

close. After his severe toil during the years of the war and his subsequent diplomatic labors he was worn and weary, and asked for a leave of absence. This, after reaching England, principally in consequence of a change in the ministry, was followed by his resignation. He returned to Constantinople to close up affairs and take an impressive and dignified farewell. Many grateful expressions from varied nationalities touched his heart. "Nothing," it is said, "came more sweetly to the ear of the departing statesman than the memorial of the American missionaries, in which they recited the many reforms which he had brought into Turkey, and especially the abolition of executions for apostasy, the recognition of the Protestant community, the open sale of the Bible in the Turkish bazaars, and the building of the first Protestant church in Jerusalem; and added 'we love to consider your lordship's influence as one of the important providential means by which God has been pleased to carry on his work.'"

Sir Stratford's last public act in Constantinople was the laying the foundation stone of a Protestant memorial church on a noble site given by the Sultan. The church was to be a monument of the brave Englishmen who had fallen in the recent war, and, at the same time, of the religious freedom which made it possible to have it there in the near neighborhood of a Moslem mosque. A great multitude gathered. The noble old man, with his white locks and imposing form, spoke a few solemn last words before he took the trowel in his hand, and then having fulfilled his office, followed by throngs of the people to whom he had been so true a friend, he went to the landing-place and took a last farewell. On his homeward voyage he paused at Smyrna and was received with similar respect and feeling. He was there led in triumph to open the first railway line ever laid in Turkey.

His great public work was done, but he continued from the retirement of his English home to exert a wide and beneficent influence. Removed from the wear and vexation of public responsibility his often heated spirit grew in sweetness and calm, though ever ready to flash in indignation at a wrong, or to kindle with enthusiasm at a noble deed. The tastes of his youth solaced him in his old age. Poetry and literature received some worthy additions from his pen. Two small volumes, entitled "Why am I a Christian?" "The Greatest of Miracles," testify to the firmness of a religious faith he would fain leave on record for the solace and strength of others. An essay for the *Princeton Review*, on "The Ennobling Influence of Reverence in the World," lay unfinished on his table at the time of his death. So he went slowly and gently down the valley, which for him had but little of shadow.

"Long sweet days of golden haze"

ended at last in one whose sunset was full of calm and beauty. Sir