

NOTE.—Any profits from this publication will be devoted towards the purchase of an Organ for Broughton Chapel, Moore College, of which the Dean was Trustee.

WILLIAM MACQUARIE COWPER

FIRST
DEAN OF SYDNEY.

JUNE 14th, 1902.

"Sunset."

"Perfect Peace."

SYDNEY:
ANGUS & ROBERTSON,
89 CASTLEREAGH ST.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Dean Cowper's Funeral.

The funeral of Dean Cowper took place on Tuesday. The service in St. Andrew's Cathedral began at 10.30 a.m. The silver-mounted oak coffin was covered with flowers, and bore the inscription: "William Macquarie Cowper. Born 3rd July, 1810. At Rest, Midnight, 14th June, 1902." Those present in the Cathedral included the Premier, Attorney-General, Principal Under-Secretary, Inspector-General of Police, the Mayor of Sydney, leading officials and citizens. The Archbishop conducted the service, and a large gathering of Anglican clergymen assisted. At 11.45 a.m. the funeral procession set out for St. Jude's Cemetery, Randwick. There was a large following of vehicles containing clerics and leading citizens. Traffic was temporarily suspended along the route, which was lined with respectful spectators. At the grave the Archbishop, assisted by Bishops Pain and Stanton and Arch-deacon Gunther, conducted the service, and over 100 Anglican clerics chanted "Jesu, Lover of My Soul," the general body of mourners joining.

WILLIAM MACQUARIE COWPER

FIRST DEAN OF SYDNEY.

IT is felt to be due to the numerous friends who inquired day after day during the Dean's illness, to the many who, with loving consideration, only inquired from others, and to the larger number at a distance, that a brief authentic account should be published of the "passing away" of our beloved Dean.

If this should be the means of strengthening the faith of *one* pilgrim while passing "through the valley of the shadow," or of leading *one* wanderer into the path of peace, we feel its publication would have been the desire of the Dean himself.

For several years the weak condition of the Dean's heart was such that members of his household were aware that at any hour the call Home might come to him. The last thing to be expected was a lengthened illness. However, such was God's way of leading him, and of thereby teaching to those around him many precious lessons, and of shewing the depth and reality of his religious character.

His "passing" was no triumphant entry of a victorious warrior. Rather was it that of a tired worker, lying down to rest. The leading thought to those who watched him was repose—peace—waiting.

On Christmas Day, 1901, the Dean officiated for the last time in his beloved Cathedral, at the Holy Communion. This was the only service in which his impaired sight allowed him to take part. He felt ailing on that day, but joined the family circle as brightly as usual. An attack of muscular rheumatism had begun, but he was well enough on January 3rd to pay a long-promised visit to the new S. Philip's Rectory. He gave the greeting of "Peace" to the household there, and before leaving gathered them around him in prayer for a blessing upon the "home and on the Diocese." He greatly enjoyed this revival of old memories; it was the last time he went beyond his own doors.

A few days later, rheumatism had so weakened him that during one day his doctor thought the end had come. He, however, rallied, and was again able to be up daily, but those around him realised that he would not regain strength. Gradually he had to give up moving from his bed to the couch, and owing to increased weakness, and to the rheumatism which had now settled in his joints, he was compelled for about three months to lie still in one position. So patient was he that only at times did one remember that the position was not voluntary. "Are you com-

fortable?" he was once asked. With a quiet smile, he replied, "As much as I can be, in a vice!" Later the rheumatism ceased, and only weakness remained. His heart was in fact kept at work only by his entire calmness and repose of position.

INCREASING WEAKNESS.

The heat of March 18th, and again of the following week greatly exhausted him, and from that time he had no power of rallying, but the process was so gradual, that only a comparison of one length of time with another made the failure of strength perceptible. He himself scarcely alluded to it. Only once or twice did he speak of dying at all; once he asked the date, and said, "I do not think it possible that I should live for my birthday" (July 3rd.)

During Holy Week, Eastertide, and succeeding days, he seemed at the lowest ebb, for many hours lying unconscious, but rousing at times for a clear interval, during one of which he sent a message to the Cathedral congregation on Easter Day. "My love, and wish them a happy, peaceful Easter," and "God forgive us all—God bless us all—God sanctify us all." Once, during the evening of Ascension Day, it seemed as though he had actually ceased to breathe, and frequently about this time those at his bedside watched, especially towards dawn, to see if he were really breathing. Again and again his pulse could scarcely be felt.

NO EARTHLY CARE.

