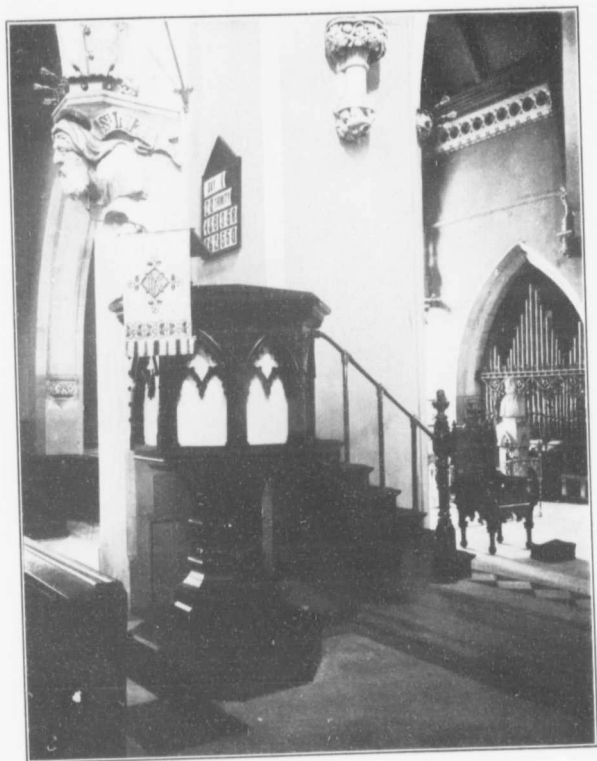
Preached in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, at Mattins on Sunday, September 20, 1908. Text:—"Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."—Genesis xlix., 10. (Authorized Version.)

I desire to speak to you this morning on the subject of the Anglican Communion as seen in the light of the two great meetings lately held in London: The Pan-Anglican Congress of Bishops, Clergy and Laity, and the Lambeth Conference, composed solely of Bishops.

Although the Congress preceded the Lambeth Conference, the latter comes first in order of thought, for, humanly speaking, it would have been impossible to have held the former unless a world-wide Anglican Episcopate was in existence. And, indeed, as far as the thought of such Congress was concerned, it was purely episcopal. The idea emanated from Bishop Montgomery, the secretary of the S. P. G., and every bishop in the world was consulted before the idea was made public, and, in the actual meetings of the Congress, the Episcopal Bench furnished all the chairmen.

A few thoughts, then, on the Lambeth Conference held in Lambeth Palace, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the most able of chairmen, fully seized of the intricacies of the many questions that came before the bishops, possessed of perfect command of the House and singularly lucid in all his utterances.

It was said that the chairmen of the different committees were specialists in the different subjects dealt with by each committee. How far this was the case I know not, but it seemed to me that the Archbishop might have been regarded as approaching that almost impossible combina-



THE PULPIT in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, from which the Bishop preached his last sermon. In the transept, near the organ front, will be noticed a bust of the Most Rev. Francis Fulford, D.D., first Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada.

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tion of gifts—a specialist in everything. I have met men who posed as such, but I never came in touch with one that approximately reached the position until I sat under the presidency of Archbishop Davidson.

As we sat in the quaint old library in Lambeth, the room filled with bishops from all parts of the world, one felt amazed at the thought that it would have been utterly impossible to have held such a meeting 100 years ago, a comparatively short term of time in the life of a great historic church. For, 100 years ago, the Anglican Episcopate was almost wholly composed of the bishops of England and Ireland, and Anglican missionary work was a comparatively small enterprise. England was not thinking of missions in those days, but of the great French Emperor, entering Rome and Madrid, creating kingdoms, making kings, calling new orders of nobility into life and threatening an invasion of England from across the narrow channel. Indeed, apart from the circumscribed work of the S. P. G. and the efforts of the Moravian Church and one other non-conformist body, the spirit of missions practically did not exist, and Protestantism as a whole seemed dead to the command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And yet, in that quaint room, if a world-roll east and west and north and south had been called, few would have been the countries that would not have answered to their names; putting one in mind of the old world roll-call as then known of the infant church: "Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians." In a word, that little room, with its 230 bishops, was a microcosm of the greater world in which they worked and laboured for their God and Saviour, Jesus Christ—a mighty and surely a miraculous change within one hundred years.

Another thought seemed natural. Apart wholly from disputed points as to divinely given official graces—in no sense disputed by the preacher—this quaint old room became the home of a great fact, namely, that those who sat within it were the spiritual descendants of the few Western Bishops who sat in the Council of Nicea in 325, and part of the outcome of that fervour which led the great Apostles of Christ to go into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Rome may to her pleasure assail Anglican orders. Others may belittle them as unnecessary to fullest church order, but there was the great solid fact. If it had been the custom of the Church to hold such meetings once in every ten years throughout the various national churches from their foundation in the Anglo-Saxon Church and Church of England, 1031 such meetings would have been held, or, taking the British Church as the starting point, 1059.* Within that room was the outcome of the oldest British institution—older than Parliament, older than United England—first the British branch, then the Anglo-Saxon branch, and then England's branch of the Catholic Church of the Lord Jesus Christ as seen in the ordinary succession of its bishops. Of no mushroom growth is the Church to which you and I belong.

Another thought was borne in upon one. Here was a world-wide gathering of leaders and rulers of one branch of the Christian Church met together, not at the call of a great State; not to coerce, through anathema, erring members; not to publish drastic Canons; but to strive and put into

* The Bishop evidently based this computation on the fact that within the Anglican Communion are several national churches entirely distinct and independent of the Mother Church. A few of these have almost as long and as glorious a history as the Church of England, namely: the Church of Wales, the Church of Ireland, the Church of Scotland, etc. Besides these there are the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and such independent branches of the Church as those which exist in Canada, Australia, South Africa, the West Indies, India, Japan, Newfoundland and Bermuda, etc., some of which possess a history extending over three centuries. If each of these independent churches, in addition to the Mother Church of England, had held Episcopal Conferences every ten years during their existence, a grand total of 1031 such Conferences would have been held since the founding of the Anglo-Saxon Church, or, taking the British Church as the starting point, 1059.

action, for the good of the whole body, that greatest of all powers that a church can wield, that moral and spiritual power meant for the good of all contained in the words of divine promise: "Lo, I am with you always to the end of the world."

I do not say this to make little of the great Councils of the Church which exercised powers of far-reaching ecclesiastical legislation, for I would venture to prophesy that the day is not far distant when the whole of at least the British and Colonial Churches will combine to make the Lambeth Council the great ultimate body of England's Church. But I do say that a Church that can gather its rulers together from all the world, apart from the exercise of legislative commands, or even claiming the unused right to legislate authoritatively, gives testimony that should cheer every heart as to the tremendous spiritual and moral power of such a Church. It disposes of the oft-repeated accusation that the strength of England's Church lies mainly in its connection with the State and Royal Court. For here there was not a shadow of State control. Royalty, save in gracious reception, was in no sense present, hence it might be regarded as the freest and, because free, the strongest assemblage of bishops perhaps ever called together in the annals of the Christian world. To one taking part in it the very weakest could not fail to realize that if the day should ever come (which God forbid) that rude hands should tear from England's Church the purple and fine linen which a State connexion almost necessitates, or that a reckless policy of spoliation should sequester endowments laid up in long centuries by the loving faith and loyalty of her children—that nothing of this nature could ever tear from the Church the divine gifts which God has given her and not man. Her seed is in herself, her strength in the divine promise: "Lo, I am with you always to the end of the world."

One other thought. It is oftentimes said that the Church of England can never prosper because of the most unhappy divisions that nestle in her rent and torn bosom—

a figure of speech and, like many such figures, blood curdling, but too much so to be harmful. Of course, there were high church bishops, low church bishops, a few broad church bishops present in that assemblage, but I defy anyone that did not know the personal views of such beforehand to classify them under these headings from the drift of their spoken utterances or written words. These bishops were there to do God's work, spiritually, ecclesiastically, socially, irrespective of all party bonds, badges or watchwords, and conscious of the tremendous trust that God had committed to them. That recognition of a "trust" seemed ever to be present—a sense that they were there to preserve intact "the faith once delivered to the saints" whilst seeking to apply it wisely to the needs of modern times, but also such a great deep sense of the divine reality of the trust that would not permit of the bartering of one iota of it for the gain of popular or personal applause.

* * *

A short review now of the Pan-Anglican Congress—a most unique gathering, unexampled in the history of the Church, a giant mass of divinely touched life pouring into one centre from all parts of the world, and with but one object before it—the glory of God and the welfare and extension of His Church.

Unquestionably there was, to a fervent mind, something divinely solemn in the assemblies. The mighty crowds, the calm majesty of the devotional spirit characteristic of the widespread meetings, the unobtrusive, yet decidedly churchly tone that, like blood hidden in veins, ran through all the organism, the perfect absence of all sensational effort in the working out of the great project, the palpable delight with which references to the old Gospel, the old Sacraments, the old Bible, were received by giant crowds of intelligent and well-educated people, the awfully solemn sound of supplication, and the glorious outbursts of united praise,—who that has ever heard and seen such things can ever forget them whilst memory holds its seat?

