

with an unmistakable odor of John Barley-corn. As you leave Lancaster a way-side workshop strikes your eye, neat, white, and dapper. From its eave depends a sign; you expect at the most an intimation that festive baggies and neat jaunting sleighs are made within; but no: "*A large supply of elegant coffins always on hand!*" This singular *memento mori* sets you thinking until you come to the end of your seven-mile drive and dismount at "Sandfield's Corner," your oscillating conveyance going jolting on to Alexandria. You follow in the wake of a barefooted small boy whose merry black eyes proclaim him an interloper and a Frenchman. Along the side of the old "military road" you go under elm trees of giant height until you reach the quaint old hamlet dedicated to "Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide." Village there is none; only a post-office and store, an inn, a school-house, two cottages, with the church, presbytery, and college. The former stands on the brow of a hill and is remarkably large and lofty for a country church. On a chiselled slab over the door you read:

TEAG DE.†
IIIDCCXXI.

Entering you are struck by the bareness of the vast roof, unsupported by pillars or galleries. The sanctuary is formed by a screen dividing it from the passage that connects the sanctuaries. Behind this screen is a white marble slab bearing the inscription:

On the 18th of June, 1843,
the Highland Society of Canada
erected this tablet to the memory of
the Honorable and Right Reverend

ALEXANDER MACDONELL,
Bishop of Kingston,
Born 1760—Died 1840.

Though dead he still lives
in the hearts of his countrymen.

Under the floor at the go-spel side of the sanctuary lie the mortal remains of the good and Rev. Father John. Upon the main altar a statue of the patron of the church, St. Raphael, the "human-hearted seraph"—imported from Munich by the present parish priest, Father Masterson,—looks as full of beauty and compassion as even Faber has portrayed him.