

but of such invariable kindness of heart, sympathy and unwearied patience, could not fail to command the respect and esteem of all all with whom he came into contact. By those who knew him well, and had the rare privilege, as many of us have had, of being under his fatherly instruction and guidance, in boyhood and after years, he was beloved as very few men are. The memory of his beautiful character, his holy precepts, and his noble example can never be effaced by time, but will ever be a sweet treasure.

His strong faith in the realities of our most holy religion, his intense though unostentatious devotion to his Divine Master, his dislike of everything savouring of unreality, and his constant inculcation of the lessons of personal holiness and integrity of character as essentials to an active and useful life in Christ's kingdom, were ever among his most striking characteristics. They were never more marked than in the hour when the Angel of Death found him—his hand upon the plough from which he had never looked back—and summoned him to the faithful watcher's rest and peace in the Paradise of God. What the strong hand and wise counsel of Bishop Williams have been to the Church's educational interests, they have been also to the Church in general, not alone in this Diocese, though here pre-eminently, but beyond its limits as well. For our comfort we may well believe that while his memory will ever plead with us in the Church militant on earth, he himself in the Church expectant in heaven, will never cease to remember those he loved so well and served so devotedly here. Into the sacred grief of those who, as wife and son, have known and loved him as none others can have done, we will not venture to intrude, except to assure them of our deepest and truest sympathy, and to pray that God, whose wise and unerring hand has smitten them, may bind up their wounds with the sovereign balm of His grace, and give them joy in the hope of meeting in His eternal presence him whose love was such a joy to them on earth.

An esteemed correspondent sends us the following particulars of the last illness of his Lordship :

The close of this life so strong and devout and useful came with distressing suddenness. On Friday in Passion Week the Bishop preached in St. Matthew's Church, the last of a course of Lenten sermons on the Life of our Lord. They were all very beautiful and unusually impressive, the last most so; it closed with the words, "His work was done. He said it is finished and he bowed his head and gave up the Ghost." This was his last sermon. The annual confirmations in Quebec City are in Holy Week, and though suffering from a bad cold and distressing cough, the Bishop took them as usual: two on Palm Sunday and one in the Cathedral on Tuesday, in Holy Week. On Good Friday he kept his bed. On the night of Easter Eve, acute inflammation of the lungs set in which never gave way to treatment. On the afternoon of Wednesday in Easter Week he died.

The beloved Bishop received the announcement that the time of his departure had come with the faith and humility of a true Christian. His sufferings from the first were very great, and gave but little interval for the expression of feeling. Those intervals were mostly spent in prayer. His son, the Rev. Lennox Williams seldom left his father's side. Some account how those sacred hours were spent will, it is hoped be given to the Bishop's clergy and friends at an early day, by Mr. Williams himself. On Easter Tuesday, the Bishop received the Viaticum at the hands of his son. The dying Bishop gave his solemn blessing to his dear ones again and again. Especially pathetic was the scene when his little grandson, four years old, whom the Bishop tenderly loved, was brought in about an hour before the end to be blessed by him. Amid all his agony, he insisted on

lifting himself up in his bed to bless the child. He sent a last message to his Clergy which they will greatly treasure, but the delivery of which must not be anticipated here. Again and again, with deep humility, he expressed his sense of shortcoming in the discharge of the great responsibilities entrusted to him; but added his firm and entire trust in the all-sufficiency of his Saviour. His last coherent words were a petition, and in deeply impressive and comprehensive terms, with strong clear voice "that he and his dear ones then around him might all meet again in God's immediate presence."

"MY SUNDAYS: HOW SHALL I USE THEM?"

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, DOVER.

REMEMBER *God would have the Sunday to be a bright and happy day.* There may be to a Christian a thousand springs of joy and gladness in a well-spent Sunday. Especially try to let Home feel the benefit of the quiet rest of the Day. It may knit together father and mother and the little ones around the fireside as no other day can do. Nothing is more pleasant and helpful than the free use of sacred music, the singing of sweet psalms and hymns together, the reading of books which tell of the work God is doing at home and abroad.

How it may be a truly happy day in the home of a working-man, or of any one else, we may see in a remark which a mechanic once made to his wife. He lived in a small town in Worcestershire, and used to rise every Sunday morning rather earlier than on other days. When his wife tried to persuade him to rest longer, he would say to her, "I like the day which I give to my Saviour to be the longest day in the week."

Of course there is nothing wrong in one who works hard all the week having a longer rest on the Sunday; but it is a good thing to catch such a spirit as this, and to feel that Sunday is the happiest day in the week, and therefore you wish it to be the longest.

Then *let every Christian try to do a little work for his Master each Sunday*, to scatter a little of the good seed of God's Word, to lighten the burden of some afflicted brother or sister, to read a chapter to an aged friend who cannot get out, to repeat all you can remember of the sermon to some one who cannot get out, to give away a few Christian books, to teach half-a-dozen little children in a loving spirit about the love of the Good Shepherd, to do something or other for Christ that will sanctify the day and make you feel that it has not been lost.

I heard a story the other day of a little girl carrying her brother, who was no light weight. When some one said to her that he was too heavy a burden to carry, she replied: "He is not a burden: he is my brother."

If we could ever remember that those around us are our *brothers and sisters*, and if we can in any way help them on their way, it won't be a burden to us but a pleasure. Just look around and see if there is nothing you can do. The very least thing done for Christ, even a cup of cold water given in His Name, will not be in vain. When you have a quiet hour on Sunday you might be able to write a few lines to some one at a distance who may not love the Saviour

as you do, and by a friendly word of warning or guidance might turn the footsteps of the sinner back to his Saviour. If only we had eyes to see them, the Lord opens many doors of usefulness to us, and everlasting good might result from our entering in.

There is one subject we should never forget as Sunday comes round. We have at home our churches and our services, and Bibles and Christian books, and everything to help us if we wish to lead godly lives. Do we ever think, as a happy Sunday closes, of the tribes of our earth in their dark homes and heathen cities and villages who have not yet one ray of the Sun of Righteousness shining into their hearts? Do we ever think of those who may feel their sins but have no one to point them to the Saviour of sinners? Do we think of those who may bring those they love, but have no one to tell of the unchanging Friend who never leaves nor forsakes those who trust in Him? Do we think of the sick and the dying, who know nothing of a hope beyond the grave, and who have never heard of the mansions in the Father's house?

Surely each Sunday we should think of such and pray for such, and let thankfulness for our own privileges stir us up to give of our means, to send them the glorious light of Christ's Gospel.

And let each Sunday remind you of your true home in God. It may be possible that you may find but little comfort in your earthly home, and the old saying scarcely meets your case, "There is no place like home." But Sunday comes round to remind you that God Himself, the God of peace and love, is the true home of your soul. When you return to Him, there is a free pardon for past guilt, the guilt it may be of thousands of broken Sabbaths. There is the best robe to cover you. In Him you will find the warm fire of unchanging love. In Him you will find a true repose and rest when wearied with the strain of life's duties. And this home will be eternal. The love of God in Christ is an everlasting habitation. When every home on earth is broken up you will not be desolate, for God Himself will be your Dwelling-place and Refuge for evermore. Let each Sunday remind you of this Home. Do not try to put God out of His own Day, that you may find your pleasure in the things of the world. What is this but putting up the shutters to keep out the daylight, and then lighting half-a-dozen tapers to take its place?

No, no, this will never do. Strive to get more of God and not less. Think of Him as infinitely kinder than the kindest father ever known, though so infinitely holy that He cannot abide with those who cleave to their sins. "The Lord God is a Sun and Shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." (Psalm lxxxiv. II.)

"O Day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of Time; care's balm and bay;
The weeks were dark but for Thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

"The Sundays of Man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King;
On Sunday heaven's gate stands open:
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope."

HERBERT.