Throughout his illness he had no earthly care or anxiety whatever. Once he was thought to be alluding to some business, but when questioned, he replied, "That was all settled, was it not?" His last act of signature, and the last letter written by his own hand, related to the removal of Broughton Chapel to the present Moore College, in which he, as first Principal, and Trustee, was deeply interested.

INTEREST IN CURRENT EVENTS.

Until he became too weak, his interest in current events was thoroughly maintained. He rejoiced in the appointment to the Gournay Bishopric, heard about the approaching Coronation, and was pleased to learn of the donations of Mr. Cecil Rhodes to his own University of Oxford. He inquired about the progress of the war in South Africa—indeed his last outside interest was the Proclamation of Peace. He asked particularly about the Cathedral Services of Thanksgiving for Peace, and when half conscious murmured, "I must go in to the Service." He received many messages which touched him greatly. These were always given him when fully conscious, after a restful sleep. One of the last of such was that from the Presbyterian Assembly. He spoke also of changes and plans in the Diocese or District, sending a special message to the Sunday School, "God bless the teachers and taught—make you listen meekly to

His word for the salvation of your souls." "God bless the District and all the people, God bless you all." "Bless the Diocese, give more of the Spirit." "My love to the choir boys." Later he became too weak, and his hearing too dull to take in more than the old familiar words of Holy Scripture, Prayer Book, or Hymns, and of these he never wearied, day or night.

RESTLESS NIGHTS.

For many weeks, shortly after he was entirely confined to bed, he was so frequently delirious at night that the doctor forbade any but a very few to enter the sick room during the day. The fancies—during which he recognised no one—were of a most varied character. He would imagine he was taking long bush journeys of sixty years ago; Stroud, Bathurst and Liverpool all crowded in his mind. "I have been such a long journey, please let me get home!" "I am so tired; we shall be late; are the horses ready? I *must* get home; please ask the crowd to move." At these times he could never be persuaded he was in his own home, but an effectual way of soothing the restless excitement was to remind him that others wanted to sleep and rest. He would try to control himself, and his voice would be gradually lowered, or, a more powerful remedy was to begin one of his favourite hymns or passages. He would pause—listen with reverence—then assent—then join in—presently drop the voice of wandering and sink to rest. Or again,

he would be attending in fancy to Diocesan business, giving instructions in a clear, characteristic manner—"If the papers are quite in order, the matter will be carried through at once." Now he would be preaching—"The Bible, the head of all theology is the Bible, or rather, the head of all theology is God. It is this that will make the Church one; its effect upon the world will be to make it feel this is God's book, to make men wise unto eternal life. Read, mark, learn."

Or again, he would be administering the Sacraments—"Take and eat this," to one and another, or "Name this child." On several occasions he pronounced the Benediction, with clear, distinct intonation. Once, in a gentle, persuasive manner, he was catechising a little child. "Do you love Jesus? What did He do for you? What ought you to do for Him? In your home to shew your love?"

THOUGHT FOR OTHERS.

His courtesy and consideration for others through the whole illness were very touching. "Have you comfortable chairs?" "Every muscle in your body must be aching!" "So sorry to have disturbed you," when one had been specially called during rest, because he himself thought he was going. His gentle and expressive "Thank you," or "So kind," was heard for every little act of ministration. When refreshment was offered him, he lovingly asked, "Have *you* had some?" and once alluding to his utter helplessness, he

said, "The love and tenderness makes it all worth while." "Such kind nursing, *always!*" Until too weak he was always informed of the kindly messages left for him. "They never forget me," when beautiful flowers or little delicacies were brought to his bedside, or again, "They are *true* people."

One touching scene was his receiving and blessing a tiny infant a fortnight old, brought to his bedside for the purpose. He sent her parents a solemn message to train her as a "Christian."

At times his face was illuminated with a most beautiful smile, eager and utterly self-forgetful. It was so remarkable that those who were in attendance again and again drew one another's attention to it. Then again the calm expectant repose of his face would remind them of Scheffer's picture of the saintly Monica, waiting her departure, but his had a brighter expression.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

It was remarkable to notice the stages of spiritual experience through which he passed. Earlier in the illness he was frequently oppressed with a deep sense of sin, which was distressing. "Such a sinner!" "Lord, have mercy!" "A precious Saviour." "The precious blood of Christ." Or in deep humility, he would lament his little love for God. At these times only the simplest passages of Scripture and hymns would comfort him. "Christ Jesus came into the

world to save sinners." "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Again and again he loved to hear and join in the words of "Rock of Ages," "Jesu, Lover of my Soul," "Just as I am." When very tired, "How Sweet the Name," and "I heard the Voice," were welcome, while "Abide with Me" was his constant evening hymn. His intimacy with the author in early life was a special memory.

