

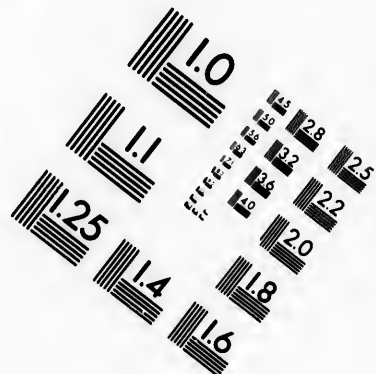
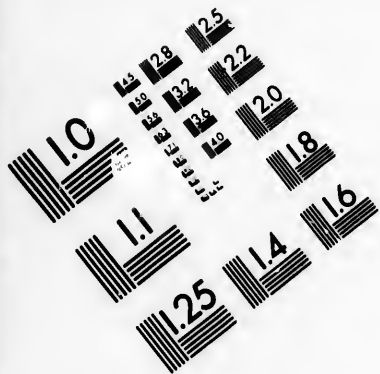
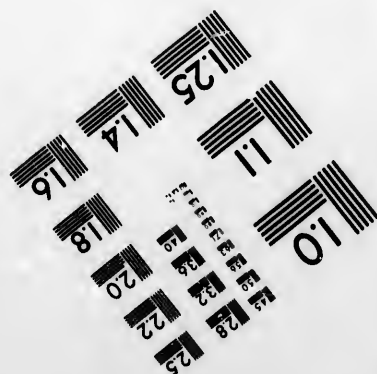
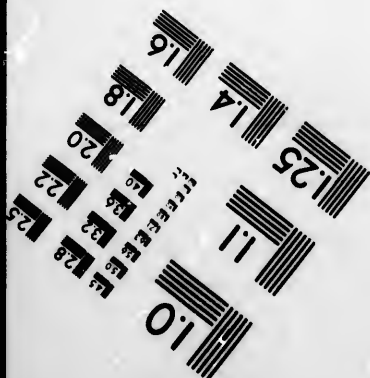
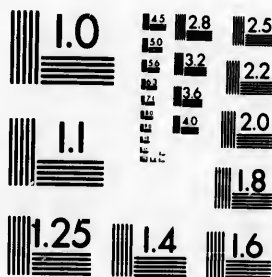


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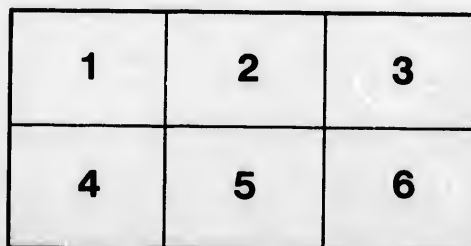
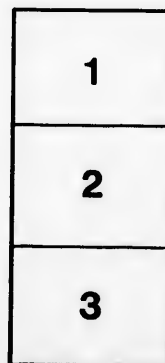
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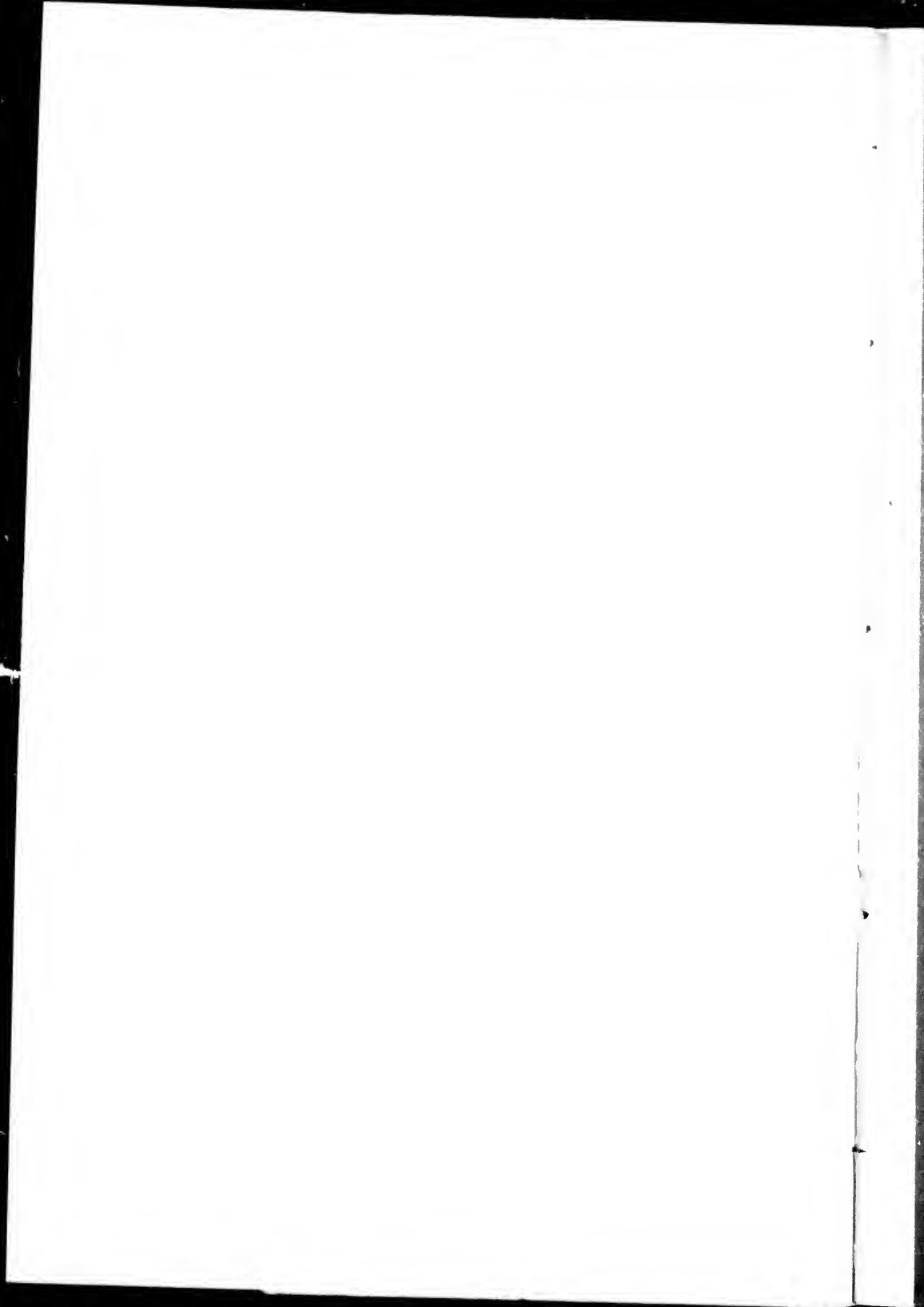
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A MEMOIR
OF THE
VERY REV.
WILLIAM BULLOCK, D.D.

DEAN OF NOVA SCOTIA.

BY
REV. R. H. BULLOCK, Q. H. C.

Captain R. H. Bullock (Retired List).

HALIFAX, N. S.:
MORTON & CO., Publishers.

1888

7

Henry J. Morgan

A MEMOIR

1899

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A MEMOIR

OF THE

VERY REVEREND WILLIAM BULLOCK, D. D.

DEAN OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE VERY REV. WILLIAM BULLOCK, was born in the English Village of Prittlewell, in the County of Essex, on the 12th of January, 1797.

At an early age, he was sent to the Blue Coat School in London, from which he passed as a Cadet into the Royal Navy.

