

icism in all its forms, and even Holy Writ itself, have their chief if not their sole value in what they may do to bring the believer nearer Him. In this faith Mr. Fletcher lived, and in it, supported by his consolations, he died. Such is the view that may be taken of him as a minister, but though his first duty was to the Church it did not exhaust his manifold energies. Mr. Fletcher did much to promote the cause of higher education, and his services, particularly to the University of Adelaide, are memorable. He was an active literary worker. Many signed and unsigned articles of his authorship have appeared in these columns, and as a lecturer on various subjects he enjoyed a high and a wide reputation. His life illustrates the variety of useful occupation open to a minister who has the capacity for instructing a larger audience than his congregation, and the public spirit which inspires to effort towards advancing the interests of the body-politic. Not in the usual sense a political parson, Mr. Fletcher nevertheless acted on a large and sane view of his civic obligations. The name he leaves behind is one that his church will cherish with affection, and which South Australians generally will hold in deep respect.

THE LATE REV. W. R. FLETCHER.

THE FUNERAL.

A LARGE ASSEMBLAGE.

The funeral of the late Rev. W. R. Fletcher, M.A., pastor of the Glenelg Congregational Church and honorary associate minister of Stow Memorial Church, took place on Thursday morning, and was one of the largest ever seen in Adelaide. As a leading minister of a denomination which has at all times included many of the chief men of the province it was natural that the assemblage which met to do honor to the memory of one so highly respected should have included a large number of prominent citizens. But Mr. Fletcher had fame far beyond the limits of his own section of the Christian Church. His breadth of view and liberality of spirit made for him friends amongst all denominations. As a man of culture he was greatly esteemed by men of learning, and as one who was essentially manly in his character he had many of all classes who felt honored to claim his acquaintanceship. The large gathering that met in Stow Memorial Church, and also at West terrace Cemetery, was a very striking one. In that assemblage were included representatives of all denominations, members of the Legislature and of the learned professions, men of commerce, and very many well-known colonists. His Excellency the Governor sent a message to Mrs. Fletcher expressing regret at his inability to send his carriage. The Lieutenant-Governor and the Bishop of Adelaide attended to pay their tribute of respect to one who had been their colleague in so many good movements. Of Independent ministers there were naturally many, and other Protestant bodies were well represented. Members of both Houses of Parliament, of the council and senate of the University, of the Young Men's Christian Association, of the Christian Endeavor Societies, of the Adelaide Societies' Union, and of the old Adelaide Literary Society attended in large numbers. Altogether the scene was one which will not soon be forgotten.

Prior to the removal of the remains of the deceased minister to the city, the Rev. Joseph Robertson, M.A., the pastor of Stow Memorial Church, held a service at Waverley, Kent Town, Mr. Fletcher's late residence. The body was taken thence to Stow Memorial Church, where a service was held prior to the burial in the West-terrace Cemetery.

The large and stately church was filled to overflowing with ladies and gentlemen, and a great crowd thronged the thoroughfare in front of the building. The coffin, which was of polished oak, incased with electroplate and entirely covered with beautiful wreaths, reached the church at 10 o'clock, all the funeral arrangements being in the charge of Messrs. S. Maynard & Sons. Coaches with the chief mourners accompanied the hearse, and while the coffin was being carried into the church by the deacons, the organist (Mr. James Shakspeare) played Beethoven's "Funeral" march, and Spohr's "Blessed are the departed." The church was draped in black with knots of white ribbon, this work having been done by Messrs. Hall & Savage, Crosses, wreaths, and other memorial tributes appeared on the drapery. In front

of the organ gallery were the words—"Revelations xiv, 13," the text of which is—"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth sayeth the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

On the rostrum were the Revs. J. Robertson, M.A., C. Mantourne, F. W. Cox, W. Jones, S. Lenton, W. Wilson, J. C. Kirby, C. Hodge, E. Taylor (Melbourne), Pastor Abbott, and Dr. Paton. The Rev. J. Robertson read a portion of Scripture and the Rev. J. C. Kirby gave out hymn No. 33—"When our heads are bowed with we." The Rev. C. Hodge (chairman of the Congregational Union) read a portion of Scripture and the Rev. Dr. Paton, on behalf of other denominations, offered prayer.

