

the candid confession, to explain the sudden slackening of his headlong speed, "My driving *is* like the driving of Jehu, for I drive furiously, but there is a drag on "my chariot wheels."

"Given to hospitality," it greatly gratified the Dean to find his home looked upon as a favourite rendez-vous for the Clergy of the Diocese and the Army and Navy Chaplains, and many a guest now grown old still recalls with pleasure those "Deanery Nights" in which their host took a prominent part, either drawing from his ripe experience grave and useful counsels for his younger brethren, or taking the lead in the innocent mirth that filled the room with laughter.

In the early days of 1874 there were indications that the strong constitution of the Dean was being rapidly undermined, and there appeared that ominous "shaking of the tent" which indicates that the earthly house of this tabernacle is soon to be taken down. In the month of February his kind and godly doctor certified to him that he had but a short time to live. This message carried no dismay,—for him death had no sting or terror. Confident that the gracious promise he had whispered into the ears of hundreds of dying men and women, "when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," would stand good for him; when he knew that he was at the entrance of that narrow strait which connects the little sea of time with the great ocean of eternity, the brave old Sailor-Priest without a fear embarked on that last lone voyage in sure and certain hope to—