Posted to H. M. Ship Mutine, he first saw service, under Lord Exmouth at the bombardment of Algiers, and during the engagement distinguished himself by the rescue from drowning of a seaman who had been knocked senseless overboard by a falling spar.

Having attained the rank of Lieutenant, he joined H. M. Ship Snap of which his elder brother Frederick (afterwards Admiral) was Commander.

In this Ship he assisted in an extensive survey of the Coast of Newfoundland, and it was while thus employed that the spiritual needs of that ancient Colony were so impressed upon his mind, that he formed the resolution to join the ranks of those Pioneer Priests who were labouring in that Mission Field.

This resolve resulted in the resignation of his Commission, and an application for admission into Holy Orders.

Ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Chester on 31 March, 1822,—a fortnight later, he was advanced to the Priesthood by the Bishop of Lincoln, acting for the Bishop of London, "for the cure of souls in His Majesty's Foreign Possessions."

Returning as soon as possible to Newfoundland, and, appointed by the Bishop of Nova Scotia, who then held spiritual jurisdiction in that island, to the Mission of Trinity Bay, he entered on his new vocation with all the energy of a strong enthusiasm, a robust physique, and a buoyant temperament, to which was added the thoroughness and dash which have ever characterized the seamen of England.

Nothing daunted him ;—perils by land, and perils by sea ; exposure so severe as more than once to endanger life, were all faced cheerfully, and his earnest, strong personality, so endeared him to the "Planters" in Trinity, that at the expiration of eighteen years of hard work, the inscription on the piece of plate given by them on his departure was an honest, unexaggerated tribute to his work, as it stood for a "testimony of their "esteem and affection for his unwearying attention to "his duties as a Pastor, his kindness as a Friend, and "his conduct as a Christian."

In 1823 he married Mary, the only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Clinch, and to that happy marriage he owed, and ever gladly owned the debt, not only of an attractive home but support and encouragement in his public work.

The affection that began in 1823 between that strong man and his gentle wife, knew no check nor diminution, and he was as much the lover when on March 7th, 1874, he looked his last "good bye" to her, as when half a century before he claimed her as his bride.

And on his Golden Wedding, the words which on the sixth anniversary of his marriage he penned at sea, being absent from home, were as true as when he wrote them :—

" I ne'er forget the enraptured word,
 " When meekly blushing at my side
 " Thy plighted faith in Heaven was heard,
 " And thou becam'st a willing bride.

" Since when, the marriage bond was sealed,
 " Six happy years have rolled away,
 " And on my memory stands revealed,
 " Dear Mary, 'tis our Bridal Day."

Not long after his induction as Rector of Trinity, there came to him a sensational, and pleasant reminder of his old sea faring life :

One Sunday morning a Captain of the Merchant Service just arrived from Lisbon, came to worship in the Church, and no sooner had the Rector pronounced the opening words of the service than the stranger, excitedly and audibly exclaimed : "That is Bullock ;
 " that is the man who saved my life."

A meeting in the Vestry after service explained the excitement, and the recognition.

This Captain and the Rector had served as midshipmen together, and one evening on a severe reprimand being given, the lad in a fit of exasperation had leaped overboard, when the ship was under full sail in mid-Atlantic.

Midshipman Bullock, without a moment's hesitation, went after him and held him up until a boat brought both on board.

This meeting after years was full of pleasure, and the children of the Rector had for a long time good reason to remember the incident, for on each succeeding voyage from Lisbon the grateful Captain brought a generous consignment of dried fruits, and wines, and those large conical Ali Baba jars of grapes, which seem now-a-days to have disappeared from commerce.

It was also early in his ministry that Mr. Bullock became "*Medecin malgré lui.*" It happened in this wise. The only medical man in Trinity had late in the autumn been subpoenaed as a witness to S. Johns, some sixty miles distant, and winter setting in, the harbours became frozen over, and as there were no overland roads Dr. Skelton was unable to return.

Mean-while a virulent attack of small pox and scarlet fever broke out in Trinity, and no medical man was available.

In this emergency, the Rector determined to do his best for his stricken people, and having in his possession a valuable medical library, a well stocked dispensary, a case of surgical instruments and even a full sized skeleton in a closet, which his children always passed with quickened steps;—all of which he inherited

from his father-in-law—he set to work to combat the diseases that were ravaging the Parish, and with such success that in the spring when the Doctor returned from S. Johns his old patients refused to be treated by any one but the “Parson,” and Dr. Skelton being old and infirm, retired from practice, no other physician coming to fill his place.

This involved another problem for in a place where the occupations of the dwellers ashore and afloat courted frequent accidents, the practice of medicine alone was insufficient, so the Rector now daringly added surgery to medicine.

This was undertaken as a necessity, and under a sense of grave responsibility, but God prospered his work of mercy, and many operations were performed without misadventure.

This audacity on the part of the Rector was once criticized in a friendly humour by a former messmate, who hinted that death under an operation might possibly bring the unlicensed operator into legal trouble, but the criticism was playfully met by the remark ;—
“ You fail to remember that I hold a legal warrant as “ *Coroner*, and that will cover the lack of Diploma as “ *Surgeon*.”

Once a year there came into the work of the missionary a special interest, in the sailing of the Ice-hunters, as they were called, who embarked on the hazardous venture of engaging in the Seal Fishery.

A considerable fleet belonged to the parishioners, and its departure was always an event full of anxiety and activity.

The medicine chests had to be looked to, books for those who could read provided, and comforts packed for those who should fall sick.

The medicine chests were all fitted and filled from the Rector's Dispensary, and doing this, and visiting personally all who formed the expedition, made every spring a very busy time for him.

All being ready on a certain day a special service in the church was held for the Ice-hunters and their families ;—a service deeply tinged with pathos as it was felt by the worshippers, that possibly a whole crew, and in all probability some of the men then present, would never see that church or their homes again.

After prayers for protection and godly admonition, the men went on board and the fleet was towed to sea, in single file, through the long channel that had been made beforehand through the ice.

Eight years after Mr. Bullock's induction, Sir Thomas Cochrane, then Governor of Newfoundland, visited the Parish of Trinity in his yacht, the *Forte*, and knowing the Rector's acquaintance with the coast, acquired when on the survey, induced him to take passage in his yacht and visit settlements where no clergyman had ever been.

This excursion, lasting for six weeks was full of work : piloting the ship ; visiting the families of the settlers ; teaching and preaching ; planning for the appointment of clergymen, or in default of them, godly laymen to minister in these destitute places ; baptizing nearly one hundred children, and preparing adults for baptism at a future time.

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The voyage was not free from danger ; once they suffered shipwreck and so tempestuous had been the weather, that on the return of the yacht to S. Johns it was found that there had been great apprehension for her safety and a vessel was being manned from H. M. S. Tyne to go in search of her.

During one of his visits to the outlarbours, he made the acquaintance of the last survivor of one of the Indian tribes,—a woman named Shanodifith, of the Beothique race ;—a sad story attaches itself to the extinction of this people ;—a war of extermination having for many years been waged against them by the Micmacs.

There is an interesting tradition respecting the origin of this war. The French Government, in consequence of some depredation had offered a reward for any of these people, dead or alive.

Some treacherous Micmacs for the gain had destroyed two of them, and hidden their heads in a canoe where they were discovered.