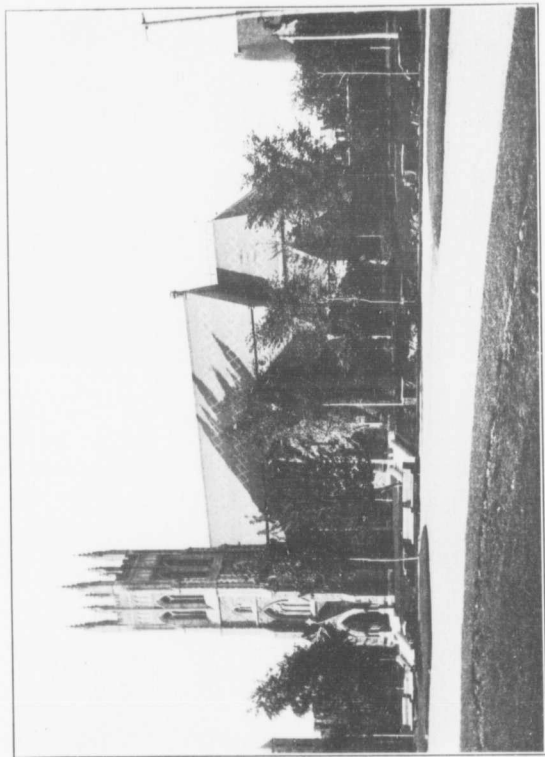
As day after day passed onward, there seemed to be no abatement of the magnificent spread of enthusiasm that marked the progress of the open sessions and that culminated in the noble service of thanksgiving and offering held in St. Paul's Cathedral. Grandeur and more ornate services have been offered in that noble church wherein no service to God, however simple, can ever appear insignificant; but I doubt if a more remarkable service was ever held:—the thrilling influence of its devoutness; the beauty and solemnity of its simple ritual; the soul-inspiring power of its music; and the constantly recurring sense of silence, broken only by a single voice, that, again and again, awed the soul as at times silence will, causing one present almost to wonder whether the vast nave itself were not empty. And all this, not the result of artfully planned effects, for the service, apart from an anthem of striking beauty, was "simplicity itself," but because that giant congregation was surely spell-bound by one thought: "This is none other but the House of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven."

Taking these two great meetings together, these lessons, I think, may be learnt:

1st, Religion. The work of God, the Holy Ghost acting on the soul of men—belief in the revelation and inspiration of God's Word; an earnest desire to extend the Gospel through the world; personal piety; and a devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ that I earnestly believe would lead millions to hail Him with joy inexpressible if He appeared in the world to-morrow. These things are not dead relics of the past; they are as real and vigorous as politics are real or business real. As one of the greatest newspapers in the world, in describing the Congress, said: "The spectacle of this more than Imperial Conference of federated Churches has meant nothing less than a revelation and a revolution in many minds not accustomed to devote any very special reflection to spiritual things." It was a "revelation"—the revealing of the fact that, perhaps, never in the whole history of religion was a more spontaneous offering of faith

and fealty laid at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, than that offered by the Pan-Anglican Congress.

2.—Again: The Anglican branch of God's Church; its faith and allegiance to the Master; the power of the Mother to call her world-spread children to the hearth of her old home, and the response of the children in joyous answer to the call; the burning desire of the whole assembled family to do greater things for God than ever it has done—these are not relics of the past, laurel wreaths won by others and worn by us in quiet ease. No, thank God, this is the Church of England of to-day—the guardian of all the inherited truth that God has given her; a sentry keeping watch and ward over treasures committed to her charge; a good soldier of Jesus Christ, ready to suffer hardship, ready to face difficulty, ready to go anywhere, ready to live unto the Lord or die unto the Lord, so long as the name of the Great Captain of her salvation may be made known unto the sons of man.



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

of which the Bishop was Assistant-Minister for 10 years and Rector for 24 years.

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“Our Own Apostle of Love.”



SERMON preached on Sunday morning, September 27, 1908, in St. George's Parish Church, Montreal, by the Rev. J. Paterson-Smyth, B.D., LL.D., Litt.D., D.C.L., Rector, the occasion being a Memorial Service to the Bishop. Text:—"Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God."—1 John iv., 7.

Last Sunday morning at this hour we were meditating together on these words of St. John, which showed us the very heart of the great Apostle of Love. We thought how he had learned that love from his close intercourse with his Lord, going about with Him through the streets of Jerusalem and the villages of Palestine, preparing His lodging, sitting with Him to eat, rising in the dim dawn to let Him into the little room after He had been out on the hills continuing all night in prayer to God. How could St. John help the inspiration of the Lord's spirit of love to men creeping into his heart!

And we thought how that love would creep more into all our hearts in proportion as we were living close to that Lord. We thought that the best thing any one of us could do for the blessing of the world was to learn to be loving like Our Lord. That to show men love was to show men God. That to be kindly and unselfish, to make the best and think the best of others, to look for the little good in them in the midst of evil, was to do just what Christ did for the world's salvation.

And then we pictured to ourselves the dying hours of the beloved disciple when he was Bishop of the Church of Ephesus, very old and longing to be with his Lord. We thought of that tender old church story of 1800 years ago—how their bishop lay dying in his room—how the people in the church near by were assembled, weeping and praying as their beloved master was passing away—when suddenly the doors were opened, and the bearers came softly up the church, bearing that dear dying bishop, by his own com-

mand, to his pulpit. He could barely stand. But he did stand long enough just to preach his last little sermon, just to say six words, just to reach out his dying hands, and whisper to them: "My little children, love one another." Then they bore him softly back—to die—to go into the presence of his dear Lord for ever.

Did it all come back to you next day, as it came back to me? Did you see that the preacher had been all unconsciously preaching a funeral sermon—that in telling of the loving heart of St. John he had been all unconsciously telling of the loving heart of one who was far nearer to us than St. John? Did you think (some of you reminded me of it since) that in the very hour in which we were picturing that dying bishop, the apostle of love, carried out from his pulpit to die and go to his Lord—in that very hour—oh, how little we thought it,—in that very hour only a few yards away, our own dying bishop, our own apostle of love, was being carried from his pulpit to die and go to his Lord. They tell me he preached a noble sermon—but with effort—as if bearing up against something. And that immediately after it, before he left the pulpit, the warning came. It seems to me as if God's angel—God's beautiful, blessed Death Angel that calls us all within the veil to Christ and our dear ones—was waiting beside him, all through that sermon, waiting till he had finished—not interrupting him—passing with him from the pulpit, and then, as he reached the chancel, the message came, "The Master is come and calleth for thee." "I am feeling faint," he said, and they helped him into the vestry, and then home to his bed—to die, to go to the Master whom he so faithfully served and to the beloved ones whom he had "loved long since and lost awhile."

* * *

Oh, I am sorry for you, my dear people. I am not sorry for him. God forbid! Was not it a lovely death—to be spared old age, and sickness, and failing powers—to die in the fulness of mental and spiritual gifts—to die preaching to men? To die with such an environment of deep affection

around him as seldom has ever been granted to any public man in Canada before? I never saw anything like it: the love of little children—when little children cry because the bishop is dead it speaks a great deal for the bishop; the love of all you men and women who were with him as little children; the deep affection of his clergy; the friendship and warm regard of the other religious bodies—Protestant and Roman Catholic.

It does not often happen what we saw on Thursday at the funeral. The strong deputation of Nonconformist clergy. The most beautiful of the crosses sent by the Roman Catholic Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association. The French Roman Catholic judges and the French Roman Catholic City Council attending that funeral service. The Roman Catholic press writing with kindly regard of him whom all the city honoured and loved.

Ah, it is men like him that break down prejudice, and draw Christian men of all schools together. Thank God for his life and his beautiful death wrapped in the love of a great people. Seldom could mourners say more heartily than we: "We bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear."

No; I am not sorry for him. God forbid! But I am very sorry for you, my dear people of St. George's, on whom the chief force of this great sorrow has fallen. No other parish can feel it as you do, after forty years of intercourse with him.

I know well how you loved him. Have not I looked into your faces as you talked of him to me in your homes? Have I not seen your pain all this week, and heard the voices of strong men break when I spoke to them? Have not I seen him whenever he returned from any journey being caught and surrounded after church by the loving little groups? That Sunday he was here, a fortnight ago, and gave his blessing for the last time, he went in and said the vestry prayer with the choir. Before I could get a chance of

speaking to him, he was swept up into the long line of white-robed boys and men. It was lovely to see them around him.

Ah, I am sorry for you. Never more will your eyes brighten at the sight of him in the street. Never more will he slip his hand within your arm, and call you Mary or George or Bob or Tom, the old child-name of long ago.

Never more!

I can guess your pain by my own. If I in my second year only can feel it as I do, what must it be to you who have loved him all your lives?

God comfort you!

Can I suggest to you any comfort?

Not much yet. The pain is too recent. The time for comfort has not come. And yet one may say to you what, perhaps, you will think of later and take comfort from. Cannot some of you lift up your eyes and think what has been beyond the Veil this past week? Can you not see that this sorrowful week to you has been a very glad week to some very dear to you in the Paradise land? Suppose you had died last month, you whom he loved to call by your Christian name—should not you have been glad on Monday morning last at his coming into your life again? With some of you the most touching thought just now is of how your departed brother, or wife, or husband, or father, loved him. Should not you rejoice at that hope given us in Scripture of the hereafter, that the dear ones meet and know each other; that some of your dearest ones within the Veil are glad to-day because the Bishop has come home?

