

lid and increasing success. Already have I ordained several admirably holy, pious, well-prepared students—and others are coming on. Let us have the benefit of your prayers, and those of all the members of the Society. The Church of England is rising in India; but we well know that none can give grace but God alone. May his great name, through Jesus Christ, be ever glorified! I go forth on my visitation with fear and trembling, as I ought, after the death of four Bishops in nine years, (1822—1831,) but with a cheerful confidence in the blessed providence and will of God, that can out of weakness ordain strength, and magnify the excellency of his power, when the earthen, fictile vessel is most apparently unequal to the entrusted treasure.

The Missions more immediately connected with Bishop's College are spoken of both by the Bishop of Calcutta, and in the Report of the Calcutta Committee, in very satisfactory terms. The account furnished by the latter respecting Tallygunge, Cossipore and Cawnpore, and the Schools in connexion with them, is as follows:—

"In the Tallygunge Mission, now under the direction of the Rev. Daniel Jones, who after leaving Bishop's College was engaged as a Catechist in that circle upwards of four years before his ordination and appointment as Missionary, the advancement has been steady, and the prospects are still favourable. It was this station that the Bishop of Calcutta visited soon after his arrival in 1832, as recorded in the last Report; when he beheld, with no ordinary interest, a little flock in an obscure village gathered into the fold of Christ from the very centre of heathenism. He paid them a second visit at the early part of the present year, and had the satisfaction of admitting to baptism with his own hands two children and five adults, who had been for some time under instruction as catechumens, and approved themselves to the Bishop who examined them through the Missionary, to be adequately acquainted with the great principles of the Gospel. Previous to this, on Michaelmas-day of the last year, eight children and fifteen adults had been baptized by Mr. Jones, after they had undergone a like examination by the Bishop at the Tallygunge Mission-house, and his sanction as to their competent knowledge had been received. Their conduct had been for some time subject to the Missionary's scrutiny, and had afforded him reasonable proof of their sincerity. Thus, since the last Report, twenty adults and ten children have been added to the little church at Janjara and its neighbourhood, and forty more who have declared themselves desirous of baptism are now under probational instruction. The total number that have been admitted to baptism, and are now under the care of Mr. Jones, assisted by his former fellow-student, and now active and useful Catechist, Mr. Driberg, amount to ninety-six, exclusive of eleven at Sulkea, who were transferred, on account of distance, to the care of Mr. Bowyer, when he was stationed as Missionary at Barripore in July last.

"The general conduct of the Christians is such as to show the soundness of their faith and a pleasing proof of their brotherly affection has been given this year, in the store which the richer have laid up, in a granary built for the purpose near the newly-erected little church, from the first-fruits of their harvest, to supply, in case of distress, the wants of their more needy fellow-Christians. In the last Report, it was mentioned that two had been excluded from christian communion for serious misconduct; they have not yet been re-admitted, but have lately exhibited strong marks of contrition, resumed their attendance at the church which they had deserted, where they now occupy a separate seat as penitents, and personally expressed an earnest desire to be united again with their brethren

BISHOP OF N. S.'s VISIT TO CLEMENTS, &c. — 1834.

This place was chiefly settled in 1783, by loyalists from New Jersey and New York. They were farmers, of plain and frugal habits, and particularly neat in every thing about them. Very soon after my ordination (more than thirty years ago), I was requested by this plain and affectionate people to make them a pastoral visit. It was necessary for me to be at Digby on a particular day, to join my father, when going to New Brunswick. Not knowing how this was to be accomplished, I hesitated in accepting the invitation, when a gentleman who knew the people better than I knew them at that time, begged me to go, and assured me, after I had ministered among them, they

would take me whithersoever I might wish, and, if necessary, carry me on their shoulders. I accordingly went to them; preached in their church, and visited in their families. When the time for leaving them arrived, I found they had provided a little vessel for my conveyance, and sixty of the congregation, men and women, young and old, accompanied me to Digby, although by this act of kindness they were obliged to spend the night on board the vessel. An acquaintance thus commenced could not fail to produce much regard, which was cherished and increased by every renewal of our intercourse. Many of those, indeed, whom I first met in this place, have gone to their rest, but, happily, in full faith and hope; and in their children they have left fit successors to themselves. I need not say that the visits of this day were full of satisfaction. After crossing a ferry at Bear River, and a drive through beautiful scenery on its banks, we reached Digby at night. Mr. Gilpin's third church is on the bank of Bear River, four miles above the ferry, and eighteen from Annapolis. His fourth is building at Dalhousie, twelve miles from Annapolis, in another direction; and he attends two other congregations, who assemble in school-houses, or private dwellings.

Abbe Sigogne.—The road, for the greater part of the way, runs along the shore of St. Mary's Bay, and for many miles the population, which is dense, consists entirely of Acadian French, whose number amounts to five thousand, all of whom are Roman Catholics. We made a visit to their venerable pastor, the Abbe Sigogne, a French emigrant, who was driven from France in the revolution of 1793, and is contented to serve this plain but numerous flock, with great labour. He is well informed, has mastered the language of our Indians, who are very much attached to him, and is very gentlemanly, amiable, and hospitable, and universally respected. At present he has some difficulty with his Indian flock. The nearest heir to the chief, who received a formal commission from Louis the Fourteenth being an idiot, the office devolved on the next of kin; but he has of late become so intemperate, and otherwise immoral, that the tribe have unlawfully set him aside, and appointed another chief, by an election, which the Abbe cannot sanction. He hopes to set the matter right by reclaiming the lawful chief from his irregularities.