The Beothiques, without giving an alarm, in revenge invited all the Micmacs in that district to a feast, and at a given signal killed their guests :—from that time the feud never ceased, until the Beothiques were exterminated.

From the day of his Ordination to the time of his death, the Rev. William Bullock carried on his ministry in the spirit of a Motto which over and over again appears in his Journals and other manuscripts "*Evangelical Truth, Apostolical Order,*" and in that spirit he regarded with profound veneration, the Holy Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer.

The Prayer Book he as an Officer of the Church looked upon in the same light, as when wearing naval uniform, he regarded his "sailing orders";—a code of instruction, not to be paltered with, ignored or broken, but loyally observed and obeyed as a whole.

It was this adherence to order that made his Churchmanship of a character somewhat in contrast with the general laxity, which at that time marked the Anglican Church.

Perhaps it was in his great respect to the orders and the aspirations of the Prayer Book that a tradition is grounded, that knowing mere wishing to be an ineffective factor in reforms, he attempted to restore in Newfoundland a primitive custom, the restoration of which every clergyman declares once a year is much to be desired, "the godly discipline that such persons as "stood convicted of notorious sin were put to open "penance."

Humble minded as a man, and anxious to live peaceably with all men, there was never absent from his mind the dignity, as well as the responsibility of his "Orders," and he was ever ready to assert and magnify his office, as a Watchman, Messenger, and Steward of the Lord.

There was in him no flinching from duty, or weighing of personal consequences, when the honor of God and His Church were involved, and in season and out of season he was fearless "to rebuke and exhort with all authority." Proofs of this in his early ministry are found in the household stories still told in the homes of Trinity. Two will suffice:—

Before his appointment to the parish, Ash Wednesday had never been observed, and work of all kinds was carried on as usual. To remedy this neglect, and bring in a better condition of Churchmanship, on his first Ash Wednesday in the parish the aggressive Rector vested himself in surplice and stole, made a visitation of all the places of business where work was in full swing, requested that labour might cease, and the day kept as the Prayer Book ordered. This appeal was successful, and never since has the day been neglected.

On another occasion when he saw a number of his young parishioners playing ball on the ice on Sunday, he left the church vested as he was for service, and so remonstrated with them that the lads gave up play and followed him to prayer.

"He was (writes an old parishioner) a terror to evil doers, but no one was ever more respected and beloved by all classes and creeds, and even to this day by many a Trinity fireside his name, and his many good works, are referred to with pride; and the highest compliment paid now to a new Rector is conveyed in the verdict, 'He is the best clergyman we have had since Parson Bullock left.'"

Mindful of the temporal welfare of his people, and to teach them lessons of thrift, he organized a Benefit Club, which still exists and has an enrollment of fifty members. The amount of relief furnished by this club since its inception is almost incredible, as thousands of dollars have been paid to members in time of sickness or disablement, and to widows of members who have died.

The distances travelled in those days by men and women to attend public worship read a lesson to indolent church-goers. At first the only church for the whole mission was at Trinity; the congregation had to come in from six out-stations, and it was a sight full of interest on the Sunday morning to watch the people arriving from the different harbours, in summer by boat, and in winter on foot across the frozen bays, in response to the signal of the Red Cross Flag of St. George, which from early morning had been displayed on the church tower, to tell those at a distance that the Rector was at home, and service would be held.

The coming of these parishioners meant a crowded congregation, yet it is averred by those who now remember him that the keen eye of the minister would even then detect the absence of some parishioners, and if he knew of no good reason for their absence would surely in the following week call upon the absentees to know the reason why.

It was this diligent and systematic plan of keeping in touch with the people by constant house-to-house visitation, begun in Trinity and kept up all through life, that largely contributed to his success as a parish Priest; and his invariable salutation as he crossed each threshold, "Peace be to this house and to all that dwell in it," marked the character and the intention of the visit.

This intimate relationship with his people, and the magnetic influence he possessed, secured for him their confidence and trust to such a degree that they came to him for advice in their temporal as well as

spiritual concerns, and before he left the parish he was known to them not only as Parson, and Doctor, and Coroner, and Magistrate, but also as Lawyer, and many a troublesome and serious lawsuit was averted by him ; the litigants preferring to be governed by his advice rather than resort to the courts.

In the tenth year of his ministry there came to him a testing time, which proved to his parishioners that a motive far higher than earthly gain had influenced their Rector in taking upon himself "the cure of Souls," and that he loved the labour more than the labourer's hire.

In 1833 the Society for Propagating the Gospel, owing to the withdrawal of the Parliamentary Grant, reduced the salaries of the Missionaries by one half, and when the announcement was made in a charge from the Bishop of Nova Scotia, at a Vestry meeting, and he gave more than permission to the Rector to retire from the Mission, Mr. Bullock replied,—

"Although it may involve my family in
 "considerable difficulty, I am willing to endure it
 "so long as my services are really acceptable to my
 "people. So long as a becoming sympathy is shown
 "by my congregation and a reasonable exertion made
 "to lessen the difficulty I shall consider myself bound
 "to remain in the station assigned to me under more
 "prosperous circumstances, I shall be content with
 "a less comfortable support to exercise myself as
 "heretofore as their affectionate pastor, but should
 "a contrary disposition be evinced I shall then consider
 "the duty I owe to my young family, and judging

"that when my services are not valued they cannot be very effective, I shall think myself justified in taking advantage of the Bishop's order, and retire from the Mission."

The *whole* stipend from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was only a very modest competence, its *half* involved at once a Spartan simplicity of living in the Rectory, which is well remembered by the Rector's elder children, and even then the household was in such straits that had not a generous sister come to her brother's relief actual privation must have ensued.

The acquaintance with the "*res angusta domi*" then commenced, continued for the greater part of life; a limited salary, no private means and a family of ten children to educate and provide for, gave a problem which only very strict economy and the good sister's aid could solve.

It was not without anxiety that Mr. Bullock looked into the future, at times dark enough to daunt a less trusting, less hopeful a man, as he felt his inability to make provision for his wife at his death; he however made no repining, but true to the motto of his family, "*Dum spiro spero*," he worked on cheerfully and to his unspeakable satisfaction, four years before he died he knew that the same generous hand that had so often extended timely aid to him, had as a crowning act of liberality made ample provision for her.

It was a sad day in Trinity when the ship bore away this trusted, loved and faithful pastor, and it was with real pain the Rector took his last look on the

parish, dear to him as the scene of his first labours in the Church, and the place that had given him his greatest earthly treasure—an ideal wife.

The extensive sea-board for which he was responsible, and which he worked single-handed, making his visitation of the coves and bays in a little craft navigated by himself, is now divided into two parishes, each with a population of 2000 souls, and furnished with nine churches and four chapel schools.

All over the district his name is still a power, and it may be one of the yielded fruits of the still existing influence of this "good man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," that has resulted in Trinity Bay furnishing no less than six priests, now labouring in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia.

He was not forgotten when, a few years ago, a new church built on the site of that in which he ministered was prepared for consecration; his eldest son, the Rev. R. H. Bullock, was invited to preach the sermon on that occasion, and that not being feasible he sent to Trinity his father's original manuscript sermon, preached at the consecration of the old church, which was then preached again, and thus after a lapse of seventy years the old pastor being dead yet spoke once more to the surviving members of his first flock, and their descendants.