I have often spoken to you of this. When Our Lord comforted the dying thief, who wanted Him not to forget him: "To-day thou shalt be with me," surely He meant: "You and I will be together and know each other as the two who hung on Calvary side by side." We cannot spend time at discussing proofs to-day. We have done it often enough before. Surely we shall know each other in that Unseen Land, and surely, too, if love be the great drawing

power there, as here, it is those who have cared most for each other who will be drawn together first. Ah, think of him that Monday morning last as he passed within the Veil. What a startling, wondrous revelation was his—to be with his Lord in Paradise; to be with her whom he had lately lost; to be with the old St. George's group that he so loved; and all with the light of God upon him. Oh, how gladly, wonderingly, he would be reaching out in adoration; how joyously he would meet those whom he loved, with the benediction of his Master resting on their meeting. Oh surely all the changes that have ever happened here are but trifles compared with the first few minutes after death to him or to any man.

* * *

Thank God for all the joyous thoughts of him that are left to us. Thank God for the example of his life. Thank God for the enjoyment of his friendship. Oh, I am thankful to God that ever I came to Canada and that I have been with him.

Don't go on asking, as some of you are doing, why should a precious life like his be taken, and so many fools and stupid and useless people are left?

The Bible teaches us that God has beautiful work for us all at the other side—helping the weak ones—teaching the ignorant ones—aye, perhaps for such loving souls as his, going out with Christ into the outer darkness “to seek that which is lost until He find it.”

“We doubt not that for one so true,
God will have other nobler work to do.”

Why was he taken while fools and useless people were left? God does not want all fools and useless people for the beautiful work of the Unseen Land, and God has none too many to get of lives like his to do the work of eternity.

Can I help you a little further by setting you to work harder for the ends that he especially placed before us?

His great effort was for the Missions of the Church. He made St. George's stand out almost first in all Canada for its great help to missions. He seemed more eager about

that than almost anything else. I remember last February when we got in our splendid contribution to Diocesan Missions, the first thought with myself and the wardens was "which of us may tell the Bishop over the telephone?"

Next month we are beginning our regular canvass for the great missionary work of the North-West and the Foreign Field. That is not to suffer by the Bishop's death. Nay, it is going to be bigger than ever in memory of him.

Next month also we are opening the first of the new churches that we promised him last year. Do you remember his sermon that day about the new populations springing up in the fields around Montreal and his demand that the Diocese should unitedly give him six new churches? We replied: "St. George's will give you two of these six. We will go to work at once collecting the children into a Sunday-school and the adults into mission rooms, and then we will begin building." "Ah!" said he, "St. George's never disappointed me."

Alas, for us to-day! Perhaps we had been caring more for his praise than God's. We have been building at Rosemont for the past three months. We wanted to boast that our first church was done within the year, and now the church is ready and he is not there to see it. This very week I had planned to drive him over to see what we had done, and on the 12th of next month he was to dedicate the church and preach, and, oh, how I looked forward to gathering whole crowds of you down there that night.

God knew best, and God has given him something better worth seeing, though I think he can see this, too. God helping us, we will try harder than ever at St. George's to make every part of the Master's work, which his dear servant cared for, a greater success. No man shall say of us that we neglected anything dear to him because he was gone.

* * *

But above all else we will keep his memory green by trying to imitate him. Love was the great attraction of his beautiful life. Long ago, before I left Ireland, I saw it in

his letter to me that drew me and made me want to come out to be with him. All your lives you have been seeing it. No man in Canada was more dearly loved. No man did more to make sunshine all around him. No man did more, I think, to make one feel that one man multiplied sufficiently would make a heaven. Think of every soul at St. George's, every soul in Montreal, loving as he did! Don't you think we should have a good slice of Heaven in the city?

Take that lesson from the Bishop's life: "Beloved, let us love one another."

If there is going to be any parish rivalry in the diocese, let it be that we at St. George's shall beat all other parishes in having more people like unto him and to his Lord. Let it be the worst reproach if one could say: You a St. George's man, and thinking mean, unloving thoughts, saying mean, unloving words, doing mean, unloving acts! Much good the Bishop's life did to you!

The Lord is looking on our resolves to-day. I think the Bishop is looking, too. One of the "great cloud of witnesses" that from the galleries of the universe look on the poor strugglers of earth in the race. What shall we say? God helping us, we will try to make life happier for others as he did. We will try to make the best and think the best of others, as he did; to put the best construction on the acts of others; to carry into all our lives the benediction of his loving influence. That is our resolve. For many years his memory will be green with us, and it will always be preaching to us the beautiful lesson of his life: "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God."



**" A Good Christian!
A Good Churchman!
A Good Friend!"**



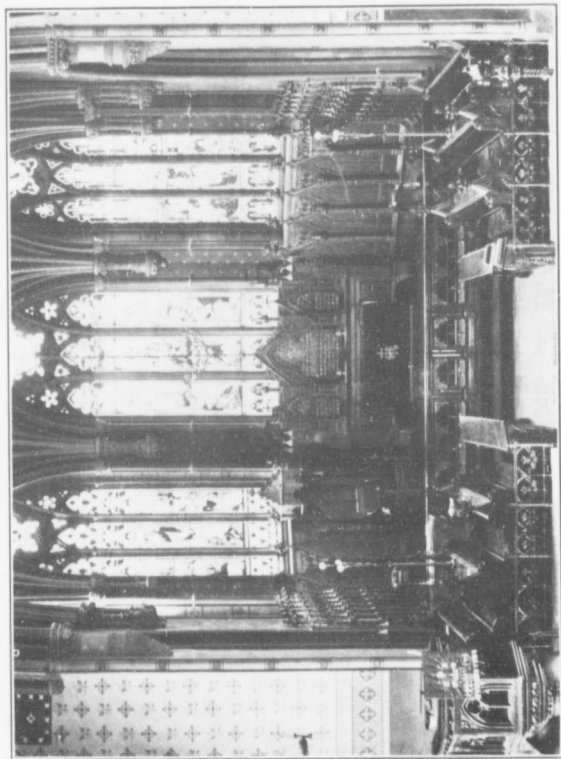
SERMON preached in St. George's Parish Church, Montreal, at Evensong on Sunday, September 27, 1908, by the Rev. A. J. Doull, M.A., Rector of the Church of the Advent, Montreal. Text:—"For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord."—Acts xi., 24.

There can be one subject only on which to address you as we assemble together on this first Sunday after our Bishop's death. An imperative necessity compels us to think of our late father in God as we knew him and loved him, and to draw from his life one or two lessons which shall enable us, according to our ability and opportunity, to follow in his steps, even as he followed in the steps of the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

It is not, however, easy to estimate the Bishop's character on such an occasion as this, and that for two main reasons:

First, because it was in itself so varied, so comprehensive, so deep and many-sided, that no sermon could do more than convey a very imperfect idea of what the Bishop was in himself to those who knew him, and to those amongst whom he worked. And, secondly, because his death is so recent, and has come to us all with such terrible swiftness, that it is most difficult to collect our thoughts, and think of our loss in the calm cool light of analysis.

It is seldom that a whole community receives such a terrible blow as that which came to us all last Monday morning. Comparatively few even knew on Sunday of



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA.

With which the picture was decorated, identified first as Archbishop Monseigneur and then as Biscuit for 34 years.

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his illness, and fewer still of its critical character, and thus the awful news on Monday morning came as a shock, the nature of which can hardly be conveyed through the medium of language.

Few men have been so closely bound up with the life of a community as was Bishop Carmichael with the life of Montreal; fewer still with the community's best interests and most hallowed and sacred ties; whilst only one man in ten thousand has been enabled to endear himself to such a large number of persons, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, as the noble prelate whose all too short episcopate closed on Monday last.

As I was privileged to stand on Thursday for two hours in the Cathedral, assisting in the solemn watch that was kept over his mortal remains, and as I watched the great reverent crowds passing in a continuous stream to gaze upon the well-known and well-loved features; more beautiful if possible in death than in life; as I asked myself what was the secret which drew such multitudes, representing every class and every age of Montreal's population, to do honour and pay respect to the dead, there flashed across my mind the answer; the words wherewith St. Luke describes the character of St. Barnabas, "the Son of Consolation," were borne in upon my mind: "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and, therefore, much people was added unto the Lord."

Was not that the secret of Bishop Carmichael's long ministry? Was it not because he was pre-eminently a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, that he was able to be for over forty years a "son of consolation" to thousands in this city and elsewhere; that his face shone with an heavenly sweetness; and that "much people," whom he had won to the Lord, are to-day breaking their hearts with grief; while an even greater number, may we not reverently surmise, are in the life beyond rejoicing in his translation to the rest and work of Paradise?

“He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.” Let us think of three ways in which our dear Bishop showed himself a good man, and learn therefrom, at least, three lessons for our own good and imitation.

And, first, the Bishop was a good Christian. He had a wonderfully clear, definite, and whole-hearted belief in the truth as ever held by the Church of Christ.

He was a learned man, a good scholar, well read not only in Christian apologetics but in all the leading literature which assails either the Christian faith or some part of that faith, as the Church of God has ever received and believed it. And, as a result, Christianity in Canada had no more convinced believer, and no greater champion and defender, than the late Bishop of Montreal.

