

a fairish audience considering the place and the character of the subject to be discussed. Unfortunately, but innocently because of ignorance, I had taken my seat on what I discovered to be the *female side* of the chapel. For a time I was at a loss to account for the annoying fact that almost all eyes were turned on me, staring astonishment, being pretty confident that there was nothing in my common-place mien and modest apparel to demand or warrant such special and obtrusive notice. Now, although protracted jostling with, and rubbing against, this rough world have well nigh blanched all my blushes, I frankly confess I by no means liked to be "the observed of all observers." On discovering my mistake and my awkward position, it was a question for a moment or so whether I should bolt and seek obscurity among the males on the other side of the house. But pride and principle instantly came to my aid, "should such a man as I flee?" and by so doing give my sanction to a conventional silliness and a social absurdity. Never! was the mental reply and resolve. There I sat, silently rebuking the severance in the sanctuary of husband and wife, of brother and sister, of mother and son,—in short, of christian friends who are one in heart and hope. Such division in the church is extremely foolish to say the least of it. It is not Christian, but terribly Turkish. Shall we have the eastern veil next imposed on christian females in public assemblies?

But enough of this. Next day, Saturday, brought a letter and also my esteemed friend and brother Mr. Scott of Bath, who was to be my diocesan for a time; and a more exemplary, or kindlier, bishop I could not desire. Through him I was introduced to the acquaintance and kind hospitalities of christian friends. I lodged with Mr. Templeton, tanner, and his widowed sister-in-law. I found their habitation to be the home of intelligence, comfort, peace and piety. Mr. and Mrs. Easton also showed me very much kindness for my work's sake. Whatever be the character of Napanee society generally, I can and do, gratefully testify to the fact, that there are some of the amiable and excellent of the earth there.

It had been arranged and advertised that I should preach next day, Sabbath, in the Episcopal and Wesleyan chapels, which had been generously granted to the Presbyterians for that day. There are a number of professed Presbyterians in and around the town, some cleaving by partiality to that ecclesiastical fossil the Old Kirk; some to that modern *fungus* absurdly ycleped the Free, and some to the United Presbyterian. But neither, has any church or church-organization. The Free Church attempted an establishment there, but it broke down, and the Presbyterians have since been left to wander as sheep without a shepherd. The old Kirk I think once took some steps toward erecting a church, but coldness or carelessness or something else arrested the work, and the site lies, if I mistake not, a desolation, a fair type, I hope, of the coming fate of all State-supported churches. I am much mistaken if the people of Napanee will now, or at any future time, give much countenance to any compulsory or dominant church, such as the Kirk or the Free; no matter whether the chain of spiritual bondage be openly exhibited, or dragged stealthily under the flowing cloak of a necessary voluntarism. There can be no doubt that the liberal principles of the United Presbyterian Church are more in unison with the enlightened liberalism of the age than the principles of any Presbyterian church in the Province. But whether there be principle and numerical power in and around Napanee, sufficient to organize such a church, remains to be seen.

On Sabbath there was a large audience to each sermon. It was arranged, by Mr. Scott, that on next two Sabbaths I should preach on the forenoon in the Grammar School at Napanee, and on the afternoon at Clarke's Mills, a small village on the Napanee river, two or three miles above Newburgh. These appointments I fulfilled with very much comfort, the audiences being large and attentive. But whether my exhibition of the Lord's Word was in any measure blessed, I know not. It was bread cast upon the waters. The Chris-