

their office sake—than is paid now, that cheered their toils and animated them in the discharge of their duties, and there was a kindlier spirit of brotherhood among themselves. Then, personal intercourse was seldom, from the immense distances which separated them, but common interests sometimes brought them together for mutual counsel, and whenever the affairs of the Church and the welfare of their respective flocks had been considered, and a course fixed on, there was the relaxation of boyhood—the fun and frolic of youths escaped from the rigour and discipline and the drudgery of hard tasks—enjoyed by men of weightier avocations and graver years; wisdom and wit, humour and folly, happily blended in these intellectual symposiums.

“When I saw you last I promised that you would soon hear from me, but since that time I made a short excursion to Chatham, and now that I am in my private cell I can do no work. In such intolerably hot weather it is a heavy task to wield a *goose's* quill, far more a steel pen, so that you may expect little of the light and feathery, and much less of the keen and pointed in this epistle. You directed me to a serious perusal of the last page of your last letter—where you speak of a yet untold life—why life! Man, there are not incidents enough to give variety to the annals of an oyster! for I think it was our great Dramatist who has said or hinted that an oyster may be crossed in love. So I will take cooler weather to dip into its fiery mysteries. However, you have set me agoing on a subject which I have long contemplated, namely, to gather together such scraps of interest relating to our Church in Canada as might be useful to some future chronicler of our times.

“I have been in the habit of keeping copies of many of my most