

draw onwards to the end, and the shadows lengthen, who can guess the thoughts of such a man as this? What depths of hope, of holy fear, and joy, and chastened sorrow are in that past! What a life story is here, if it could ever be really told; if it could ever be really known! God grant to our bishop, in his declining years, the peace that passeth understanding, and the happiness that grows more real, more radiant, as the traveller hastens to the brightness of the other shore, and when, at last, that shore is won, O just and faithful knight of God,—the beatific vision."

THE ROYAL ROBE.

VERY often people are deterred from giving by the feeling that all they can offer is of so little apparent value; but the following incident shews that the chief thing is to give what we can in the right spirit with prayer and love, and leave the results with God. Some English people in Africa wanted to build a church where God might be worshipped, and His work furthered. But they had no land and no money to buy it with. They asked the native chief to give them some land, but he made conditions they could not accept.

"You shall have the land," he said, "if you give me firearms in exchange. I want them to fight my enemies."

They could not do that. It was an impossibility, in every way out of the question. They must wait, and do without their church. So they did wait, but they worked too, and friends in England helped them.

There was an old woman in England who longed to help—would have given anything to help substantially. But she couldn't do that, she was too poor. She had not even money to buy material, or skill to work much. She thought she would make a patchwork quilt, however; it would be better than nothing. So she got any bits of rag she could collect, the oddest collection! And as she sewed she prayed—prayed earnestly for God's blessing on the work.

When it was done it was a frightful thing, all the colours of the rainbow. The other workers couldn't help laughing. "You can't send that," they said to the clergyman who was packing up all that he wished to send to Africa—all they had made for the mission. Yes, everyone agreed it would be absurd—downright ridiculous to send the quilt.

But the clergyman couldn't bear to think of the old woman's earnest work being wasted, so he packed it up with the rest, big and ugly as it was.

I believe it was the custom for the chief to come when a parcel from England was unpacked. Anyhow he came this time. He

didn't show much interest until the quilt was taken out. Then he sprang forward, took it, hung it round his shoulders. "This is a royal robe for me," he said; "give it me, and you shall have the land you want."

So they got the land and built their church, and the old woman's gift was the best after all—the absurd quilt that everyone had laughed at, and she had prayed over. If you can't do much, you can all do your best.

THE LATE BISHOP OXENDEN.

THE recent death in England of the Rt. Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., at one time Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, is deserving of some special notice. It recalls an important episode in the history of the Church in Canada. The first Bishop of Montreal, Dr. Fulford, was appointed by the Crown, and, by virtue of his office, as the bishop of the most important city of Canada, was also made Metropolitan; but on his death a difficulty arose owing to the fact that the Diocese of Montreal was to have the right of electing its own bishop, because the House of Bishops (as the new bishop was to be metropolitan) had the right of nominating those who were to receive the votes for the position.

This, as might be expected, produced a deadlock, the Synod of Montreal refusing to elect any of the persons nominated by the bishops. After much wearisome balloting, the Synod adjourned in November, 1868, without having secured an election. It met again in May, 1869, when the same result threatened, but after many fruitless ballots the name of the Rev. Ashton Oxenden, then Rector of Pluckley, Kent, England, was accepted by both parties and he was duly elected.

Bishop Oxenden's episcopate was of a missionary character. He laboured to extend the ministrations of the Church to every settlement in the diocese. One mission, Glen Sutton, was supported by him from private means for three years. For the purpose of assisting the Mission Fund of the diocese, he started a Sustentation Fund which soon amounted to \$68,000, and is now productive of an important revenue for carrying on diocesan work. To him, also, is due the foundation of the Montreal Diocesan College, which is now the institution to which the diocese looks mainly for its clergy.

After nearly ten years of hard and self-denying work, which severely taxed his strength, Bishop Oxenden, to the surprise and grief of the diocese, suddenly and unexpectedly resigned, his formal resignation bearing the date of September 2nd, 1878. He then returned to his native land and was appointed Vicar of St. Stephen's, Canterbury; but for several years past he had retired from active work and lived