Who that heard or read his masterly charge to the Synod last February can ever forget the charge in itself, or the intense earnestness and conviction with which it was delivered? No one could doubt the sincerity, the honesty, the deep-rooted conviction of the Bishop's belief, or fail to appreciate the historical, logical, and scholarly grounds on which it was based.

But the Bishop was a good Christian in a further sense, higher, nobler, better than that to which I have referred.

However important a right belief in the truths of Christianity may be, and no one was more convinced of this importance than he, yet Christianity after all is a life rather than a creed, and the Bishop not only held the creed, —he lived the life; he knew that Christianity was true because he knew Christ, Whom he followed daily and with Whom he lived in closest fellowship and communion.

To modern scepticism he could trustfully reply in the words of the ancient Polycarp, changing only the number of years: “Seventy and three years have I been His servant, and He hath done me no wrong. How then can I blaspheme my King Who saved me?”

He did the will of God and, therefore, he knew of the doctrine; he had the witness in himself; he knew Whom

he believed, and was persuaded that He was able to "keep that which he had committed unto Him against that day."

What a privilege to have been permitted to possess in this age such a humble, devout Christian, and to have come, as so many of us were enabled to come, under the spell of his influence!

* * *

But not only was the Bishop a good Christian, he was conspicuously a good Churchman. Few men were more loved and honoured by the whole community, and by all creeds, than he was. The crowded Cathedral, in which every creed was represented, bore witness to this; the beautiful floral cross placed at his head as he lay in state bore witness to this, for it was the gift of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association, all the members of which are Irish Roman Catholics. Friday's "Witness" contained an extract from an editorial in "La Presse," every line of which testified to the great love and admiration in which he was held by the French population of this great city, whilst the Methodist Ministerial Association, meeting last Friday, mourned his loss in a resolution which must have touched and delighted the hearts of all who read it.

But this popularity was not purchased by his becoming a weak Churchman. Far from it. He believed in the Anglican Church as possessing, in his judgment, the truth in all its fulness and purity, and that truth he held so strongly that, by word and by example, he ever witnessed to it with conspicuous ability and unflinching devotion. On all matters where he could co-operate with other creeds, without sacrifice of principle, he was more than ready to do so, but, when principle was involved, he was as firm as a rock.

Truth was very dear to him, but truth he held and spoke in love, and men respected him all the more and loved him all the better for being honest in his convictions; when those convictions were always proclaimed from a heart that overflowed with the milk of human kindness and with a consecrated love for all humanity.

And, thirdly, the Bishop was a good friend. When the news of his death spread throughout this city and diocese last Monday, the thought that was uppermost in the minds of many thousands was, not of the loss of the good Bishop, or the good Christian, or the good Churchman—though all this was felt too—but, of the good friend.

Who that witnessed the scene at our Cathedral on Thursday morning can ever be unmindful of the striking manifestation of that deep love and affection which was paid to his mortal remains by the great crowds that reverently came to have a last look at their friend?

It was a touching sight. Old men and women, little children, Montreal's greatest and wealthiest, and honest working men and women, snatching a few moments from the mid-day hour,—all came to have a last look at their friend. And it was heart-rending to see them come and go, and to think of the great blank in their lives which his death meant to them.

The Bishop was, as I have said, a good Churchman; he was also a good preacher, a good organizer and administrator, a good parish priest, and a good Bishop, but I do not think I am wrong when I say that he was chiefly known, chiefly loved, and will be chiefly remembered, as a good friend. He had naturally the warm heart and genial manner of an Irish gentleman, and this, consecrated as it was by the Holy Spirit, Whose first and last fruit is that of love, enabled him to enter into all the joys, doubts, difficulties and sorrows of his people in such a way that he was to us in Montreal that which Barnabas was to the early Church—the "Son of Consolation."

* * *

And, now, since he is gone, we must ask ourselves what must we do and be so as best to show forth our love to him, and to our Heavenly Father, Who gave him to us for so long.

Surely, the answer is plain: We must be successors of the Bishop—for it is a great responsibility to have had the privilege of being taught the Faith of Christ by such a

man. In his high office as Bishop and chief pastor of this Diocese, he can, of course, have but one successor,— and very earnestly must we, one and all, pray God for very special guidance at this critical time. God grant that the one selected may be the one of His choosing; may He reveal to us His will and give grace to the Synod to carry that will into effect. But, on the other hand, each one of us can be, and must be, a successor of the Bishop in carrying on Christ's work and extending His Kingdom, each in his or her own place, and according to the ability and opportunity which God gives to each. We must, like him, be good Christians, holding the faith, and living the life of Jesus Christ. The world never had greater need of earnest devoted Christians than it has to-day. Let us resolve to devote our whole-hearted zeal to the work of witnessing for Christ in our day and generation and in the community wherein our lot is cast. Secondly: we must, like him, be good Churchmen; let us have the Bishop's broad-minded love towards all good men, but let us never imagine that we can really honour Christ and benefit our fellow men by being disloyal to truth and playing fast and loose with sacred fundamental principles.

God has given us a goodly heritage in the Anglican Church, which, in spite of all her imperfections, is, we very humbly believe, the purest branch and the truest branch of the Holy Catholic Church. May we, for our sake and for the sake of others, be true to the trust which God has committed to us.

And, lastly, we must be good friends. Friendship is a very precious thing, and what splendid opportunities we all have of being friends to some poor lonely souls who are craving for it in this vast city of Montreal. What a different city this would be if only every one in this congregation tried to be a real friend to all those with whom he or she comes into contact. The world would be much brighter, much happier, and there would be a real establishing of the Kingdom of God in its love and power even here

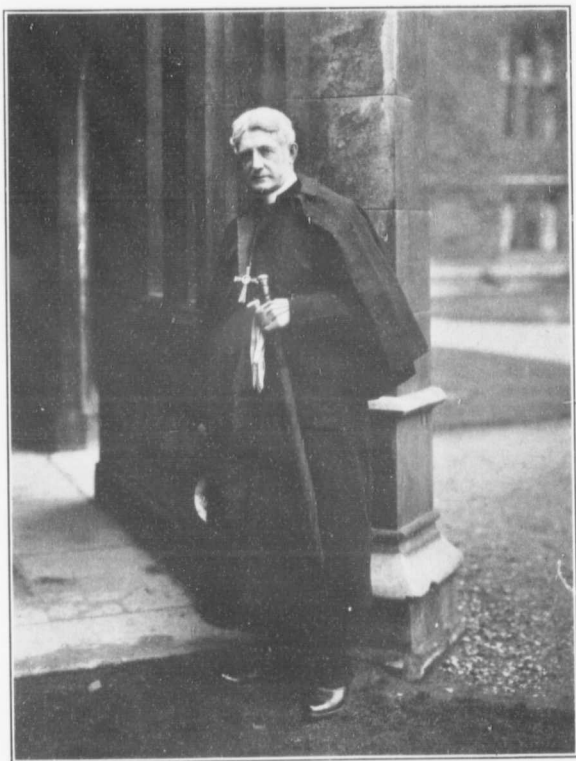
on earth. All this we can be, all this we must endeavour to be, but we must remember the condition: we can only be good Christians, good Church people, good friends, good men and good women, if we are filled with the Holy Ghost and faith.

“ He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord.”

The one is the cause of the other, the necessary needful cause followed by the inevitable result.

May God, our heavenly Father, Who has promised to give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him, may He, in answer to our earnest prayers, send down upon us the Holy Ghost in all the fulness and plenitude of His power; may He give us grace so to live and so to work in the strength of that same Holy Spirit that, when our time comes to quit this earthly life, men may be able truthfully to say of each one of us: “ He was a good man,” “ She was a good woman,” “ full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord.”





Isidore Michael

Photograph taken at Lambeth Palace, London, 1908.
Signature written at Hamilton, Ont., in 1879.

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Bishop Carmichael.



AN APPRECIATION by the Rev. Oswald W. Howard, D.D.,
Professor of Church History and Apologetics in the
Diocesan Theological College, Montreal; Published in
"The Canadian Churchman" on October 1, 1908:—

Early on Monday morning, September 21st, Bishop Carmichael passed to rest. On Sunday he preached a most eloquent sermon in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, and almost immediately afterwards began to suffer from weakness. He made a temporary rally and was able to return to Bishops court. In the early afternoon the weakness returned. It was soon seen that the seizure was a serious one, and every effort was made by medical skill to restore the Bishop to strength and consciousness. He lingered until a few minutes after seven on Monday morning. In the midst of as many of his devoted family as could be gathered together, he quietly passed away. His death, coming so suddenly and unexpectedly after his brilliant utterance in the Cathedral, was a shock to the entire community. Seldom is it given to any man to pass away from earth amid more general admiration, more sincere regret and in more magnificent circumstances. The Bishop had just returned from attendance at the Pan-Anglican Congress and Lambeth Conference, where his unsurpassed eloquence had excited the admiration of the Anglican world, and where his genial disposition had won him a host of friends. In Montreal his friends thought that they had never seen the Bishop look better than upon his return. He was looking forward with enthusiasm to the meeting of the General Synod at Ottawa, and frequently spoke of feeling exceedingly well and strong.

For the chief events of the great Bishop's life the reader is referred to Morgan's "Canadian Men and Women," and to the various newspaper reports that have been published about him. This article prefers to speak of the man, his character and ability, as these were manifested to the Canadian Church for nearly fifty years.

Of Bishop Carmichael's eloquence it is almost unnecessary to speak. Privileged as he was for so many years to occupy the chief Anglican pulpit of Canada, as Rector of St. George's Church, Montreal, his inimitable public ability was known not only to the city of Montreal but to visitors from all parts of Canada and the United States. His rich Irish voice, his perfect mastery of that voice for purposes of pleasantry or pathos, his dignity of bearing, his remarkably handsome face surrounded by an abundance of silvery hair, his unerring use of pauses that were often more eloquent than words, made him one of the most attractive public speakers that any country has ever produced. His smile, his ready wit, his humour, his histrionic power, added to his other oratorical gifts, made him nothing short of a genius before the public. He was the master of every occasion. As preacher, lecturer, after-dinner speaker, he always said the right thing, and when he had finished the listener felt that there was no need for any one else to say more. For another to say more would break the charm that the Bishop's words and manner invariably carried with them.

Perhaps the Bishop's characteristic that was most noticeable after his impressive eloquence was his power of making friendships. He was so thoroughly human, so genuinely genial, so unerringly tactful, so naturally open-hearted, that he attracted the confidence and love of all with whom he came in contact. His congregations at Clinton, Hamilton, and Montreal enthusiastically rallied about him and loved him as a friend. Whether as a country missionary in the backwoods of Ontario in the early sixties, or as the Lord Bishop of the Metropolitan City of

Canada, he was equally approachable, equally kindly in demeanour, and equally beloved. His heart never grew old, his joy in friendship never waned, his ability to make friends with young and old alike never left him. His magnetism in attracting friendships was one of his richest gifts, and was equalled only by his loyalty to every man who called him friend. Leading professional and business men in Montreal to-day are saying, "He was the best friend I ever had." His nature was large enough for unlimited friendships.

Equally marked was the Bishop's unswerving devotion to duty. In none of his parishes did his parishioners ever complain that he was forgetful of them in sickness or in health. Throughout his life he believed that work is a part of worship and the discharge of duty a religious act. He was one of the most industrious of men. He had a passion for knowledge, and to the last was a zealous student of all the newest developments in theological thought. He wrote largely on theological subjects, read incessantly, patiently laboured at sermons and parish work, and later at the arduous and trying responsibilities of his large diocese. In the midst of so many duties he always found time for diocesan and inter-diocesan affairs. He was foremost in the Councils of the Church, active in the forwarding of every good cause that would advance the welfare of men, and always ready to spend and be spent for what he thought was right. Those of us who knew him best were astonished at the ceaseless industry of one who, through delicateness of constitution, constantly had to husband his strength.

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No attempt to give an appreciation of the Bishop's abilities can omit a reference to his admirable power in presiding over great public gatherings. For years he was Prolocutor of the General and Provincial Synods, and in these great Councils of the Church he showed the masterly power of his personality. His chairmanship of such gatherings was unique. Not only was he the complete

master of all parliamentary procedure, but he was also able to see in advance the turn that many a complicated debate was likely to take, and was thus ready with his ruling when the crucial moment came. His ready wit, thrust in at the proper time, saved him many a difficulty in the management of such gatherings. He turned difficulty aside and softened the acrimony of heated opponents by pleasantries that would convulse the whole assembly with laughter. This wit was never caustic but, like himself, always refined and kindly. In all his onerous and exacting duties as president of synods he never forgot to be just to every member of the house before him, and was as patient of delay as the seriousness of the business in hand would permit. He ruled with a strong and masterly judgment, but was never overbearing or inconsiderate. For the timorous speaker he always had encouragement, while for the brow-beater who would break rules and disregard order he had a strong reserve of sledge-hammer discipline.

After all is said, and great as the Bishop undoubtedly was, those characteristics which endeared him most to the people, and for which he will be remembered longest, were those which were fostered and intensified by religious faith. His religion was intensely practical and entered into everything he did. In his religious life he was as thorough as in everything else. To him the Person of Christ was everything—salvation, life, guidance, inspiration. He preached Christ and lived Christ. In private and in public he was the finest product of our race—a Christian gentleman. He was too large and too sincere for cant or hypocrisy. After fifty years of public ministry he has gone to rest respected by the entire community as a thoroughly conscientious and consistent Christian believer—one who could say from the heart, "For me to live is Christ." His preaching bore the unmistakable impress of this heartfelt sincerity. The large congregations that for years thronged St. George's Church, and hung upon his eloquence, were impressed by nothing more than by the fact that this

choice preacher believed in and acted upon what he said. Though dead, the Bishop's sincerity of belief and unfailing consistency of life yet speak more powerfully than did ever his eloquent lips. Whether pleading with men to relinquish evil—as Bishop Carmichael alone could publicly plead—or denouncing error in outspoken fearlessness, or exalting Christ as the Saviour of men, behind and beneath all the eloquence that attracted there was the consecrated personality of the preacher whose sincerity convinced. The charm and music of his eloquence were intensified by the reality of religious conviction and practice. Men knew that he meant and practised what he preached. They believed in him and then they believed in his message. Greater than his eloquence, greater than anything else about him, were the man's simple faith and transparent sincerity.

Bishop Carmichael's life-long position as a public man, occupying an important place in the Church, naturally leads us to speak of his attitude on social, theological, and ecclesiastical questions. First and foremost he was a preacher of salvation through Christ. His sermons breathed a spiritual fervour, and he never tired of presenting Christ as the "Author and Finisher of our Faith." Social aspects of the Gospel claimed his thought and support. He was ever an ardent advocate of temperance. Some of his most impassioned eloquence was called forth in favour of prohibition. In relief of the poor, and in all movements of social betterment he was ever a leader. He was deeply interested in the modern movements of theological thought. To many of these he found himself uncompromisingly opposed. He read widely and deeply on the subject of "Higher Criticism," and was most outspoken in his advocacy of the "Traditional View" of the Old Testament's composition. His last charge to the Synod of Montreal dealt with this subject. He was also deeply interested in all movements regarding Church Unity. By writing and speaking he strove to forward the approach

of all the Evangelical Churches towards an understanding of each other's positions. The position he held was, that on all the great verities of our religion the Evangelical Churches are practically agreed. In order to unity (not uniformity) he urged the necessity of rallying about the "Historic Episcopate." In all these matters he was fearless in the expression of his opinion. He was not ashamed of his conservative theology. He was buoyed up to optimism in the conviction that the old positions in theology are true and that truth will eventually prevail. He may be described as, "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward."

It is not quite two years since Mrs. Carmichael was called away. "When she passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." The Bishop had never been quite the same after this great loss. Now that he has gone their friends feel that one of the most delightful homes that earth has known has had its ending. It was a home full of love and true Christianity—a home for which the community is infinitely better. Its generous and unostentatious hospitality was a joy to a multitude of homeless young men who were its grateful recipients. The Bishop and his wife were "lovely and pleasant in their lives"; the consolations of Christ assure us that "in death they are not divided."



Bishop Carmichael.



AN APPRECIATION by the Rev. Canon Tucker, M.A.,
D.C.L., General Secretary of the Missionary Society of
the Church of England in Canada:—

When Bishop Carmichael died it might truly have been said, "there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." It would be difficult, in the whole circle of one's acquaintance, to mention a personality as attractive and as richly endowed with gifts of mind and heart. He possessed to such a degree that indefinable charm called magnetism that his simple appearance in any company caused all eyes to be fastened on him.

He was essentially a versatile nature. He took an interest in all human affairs, in art and science, in poetry and letters. He was as expert with the microscope as with the pen. He had made a special study of ant-hills and was thoroughly conversant with the habits of their busy occupants. He was equally at home with insects as with little children. He was widely read in various forms of literature, and could write with equal facility on the theory of evolution and on the theories of the higher critics. One season he could give a course of lectures on geology and the other on the organic union of the Christian Churches. And his greatest delight, on a journey or a holiday, was to lose all consciousness of mundane things by burying himself in the most recent novel.

Yet with all this versatility his mind was essentially robust and practical. He could seize at a glance and as if by intuition the strong and weak points in any case, the outstanding features of any question. When treating any subject he advanced, by the most direct course, to the object he had in view, unembarrassed by details and

oblivious of minor issues. It was interesting to watch him in the pulpit, with his eye steadily fixed on his main point, driving it home to the hearts and minds of his hearers with the combined force of striking expression and emphatic utterance, and leaving a deep and indelible impression behind; or, in a heated debate in Synod, when the contending parties had well nigh exhausted their resources, to see him rise and submit a resolution that seemed to satisfy all requirements and rally the opposing factions around a common standard. And at the Pan-Anglican Congress, with all its wealth of talent drawn from every part of the world, by common consent he was one of the outstanding representative men.

A man of clear-cut views and strong convictions, he always expressed himself with force and vigour; and yet he was most tolerant of the views and opinions of others. In a long and intimate acquaintance we can never remember hearing him speak an unkind word of any man, even of his strongest opponent. His thoughtfulness for others was always and everywhere apparent, and he had an inimitable way of expressing his sympathy by a look, or word or shake of the hand. He was always watchful to express kindness and appreciation, to encourage a young and timid brother and to give a welcome or a farewell that could never be forgotten.

* * *

Loyalty, too, was a marked feature of his character. He never forgot a friend nor failed to stand by him against all odds. And to lawful authority he always paid the tribute of genuine respect and deference. His fidelity to his rector and his devotion to his bishop deserve to be held in lasting remembrance. Under those outward forms lay concealed an earnest desire to benefit or a wholesome fear of injuring the cause of the Church. For this staunch loyalty to authority was but one form of his deep and abiding loyalty to the Church of which he was so distinguished a member. Though in doctrine he belonged to that

section of the Church generally known as evangelical, every feature of his thought and life was cast in the mould of the Church of England. He was a firm believer in her ministry, her order, her doctrines, her system.

As a natural consequence he was foremost in all efforts to extend the influence of the Church of which he was rector throughout the City and Diocese of Montreal, and he was one of the earliest and most vigorous champions of the consolidation of the Canadian Church. His robust, manly intellect could not fail to see that the Church could only take her proper place among the religious forces of the Dominion if she became united through the length and breadth of the land. It is on record that, when his Synod, through what he considered a mistaken idea of diocesan autonomy and authority, seemed to him to take a step that would retard if it did not imperil the work of consolidation, he had the courage to stand alone and to register his vote against an otherwise unanimous decision. As a recognition of his general influence throughout the Church, as well as of his influence as an advocate of consolidation, he was chosen first Prolocutor of the General Synod. It is needless to say that he brought to this important post a geniality, a breezy humour, and withal a clearness and firmness of judgment and an assertion of authority that will not soon be forgotten. And he has left an indelible mark on St. George's Church, on the Diocese of Montreal and on the whole Church in the Dominion.

Such a man could not fail to realize the value of missionary work, not only in the interests of the Kingdom of Christ and of the salvation and elevation of man, but also in the interest of the helpers themselves, to find a worthy outlet for their religious zeal, to feed the springs of their spiritual life and to win for them the blessing of God. Hence, throughout his rectorship, St. George's was pre-eminently a Missionary Church. It was the means of nursing one mission after another in the suburbs of Montreal; it was the mainstay of the Theological College

and of every diocesan effort; and its annual contribution to the Diocesan Mission Fund was one of the events of the year in the Diocese. And the unification of the Church he prized mainly for its value in the missionary cause. He took a leading part in the formation of M. S. C. C. and he coveted for his own Church and Diocese the honour of leading the way in the forward movement inaugurated in 1902. Under his direction St. George's gave the General Secretary the opportunity of preaching his first missionary sermon and made the first contribution paid into the funds of the new Society. Everywhere and at all times, on the platform, in the pulpit, at the Board of Management, he was a whole-hearted supporter of M. S. C. C.

This sketch would be incomplete without a reference to the fundamental principles that gave purpose and meaning to his life, that formed the ground of his own personal faith and hope and the substance of his teaching. As a teacher he was essentially orthodox, taking his stand on the great dogmas of the ancient creeds; he was essentially conservative, clinging tenaciously to the old standards of the faith. But he did this, not merely to teach abstract truth, but the more effectually to set forth, in all His fulness, Him Who was the embodiment of creed and dogma. It was a living, loving Saviour whom he believed in and preached and a simple trust in that Saviour was his all-sufficient Gospel. On the great mysteries of life and revelation he preserved a wise reticence. He frankly confessed that, in those occult regions, there were things he could neither understand nor explain, but it was sufficient to him that the Lord had spoken; and he laid great stress on the doctrine that obedience is the main spring of spiritual insight and knowledge:—"If any man willeth to do His will he shall know of the teaching." Following and proclaiming Christ as a living, loving Saviour, he caught the true spirit of the Master and, in season and out of season, preached the Gospel of Divine Compassion. He knew the inevitable consequences of sin and the inexorable

character of the law, but, like the Lord whom he preached, even in judgment he remembered mercy. No ministry could be more helpful to the weak, the erring, the tempted, the fallen, and could come down more fully to the level of the needs of every-day men and women. To see him in the pulpit, from the seat I occupied in the chancel, with his finely chiselled profile standing out against the beautiful stained glass window of the west transept bathed in the noonday sunlight, with the Divine message of love, hope and life flowing from his lips, was like seeing a vision or catching a glimpse of the ideal.

His gifts, indeed, were many and various. He was an eloquent preacher, a powerful platform speaker, a wise and resourceful counsellor, a sober and discreet spiritual adviser, a systematic and painstaking worker, a diligent parish visitor, a strong temperance advocate, a broad-minded and far-seeing Church statesman, a staunch friend and warm supporter of all that ministered to the public good; and all this he achieved in the most natural manner possible as though he was unconscious of the possession of any special endowment. But above all the moral and intellectual gifts for which he was conspicuous, above the great things he did and the eloquent words he spoke, stood in simple majesty, like a marble pillar, unspoiled by flattery, unchanged by success, the man James Carmichael. For nearly half a century he was closely identified with the life and progress of the Church in Canada, and contributed a large share towards the formation of high ideals and noble manhood in our national life. He took an active and leading part in the cause of temperance, of purity, of commercial and political morality, of Church unity and of the religious training of the young; in one word, of all that tended to the betterment of our social and moral life. But, now that he is gone, we realize more fully than ever before that the man was greater and more influential than anything he ever said or did. And so, at this time, while the sense of loss is heavy upon us, we would deposit on his grave our chief tokens of regret and affection to the man, the friend, the brother.

Bishop Carmichael.



The following editorial reference to the death of the Bishop was published in "The Standard," Montreal, on September 26, 1908, from the pen of "W.L."—a fellow-countryman of the Bishop and one of the latter's journalistic friends:—

In the tragically sudden death of Bishop Carmichael the lesson of human mutation is impressively taught. The chief pastor of the Anglican Church in the diocese of Montreal had returned from the Lambeth Conference feeling and looking well. To his friends he had remarked that he felt in excellent spirits. His last address disclosed not merely eloquence, for that could always be assured, but vigor, weight of utterance, strength of voice, and something of the poignancy, the impressiveness which gave to every deliverance of the Bishop a distinction all its own. A few hours afterwards and the eloquent tongue was stilled forever.

The type is cold; and to marshal words in order often robs them of life and feeling. To say that Bishop Carmichael was an able man; that he had the eloquence of his race; that he gave distinction to every subject he handled; that he saw things vividly when other men only saw them indistinctly; that he had the Celtic power to blend the grave with the gay, and to make laughter trip up the heels of the earnest—is to say what is obvious and inevitable in any reference to the late Bishop.

Those who knew him intimately during the long years of his rectorate at St. George's Church and loved him for his charm, his tender nature, his overflowing sympathies, his consummate power as a preacher, his steadfastness as a friend, could say much more.

It was given to few men to exert so large an influence in his life-time as Bishop Carmichael. Ardent Churchman, he was beloved by the entire community. All good causes sought his countenance. He was a tower of moral strength in the community. His word had weight and the sense of finality. He stood for vital things—for character, for honor, for that which was lovely in human experience.

He commended righteousness in that he himself was no Killjoy, but loved life and laughter. He did not ignore the world, as do many moralists, but loved it, and wished to make it better. He did not wish to repress, so much as to build up. He entered into the life of the young. He shared their joys, their dreams, their longings. For that reason the young loved him and rallied to him, and obeyed his slightest wish.

"Ah, but he has the big heart," the Irish "cabbies" were wont to say when His Lordship passed in and out of the rectory on Windsor street.

Knowledge of books he had, and wide reading, while scientific lore enthralled him; but that "big heart" of his explains why, though

officially confined to a particular denomination, he was regarded as a power, an influence, far beyond the bounds of his diocese.

He was a Celt, which means that he was endowed with a poetic nature.

He had the power to glorify common things. When he described to the Synod his pastoral visits in the country, it was a poem he delivered—a poem so full of love and reverence for nature, so instinct with beauty, that many who had probably passed by with indifference the scenes which his vivid nature had transformed, felt their eyes moist.

His impressiveness in the pulpit will long be remembered. The slender figure; the speaking countenance, aglow with feeling, or grave with the sense of overwhelming solemnity; the beautiful silvered head, so like the Roman models; the outstretched finger and the voice which shook with emotion—now rising with the full tide of feeling, now sinking to a whisper—the whole conveying the sense of inexpressible weight, authority and finality,—will long remain a precious memory to those who revered and loved him.

On the other hand, there was the hint of humor, which was rarely absent and which was an essential of his nature,—lambent humor which played about the head of the victim like lightning, but never sought to make mortal wound. At the same time, those spontaneous flashes of humor covered the opponent in debate with confusion.

He understood to a nicety this law of proportion—the due weight and urgency of the earnest, and also the place and the measure of lighter feeling. If the moment threatened to become triste, he caused an explosion of happy laughter by instantly opposing contrasting humor with lugubriousness.

Nor did he, when made bishop, forget that humor was the salt of life, for his charges hinted that perennial fountain which welled up in his nature—the fountain which diffused happy and contagious smiles, refreshing jaded atmospheres, and making life vivid.

It will seem hard to his fellow-workers, to his clergy, to the people of his diocese, to the entire community, to believe that the silver-tongued bishop, who wangled in the warp and woof of his life, in happy admixture, that which was weighty with that which made the weighty issue acceptable, is to be no more heard; that his laughter is hushed forever; that his words of counsel can be no more offered; that the Synod will no more thrill to his eloquent utterance.

His life history will doubtless be worthily set forth in due time; but in the death of Bishop Carmichael, the community has lost at once a powerful force making for righteousness, a wise and able chief pastor, who won love by warm sympathies, a clear and sunny nature,—which sparkled like an Irish brook in the sunshine,—a commanding influence long and beneficially exerted.

In the lives of many he will linger, an imperishable memory, thus attaining to that supreme immortality—"a goodness diffused."



Resolutions.



RESOLUTION adopted, on the motion of the Lord Bishop of Niagara, by the House of Bishops of the Church of England in Canada, during the meeting of the General Synod at Ottawa, September 23, 1908:

"FORASMUCH as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of our beloved brother, the Bishop of Montreal, we bow in humble submission to the Divine Will.

"We render our devout thanks for the long and useful life of our departed brother, and for his peaceful entrance at the last into the rest of Paradise, his Master's message to His people having just passed from the lips of the beloved Bishop in the Cathedral Church of the Diocese.

"We bear our loving witness to our departed brother's deep and earnest interest in all departments of the Church's work; to the inspiration of his words and example through our long intercourse with him in the Councils and activities of the Church; to his ability, to his loving nature, so that each one of us feels to-day that he has lost, not only a fellow-worker in the Kingdom of God, but also a dear personal friend.

"We desire to convey our words of sympathy and benediction to the sons of our dear departed brother in this hour of their great affliction, through their bereavement of such a father. We also desire to express to the bereaved Diocese of Montreal our fatherly love and sympathy in this their great loss."

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RESOLUTION adopted by the Executive Committee of the Synod of Montreal at a special meeting held on September 24, 1908:

"THAT the Executive Committee of the Synod of Montreal, in special session assembled, under a profound sense of the magnitude of the loss which this Diocese of the Church in the Dominion of Canada, and, indeed, the whole Anglican Communion, has sustained in the removal by death of the Right Reverend James Carmichael, Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Civil Laws, and Lord Bishop of Montreal, does now order the following to be placed on permanent record in its minutes:

"We desire humbly to bow in submission to the will of God in the great sorrow which has been laid upon His Church;

" We desire also reverently to express our deep thankfulness to the great Head of the Church for all He permitted and enabled His servant to be and to do for His glory and the uplifting of his fellow-men;

" For his faithful labours as a missionary in the days of his youthful ministry;

" For his ministrations as pastor in all the parishes where he was called to labour, pre-eminently that of St. George's in this city;

" For his personal piety, ever deepening as the years passed over him;

" For his life-long testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus Christ;

" For fearless loyalty to the Holy Scriptures as the inspired Word of God;

" For his able defence of the Christian verities as theologian and apologist;

" For his eminent services as a Bishop in the Church of Christ, in which important office:

" His exemplary life and his loving heart were a blessing to this Diocese, where his splendid gifts and talents gave him an honoured place among all the Prelates of our Communion.

" For all these and many other excellent gifts as priest and chief pastor in his Church we thank our God.

" In bearing this loving testimony to our honoured Father in God, for whom, in common with the entire Christian public, we mourn to-day, we pray that the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, will comfort the hearts of his sorrowing family, to whom we hereby offer our heartfelt sympathy."

* * *

RESOLUTION adopted by the Synod of Montreal at a special meeting convened on Oct. 24, 1908, for the purpose of electing a successor to the Bishop in the See of Montreal:

" We, the members of the Synod of Montreal, for the first time in session since bereft of its beloved father and bishop, would endeavour to put into words some sense of the sorrow we feel that he has left us and the gratitude we feel that he was lent us. Our beloved Bishop was an illustrious member of the great band of old countrymen who have given themselves from early manhood to Christian work in this new land, and through whose devotion the Church has gained so much. We bless God for the work Bishop Carmichael was enabled to do throughout his fifty years' ministry. Our city and diocese profited for many years by his diligent and capable work. He was endowed with such gifts of head and heart as made him a statesman in the Church, a prophet in the community, a brother and father in the social sphere. He came late to the purple and his episcopate was brief, but, through all his ministry, Providence placed him in a position whereby his

superiors in office could draw on his store of wisdom, learning and practical experience; while those of the Church's great rank and file, the holy and humble men of heart, their wives and children, who constitute the golden harvest of the Church's toil, were blest in calling him pastor, friend and priest.

"We wish to record our appreciation of the Bishop's services to the Church at large at the recent Pan-Anglican Congress; also that he was able to represent the diocese so effectively at the Lambeth Conference. At these two great gatherings in London, our dear Bishop seemed to come to the fruition of his power, the summit of his influence, and returned home to deliver a long-to-be-remembered message to his flock.

"The diocese of Montreal regards his life's work, so loyally given to it, as one of the richest pages in its history, and was humbly glad to crown his years of labor with the glory of the episcopal mitre. The names of Fulford, Oxenden, and Bond find a worthy companion in that of Carmichael. His memory will long be cherished by us and our children, for, by his work and word, many have been brought nearer to truth and God."



In Memoriam—Bishop Carmichael.



We cannot look upon his face and weep
For him, though for ourselves the tears must start;
To see him lying in that marble sleep
Tightens the band of suffering round each heart:
Yet not for him we mourn and deeply sorrow;
'Tis night with us, but he hath seen To-morrow.
No pain of parting from the loved ones here;
He meets the loved ones there without a sigh;
No trembling at the "Great Beyond"; nor fear;
No agony as in a last good-bye;
But from the arms of those who held him fast
Into far stronger Arms of Love—he passed.
The voice,—that thrilled the hearts of those who heard
With sympathy, with wish to reach the goal—
The power of love vibrated through each word
And sank into the mind and touched the soul—
Is silent, but the echo of its tone
Is with us still and bids us make no moan.
The hands,—that hands in friendship's clasp did bind;
That signed the Cross on many an infant brow;
That helped so many faltering steps to find
A path to lead to heights they reached ere now—
Still seem to beckon us in thought away
Beyond the clouds—where he hath found the Day.
The eyes,—that ever saw the good in all,
Looking on rich and poor, on young and old
With love, and love responsive seemed to call
To him whose glance was never stern and cold,—
Are sealed to earthly sights, yet surely we
Believe that, in the truest sense, they see.
The heart,—that loved with tender, lasting love,
That ne'er forgot a friend once made, nor thought
Evil of others, ever looked above,
Not downward; firm, where battle must be fought—
Is stilled, and, resting from all toilsome strife,
Merged in the great Heart of a higher Life.
Weep not for him: When with the setting sun
Through stress of work he heard the homeward call,
Surely he heard the Master say, "Well done,
"Faithful in what is least, faithful in ali."
Earth's garment lay beneath the grass-grown sod;
The loved and loving spirit is with God.

OLIVE LINDSAY.

Mrs. Carmichael.



Emma Dubourdieu,* youngest daughter of Saumarez Dubourdieu, M.D., born near Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, November 17, 1839; married Rev. James Carmichael, of Clinton, Ont. (her second cousin), in Trinity Church, Galt, Ont., August 1, 1860; died in St. George's Rectory, Montreal, January 16, 1907; buried in Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal.

* Mrs. Carmichael's great-great grandfather was the Rev. Jean Armand Dubourdieu, at one time minister to the Savoy Chapel, London, and Chaplain to the Duke of Richmond and Lennox. He escaped, when an infant, from France, with his mother, the Lady De la Valade, widow of Jacques, Seigneur Dubourdieu, at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Oct. 22nd, 1685. The Lady De la Valade "disguised as a peasant, with her infant son concealed in a shawl on her back, and accompanied by a faithful domestic, effected her escape through the frontier guards into German-Switzerland and thence to London, where she was received by a relative." Jean Armand Dubourdieu married the Comtesse d'Espuige and had an only child, Saumarez. The latter came over to Ireland to live with his uncle the Rev. Chas. De la Valade, who was Minister of the French Church at Lisburn, near Belfast. Saumarez Dubourdieu was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was "Minister of the French Church at Lisburn for 45 years and was so beloved in the neighbourhood that in the insurrection of 1798 he was the only person in Lisburn whom the insurgents had agreed to spare." The French Congregation, having become greatly decreased by deaths as well as by intermarriages with Irish families, the Chapel was at length closed and was afterwards used as the Court House of Lisburn. Saumarez Dubourdieu, having joined the Established Church, was presented with the living of Lambeg, where he died when 96 years of age.—*Agnew's "French Protestant Exiles."*

His second son, Shem, was also a clergyman, and he had a son, Saumarez, a physician of Corinna, Co. Longford, who married Jane, a daughter of Andrew Blair Carmichael, an uncle of the late Bishop of Montreal.



Emma Ormichael

From a photograph taken 15 years ago.

Mrs. Carmichael.