At this consecration was sung from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the well known words, "We love the place O Lord," composed by the Rector, and sung from manuscript at the consecration service in 1827; and in this new church have been placed visible remembrancers of the man who laboured so diligently in

disseminating Bible truth, and deepening church life in the parish, in the form of Altar Book and Pulpit Desk,—the former bearing the inscription :

In loving memory of
WILLIAM BULLOCK,
Priest and Poet.

R. I. P.

and the other :

In loving memory of
WILLIAM BULLOCK,
called to rest.
A faithful preacher of God's Word.

R. I. P.

In 1841 Mr. Bullock, pending his removal to Digby, N. S., took temporary charge of a church in St. Johns, where he suffered loss in one of the disastrous fires which have desolated that city, and in which, to the sorrow of his family, nearly all the journals kept by him during his sojourn in Trinity were destroyed.

In the ensuing summer he prepared to take charge of his parish in Nova Scotia, by chartering a vessel to convey himself, his family, and household goods to S. John, N. B., and began a voyage which more than once nearly ended in shipwreck.

Very soon after leaving port he discovered that the ship was very badly manned, and taking stock of the crew he found it consisted of a captain—good enough if there were no strong drink on board, a competent mate, a carpenter, a tailor, a blacksmith and an adventurer. All went fairly well until the Bay of

Fundy was entered but after that, before reaching S. John, the log book recorded "twice on shore and thrice in danger."

The most critical of these dangers was only tided over by Mr. Bullock's knowledge of seamanship, and his quick resolute action. Having gone below one foggy evening, worn out by watching, on his return to deck in the course of the night he was accosted by the helmsman with the exclamation, "There's the moon, your reverence, it will soon be clear now." In a moment he saw it was no moonlight that was flashing on the deck, but the rays from a Light House, towering immediately above them, and towards which the ship was directly running. There was no time for consideration, and both captain and mate being below, he virtually took command—forcibly dispossessing the man at the wheel, changing the course, ordering both anchors to be let go, and commanding that the boats should be lowered, as the ship had twice violently struck before her way was stopped. Fortunately the anchors held, and the light of next morning showed how imminent a peril had been escaped, as the breakers were all round them, and only by a tedious towing did they extricate themselves from the nest of rocks into the centre of which they had sailed. It was reported that this ship was lost with all on board, on her return voyage.

Crossing the bay from S. John, Mr. Bullock settled down in his new home which in climate, cultivation and facilities for travel formed a marked contrast to that just left.

On his landing in beautiful Digby, he confessed that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, but with all its delights it was to prove no Capua to one who from the day of his ordination had realized that he had entered on a profession which offered no rest during service, a service from which discharge came only with the warrant of death.

It was in compliance with the urging of Bishop Inglis (who said he wished he had a whole herd of this breed in his Diocese), that Mr. Bullock came to Digby, and the Bishop's wisdom was at once justified in the great and rapid improvement that under his rule passed over the parish. Having set in order the work he found ready-made to his hand, he soon made more, and never content with working only in old grooves he immediately put into action his favourite idea of expansion.

Not long after his arrival he had laid the foundations of four new churches, and established more than one preaching station in the outlying districts. To serve these it was necessary, in spite of his narrow means, to keep a second horse, and although fond of animals, and "merciful to his beast," both horses showed by a premature breakdown, the stress of work demanded by their energetic master.

The force of his character, the thoroughness of his work, and his readiness in speech, soon attracted the notice of the neighbouring clergy, and to secure him for deputation work or as a special preacher was to score a success.

At first his aggressive churchmanship caused many who were not of his communion to look upon him with

suspicion and disfavour, but when they came to recognize his sterling worth, and knew that while the courage of his convictions compelled him to magnify his office, and with no bated breath to vindicate the claims of the English Church, all his outspoken exaltation of her was tempered with the broad sympathy and courtesy which ought to distinguish the gentleman and priest, they generously replaced their antipathy by friendship, and when he left, they in common with his parishioners deplored their loss.

This estimate of the man and his work was strikingly endorsed and reproduced years after, when a Nonconformist journal in Halifax made this comment on his death :—

“ He is now gone, and his place will not easily be filled
“ in the Diocese or among the congregation of St. Luke's,
“ for whose welfare he laboured unweariedly for about
“ twenty-five years.

“ In all their sicknesses and troubles he was an earnest
“ and feeling comforter, and a counsellor at once wise and
“ hearty.

“ He saw in the Church the means for all needed
“ reforms, and although he never connected himself with
“ our organizations, it was not from any small or unworthy
“ feeling of jealousy, as to their interference with the
“ Church, but from a conviction that when the disciplinary
“ rules of the Church were properly regarded they would
“ be found sufficient for the guidance of mankind in every
“ circumstance of life, and for the observance and applica-
“ tion of these in a spirit of humble dependence on the
“ Divine Being, he laboured unweariedly among his flock.

“ It can be said of him, ‘ He was a faithful man, and
“ feared God above many.’ ”

In Digby, Mr. Bullock discontinued as a matter of course the practice of medicine, except in rendering "first aid to the injured," but he still continued to compound in large quantities a famous carminative of his own invention, and a "Golden Ointment" for the eyes, on which the inhabitants of Clare set great store.

Once only did he play the role of doctor, when it came to his knowledge that a Roman Catholic Priest was lying dangerously ill in the parish, and no practitioner was available. He found the priest in a critical condition, requiring active treatment, and applying the proper remedies he did not leave the patient until all danger was past.

It was probably due in part to this act of Good Samaritanism that the Rector of Digby, when he came to Halifax as Curate of St. Paul's, received a very hearty welcome from the Archbishop,—a welcome which ripened into friendship; and in a dangerous illness of the Dean, the constant enquiries and material comforts that came from the Palace manifested how deep an interest the Roman Prelate took in the welfare of the Anglican Priest, then in peril.

After some happy, busy years in Digby, its Rector felt it a duty once more to weigh anchor, leave that peaceful haven, and under greatly changed conditions to embark on another voyage of ministerial life. In that parish his many good works "keep his memory green," and the Font in the new church inscribed with the line from the Hymn of his own composing, "We love the sacred Font," will serve for many a year to keep the worshippers in remembrance of one who for

seven years went in and out among them as their Pastor and their Friend.

On the resignation of Rev. William Cogswell, Curate of S. Paul's, Halifax, in 1851, Mr. Bullock received and accepted a call to fill the vacancy, and to him was assigned by the genial warm-hearted Rector, Archdeacon Willis, the position of Priest-in-charge of S. Luke's, just built, and used as a Chapel of Ease; with "the obligation of assisting periodically at the afternoon "and evening services in S. Paul's." This duty was sufficiently onerous when added to it were the charge of Purcell's, Ferguson's, and Herring Coves, the Military Chaplaincy of Melville Island, with occasional services at the Penitentiary and the Poor Asylum.

Up to 1861 this full programme of work was carried out, with only such assistance as could be rendered by his eldest son, then engaged as Private Secretary to the Lieut.-Governor.

At one time it seemed that S. Luke's was doomed to extinction in its infancy, for in 1851 a resolution was passed by the Vestry of S. Paul's to sell at auction the Chapel of Ease, for the payment of its mortgage, a finale only averted by several parishioners lending the amount on receiving the obligation of S. Paul's and the pledge of the pew rents of both church and chapel.

Three years later S. Luke's was on the verge of losing its Pastor by dismissal. This threatened severance was caused by the Curate's sturdy action in contending for what he thought was a sacred right. The controversy, which at the time was watched with keen interest, is best understood from the resolutions and letters that passed between the contestants.

