

usually assumed by none but clergymen of superior rank, I immediately conjectured that it must be Mr. Stewart's brother, the good Bishop of Quebec, whom I saw."

And so, indeed it was. Next day Mr. Anderson was asked to visit him. He found the bishop very weak, lying upon his bed. He requested him to read for him the Order for the Visitation of the Sick. All the responses, even to the alternate verses of the seventy-first psalm he repeated accurately from memory and at the conclusion of the service he said :—

"Do not leave me yet, my dear sir. There is a prayer for a sick child, which I have often read ; pray read it, sir, now, in my behalf ; you will, of course, make the necessary alteration in some of the words as you pass on ; but read it all ; and, weak and aged as I am, I desire to draw near with the guileless spirit of a child, unto my God and Saviour."

"I gazed upon him," says Mr. Anderson, "and listened to him, with a reverence and gratitude which I must seek in vain for language to express. And when the time for our separation came, I turned away with a heart full of thankfulness, that I had been privileged to witness such an evidence of faith having its perfect work, and the Church, of which I was an ordained minister, had been permitted, for so many years, to call such a man her missionary in the Western World."

After an ineffectual attempt to return to the home of his fathers, Galloway House, Wigtonshire, Bishop Stewart took up his lodging in the residence of his nephew, the Earl of Galloway, in Grosvenor Square, London. And there, accompanied by two faithful servants whom he had brought with him from Canada, free from intrusion and affectionately tended, the Bishop spent his last days. He passed quietly away on the 13th of July, 1837, and was buried in the family vault at Kensal Green, near London, by the side of his brother and sister.

Though not handsome in face, and somewhat ungainly in build, he was a man of noble mind and sterling worth. He laid his life and high position and ample means at the feet of his Master, and Canada has been the gainer, to an extent not generally known, by his self-denying devotion to the cause of God. He advanced no claims on the admiration of people ; and yet all honored and loved him, from natural instinct, and in his presence felt themselves to be in the presence of a true friend, and a man of God.'

A DISPATCH from London states that Pope Leo XIII is contemplating the purchase of an islet in the Mediterranean near the French coast, to which he and his household can resort when it becomes necessary for him to retire from Rome, as he feels the hostility of the Italian Government toward him. A retreat to Malta is favored by some of the prelates, but the site is not yet decided.

## THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE.



THE death of two such men as Bishop Hannington and Bishop Parker in such a brief space of time, together with the fact that numbers of noble men and women have been obliged to succumb to the cruelty of savage tribes and the still more fatal power of unhealthy climate, the Church of England herself having lost at one period three bishops in Sierra Leone in the short space of seven years, forces strongly upon us the advisability of procuring for Africa a native band of Christians for missionary work there.

The following words by Rev. J. Aspinwall Hodge, D. D., from a sermon recently preached before the American Colonization Society, are well worth considering in connection with this subject:—

"God's designs concerning Africa have long been a hidden mystery. Situated in the centre of the Eastern hemisphere, within easy reach of the highest civilizations of the world, its immense proportions have been long known, and the details of its outlines have been often explored. But it has, through all centuries, remained a dark, impenetrable continent. Its territory, resources and inhabitants were utterly unknown. To all nations and persons God has said, "Ye shall not enter here for any purpose." At its portals, disease and death have kept as strict guard, as the angel with the flaming sword at the closed gate of Eden. Science, commerce and religion have sailed round its borders, have touched here and there on its coast, but have been unable to overleap the barriers. It has remained the only inaccessible land on the face of the earth, except the probably bleak and useless North Pole. Yet like the Congo, whose waters force their way for 300 miles into the ocean, there has been a mighty and perpetual stream of Africa's enslaved children poured into the sea of nations. Whatever may have been man's guilt in this matter, it has been permitted, and therefore forms an important part of God's plan concerning Africa. God meant it for good, when Joseph's brethren sold him. The captivity in Egypt was to train a nation, and in Babylon to wean it from heathenism. And for some purpose, God has directed this stream to our coast, and has placed these negroes under our tutelage. For 225 years, with no interruption, the school term had continued. When suddenly, without any effort on the part of the pupils, and against the wishes and efforts of their masters, there was a change. To the training in the house and in the field were added new courses. They were admitted to every avocation of civilized life, to learn all mechanical, commercial and clerical labor. They were pressed into schools, primary, graded, academic, scientific, collegiate and professional. Religious teachers flocked to instruct them in Christianity. They were made citizens, and were called to take part in making and administering laws. Already twenty-five years have been allotted to this higher education.