

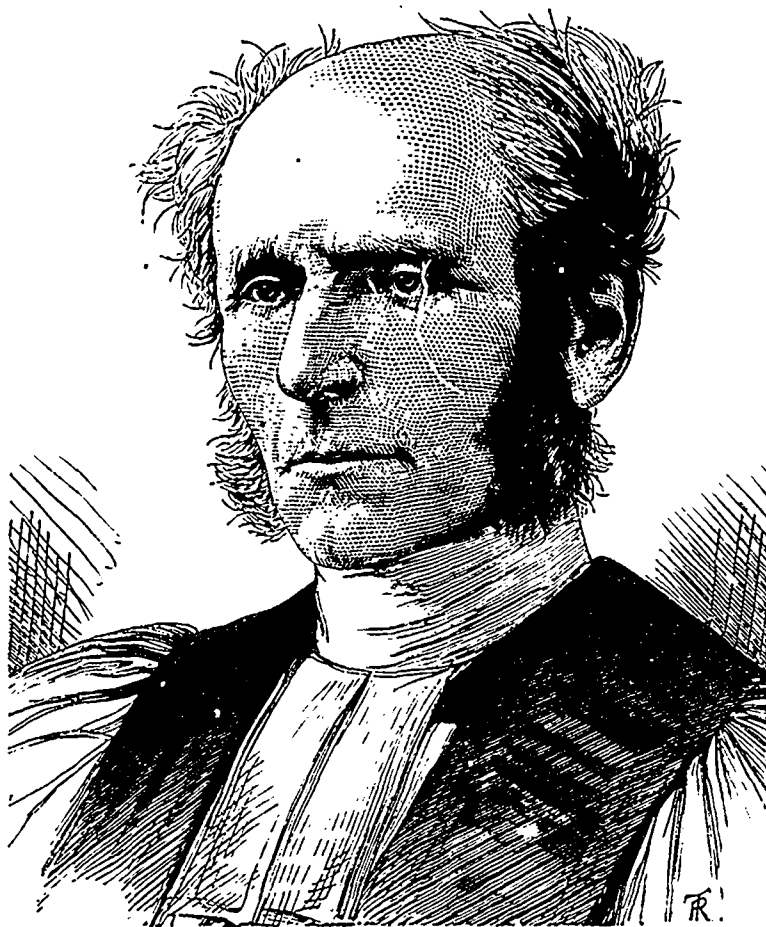
in the south of France, where, especially at Biarritz, he did occasional duty. In Biarritz he died on February 23rd, at the ripe age of eighty four.

The name of Ashton Oxenden was a household word in many Christian homes before he became more prominently known as Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada; for his books and tracts, written in the simplest English possible, reached the large class of persons whom the Church in England has been so lightly charged as having handed over to other teachers. The devout of every communion recognized and appreciated the earnest devotional tone of all his writings, and Churchmen were delighted to have a literature they could distribute in which the Lord Jesus Christ was so truly set forth and the teaching of the Church maintained.

BISHOP KEMPER was not a man who courted or cared for publicity. He lived in the eyes of all men. Possibly no face and figure were as widely known in the great North-West as his. But he was a *bishop*. That title summed and rounded his ideas of his business in this world. For reputation, for honour, for influence, for wealth, for anything this earth contained, except as it helped to fulfil that office, he cared absolutely nothing. He swerved neither to the right hand nor to the left. He was utterly single-minded and single-purposed. Everywhere and always he was the same—the bishop. He cared to be nothing else. He cared to be known for nothing else. He walked under the awful burden of that high office humbly and prayerfully, kindly and lovingly, and cared not whether he was known or unknown beyond it.

Two years ago we were in a railroad carriage, when the bishop came in. A number of gentlemen were conversing, and the conversation turned on success in life. One of them (not a Churchman), known all over the West as one of its largest capitalists and most successful business men remarked: "Gentlemen, there is a man (pointing to Bishop Kemper) who is the most successful man I know, as well as the most devoted to his business. When I look at him I consider my self an entire failure. He is the richest man in the North-West."

A rather obtuse personage in the company said: "Why, I did not know the bishop was rich." "Rich," was the answer, "why, he is so rich that he doesn't think as much of a million dollars as you or I would of a hundred, and we are not paupers. Why, he'd give away a million on sight, and never miss it. What grubbing fellows he must consider such as we! Yes, the bishop is rich. He is the only man I could envy. The look on half the faces in this car, when he came in, is something all the money in the country couldn't buy."—*Christian Year.*



THE LATE MOST REV. ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D.

(Sometime Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada).

THE final figures of the Indian Census of last year show that the whole population of our great dependency is more than 288,000,000. The great majority of this vast number of folk are, alas! still heathen. Nearly 208,000,000 of them are Hindoos, over 57,000,000 are Mahomedans, over 7,000,000 Buddhists, and of the remaining 16,000,000 only 2,284,191 are Christians. These are figures which may well make the stoutest heart faint; but, overwhelming as they are, they need cause no despair. In good time, if we do our part, the door will be opened unto these people.