He would pray in the simplest manner. "I thank Thee for all Thy mercies, long-suffering, and loving kindness. Forgive all my sin, sanctify me with Thy Holy Spirit, make me wholly Thine. Accept me in the merits of our Saviour. Clothe me in His merits. His perfect righteousness is my only hope. Accept me in Christ." "O Lord, be present to my soul. Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation; My strength is made perfect in weakness."

As the days went by, and weakness increased, he longed for rest, and would murmur, "So tired." "He leadeth me beside the still waters." "Weary and heavy laden." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace." "I will give you rest." "My peace." "He giveth His beloved sleep." Or again, he would speak of going through "deep waters," and "proud waters." He was reminded "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." "Yes—Yes," "Thou art with me." "Yes." "I will hold Thy right hand." "Yes." "Hold

Thou me up, and I shall be safe." This and similar promises always comforted him.

He would lie for hours looking up, with an expectant, reposeful expression. When asked once at such a time of what he was thinking, he replied, as if suddenly brought back, "Of the worship of Heaven—so wonderful!" At another, he was heard to say, "Lord, what will it be to see Thee as Thou art, to rejoice, to see Thee in Thy glory. That will make amends for all—to know Thee—to taste the riches of Thy love."

Often after a period of apparent sleep, he would quietly say he had been "meditating," and would presently voice his thought. "God seems to me to be saying to me, 'Be quiet and patient.' He is leading me a strange way, but He knoweth the way that I take. It is all done by God in love and leading home. It is all right that God does." "Pardon and Peace." "Life everlasting!" "I was thinking how all will be blended together in Heaven—peace, happiness, harmony—no discord. Like the picture of a lady working lovely embroidery or tapestry—both sides alike—different colours, but all worked in together to make one beautiful whole."

When it is remembered that during the whole five months of his illness, there was no period, day or night, when, owing to the weakness of his heart, his end might not be expected, it will be realised how carefully the watchers treasured and noted his words.

FAVOURITE THOUGHTS.

He seemed continually to muse upon unity and love. "There is no real unity unless of the Spirit." "There may be much divergence of opinion with real spirituality." "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit." "Continue ye in My love. If (very impressively spoken) ye keep My Commandments, ye shall abide in My love." "Let not your heart be troubled." "His tender loving heart spoke those words to His people in all ages—the mighty God, tender, loving, condescending."

The clearness of his voice until near the end, and the manner in which he carried on a thought, was to those who nursed him remarkable. If he had been soothed to sleep by a repetition of the twenty-third Psalm, an hour or two afterwards he would suddenly say in a distinct voice, "Beside the still waters!" or again, if the last words of which he had been conscious were of rest or peace, these would be the first he would again refer to—"My peace I give." "Perfect peace."

His thoughts seemed continually above. He was heard to murmur, "The glory of the Godhead filling all the earth." When asked if soon after he left us himself, he would see the dear ones who had gone before, he said, "Yes." Messages were given him to be borne to them; he added, "*Jesus* beyond all—For ever with the Lord." "God bless and save us all, and grant that whether we live or die, we may live together with Him."

FAREWELL WORDS.

In saying farewell to a friend, he said, "We shall all meet in a better world." Then, in a loud, clear voice, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in Me shall *never* die. I am the first and the last. I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore."

The last laymen with whom he was able to hold converse were Colonel Roberts, to whom he gave his parting blessing when he came to say farewell on the eve of departure for the Coronation; Mr. C. R. Walsh, representing the C.M.A., with which the Dean and his father had for nearly a century been closely associated; and Mr. R. Atkins, the Registrar of the Diocese, to whom his benediction was, "The Lord bless and prosper you in all your work." The Archbishop was frequently with him, and was much touched with the constant tokens of humble tranquil faith and of thoughtful consideration for others manifested by him on his sick bed. His "dear friend Pain," ministered to him daily.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP PAIN.

He was not told of the appointment of Canon Pain to the Bishopric of Gippsland until two days before the Consecration, because it was feared that in his weak state the sense of personal loss would be severe, and it was most unlikely that he would still be living when the date arrived. It had not been realised that he was

too far on the border land to be troubled. He only remarked, "I am glad for him, but it will be a great loss to us," and spoke of his deep affection for him. Early on the morning of Whit Tuesday, when reminded that it was the Consecration Day, he quietly said, "Yes, I know." Throughout the whole day he was in touch with it all. He gave the Canon his blessing before the service, parts of which were read to him, and then he rested until, as arranged by himself, the Holy Communion was administered to him by his "Son in the faith," the Rev. J. H. Mullens,* at the same time that the clergy were receiving. Once more one could feel he was in reality with them in his beloved Cathedral. His eager, loving reception of the newly-consecrated Bishop, with outstretched hands and solemn, full benediction, was a scene never to be forgotten. And in his turn he received his friend's first episcopal blessing. It was as if the Lord Himself was present in that "upper room." It was a day which stood apart, one of perfect enjoyment, intercourse, clearness of perception, and uplifting, such as was not approached throughout his whole illness. The next day and onwards he only had intervals of complete consciousness.

