

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

to venture, but had not learnt to realize the many dangers and vicissitudes of a miner's life. But the lake has its periods of calm no less than those of turmoil and unrest. Mark it on some evening of summer, when scarcely a ripple stirs its surface. The reflection of the mountains on the water is so clear and vivid that one is tempted to doubt which is the reality and which is the shadow.

"Such a calm, such a change from turmoil into peace, marked the evening of the life we have been considering. We believe that God's servants have been given a premonition of the approach of death. The Bishop had laid his plans some months ahead, and made necessary preparations for a winter down the river. He had always been remarkable for physical strength and energy. For his winter travelling he was always seen running, with the jaunty pace of the Northern tripper, ahead of his sledge. He was ever ready to help the men hauling up a boat at some of the portages, or in pushing it down the bank into the river. Among our party it was always the Bishop who insisted on charging himself with the heaviest articles, and it was only within the last two years that he abstained from hauling water from the lake for the whole of our household. But symptoms of some diminution of strength and vigour in this strong man were beginning to show themselves. The eyes that had pored so long with imperfect light over the pages of Hebrew and Syriac, in which he so delighted, were failing, and had to be strengthened by glasses stronger and yet stronger still. Since his last attack of scurvy he had lost all sense of smell or taste. No one could be with the Bishop many hours without observing an expression of weariness and dejection in his countenance, which was as intense as pathetic. He was often heard whispering, 'Courage, courage!' To more than one of his friends he had given his impression that he had not long to live. To his brother he wrote just a year before his death :