The Rev. JOSEPH ROBERTSON said:—Brethren—We meet to-day to pay our silent tribute of esteem to a great and good man, to perform the last offices of affection for an honored and beloved friend, and to commit to the grave with sacred rites, but with a sacred blessedness of assured hope, the mortal remains of William Roby Fletcher. We do not propose to say very much to-day in this service, partly because we propose to hold memorial services on Sunday, and, so far as I am concerned, because I do not feel that I care to trust myself to say anything about my own personal relations of office, of affection, and of friendship to him who has gone. And yet we feel that it is fitting that some words appropriate to this time and to this service should be spoken, and we have asked our venerable and our honored and esteemed friend the Rev. F. W. Cox because of his long associations in Christian service with Mr. Fletcher, and because of the unique position he holds in our own denomination, to say something to you at this meeting. Before I ask him to do so I am sure you will let me say that we all feel that a great and good man has fallen from our side—one whom a community could ill afford to lose, and one whose memory we shall not let silently die. And I think you will let me in your name be a bearer of a message of tender sympathy to Mrs. Fletcher and her bereaved family, that you will let me say for this great gathering that you remember not only him who has gone, but that you very tenderly do think of those whom he has left behind him, and you send them from this meeting a message of kindness, of sympathy, of affection. May I say that? If I have said what you would like me to say, however inadequate the words may be, if you will charge me with such a message as I have suggested I will ask you to express it by silently rising from your seats.

In answer to the request the whole congregation arose.

Mr. Robertson said—I thank you brethren in the name of those to whom this message shall be conveyed—that sorrow-stricken widow, those fatherless children, and that bereaved circle around whom so much brotherly thought has gathered in recent weeks, and for whom so many prayers have gone up to God. I will now ask our good friend, Mr. Cox, to deliver a short address.

The Rev. F. W. Cox said—"The position I occupy this morning is not one of my own seeking, and I should gladly have evaded it if it had been possible and simply indulged that feeling of sentiment and sympathy and sorrow, not unlightened by joy either in quietness, instead of having to address you, which has been laid upon me. Death always comes to us as a surprise. All men die, but the universality of death does not abate our interest in its awfulness. All men die, but still it comes with a shock. All men die; their place knows them no more, but we still look around and wonder at the vacancy and stretch our hands and cry—Brother, husband, wife, child, where art thou? Shall we reach thy voice, grasp thy hand, kiss thy face no more? Art thou lost for ever? The heathen philosopher said, *Nova omnia scioris*—not all die. The Apostle Paul says—First that which is natural, then that which is spiritual; nature decays, but grace must thrive. "But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep." This is the one grand fact, the one grand promise—Christ dead; Christ raised again—man dead; man in Christ to live with Christ. The Apostle John says—"Now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but this we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Oh, happy condition—sons of God; Oh, happy ignorance—not to know what we shall be; Oh, blessed promise—like Him when we see Him. Surely, then, we too can raise our portion of triumph—Oh, grave, where is thy victory! Oh, death, where is thy sting! With such thoughts bright with the radiance of immortality to all who are Christ's we come to this service to pay the last rites of respect to what remains of William Roby Fletcher.

Here, where he so long ministered in holy things as your minister and teacher, we speak to you. His voice is hushed, but words of truth never die. The spirit of the living God is in Him. Let us recall his exhortations and his warnings, his appeals to conscience as in God's sight. You have lost a faithful teacher and an able one. He is taken from the dear home life. A wife mourns her husband, and children the guiding hand and voice of a father. We have lost a friend and brother with whom we have often taken sweet counsel together. The churches have lost a ready helper for occasional service. Society in general misses an able teacher on