

he had been wont to do for years. Days passed into weeks and weeks into months, and still the Bishop grew no better. He never anticipated that his end was so near, and always lived in the expectation of "getting about in a short time." Three days before his death the doctor detected that his heart was affected, but did not think it serious, nor did the Bishop. Albeit, on the morning of the 12th of January, his daughter was hastily summoned to her father's bedside, and was just in time to see him pass away quietly. Such a catastrophe was never expected by any one of the population, in so short a time. But all who knew him were fully convinced that death to him was only a passage from things corruptible to things incorruptible. He was buried on the 21st of January, his 65th anniversary, amid the tears and sobs of a large concourse of people, every member of his congregation being present. Never did a funeral at Moose receive such a large attendance, for all the inhabitants looked upon him as upon a father. The funeral sermon was preached by Ven. Archdeacon Vincent, from Acts 20: 37, 38. The church was crowded, and it was with difficulty that the Archdeacon could proceed with his sermon, as the sobs of the congregation filled the church. Such was the sorrow of Moosonee's first bereavement of its Bishop; and no wonder, for he had long won the hearts of these people: he had made their home his home; their privations, his privations; their sorrows, his sorrows, and their joys, his joys. No wonder, I say, that so much feeling should be displayed for one so much beloved by his people, among whom it was his desire to rest his bones. And what shall I say more?

I feel that I cannot in a short sketch like this do justice to him, who did so much good, whose life was so useful and who lived entirely for others. He was a man who succeeded in everything he undertook to do, no matter what difficulties presented themselves, they were all ignored and treated as no obstacles whatever. Now what is the secret of his success? Simply this: *he was thorough*. "Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might." This was his motto in life, and a motto which he used to dictate to me almost daily. While quite a boy, I recollect him giving me this motto for a copy, and if I had preserved all my school copy books, I sincerely believe that this motto would be in every book, for I remember it being set as a copy for me again and again.

He has left a great record behind, as a Missionary, a translator and tutor. The results of his translation work are the following:—New Testament, which he also revised once; Prayer Book; Hymn Book (A. M.) containing 150 hymns; a Catechism of the Bible and Gospel History; and last, but by no means the least, he finished the translation of the whole Bible just before his death, a work which occupied him for years. He also compiled a Grammar of the Cree language, for English speaking people desiring to