

where at the time he was, his old feelings against his archbishop returned. His anger knew no bounds. He swore a terrible oath as he said the memorable words, "Of the caitiffs who eat my bread, are there none to free me of this turbulent priest?"

These were the words of peace spoken at Christmas time in the year of grace 1170. Four men of desperate character, of whom Reginald Fitzurse was one, arrived at Canterbury on Tuesday, December 29th. They sought an interview with the archbishop, who now saw that a desperate deed was meditated. To all their demands, as coming from the king, the brave ecclesiastic gave a steady refusal. He had done nothing wrong. He was prepared to die. He betook himself to the sacred cathedral. The four barons followed him. It was almost dark on that wintry evening when cruel blows prostrated the archbishop on the floor of his cathedral, which was soon stained with his blood.

Thus was the body of Thomas à Becket found—and the contest between him and his king was over. The hatred towards him on the part of the barons was intense. "The world is at last relieved of that disloyal traitor," said the fierce Randolph de Broc, as he ordered his body to be cast away "somewhere where it may not be known." But the people were shocked and torn with grief. The monks hastily covered the stained, unwashed body (from which they had taken a hair shirt, alive with vermin, worn by this strange man next his skin), with his episcopal robes, and buried him temporarily in the crypt of his cathedral.

So ended, towards the close of the year 1170, the earthly career of Thomas à Becket. The spot where the tragic deed which brought it to a close was committed is shown in Canterbury Cathedral to-day.

What he might have done for Church and State in England, as well as for himself, if he had kept the good graces and friendship of the king! Like all the Norman kings, Henry was quick-tempered and violent, but in calmer moments he was kind of heart and capable of being led. No one was more horror-stricken than himself when he found that a few hasty words of his had taken such terrible shape, and the rest of his life was saddened by the recollection of it. With such a man Becket might have done much; but his opportunity was lost, and the pages of history sullied by one of the most tragic scenes recorded there.

People comfortably off in this world's goods, who contribute next to nothing toward the work of the Lord, must feel sometimes very small and mean when they allow others to bear their burdens for them, and then grumble if the clergyman is not quite to their fancy, or if a special seat is not reserved for them, or if the church is not in everything just as they like it.



THE LATE BISHOP SMYTHIES.

THE African fever has again done its deadly work upon a missionary bishop. The Right Rev. C. Alan Smythies, D.D., Bishop of Zanzibar, started recently on a trip for the benefit of his health on board a steamer bound for Aden; but the seeds of fever lurking within his veins caused him to grow worse, until at last he died. He was buried at sea.

Dr. Smythies was appointed Missionary Bishop of Zanzibar in 1883. In every sense of the word, he was a true missionary. Every one in his employ, even to the men who worked on his mission ship, was a missionary in spirit. We may pray that the Lord will hasten the day when a native ministry will be able to prosecute the work of the Church in Africa.

The late Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith said: "All the Christianity in the world at the present day is the result of foreign missions."

THE *London Church Review* says: "Letters from the Matabele expedition bear high testimony to the courage and devotion of the Bishop of Mashonaland, who accompanied the expedition, and was most assiduous in his attention to the wounded, European and native alike. The prelate is the Rt. Rev. George Knight Bruce, a son of the distinguished vice-chancellor. Dr. Knight Bruce, who has just attained his fortieth year, was a well-known athlete at Oxford. He took orders in 1876, and worked for some years amongst the poor in Liverpool, and afterwards in the poverty-stricken districts of London, as a missionary chaplain to the Bishop of Bedford. He is a splendid horseman, and has often been seen when travelling in the Bloemfontein diocese, driving an ox wagon and handling the whip (no easy matter) as skilfully as a *kurrigor*."