In 1854 the Bishop of the Diocese, after due deliberation and counsel, announced his intention of introducing Synodical action into Nova Scotia. With some exceptions, the intention was heartily endorsed, but the Parish of S. Paul's from the beginning viewed the movement with unqualified dislike, and sounded the first note of antagonism at a meeting called in compliance with the Bishop's Circular, in the form of a resolution: — "It is not judicious to establish Synods or periodical meetings of a deliberative character in this Diocese."

One step in advance of this was reached at the Easter Meeting in 1855, when it was resolved, "that the Parish of S. Paul's, having expressed by a resolution that it is not desirable that a Synod or Convocation be held in this Province, this Parish will not be represented at any such meeting, and the parishioners declare they will not be bound by any of its acts."

The next move, in the following year, made it imperative on the clergy of the parish to show their colours, and take sides; for to each of them was sent this result of the Parish Meeting: — "Resolved, that application be made to the clergy now officiating in the Parish of S. Paul's to ascertain whether it is their intention to attend the Synod as members of that body while so officiating, and if so whether it is their intention to carry out, or assist in carrying out within this Parish, the resolutions or canons, or any of the regulations passed at any meeting of the Synod."

Mr. Bullock saw at once this was a situation in which there was no place for compromise; he made up his mind that only by wounding his conscience, and

violating his pledge of canonical obedience, could he yield to a pressure full of menace, and no more thinking as a clergyman of surrendering his principles, being threatened, than he would have thought as a Naval officer of striking his flag in the face of an enemy until his superior officer displayed the signal to "cease firing"; he met the resolution with a letter, in every line of which there breathes the spirit of a man determined at any cost to do his duty.

"To the resolution enclosed to me this day I desire
 "to give an immediate and unequivocal reply. As a
 "Christian Pastor I gladly admit the obligation to do
 "everything in my power for the general welfare of the
 "Church, and of the Parish of S. Paul's in particular.

"With this obligation in remembrance, I have
 "promoted the institution of the Diocesan Assembly,
 "and assisted in forming its Constitution.

"Under the same influence I intend (God willing)
 "to exercise my right as a Presbyter of Nova Scotia, to
 "take part in its future deliberations, and to record my
 "vote as my conscience shall dictate, and with the hope,
 "by God's help, to serve the cause of Christ and His
 "Church.

"And further, it is my decided purpose to observe
 "and carry out all the Canons and Ordinances of the
 "said Assembly or Synod, always saving the undoubted
 "right of Christianity 'to obey God rather than man.'"

The threatened punishment followed quickly. The letters of the Curates were read in a Parish meeting, and acknowledged in the following notice of dismissal:—

"That it becomes necessary to the parishioners, "however painful to their feelings, to decide that the "connection hitherto existing between the Rev. Mr. "Bullock and Rev. Mr. Maturin cease at the expiration "of the present year."

The firm attitude taken by Mr. Bullock and his brother Curate was thoroughly approved by very many of the Diocesan Clergy, who recognized in them true protagonists for the rights of Presbyters, and many a message of sympathy added courage to these men, who were battling and suffering in a righteous cause. For nearly a year these Curates had to go on working with the sword suspended over them, the fall of which was only averted by the action of the Bishop, who in the spring of 1857 published a manifesto declaring that the Canons of the Synod were not to be enforced in unrepresented parishes.

On the appearance of this document the Archdeacon addressed a letter to his Curates, pointing out to them that as the Parish of S. Paul's had resolved to send no delegates to Synod, that part of their previous letters which announced their intention of carrying out the Canons had been rendered null and void, and that their attitude as Curates of a non-represented parish had materially changed under the terms of the Bishop's declaration.

The reply made by Mr. Bullock to the Archdeacon's letter was as follows :—

"My reply to the parishioners last Easter was based "entirely on my obligation of Canonical Obedience, "and the paramount word of God to obey them that "have rule over us, and to submit ourselves.

“ And since the Bishop has publicly declared that he
 “ does not intend to give to the decrees of the Assembly
 “ that authority requisite to bind them on our conscience,
 “ I consider myself relieved from the obligation to
 “ observe and carry out the Ordinances and Canons of
 “ said Assembly, and I feel at liberty to state that I
 “ neither intend nor desire to do so against the consent
 “ of the parishioners.

“ I sincerely lament that there should have been
 “ any misunderstanding, and likewise the result of the
 “ threatened movement to myself.

“ I earnestly pray that the minds of the parishioners
 “ may be guided aright, and that the Lord would grant
 “ unto His servants that with all boldness they may
 “ speak in His Name.”

And so ended this sharp passage of arms.

On the division of S. Paul's Parish in 1858, the Curate who had f r years laboured zealously in building up the congregation in the Chapel of Ease, was appointed Rector of the new parish. Under his thorough and enthusiastic leadership S. Luke's gave early promise of becoming a very live church, and in his lifetime the promise was fulfilled.

The secret of his power in gathering and retaining a congregation lay in his robust unchequered faith in God and Christ, his firm belief in the catholicity and mission of the Anglican Church, and the intense humanity, which sanctified by the grace of God burned in his heart. No doubt dimmed this faith, no misgivings weakened this belief, and no repulse could kill down this humanity. Acceptable to his people in all

his public ministrations, he chiefly won their love and confidence in their homes. Knowing every man, woman and child of all degrees in the parish, his coming into their abodes was always welcomed, and the advent of sickness, or bereavement, or joy, into a family circle meant an immediate visit from the Rector,—to minister, or console, or congratulate.

Not a day passed without a record of pastoral visits, and to make time for this important duty he was wont to take the early morning hours for the preparation of sermons and study; and in the winter months, long before any of the household were astir, he would light his own fire that he might meditate and read before the daily outdoor work began.

In all times and kinds of sickness he was prompt and incessant in the exercise of his office, and his cheery presence came like a health-giving breeze into the chambers of the sick. It became to be well understood that no pain or ailment of his own would ever keep him from attendance on those who needed him, and so "dogged" was he in devotion to duty in time of sickness that he has been known to leave for a short interval a bedside where he was ministering until the paroxysm of his own sickness had passed, and then return to complete his interrupted ministrations.

In infectious disease he was absolutely fearless, and his courage in this respect was sharply tested in a virulent epidemic of small pox, when the improvised hospital on the common was filled with patients suffering from this disease. Every day, and often more than once a day, he ministered to these stricken people, and

this went on for weeks until he became so saturated with the poisoned atmosphere in which he prayed and administered the Holy Communion, and sometimes even assisted in coffining the dead, that he thoroughly broke down, and was prostrated by a disease in every symptom but eruption resembling small pox.

It was at this juncture that the medical men in the hospital declared that the visitation was too much for any one man, and the duty was shared. Although fearless for himself, he was anxious enough about his family, and all through the epidemic never entered his home in the clothing in which he visited the sick, but always made a thorough change in a barn adjoining the Rectory.

In 1861 the Rector's labours were lessened, and the vitality of the parish increased, by the appointment to the Curacy of the Rev. John Abbott. His diligence and devotion, and fresh enthusiasm, and willing co-operation, greatly endeared him to his Rector, and between these two there grew and strengthened a bond of fellowship and friendship which only death could sever.