Journey from Clements to Liverpool.—After a drive of eight miles on the Annapolis road, we turned suddenly to the left, and, on a course nearly south, we crossed the Annapolis river and the Nictaux mountains. We were accommodated for the night at a respectable house, about twenty-five miles from Clermont; but as we were not expected, the rooms were cold; and not being well when I left home, I felt this inconvenience very sensibly.

Thursday, Nov. 13.—A fine day after a night of severe frost and snow showers; I was so hoarse as scarcely to be able to speak, and very unfit for the journey before me; but my appointments were made, and I determined upon making the effort. We had now to travel twenty-five miles through a deep wilderness, whose solitude is unbroken by any human inhabitant. The road is so rocky that no carriage can be taken over three miles of it in an hour. I was, therefore, glad to quit the waggon, and proceed on horseback. A little hut has been erected in the centre of this forest as a resting-place for travellers. Here we kindled a fire, and having provender in our waggon for our horses, we allowed them time for rest; and refreshed ourselves, enjoying the beauties of the wild scenery, and the stillness that surrounded us, and thankful for that care and comfort which can be extended even in the depths of the forest. At sunset we arrived at an humble, but very comfortable dwelling, at Brookfield, about thirty miles from Liverpool; but our waggon did not appear for several hours, when we were beginning to be anxious for its safety. Brookfield is a flourishing settlement, being peopled by a little colony from Liverpool, and is rapidly extending, east and west, on a strip of almost the only land fit for cultivation in a space of nearly fifty miles, and this strip is not many miles in breadth. This settlement is occupied chiefly by Dissenters.

Friday, Nov. 14.—We were still favoured by the weather; but, although the road from Brookfield to Liverpool is much better than we had passed on our journey from the Nictaux mountain, these thirty miles fully occupied us for the day, and it was dark when we arrived at Liverpool. I was too unwell to join a few friends who were kindly waiting for me; and knowing how much was before me, I was compelled to nurse a severe cold and sore throat. The houses at which we had slept, on this journey, are occupied by Dissenters, who seemed happy, however, to join in our morning and evening devotions, and gladly listened to such suggestions as I offered for their spiritual comfort and improvement. One of them indeed was evidently declining to his end, and seemed rejoiced in turning his thoughts and his affections to things of eternity.

Interesting incident at Liverpool.—Among those whom I visited, was the venerable communicant, who has been already mentioned. He now informed me, that having been one of my father's congregation at New York, he first received from his hands the memorials of a dying Saviour's love. The reflections which crowded upon his mind, upon receiving those memorials (now perhaps for the last time) from the son of the person who first administered them, more than half a century ago, completely

overpowered him. He showed me an affectionate and affecting letter, which he received in 1783, from my father, whose flock was then dispersed. Both were loyalists; and both, for their loyalty, were then stripped of their property, and torn from those who were dear to them, without the means of support and without a home. The object of the letter was to impart christian consolation, and point to that source of comfort which never has failed, and never can fail. It also expressed anxious solicitude for myself, then only five years old. The sentiments and the counsel contained in this letter have been fondly cherished by this good man throughout his pilgrimage, whose close cannot be far distant. And when I asked him for a copy of the letter, he was delighted that I did not ask for the original. You will forgive this notice of an incident which was very interesting to me, and may have given a colour to the employment of the day. Indeed, such incidents are as flowers in our path, whose beauty and whose fragrance delight and refresh us on our way.

To the Editors of the Colonial Churchman.

Gentlemen,

In sending you the following lines, containing a pleasing poetical summary of the duties and ministrations of an excellent divine, in the simple and forcible, though somewhat quaint old English style of poetry about the middle, I think, of the 17th century, I cannot say, with the friend who sent you the vigorous and poetical lines inserted in your 12th number, that I have written them down from memory, though I must say they are altogether "*incerti auctoris*." But at any rate they are none of mine. "Let my candle go out in a ——— (if I may be permitted to quote the homely words of good old Fuller) when I refuse to confess from whom I have lighted it." I have lately found these lines in a recent English publication under the title of "The Doctor;" and they are said by the author or authors of that most eccentric and amusing and instructive work, to be by "N. B. supposed to be Nicholas Breton." But who he may have been, I know not, though I have a pretty extensive acquaintance with the worthies of those days. Of the extraordinary publication from which I have copied this poem, I may send you some further extracts on a future opportunity; but to any of your readers who may have a curiosity to see the work, I can promise on the faith of "an anonymous," that they will find in it not only the whimsical humour and oddity (without the mannerism and plagiarism) of Sterne; and an abundance of "all such reading as was never read," but things far better, a deep strain of religious and moral feeling, excellent observations on life, morals, and manners, a devoted attachment to the church of England, and the constitution of England (before its change in *pejus*) an extraordinary range of reading, and literature, and all clothed in a style of purest "*English undefiled*."

VINDSORIENSIS.

I would I were an excellent divine
That had the Bible at their finger's ends,
That men might hear, out of this mouth of mine,
How God doth make his enemies his friends;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer,
Be led into presumption and despair.

This would I be, and would none other be,
But a religious servant of my God.
And know there is none other God but he,
And willingly to suffer Mercy's rod,—
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a faithful kind of prayer,
For all estates within the state of grace;
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;
And this would I both day and night devise,
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life,
Persuade the troubled soul to patience;
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,—
To child and servant due obedience;
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbour peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted;
And patience unto all that are displeased;
And comfort unto all that are afflicted;
And mercy unto all that have offended;
And grace to all, that all may be amended.