

Diocese particularly," writes another, "who from childhood knew dear Mrs. Williams and received from her, as I ever did, such unbroken kindness and sympathy, will share your sorrow." "I cannot tell you," writes a third, "how my Labrador days were cheered by her kind and regular letters and unfailing interest besides substantial help." The clergy all knew that on their visits to Quebec to solicit help in carrying out their various projects for the advancement of the Church, they were sure to receive a cordial welcome from the Bishop and Mrs. Williams, who took it as a matter of course that the Clergy should stay with them.

And not the clergy only; never was there a Bishop's wife more 'given to hospitality.' Whoever came with an introduction was made to stay, and carried away from that home impressions for good, in many cases doubtless lasting. "How vividly the picture of your old home comes before me," writes one. "I can see your father and hear his flow of quiet humour and watch the quiet smile on your mother's delicately refined face. Surely it was a home fit to be the central one of the Diocese! And its memory will be cherished with its tone of quiet, pure, reverent simplicity and sincerity." "The remembrance of the delightful days," writes another eminently competent to judge, "which I spent in days gone by in her refined and cultivated society can never pass from my mind."

Mrs. Williams was several years older than her husband, and during the later years of the Bishop's life her health became very frail. For one winter she was ordered away to the South of France, and no one thought it possible for her to outlive the Bishop. In one of his last letters to the writer, received only a few days before his death, the Bishop wrote very despondently about her health. Under these circumstances those around her thought that the shock of his unlooked for decease must cause her own immediately to follow. But her joy in the triumph of his beautiful and Christian death filled her with a religious fervour, calm but intense, under the power of which she regained in a wonderful way her bodily strength.

But her work in Canada was done. What remains to tell is chiefly copied from the

account given, doubtless by her brother-in-law, the Rev. J. H. Thompson, in the *Guardian*. "Shortly after the Bishop's death, Mrs. Williams returned home to England, and resided for the last eighteen months in St. Leonards-on-Sea. Here she found a circle of old and attached Canadian friends who were most kind and attentive during her long and trying illness. Of late she had been a great sufferer; but her sufferings were patiently borne in calmness and trust in the goodness and love of her Heavenly Father. The end came sooner than anticipated. In the afternoon of the 18th December she was able to hold a long conversation with her sister, and gave some last messages for her son and grand children, and spoke of her feelings of perfect rest and peace. An old Canadian friend, the Rev. R. H. Walker, formerly of Lennoxville, came in to see her, and his visit reminded her that she had not paid her subscription to the S. P. G., of which he is the Local Secretary. She insisted upon handing it to him herself; and this was almost her last act, as she soon afterwards sank into a quiet sleep, during which—the moment was hardly known—she drew her last breath. No other change was visible: she seemed to be lying in a calm and restful slumber."

Her remains were interred on Saturday last, in the quiet churchyard of Datchet, near those of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Thompson. The hymns sung were those she had herself chosen, "Peace, perfect peace," and "For ever with the Lord." She has left behind her an example of an earnest, self-denying Christian life, and her end was one from which the very idea of death seems absent—only, as it were, a quiet taking of rest in sleep."

The writer feels how imperfectly he has here portrayed the faith and devotion and fervour and persistent perseverance in all good works of this religious and devout churchwoman. Her life, for thirty-five years in Canada, for twenty-nine as the Bishop's helpmeet in Quebec, a life so sweet and gentle and good is one of the best of the many treasures of our Diocese of Quebec. In an age of hurry and feverish love of excitement, her religion was calm and her mind always collected. "Ever since I can remember," writes one who knows, "she always read Mattins before coming down in the