

mind. Tied to no manuscript, there was an aptness in the words uttered, and a flow in the utterance, which told of the spirit keenly alive to the requirements of the position. And I noticed, what I shall call, this *brilliance*, wherever the Bishop went. My Christian Brethren, this is my explanation and conviction: the light of eternity, a more direct ray from the eternal world, was dawning on the Bishop's soul, *long* before he died. It fell on the spirit as he spake, and flashed from those last words which we heard. He was then, so far as earthly things were concerned, *a dying man*. The earthly was being eliminated, the heavenly was being more manifestly revealed.

These last words in public passed, and we returned to the city. The sequel we know. The Bishop's earthly career was closed. Exactly one week from the hour of his reaching the city, his spirit passed to "the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." Let me tell you that eighteen years ago, on *that very day*, the Bishop set foot on the wharf of Montreal. And, as all remarked, on the day of the meeting of the Provincial Synod, he was called away to a blessed place, where no sound of controversy or wave of trouble could reach him.

During those last hours on earth there was a quiet, peaceful, happy demeanour over the well-known form. All that was of earth had faded away from the mind. And if any one speak of the mind being unconscious, let it be understood