

## LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

ment of the work of the mission. His great desire now, and one which had for a long time past occupied his thoughts, was to start a new mission on Little Salmon River, where there are often congregated together 200 Indians who have seldom come within sound of the Gospel. But Bishop Stringer and others dissuaded him from the new venture, thinking that the work of starting a new mission, with the prospect of having to build a house and get in supplies for the coming winter, was one for which neither the Bishop himself nor his wife, at their advanced age, were fitted. Accepting this disappointment as God's will, Bishop Bompas prepared to go down the river to Forty Mile, below Dawson. Now was there bustle and unrest on the mission premises at Carcross preparatory to the departure.

"A passage for the Bishop and Mrs. Bompas and two Indian girls had been secured on one of the river steamers to sail on Monday. This was Saturday, June 9, a day calm and bright, as our summer days in the far North mostly are. The Bishop was as active as ever on that day. Twice he had walked across the long railway bridge, and his quick elastic step had been commented on as that of a young man. Later on he had been up to the school, and on to the Indian camp to visit some sick Indians. Then he went home, and remained for some time in conversation with Bishop Stringer, into whose hands he had already committed all the affairs of the diocese. Then the mission party dined together, and at eight o'clock they all reassembled for prayers. After prayers the Bishop retired to his study and shut the door.

"Was there, we wonder, any intimation of the coming rest in the breast of that stalwart warrior, whose end of life was now so near as to be reckoned, not by hours, but by minutes only? Was there any consciousness of having fought a good fight, and finished his course? We know not. Sitting on a