LAST DAYS.

His last few days on earth were simply waiting: he lay quietly, scarcely taking any food, and only at times

* The Chalice and Paten used on this occasion were those Presented to Bishop Broughton in 1828, by Bishop Sumner of Winchester, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

conscious. Towards evening on Saturday, June 14th, his breathing became distressing, with quiet intervals. He shewed by a gentle pressure of his hand upon the one laid in his, and by the glance of his eye, that though too weak to speak he understood and appreciated the words repeated to him from time to time. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." "I will come again and receive you unto Myself." "Let not your heart be troubled." "Safe into the haven guide, oh receive my soul at last." "O Lamb of God that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us. Grant us Thy peace." And, for the last time, the words that had been repeated almost daily by his bedside, "O Saviour of the world, Who by Thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord." Then, "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace, both now and evermore." He gradually fell into a natural sleep, breathing gently as if in health. To the watchers it sounded like the soft, regular fall of the wave of the ebbing tide upon the shore. Shortly before midnight, we noticed a slight pause after his regular breath—then another gentle pause—then another—which was

not broken, and we realised at last that our dear one had gently passed from earth to Paradise—"Translated."

We laid his body to rest on the couch where his pain and weakness had been so bravely borne. He was robed in cassock, surplice, hood and scarf, with hands folded in his usual attitude when waiting for service to begin.

By his own written desire the funeral arrangements were of the simplest character, yet accompanied by the order and reverence which he was always careful to observe in religious matters. The coffin was of polished oak with silver handles. The silver plate bore the inscription—

WILLIAM MACQUARIE COWPER,

Dean of Sydney,

Born July 3rd, 1810.

At rest,

Midnight, June 14th, 1902.

The evening before the funeral the coffin was reverently carried from the Deanery to rest one night in the Cathedral. The procedure was touchingly simple. The body was preceded by two members of the Chapter, the Bishop of Gippsland and the Precentor, who read the "opening sentences," and followed by six members of the family. A deeply

respectful crowd waited silently while this small procession passed in. A short service of prayer followed, and the dead was left, guarded by angel watchers.

In the early morning his Oxford M.A. hood and College cap were placed on the coffin, and with them were arranged the choicest white flowers, autumn leaves and sprays of ivy grown from his home at Bowral. The plate which bore his name was framed with violets; at the foot stood one wreath, and at the head a large anchor of white hyacinths, fit emblem of "sure and steadfast hope"—all simple offerings from his dearest ones. His Dean's seat in the Cathedral was draped, and the entrance closed with white immortelles and another anchor of violets.

Until shortly before the service began, reverent crowds passed in and viewed the coffin; others of all ranks in the community waited quietly in their places. Never before had such a mass of reverent mourners assembled inside, a mass which overflowed from the precincts into the streets. Never before had so many of the clergy moved in solemn procession through the Cathedral, assembled willingly to shew their deep veneration for him who had been 44 years Dean of Sydney.

The service was perfect in beauty of music and arrangement. All that loving thought and deepest respect could devise was carried out. No melancholy "Dead March"; but as the mourners waited the organ softly gave variations of "Jesu, Lover of my Soul,"

and "O Rest in the Lord"; then the uplifting Chopin's "Funeral March." The grand opening sentences were chanted while the long procession of Chapter, Clergy and Bishops slowly filed into place. The Psalm, "Lord, Thou hast been our Refuge," was followed by the beautiful prayer of "heartly thanks." Then came the expressive hymn, "The Saints of God," after which the Lesson of immortal hope was read by the Archbishop. Again the organ pealed out the beautiful hymn, "God of the Living"; and then the remains were slowly carried down the aisle to the soft chanting of the "Nunc Dimittis." Amidst a dense, sympathetic, and deeply respectful crowd, which lined the route, he was borne to the little cemetery at Randwick, and laid to rest in the family vault to the strains of his favourite hymn, "Jesu, Lover of my Soul," in which many hundreds of voices joined.

"To Thee, we leave him, Lord, in trust:
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee."