

CHAPTER XXI

LAST DAYS

TOWARDS the end of November the bishop was taken suddenly ill. We have the account of his attack in his own words, written on January 2, 1893, by his daughter Chrissie from his dictation. 'Three-and-fifty years ago Christmas was spent by me in bed ; my life was almost given up. I was suffering from typhus fever, and my doctor said that, had I not had a constitution of lead, I must have succumbed to the virulence of the disease. God raised me up again, and eventually sent me to the land of snow, and I am now spending my forty-second Christmas in connection with it. And how very joyous every Christmas has been up to the present one ! How wonderfully good my health has always been, how I could always join the frolic and fun of the youngsters ! I felt as one of them ; the difference in our age was as nothing. We were all children. This year, too, the church has been beautifully decorated ; the splendid trees have been laden with their precious fruits, faces have brightened with joy as of yore : but I have seen nothing of them ; the mingled voices of childhood have been unheard.