A chancel was added to the church in 1864, and in that year the Bishop constituted S. Luke's a Cathedral, formed a Chapter, and appointed Rev. William Bullock as the first Dean. This promotion gave the recipient unfeigned satisfaction, not only because he prized the dignity of the office, but because he saw in its bestowal a proof of the confidence reposed in him by his Bishop, for whom he had a great respect, and whose most loyal priest he had proved himself to be.

The honor was enhanced by the conferring on him of the degree of Doctor of Divinity, "honoris causa," by King's College, Windsor,—a compliment gratefully accepted as coming from a University whose interests he had always strenuously advocated, and on the Muster Roll of which three of his sons had inscribed themselves as graduates.

In 1873 the Dean celebrated with great éclat his Golden Wedding. The anniversary was commenced by the "giving and receiving of a ring" at early dawn, and a celebration of the Holy Communion in the Cathedral, attended by all the family who were within reach of the homestead. The rest of the day was occupied in receiving the congratulations of the "troops of friends" who rejoiced with the Venerable Dean and his gentle wife on the attainment of their fiftieth wedding day.

An Epithalamium, written by Mrs. W. Lawson for the event, and now republished by permission, fairly indicates the interest taken by the parish in this celebration :—

EPITHALAMIUM.

October 8th, 1873.

Bridegroom and Bride! though fifty years
 Have paled the roses' glow;
 And touched the sunny green of life
 With threads of winter snow!
 The loving links that bound in one
 Seem stronger than of old.
 For Love and Faith have walked with Time
 And turned them all to Gold!

Though russet Autumn draped the hills,
 Yours was the spring of life,
 When from the Altar's shade you rose
 True husband—loving wife !
 The light that blessed those bridal hours
 Burns on more radiantly,
 As time rings in with golden bells,
 Your year of Jubilee !

And looking back through memory's glass,
 Upon the winding way,
 Whose sunny spots and stubble ground
 Have ended in to-day !
 The shadows melt in purple mist,
 The years their fulness lend,
 As rosy dawn and golden eve,
 In rainbow beauty blend !

Your life has passed in quiet ways,
 Green with the Master's love,
 His flowers of light around your path,
 His Holy Cross above !
 The Priest and Husband going forth,
 To break the bread of life ;
 Watching the Sacred fire of Home,
 The true and gentle wife.

When clouds arose, though dark with tears,
 Love's silver lining threw
 A radiance on the bitter cup,
 By sorrow mixed for you ;
 In all the sunny paths of life,
 By pastures green and fair,
 In wilderness and valley shade,
 His rod and staff were there.

The father in His sacred toil,
 Gathering the young and old ;
 Leading the weak and weary ones,
 Up to the Shepherd's fold ;
 The Mother in the happy home,
 Training for earth and heaven,
 By gentle rule and saintly life,
 The children God had given.

All are not here to bless them now,
 Home has on perfect wreath,
 Blossoms are parted from the tree
 By distance and by death !
Two in the Masters waiting land,
 The King in beauty see,
 And *two* as Watchmen for their Lord
 Work where His reapers be !

Through fifty years what loving words
 Our Pastor's voice has shed,
 As he with us has stood beside
 Our dying and our dead !
 What earnest counsel, wise reproof,
 In hope and warning blent,
 Through fifty years of prayer and work
 All in one service spent !

Your children come with loving hands
 To crown your bridal day,
 And " call you blessed," as they stand
 Like jewels round your way !
 Your people too their words of love
 Would now with blessings blend,
 And hail the golden wedding day
 Of Pastor and of Friend.

All blessings of the earth and heaven,
 Be yours till life is past,
 The Angel of the Covenant
 Go with you to the last !
 May never shadow change or dim
 Those hours of golden prime,
 But all the promised light of heaven
 Be yours at evening-time.

Until the clouds are rolled away,
 The mist of death and sin,
 And the Great Bridegroom of the Church
 Shall call his people in !
 Then—at the Lamb's High Marriage-feast
 Beyond the eternal shore ;
 May you sit down and resting there
 Go out again no more.

In the composition of sermons the Dean was all his life a very busy man. The industry that enabled him at the end of his eighth year in Holy Orders to record in his Journal the completion of his thousandth sermon, never abated, and although his collection of manuscripts was exceptionally large, he never rested on his oars, but even in the latest years of his life hardly a week elapsed that did not find in his study either a new sermon "on the stocks," or an old one "in dock" for repairs and alteration.

The most marked feature in his discourses was the conspicuous frequency of Scripture phrase, and this was the result of design. He held that God was His own best interpreter, and that he made the best attempt to deliver God's message who most nearly kept to God's own words, and his sermons fairly bristle with texts

from Holy Writ, with this peculiarity that in them every quotation from the Old or New Testament is written in red ink. In this way he marked his veneration for the written Word of God, a volume which he daily searched in the spirit of an unbroken resolution which formed the New Year's entry in his Journal of 1830:—

"I resolve by God's grace to devote more time to
 "a practical reading of the Bible, and to pray more
 "frequently that I may make it my rule of life. This
 "comprehends all, if with the knowledge and practice of
 "the Christian religion I can only imbibe a portion of the
 "spirit of its Blessed Author,—my Hope, my Saviour, and
 "my God, the Lord Jesus Christ."

All through his ministry he adhered to the custom of fully writing out his sermons, and delivering them from the manuscript, which by previous study he had so mastered as to save him from slavish dependence on the writing when in the pulpit. This he did from deliberate choice, and because he judged that in this way he could best "set forth the true and lively Word of God," and not because like Moses "he was slow of speech and of a slow tongue," for there are living yet those who can remember his readiness of debate in Synod, and the eloquence with which on the platform he could urge the claims of missions, or on occasion, eulogize the heroic actions of the men who were then fighting for their country.

The first trace of his poetic talent is found in a "Song to David," of forty-six stanzas, which was published in 1827: and his Journal is full of poetry having for its themes, God, or Wife, or Home.

In this year he also composed a spirited Children's Drama in verse, entitled "The Queen's Coronation," which was more than once acted in Trinity Bay.

During his residence in Halifax many a devotional piece of poetry appeared in the Church paper over the well known initials "W. B.," and in several Halifax homes could still be found a Birthday or Bridal Ode from his facile pen, written in honor of a daughter of the house.

His most ambitious work was the publication in 1854 of one hundred and sixty-six hymns, entitled, "Songs of the Church," and dedicated to the "Great Missionary Society (S. P. G.) which has been the "vanguard of the English Church in all the Colonies "of the English Crown."

To his infinite satisfaction and pride one of these songs found a place in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," "We love the place O Lord," and nothing could exceed the gratification felt by the author in the knowledge that he had been permitted to contribute to the Church a hymn that in course of time would be sung in all lands and in many tongues.*

Even in old age the Dean retained the buoyancy and elasticity of youth, and his fondness for the prattle of children, his preference for the companionship of men younger than himself, and the keen interest he displayed in their work and play, asserted what his lips never denied,—

"Old as I am, and old as I seem,
"My heart is full of youth."

* No. 377 in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is also from "The Songs of the Church."

The young of his flock were very dear to him, and he "had no greater joy than to hear that his children "were walking in the truth," while the drifting of any young parishioner from a godly, righteous and sober life, filled him with the deepest solicitude; nor did this anxiety exhaust itself in sentiment,— he considered no personal trouble too great a price to pay for his recovery, and witnesses might be cited, now grey-headed citizens, who could testify that in their early days the first effective check on what threatened to be a downward course was found by them in the loving remonstrance and steadfast hand-grip of their friend, the Dean.

