

to be held at a certain day. The confirmation tour made, the visit paid, and the visitation—which afforded to us the highest gratification, over—the vessel at his lordship's disposal was despatched to Pictou, there to await our arrival, whilst we proceeded by land in one of the best conveyances which could be procured at that time in Halifax, to join Sarah and Sir Peregrine Maitland at the former place, they having left it the day previous to their own carriage. There were five of us in the hired vehicle—the Bishop, myself, the Bishop's man, a servant of Sir Peregrine Maitland's, and the driver. We had not proceeded more than about fifteen miles from Halifax, on the way to Truro, when our carriage broke down—in the midst of the forest, and some two or three miles distant from any known habitation. His Lordship's man and the driver were despatched in quest of another conveyance; and, whilst waiting their return, the Bishop sat down on a pine-log, under the shade of some spreading branches, to shelter himself from the rays of the sun. I followed his example, and in doing so, expressed a wish that we were safely out of this solitary place, and at Quebec—being weary and weak from illness. His lordship mildly replied—'Why, we may be as much in the way of our duty here, under the direction of God's providence, as if at Quebec; and our Divine Master may find some work for us to do before we reach it. But men with families, like you, are generally anxious to return to the domestic circle; I have no such ties, and am therefore free from such anxieties.'

"But shortly after uttering these words, the Bishop exclaimed—'Why, I perceive a smoke yonder! Come, let us see from whence it issues.' Accompanying his lordship, we in a short time arrived at a miserable-looking shanty—a sort of hut, formed of unhewn logs.

"At the door of this wretched-looking hovel, the Bishop asked—'Are there any inmates here?' on which a female presented herself; and the squalid misery, the forlorn wretchedness, depicted in her person and countenance, I never saw surpassed—perhaps never equalled. Nevertheless, the Bishop did not hesitate to enter, and I of course followed. Here were also two young girls, of a like squalid appearance with that of the woman. His lordship inquired if these two girls were her daughters, and what their respective ages were. 'They are, sir, mine,' she replied, 'and the one is about fifteen, the other twelve years of age.' 'Have you,' his lordship asked, 'a husband? and if so, where is he?' 'I have, sir,' was her reply, 'and he is in Halifax.' He next asked 'Of what country are you, and how long have you been here?' 'I am a native of Ireland, sir, and have been here these three years.' 'Of what religion are you?' again asked the Bishop. 'I am a member of the Church of England, sir,' she replied. 'Can your daughters read?' was the next question. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'Have you any books?' 'Yes, sir; we have our Bible,

Prayer-book, and some tracts, brought with us from Ireland.' His lordship then heard both daughters read in the New Testament, who acquitted themselves creditably, especially the elder. After this, the Bishop asked "if they could repeat the Catechism?" They replied 'Yes;' and they did repeat it, and answered some questions other than those contained in the Catechism, which the Bishop put to them to ascertain how far they understood what they repeated, much to his satisfaction. Then, after a pause, the Bishop observed, 'I am rejoiced to find your daughters so well instructed in the principles of the Church, and that they continue to read their Bible, and to retain the Catechism in their memories—understanding it as they appear to do—here, in this lonely wilderness. Why, one must have been but nine, the other twelve years of age, when they left Ireland! How, then, and by whom, were they thus instructed?' 'They learned, sir,' said she, 'to read at the parish school; were instructed in the Catechism, and in the Scriptures, by our clergyman—the blessing of God rest upon him day and night! They received from him those books and tracts which you see here (pointing to those which had been just used), and which were, I believe, supplied to him by a Society in England; and they have thus far been preserved from evil in the Church of their forefathers, and will, I trust and pray, continue to be "Christ's faithful soldiers and servants," in His Church, unto their lives' end. And oh! blessings, blessings temporal and eternal, descend on those who have supplied those books! They have, indeed, been our comfort and solace here, in this dreary wilderness, under many severe trials; and the absence of our beloved Church, if we had but decent clothing to appear in it, is not one of the least!'

"'But,' said the Bishop, 'these young persons must not be permitted to remain here in this wild solitude; you must send them to Halifax.' 'Ah! sir,' the poor woman said, as she took a hasty and painful glance at them, 'they are not, as they once were, in a fit state to be sent there. Besides, even if they were, their father could not, I fear, do anything for them; and, without any other acquaintance or friends there, how could they obtain situations?' 'Leave that to me, my good woman,' said the ever kind-hearted and charitable bishop; 'I will see to it. I am the Bishop of Québec, and am now on my way to Pictou, to join Lady Sarah and Sir Peregrine Maitland; I may perhaps overtake them at Truro. Here, take this,' presenting the woman with, I think, five pounds! 'and, as soon as you can prepare your daughters, send them to Government House at Halifax, with the compliments of the Bishop of Québec. I will speak to Lady Sarah Maitland to take one of them, and to send the other to my niece at Québec, who will take charge of her.' The poor creature threw herself on her knees to thank his lordship, but her heart was too full, she could not utter a syllable. Her eyes, however, and her manner spoke more