

CHAPTER XX

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

IN a famous picture an old warrior, scarred in many a fierce battle, is seen hanging up his sword; his work ended, he could afford to rest. But not so with Bishop Bompas, the faithful soldier of the Cross. No thought of ease entered his mind, but only more work for the Master. As St. Paul of old handed on his commission to his son Timothy, so did this veteran apostle of a later day pass on the torch to a younger son in the faith, that he might be free for other work. Then came the end, the last scene in the life of this noble man, for "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

Far away in dear old England, 7,000 miles from a quiet grave in the great Canadian northland, the following account of those last days has been beautifully written as a loving tribute by her, the faithful wife, who for long years bore with the devoted Bishop the burden and heat of the day:

"The storms on Lake Bennett, on the shores of which Carcross is situated, are at times pretty severe. The winds blow in gusts down the steep mountain gullies, and toss into fury the waters of the lake. The depth of that lake between Carcross and Bennett is very great. It has often been sounded, and no bottom reached. Many a hastily run-up scow, full of brave, enterprising miners, has been wrecked on these waters, and many a nameless grave in the white man's territory marks the resting-place of some poor fellow who was strong