

Church. The proceedings of the day were closed by the distribution of confirmation medals, books and religious pamphlets, little pictures, beads, crosses, miraculous, and other medals and some copies of the Annals of your society, given to the Bishop to the confirmed, as well as to many members of the congregation. But it was not a little singular, that in every such distribution the anxiety of the Protestants present to procure some memorial was just as ardent as that of the Catholics themselves. The children especially were so zealous in that way, that one would fancy they had been brought up in the Faith of the Church, and that they knew not, nor cared for, any other.

Having a long journey before us, we left Windsor on Friday 10th, for Horton, where his Lordship intended to confirm on the following day. A bridge on the road having been by some accident broken down, we were compelled take a circuitous direction, and travel over what is termed the mountain road, being the old line of communication between Windsor and Horton. Truly the joy experienced in this world is ever mingled with sorrow. We had left a happy and a delighted congregation behind us at Windsor, and we had largely partaken of the happiness which we were instrumental in bestowing, but that happiness was not to be unalloyed.

As we drove along we saw three men engaged in earnest conversation at some distance on the road before us. The person who seemed to take the lead in the conversation pointed several times with an earnest gesture to the direction in which we were coming. The other two seemed restless and uneasy, and looking as we thought, for some gap in the fence by which they might escape from the road. We drove up in the meantime, checking the pace of our horses as we approached them. They turned in from the road, the leader looking us full in the face, with a mingled gaze of wonder and curiosity, whilst the two other persons with their hats over their eyes turned towards the fence. We were surprised that strangers as we were in that part of the country, our presence should have excited such contrary impressions upon the minds of persons we had never seen before. Upon enquiry farther on, having described the dress and appearance of the parties as well as we could, we learned that the two persons spoken of, were Apostates, that each had acquired a property by the renunciation of his creed, and that although despised in the neighborhood in which they lived, they were among the most bitter revilers of that ancient Faith whose Bishop they were afraid or ashamed to look in the face. Perhaps we should not altogether despair of their conversion. As long as the conscience is susceptible of the salutary impression of shame, some hope may be entertained. Their more honest companion has, we trust, received a useful lesson as to the extent of the sincerity with which they profess the new doctrine which they have embraced. What a contrast those poor wretches presented with the noble and satisfied demeanor of the Converts whom we received into the bosom of the true Church on our journey through the country, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak farther on. Journeying on, however, over the deserted and mountainous track that we were compelled to take, and which is seldom passed over by travellers, when nearly arrived at the summit of the hill which commands an extensive view of Horton, and the surrounding country, we were struck by a sight at once novel, interesting and deeply affecting. Kneeling on a grass plot, opposite a half-ruined cottage, surrounded by a thick, and nearly impen-

trable forest, was a man of about fifty years of age, with his wife and four or five children, in the same attitude. Some one had told him that the Bishop was at Windsor, and knowing that the communication by the usual route had been interrupted, he thought it probable that his Lordship would take the road over the mountains. Hearing the rattling of the waggon as we ascended, and soon recognising the Bishop by his pectoral cross, he threw himself on his knees awaiting the Episcopal blessing. He had been living on that lonely spot for twenty years. During all that time he had never seen a bishop of his Church, and seldom indeed was he gladdened by the sight of a priest. The Bishop having descended to pronounce his blessing over this poor man; we saw tears of joy streaming down his browned, and weather-beaten face. His wife too, poor woman! wept with the like joy to behold a Bishop once more, and the children in sympathy wept with the parents, although they knew but little of the Episcopal office or dignity. Our hearts were deeply moved at this touching sight, and we thought to ourselves that while Catholicity planted such faithful sentinels upon the mountain tops even in the wilderness, whose simple hearts, and faith stronger than adamant, were a proof against every assault, in vain would the little scholists of the day, the guilty denizens of cities level their attacks against her impregnable ramparts.— We went into the cottage or cabin, and having delayed there for a short time, we bid adieu to this worthy family, leaving behind us some tokens of our visit and of our warm admiration of their conduct. With great difficulty we gained the summit of the hill, but the descent, in many places, we found more dangerous than even we did the upward road. Horton is one of the prettiest places in Nova Scotia. The soil is fertile and kept in tolerably good cultivation. It may be interesting to you to know that this beautiful country was first reclaimed from the forest by the Acadians when Nova Scotia was a province of France.— Wherever you look you behold evidences of their industry and activity. They successfully resisted the encroachments of the sea; here, at Kentville, and at Cornwallis, styled the garden of Nova Scotia. They left works behind them which they fondly fancied might be of use to their far distant posterity. Their lives were lives of innocence and happiness. For purity of morals, and rectitude of conduct, according to the testimony of Protestant writers, they stood unequalled. As far as happiness can be attained here below, the gentle Acadians seemed to possess it. The Church raised its spire in the midst of every village in which they dwelt. The sound of the bell summoned them betimes in the morning to adore that God to whom they were indebted for so many blessings. They listened with reverence to the voice of that dear Pastor who was even more ready to partake of their sufferings than he had been to share their joys. He was their father, and they were his children. No magistrate nor constable ever set an intruding foot into their peaceful homes. They knew not what litigation was. Poverty was unknown, for no one ever experienced poverty while his neighbor possessed riches. But alas! the Devil gazed with an envious eye upon this beautiful picture of happiness. Soon would the burning brand of the heartless Puritan reduce the beloved homestead to ashes. His inveterate hatred of that Faith which two centuries before was cherished by his English forefathers, that cant and hypocrisy inherited so largely from those who had brought Charles the First to the block, made the plunder and devastation of the Acadian villages by those ruthless Puritans a scene of unmingled delight. With what barbarous exultation did they behold the emblem of our Faith, crackling in the flames and about falling to the ground!! At the sight of their churches on fire, the Acadians, no longer able to restrain their feelings, rushed from the woods, where they had retired from their pursuers, but overpowered by numbers