

aright. I was privileged to be intimately associated in pastoral intercourse with the Master whom the Lord has taken from our head. It is due to him, it is due to you, it is due to myself, it is due to the God whom he served faithfully, and whom we all try to serve, to tell you something of the last days, and the last hours, of the late Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada. It is hallowed ground, and I desire to speak and wish you to hear as if he were a witness, as though he being dead yet spake.

I know there is a conscious deep personal experience of the religious life in the soul of every one of us, over which a veil is drawn, which can never be revealed even to the nearest and the dearest, penetrated only by the Holy Ghost, the Witness of our own spirits, and Christ Himself, who, with God the Father, takes up His abode within, constituting the true life of the soul. No words, no thoughts, can communicate the assurance to a friend. This is "the life that is hid with Christ in God."

Nevertheless, God helping me, I have something to say of the last days, and then something of the last hours, of him whose memory we cherish; and then, with a brief exhortation, I shall have done for the present.

The last days were spent, as you know, in visiting several of the parishes of the Diocese for Confirmation services; and I have it on the testimony of the Clergy of those parishes that