

The Bishop understood. It was the first sign of approaching lockjaw. He says:—

"Then my heart sank down within me, and I prayed earnestly to God. I talked to the dear, dear lad of his danger, and day and night we prayed and read. A dear guileless spirit indeed. I never saw in so young a person such a thorough conscientiousness as for two years I witnessed in his daily life, and I had long not only loved, but respected him.

"We had calm weather and could not get on. By Saturday the jaws were tight locked; then more intense grew the agony, the whole body rigid like a bar of iron. Oh, how I bless God, who carried me through that day and night,—how good he was in his very agonies, in his fearful spasms, thanking God, praying, pressing my hand when I prayed and comforted him with holy words of Scripture. None but a well-disciplined, humble, simple Christian could have so borne his sufferings: the habit of obedience, and faith and patience, the child-like, unhesitating trust in God's love and Fatherly care, supported him now. He never for a moment lost his hold upon God. What a lesson it was! It calmed us all. It almost awed me to see in so young a lad so great an instance of God's infinite power, so great a work of good perfected in one young enough to have been confirmed by me.

"At 1 a.m. on Monday, I moved from his side to my own couch, only three yards off. He said faintly, 'Kiss me, Bishop; I am very glad I was doing my duty. Tell my father I was in the path of duty, and he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people!' Ah! my dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall by our lives. And as I lay down almost convulsed with sobs, though not audible, Mr. Tilly afterwards told me he heard him say, 'Poor Bishop.'

At 4 a.m. he started as from a trance. He had been wandering a good deal, but all his words even then were of things pure and holy. His eyes met mine, and I saw the consciousness gradually coming back into them. 'They never stop singing there, sir, do they?' for his thoughts were with the angels in heaven; then after a short time the last terrible struggle, and then he fell asleep. And remember all this in the midst of that most agonizing, it may be, of all forms of death. Oh! how I thanked God when his head at last fell back on my arm."

Four days after this the same symptoms came on in Edwin's case, and after eight days' patient endurance of most fearful agony his soul was released to join the noble army of martyrs.

And now we come to the dreadful tragedy, in the year 1871, which took away Patteson himself and which excited such sorrow and indignation throughout Christendom, leading our noble Queen even in her Speech from the Throne in opening Parliament to make a most touching allusion to "the murder of an exemplary prelate." The occasion of his