

A TRIBUTE.

A tribute to the memory of the Right Reverend
Charles James Stewart, D. D., late Lord
Bishop of Quebec :—

"*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of
God.*"—Heb. iv. 9.

I.

Rest—Christian warrior ! rest ;—the war is past,
Rest—for the fight is fought,
The battle bravely won ;
Death is disarm'd ;—the enemy—the last—
Yields to the strength supplied
By God's victorious Son !
No more thy cheering voice
May marshal for the field ;
That practised arm no more
The Spirit's sword shall wield ;
Our honored chief no more shall need
Faith's all-protecting shield ;—
Rest—Christian Warrior ! rest.

II.

Rest—faithful Shepherd ! rest ;—your task is done,
Rest—for your Pastor saith :—
"To me the Charge resign—
"True to thy trust, thou good and faithful one !
"Enter my heavenly fold,
"Partake of bliss divine.
"The streams to which thou erst
"Wast wont my flock to lead,
"The pastures where by thee
"My sheep were taught to feed,
"Are all surpass'd by higher joys
"For thee by Love decreed."
Rest—Faithful Shepherd ! rest.

III.

Rest—wakeful Watchman ! rest ;—the night is past ;
Rest—for a glorious day
Bursts on thy wearied eyes !
Spent was the night in vigil, prayer and fast,
Lest Zion to the foe
Should fall a sacrifice.
Rest—where no ruthless storm
Thy watchfire can destroy ;
Rest—where no ambush'd foe
God's Israel can annoy ;
Securely rest in perfect peace
In Israel's Keeper's joy !
Rest—Wakeful Watchman ! rest.

IV.

Rest—pilgrim Bishop ! rest ;—thy toils are o'er ;
Rest—for the great Highpriest,
The Bishop of thy soul
Stayeth thy pilgrimage for evermore ;
Run is the rugged race,
And gain'd is glory's goal !
Thou guileless man of God !
Thou venerable priest !
Unnumber'd works of love
Thy righteousness attest.
Apostle of the western wilds,—
Thy ministry was blest,
Rest—pilgrim Bishop ! rest.

V.

Rest—on the Saviour rest thy rev'rend head ;
Rest—thou who ne'er desired
Labor or loss to shun ;—
Old at three score, and gather'd to the dead !
The gloss of 'rolling years'
How prematurely run !
Thus God to us appoints
A clouded, darksome day ;

Thus God from ills to come
The righteous takes away ;
Yet,—to her Father's will resigned
The Church bereav'd doth say :—
"Rest,—Soldier—Shepherd—Pilgrim—Priest—
"Friend—Father—worn out watcher, rest :—
"Sleep thou in Jesus—on that Saviour's breast !"

E. D.

"FIND Livingstone," was the *New York Herald's*
telegraphic order to Stanley. He found Living-
stone ; and in finding Livingstone he found Christ.

"Livingstone taught me," says Stanley, "dur-
ing those four months that I was with him. In
1871, I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest
atheist in London. To a reporter and correspon-
dent such as I, who had only to deal with wars,
mass meetings and political gatherings, sentimental
matters were entirely out of my province. But
there came for me a long time for reflection,—I
was out there away from a worldly world. I saw
this solitary old man there and asked myself :
How on earth does he stop here ! Is he cracked, or
what ? *What is it that inspires him ?*

"For months after we met, I simply found my-
self listening to him, wondering at the old man
carrying out what was said in the Bible : 'Leave
all things and follow me.' But little by little his
sympathy for others became contagious ; my sym-
pathy was aroused. Seeing his piety, his gentle-
ness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went
quietly about his business, I was converted by him,
although he had not tried to do it."

Livingstone's wife died and lies buried in the
depths of Africa. Livingstone died alone on his
knees in his African cabin. But the succession is
kept up, and Stanley, led to know Livingstone's
Saviour, takes up and carries on his work, reads
his Bible through three times on his expedition to
relieve Emin Pasha, trusts in God and prays in the
darkest hours, and boldly and openly confesses
his faith in God and his providence.

By the way, what are the names of a few of the
great infidel, atheistic, secular and skeptical ex-
plorers and discoverers ?

Who will furnish us a list of such men, who have
gone out to explore distant lands, enlighten dark
nations, and civilize and elevate those who are
sunk in heathenism and barbarism?—*The Com-
mon People.*

IN "Personal and Family Glimpses of Remark-
able People," by Archdeacon Whately, a notable
story is told of Bishop Stanley of Norwich. He
was in the habit of going to different churches in
order to see and hear for himself, and once went
into an empty pew. When the owner, a lady,
arrived, the Bishop said : "I am afraid I have
taken your pew." "Yes," she replied somewhat
tartly. "Then I had better go elsewhere," he
said. "I would be very much obliged if you
would," answered madame. Accordingly he went.
But what was the lady's horror, and she was one
who worshipped Church dignitaries, to discover at
the close of the service that the stranger she had ex-
pelled was no less a personage than the Lord Bishop.