High-spirited by nature, and of impulsive temperament, he had so disciplined and ruled his spirit that he could always hold himself well in hand, and while at the sight or recital of any cruelty or oppression, or indignity offered to God or His Church, he was instantly aflame with righteous indignation, and on every such occasion was,

" Like to a sheathed sabre,

" Ready to flash out at God's call,"

yet in the direction of petulance, or sullenness, or unworthy passion, they who knew him best never saw him out of temper.

To those who shared his counsels and worked with him was well known the impetuosity of their Rector, and his tendency to rush at full speed to its completion, any newly devised scheme of reform; but he wisely allowed himself to be controlled by the influence of a calm, cautious spirit in his household, and his playful recognition of this beneficent home-rule shaped itself in

the candid confession, to explain the sudden slackening of his headlong speed, "My driving *is* like the driving of Jehu, for I drive furiously, but there is a drag on "my chariot wheels."

"Given to hospitality," it greatly gratified the Dean to find his home looked upon as a favourite rendez-vous for the Clergy of the Diocese and the Army and Navy Chaplains, and many a guest now grown old still recalls with pleasure those "Deanery Nights" in which their host took a prominent part, either drawing from his ripe experience grave and useful counsels for his younger brethren, or taking the lead in the innocent mirth that filled the room with laughter.

In the early days of 1874 there were indications that the strong constitution of the Dean was being rapidly undermined, and there appeared that ominous "shaking of the tent" which indicates that the earthly house of this tabernacle is soon to be taken down. In the month of February his kind and godly doctor certified to him that he had but a short time to live. This message carried no dismay,—for him death had no sting or terror. Confident that the gracious promise he had whispered into the ears of hundreds of dying men and women, "when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," would stand good for him; when he knew that he was at the entrance of that narrow strait which connects the little sea of time with the great ocean of eternity, the brave old Sailor-Priest without a fear embarked on that last lone voyage in sure and certain hope to—

"Meet his Pilot face to face,

"When he had crossed the bar."

No long invaliding sickness preceded his departure; on the 2nd of February as Gospeller in the Cathedral Celebration, he read from the altar words for him prophetic,—“Lord now lettest Thon thy servant depart in peace,” and on the 11th of the following month his mortal remains were lying before that altar for the solemn rites with which Mother Church consigns her tired children to their rest.

And so he, like a missionary whom he very much admired, “Heber,” the saintly Bishop of Calcutta,

“His office with his life laid down,

“And ceased at once to work and live.”

He died as he had ever wished to die, “in harness,” to use his own nautical expression, “he went down with his flag flying at the fore.” This was the phrase once used by him twenty-five years before, in conversation with some young clergymen who were anticipating in their later life some relaxation of hard work and the enjoyment of some leisure hours.

The Dean, foreshadowing the termination of his own ministry, bade them indulge in no such day-dreams, or even hope for inglorious ease, for “surely it “was better far to go down with your flag flying at the “fore than be laid up as a dismantled hulk still afloat “but useless.”

The subjoined account of the Dean's funeral is taken from a press notice of that date :—

“His remains were placed in an oak coffin, a large “floral cross was laid upon it, and the words, ‘Jesu “Mercy,’ and ‘William Bullock, D. D., 77 years,’ were

“inserted upon it. He was buried in Surplice, Stole and
 “Cassock, and a Chalice which for fifty years he had used
 “was buried with him.

“His brother clergy carried the coffin up the aisle and
 “placed it in the chancel. The hymn, ‘Just as I am,’ was
 “sung by the surpliced choir, and the 38th and 90th
 “Psalms were chanted.

“The Bishop read the lesson, and the hymn ‘O
 “Paradise,’ closed the service in the church, which was
 “crowded to its utmost capacity.

“At the church door the procession formed as follows :
 “S. George’s Society, of which the Dean was Chaplain,
 “Choristers and Cathedral Clergy, the Bishop, the Family
 “of the Dean, Wardens and Vestry, His Honor the Lieut.
 “Governor, the Chief Justice, Clergy of other Denomina-
 “tions, Parishioners and Citizens.

“The service at the grave was read by the Bishop, and
 “after the choristers had sung ‘Brief life is here our
 “portion,’ the vast assemblage dispersed.

“The funeral was with a few exceptions the largest
 “ever seen in Halifax, and testified the respect and
 “affection in which the late Dean was held by all classes
 “of the community. The Public Schools were closed on
 “the day of the funeral as a mark of respect to the Dean,
 “who for some years was a member of the Board of School
 “Commissioners.”

At the time of the Dean’s Death there was published
 an obituary from the pen of Mr. Harry Moody, then
 Secretary to the Lieut.-Governor, which not only
 because it is an appreciative estimate of the man, but
 also because it touches on points not elsewhere noticed
 in this Memoir, is here reproduced :—

IN MEMORIAM.

"He is lying in his cassock and surplice, with a chalice in his hand—one that he has used for more than fifty years in his ministrations to the sick, and which he always desired to have buried with him. He looks so holy and calm, with a look on his face of such restfulness, and younger far than he has looked of late years. * * * * As it is, he has died in harness, as he always hoped that he would." And so passes away from us the "old Dean," gone, in a ripe but vigorous old age, from his toil to his rest and his reward.

Bred to the sea, when he exchanged his naval uniform for the surplice, he carried with him to his new work the cheeriness, the *push*, and the simplicity which so often attaches to sailors; and when years had silvered his hair and bent his form, there was yet a fresh boyishness and genialty in his manner that won its way to all hearts. His life was essentially one of work. Seventeen years of toil, when hardships and actual want were not unknown to his home, in the bleak missions of Newfoundland—several years in the more genial climate and quiet rusticity of Digby, in Nova Scotia,—and some twenty-five years in Halifax—each and all were marked by active work for the Master's cause. Those who knew Dean Bullock only in the pulpit of St. Luke's, know but little of his inner life and his real value. They only who have had the privilege of being associated with him in some church work, can fully appreciate his character. If there was work to be done, his great object was to get it done. He was never ambitious of doing it himself, if younger, and, as he thought, abler hands would undertake it. Still less did he covet the credit of doing it. But if others failed, he never

flinched. As an organizer, a centre round which others arranged themselves, he will be sadly missed in Halifax. Many a plan has been matured, many an important meeting has been held, many a good Church work has been quietly fostered at the Deanery, of which the public saw only the result and never knew the source. It is not only as the Rector of an important parish and Dean of the Cathedral Church that he will be missed, and that his place can with difficulty be filled. Many is the man who-to-day feels that he has just lost one of the warmest friends and truest counsellors with whom God has ever blessed him. On practical matters, good shrewd common sense; on ecclesiastical affairs, a loyal devotion to the Church of England; on doctrinal questions a sound judgment, and theological attainments of no mean order—these were some of the sources of the influence exercised by the Dean on those with whom he was brought in contact. A natural vigour, one may almost say an impetuosity of character was tempered (excepting as regards contributions to the Church or the poor) by prudence, and in all things by charity. "An aggressive Churchman," as he styled himself years ago, when the torpor of apathy and respectability oppressed the Church in the Colonies as in the mother country, he lived to see Her put on strength, and to have assurance in Nova Scotia and elsewhere that the seed which he and others had long ago sown in faith had really been good seed. And we cannot doubt that having come (in the words of the best known of his own hymns—for the Sailor and Priest was also a Poet) to know

The triumph song of Heaven,
he will with joy bring many sheaves with him,
the result of fifty-two years of unabated self-denying
toil in his Master's fields.

