

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

box, as was his custom, he began the sermon which proved to be his last. Presently the pen stopped; the hand that so often had guided it was to do so no more. Near him was one of his flock, an Indian girl, who needed some attention, and as he arose he leaned his elbow on a pile of boxes. And while standing there the great call came: the hand of God touched him, and the body which had endured so much fell forward. When Bishop Stringer reached his side a few minutes later, the Indian girl was holding his head in her lap. Nothing could be done, and without a struggle, without one word of farewell, the brave soul passed forth to a higher life.

"And so the tale is told, the chapter ended, of that life begun seventy-two years since. A suffering, uneventful life, and yet, we hope, not all unfruitful of God's glory, and of souls won for the fold of the Good Shepherd. Most aptly do the words of the poet apply to him:

"O good grey head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength,
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er."

"The awe and silence which overspread the camp, and school, and mission that night and the following day were very striking. By the morning of Sunday tidings of the Bishop's death had been flashed to Ottawa, and London, and all down the river. On Tuesday morning notices of the Bishop's life and work were in many American and Canadian newspapers, with his portrait.

"The funeral had to be on Monday, June 11, Festival of St. Barnabas (the Son of Consolation). Messages came from the Indians down the river, as well as from friends elsewhere, expressing deepest sympathy with Mrs. Bompas in the terrible