AN APPRECIATION by the Rev. Oswald W. Howard, Professor of Church History and Apologetics in the Diocesan Theological College, Montreal; Published in the "Canadian Churchman" on January 31, 1907 :—

On the sixteenth instant there entered into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God," Emma Dubourdieu, beloved wife of the Right Rev. James Carmichael, Lord Bishop of Montreal. For some years Mrs. Carmichael had been more or less of an invalid, and for many weeks before her death had been in a state of unconsciousness. She quietly fell asleep in Christ, without regaining consciousness, on the evening of Wednesday, the sixteenth instant. Mrs. Carmichael was a woman of very remarkable character. It is needless to say that she was, through nearly half a century, the staunch helper and encourager of her gifted husband, "doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing;" that she was the idol of the family circle, and that she was respected and beloved by scores of parishioners as well as by numberless young men who, through many years, found a hearty welcome from her in the ideal family circle at St. George's rectory. All this goes without saying for it is patent to the world. But underneath all exterior appearances she carried the tenderest of hearts for every one in sorrow, the deepest sympathy for every one distressed, and the most generous charity for every one who failed to do what was right. It might well be said of her that for the sake of others she sanctified herself. Always careful of example, most circumspect in conversation, kind in criticism and repartee, simple in pleasures, unostentatious in dress and living, devoted in religion, she ran her course, ever "wearing the white flower of a blameless life." Her Chris-

tian faith was of the simplest nature and as strong as simple. With all the devoted fervour of the Huguenot stock from which she was descended on her father's side, and with all the emotional beauty, characteristic of her mother's Irish lineage, she clung devoutly to the simple Faith of the Gospel as it is in Christ Jesus. As a life-long Sunday School teacher, her message to the large number of girls coming under her instruction was "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." Scores of these girls in Montreal, now grown to womanhood, revere her for her example and teaching, and in their own homes amid their children, reflect the glory of her consecrated life. In various Church organizations for the relief of the poor, the instruction of the young, the furtherance of temperance, she took a living interest and an active co-operation until ill-health took from her the ability to work. And in the evening of her days—an evening all rose-tinted with the devotion of her family, the love of hundreds and the respect of all—she still had the resource of prayer, not only as a means for helping forward the good work in St. George's, in which her soul rejoiced, but also as a comfort to her own tender heart that loved so dearly every movement for the advancement of the Gospel of Christ's love. All with whom she came in contact respected her serious-minded Christianity; all who knew her intimately revered her for her godly piety and loved her for her nobleness and tenderness of heart. It is but a short time since we were called upon to mourn the loss of one of Canada's greatest Churchmen—Archbishop Bond—and to pay our tribute of praise to his godly life and teaching. We are now called upon to bear the loss of one less conspicuous in the public eye—one of Canada's greatest Churchwomen—who for a quarter of a century and more was a fellow-worker with and an inspiration and encouragement to the Rector of Canada's greatest Church. The tribute of praise which we offer to her memory is that passed upon a woman by our Lord Himself: "She hath done what she could." All that a

loving heart, a noble nature and a devoted soul could do in the service of God, was done unselfishly and from the noblest of motives. The true-hearted sympathy of the parishioners of St. George's Church, of a host of friends, of the city of Montreal, and of the whole Canadian Church, goes out to the bereaved husband and sons in the great loss that they have sustained. Whatever consolation there is in possessing "Treasure in Heaven," that must be theirs in a pre-eminent degree.



Resolutions and Addresses.



ADDRESS presented to Mrs. Carmichael by the teachers and pupils of St. Paul's Church Sunday-school, Clinton, Ont., on May 13, 1868:

" DEAR MRS. CARMICHAEL,

" We, the Teachers and Pupils of St. Paul's Sunday School, being desirous that you should carry away with you on your departure from among us some token of the feelings with which you are regarded by us, beg your acceptance of the accompanying work-box as a slight memento of the sentiments of love and esteem that we all entertain towards you. And we hope that the little gifts which we have added for the children will be acceptable to you on their behalf. We would also wish to express our high admiration of the untiring zeal and devotion you have ever displayed during your connection with our Sunday School, and of those inestimable qualities of mind and domestic virtues which have not only exercised a beneficial influence but have endeared you to us all and will long remain fresh in our memories. And we sincerely trust that in your new home you may find as many and as warm friends as you leave behind you, and that a gracious and kind Providence may watch over and bless you and those dear to you through a long, a happy and a useful life."

* * *

ADDRESS presented to Mrs. Carmichael by the ladies of St. George's Church, Montreal, on April 20, 1878:

" DEAR MRS. CARMICHAEL,

" The ladies of St. George's Church wish to express unitedly their deep regret at your contemplated removal from our city.

" They desire to record their appreciation of the unvarying kindness exhibited by you during the ten years that they have had the pleasure and benefit of your acquaintance and friendship.

" The noble example of modest bearing, amiability, sympathy with poverty, and genuine benevolence have been models to all the members of the Church, and worthy of the wife of so esteemed a clergyman as the Rev. James Carmichael.

" They feel that some slight token of their regard is due to you, and it will afford them great gratification, if, in the distant home that

will soon be yours, there is one room which, by its association, will recall pleasant recollections of your friends in Montreal.

"They therefore request you to accept a bed-room set of furniture, and a purse to purchase a Brussels carpet to complete the furnishing of the room.

"Hoping that distance will not sever the tie of warm friendship which has bound you to the members of St. George's during so many years, they pray that, wherever under God's providence your lot may be cast, His choicest blessings may descend on you and on each member of your family, and that the devotion to duty and kind-heartedness of both Mr. Carmichael and yourself may be as highly appreciated in your new home as they have been in St. George's."

* * *

RESOLUTION adopted by the Executive Committee of the Montreal Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Woman's Auxiliary to Missions at a meeting held in Montreal on April 8, 1902:

(1) Moved by Mrs. Lindsay, seconded by Mrs. H. J. Evans, and resolved:

"That Mrs. Carmichael be, and is hereby elected Honorary President of the Montreal Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary."

(2) "That a Provincial Life Membership of the Woman's Auxiliary be presented to Mrs. Carmichael on the occasion of the consecration of the Very Rev. the Dean as Coadjutor-Bishop of Montreal, as a token of love, appreciation and good-will on the part of the Woman's Auxiliary of this diocese."

* * *

RESOLUTION of sympathy from the rector, officials and members of the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, Ont., on the death of Mrs. Carmichael; adopted January 24, 1907:—

"The rector, officials and members of the Church of the Ascension desire to convey to the deeply revered Bishop of Montreal, formerly the beloved rector of this church, and to his family, their deep sympathy in their sore bereavement in the death of Mrs. Carmichael, the loving and devoted wife and mother.

"Mrs. Carmichael was greatly endeared to the people of this parish; her beautiful life and all the good she was enabled to do in her own sweet way, and in helping her husband in church work, will ever be held in cherished remembrance by all who knew and loved her and those who were helped onward and upward by her.

"May the same comfort with which the sorrowing husband has so often soothed others, whose hearts were sad, be now given to him and to those dear to him in abundant measure."

RESOLUTION unanimously adopted at the annual meeting of the Montreal Diocesan Branch of the Church of England's Woman's Auxiliary to Missions held February 21, 1907:—

'That we consider a suitable memorial to our late beloved Honorary President, Mrs. Carmichael—the memorial to take some form which would have been pleasing to her.'

RESOLUTION adopted November 7, 1907:—

"That the 'M-s. Carmichael Memorial Fund' be donated for the purchase of a Communion Set for one of the needy churches in the diocese of Montreal—at the discretion of the Bishop."

* * *

The following letters, written after receiving the memorial to Mrs. Carmichael, show how deeply the Bishop appreciated the loving gift of the members of the Auxiliary. The first is as follows:—

"Bishops court, Montreal, April 11, 1908.

"My dear Mrs. Baylis—

"I cannot easily express how sincerely I feel the action of the Woman's Auxiliary with regard to the Communion Set in memory of my dear wife. It is singularly and pathetically beautiful, for I know if she were living it is the very gift she would naturally have made to one of my churches and what I had purposed doing myself in her memory. I am more than pleased with the gift, I am grateful.

"I have slightly altered the inscription and inserted the name of the church I would wish it to be used in.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES MONTREAL."

The amended inscription reads as follows:—

In loving memory
of
EMMA CARMICHAEL,
Wife of the Right Rev. James Carmichael,
Lord Bishop of Montreal.
Died January 16, 1907.
Presented by the M. D. W. A.
to
St. Columbia's Church, Kensington.



The last resting-place of the Bishop and Mrs. Carmichael in Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal.

The second letter, written in May, 1908, and addressed to the Dorcas Secretary, reads thus:—

“I cannot thank the W. A. too sincerely for the lovely gift of the Communion Service just received. As a work of artistic beauty it is most admirable, but what makes it the most touching gift I ever got is the loving association with my dear wife's name. Will you please let the kind friends, whose love dictated such a loving act, know that this old heart of mine was never more touched than it was by this act of loving memory. May God bless them all and each, one by one.”



Ships at Sea.

On the first anniversary of the death of Mrs. Carmichael, January 16, 1908, a floral tribute was received by the Bishop from one of his intimate friends. To it was attached a card bearing the following verse:—

“The ships put out on the shoreless sea
And we lose them in the night;
But the Captain is there, His hand on the helm,
And He steers for the land of light.”

To this the Bishop replied in the following stanza:—

“The ships steer out and in open sea
Grow dim to the eyes on shore;
But ere long will come back with their message for me
And sail out as they sailed before.”



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“ Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we
commit you ; the Lord bless you and keep you ; the
Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious
unto you ; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance
upon you and give you peace, now and evermore.

—Amen.”



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