This imperfect Memoir would be still more incomplete did it not contain a recent testimony to the value of a noble life. It is the generous tribute paid by the present Dean to the memory of his predecessor in office. Between these two men existed an affection that was very real, and when infirmity began to abate the natural forces of Dean Bullock he had no more constant companion and helper than Dr. Gilpin, who gave him all the care and watchfulness of a devoted son. In one respect he *was* Dean Bullock's own son in the faith, for without concealment he has over and over again confessed that the character and example of that strong Christian man and Churchman had largely contributed to the stability of his own faith in God and his contentment in the Anglican Communion; and on one occasion in open Synod boldly declared that "it was owing to the then Dean that he was not a Roman Catholic or an infidel."

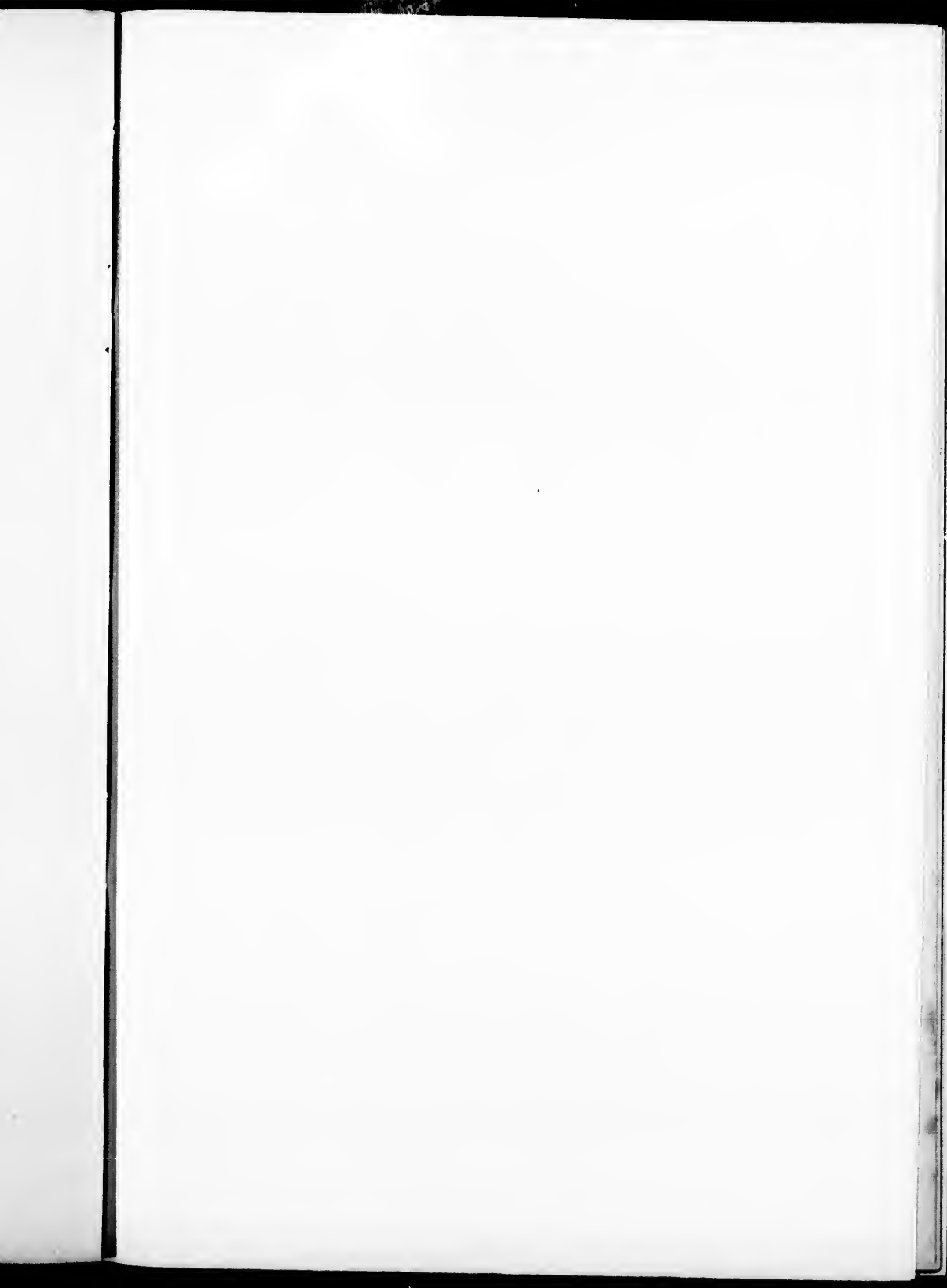
In a Jubilee Sermon preached in the Cathedral on 14th May, 1898, Dr. Gilpin thus speaks of his friend and father in the faith :—

" In the year 1841 there came into this Diocese a MAN.

" He had been an officer in the Navy therefore
" had learned to obey and command.

" Endowed with great vigor of body and mind, this
" sailor-priest had acquired a strong grasp of simple
" catholic truth. Unmindful of adjuncts, he kept this
" truth ever before him in word and act, well knowing
" that where it was embraced all its necessary expressions
" would soon follow.

" His influence was soon felt throughout the Diocese.



“ To him as pioneer, we owe the catholic tone of sound
 “ churchmanship which pervades the most of our clergy,
 “ and is acknowledged by our laity as our rightful
 “ heritage.

“ He was always kindly and tolerant to those who were
 “ without, but he stood to his guns in the Church as he
 “ would have done in the Navy.

“ His poetic pen has given to the Church and world
 “ a processional Hymn, which will live and be used for
 “ years to come.

“ In his appointments as “ cure of souls,” he has gone
 “ in and out among his parishioners emphatically a father.

“ His influence here, began when he was Curate of
 “ S. Paul's, and continued all the time of his Rectorship
 “ of this church.

“ To him we owe not only many an improvement
 “ in our services but much of that spirit of toleration
 “ and harmony which largely exists among us, and has
 “ spread to many other parts of the Diocese.

“ His earthly tabernacle now lies in our cemetery,
 “ with the Holy emblematic vessel in his hands, while
 “ in the Paradise of God he awaits the Day of Christ
 “ and his works do follow him.

“ I need scarcely tell you that his name was William
 “ Bullock.

The Monument that marks in the Camp Hill Cemetery the last resting place of this stalwart soldier of Jesus Christ is a massive granite Cross, bearing on the front and north sides of its base these inscriptions :

WM. BULLOCK, D. D.

Born at Prittlewell, Essex, England,

January 12, 1797.

Died, March 7th, 1874.

For fifty-two years a Priest in the
Church of Christ.

First Rector of S. Luke's Parish.

First Dean of the Diocese of Nova Scotia.

"Being dead yet speaketh."

Erected by the Parishioners in grateful remembrance
of his faithful service of twenty-seven years
as their Minister and Pastor.

A chancel side light of stained glass, representing
the Evangelist and Physician S. Luke, is also now to
perpetuate in the parish church and cathedral where he
ministered, the memory of its first Rector and Dean.



"We bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants
"departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee
"to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that
"with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly
"Kingdom: Grant this O Father for Jesus Christ sake,
"our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

