

Upper Canada, but which is now more familiarly known as Canada West. It was severed from the Diocese of Toronto, and regularly organised as a new See, by the consecration of its first Bishop, the Right Rev. J. Travers Lewis, D. D., on the 25th of March last. It is bounded on the east by Lower Canada, on the north by the river Ottawa, on the south by the St. Lawrence, and on the west by the river Trent and a line stretching thence to the Ottawa. In length it is about 200 miles; and being of a triangular shape, its breadth varies from 50 to 250 miles. It comprises 15 counties, and 150 surveyed townships, most of which contain 100 square miles. Besides these, there is an extensive tract of country in the north-west of the Diocese not yet surveyed, but which is being partially settled by squatters, and filled, during the winter season, with lumbermen where a travelling Missionary might be usefully employed. The population of the Diocese according to the census of 1861, numbered 371,541, of whom 81,000 were returned as members of the United Church of England and Ireland. To minister to this population, scattered over such an extensive area, we have only 50 clergymen, where there is at present ample employment for 70; and as the country is, year by year, becoming more settled, and the members of the Church more numerous, the numbers of the clergy will require to be proportionately increased. The establishment of the city of Ottawa as the seat of the Government will naturally cause the tide of emigration to flow up the course of the river Ottawa, into the newly-surveyed portions of our Diocese, thus materially increasing our numbers, and at the same time increasing our responsibility to minister to them "the Gospel of the grace of God." It may serve to illustrate the rapid growth of the Church in Canada, to refer to the changes which have occurred there during the ministerial lifetime of one individual, the present vigorous-minded, devoted, and venerated Prelate, the Lord Bishop of Toronto. When that venerable man of God was ordained, in 1803, there was but one Bishop, with seven clergymen, and a small body of laymen, in the whole of Canada, which then constituted the single Diocese of Quebec. It now comprises the five Sees of Quebec, Montreal, Ontario, Toronto, and Huron, with 364 clergymen, and 375,000 members of our Church.

In Upper Canada, where the youthful Deacon saw but four clergymen, and a small but devoted band of laymen in 1803, the aged Prelate, now in his eighty-fifth year, beholds three Bishops, 246 clergymen, and, according to the census of 1861, a church population of 311,565. Beholding this wonderful increase, effected by God's great blessing within one ministerial life-time, well may that venerable servant of Christ exclaim with astonishment, 'What has God wrought!' Much of this growth and prosperity is due, under God, to the fostering care of the venerable *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*, which, during the earlier period of our history, was truly a nursing mother unto the church, struggling into life. A debt of gratitude is also due to that kindred institution, the venerable *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*, which aided us by liberal grants of books and assistance towards building our churches. The praise of these two most useful and charitable societies is in all the Colonial Churches of the British empire, and the infant Diocese of Ontario will be greatly cheered and encouraged, and its Bishop's hands will be greatly strengthened, by the liberal aid promised by these benevolent Societies to forward our Missionary operations within the Diocese. But, timely and invaluable as this assistance will prove in extending the ministra-

tions of the church into the interior of the land, still more is required, in order to meet our urgent necessities. We have whole counties, as large as any in England, with not a single clergyman resident within their bounds. Cases of extreme spiritual destitution are to be met with in every direction. From every quarter is heard the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." From personal experience and an intimate knowledge of the country, acquired during thirty years of ministerial labours there, I can truly testify that the harvest indeed is great but the labourers are few—very few, indeed, compared with the extent of the field. My own isolated position there may serve to illustrate and confirm the truth of the statement. My nearest clerical neighbour in any direction lives 14 miles to west of me; the nearest towards the north is 55 miles distant; the nearest to the east is in the Diocese of Montreal, upwards of 30 miles distant; and the nearest to the south is somewhere in the United States, but where or how far distant, I know not. Now, my position is only the counterpart of many. Some, indeed, are still more isolated. On the eve of my departure from my Canadian home, two of the clergy of my Archdeaconry wrote to me in most earnest and desponding language on the deplorably destitute condition of the country around them. Thus, one writes: 'Above me there is a triangular-shaped tract, the base resting on my Mission; the north side, formed by the river Ottawa, being about 50 miles long; the south side about 80. It comprises 31 townships, some only recently surveyed. The permanent population is about 15,000, swelled, during the winter months, by the addition of 4,000 or 5,000 lumbermen. The whole country is a Babel of doctrines; the war and din of sects is incessant; the whole region is totally destitute of the ministrations of the church. The Board of Missions was lately petitioned by the church residents for a clergyman; but the Board had no funds, and, I believe, no one to send. The church, in fact, follows her people here at a distance of a hundred miles behind—rather too respectful a distance. They call to her, but she cannot go faster—she is too weak. On the Opeonga road, recently opened by the Government for free settlements there were 45 church families twelve months ago. Not one of these ever see a clergyman. Some of them have expressed to me their readiness to deny themselves for the support of one, if sent among them. Children are born and die unbaptized. To all intents and purposes, this Colony is cut off from any Christianizing influences; and yet, strange to say, our people, in such extreme circumstances of destitution, frequently retain and cherish a most extraordinary attachment for their church. Isolation seems, in virtue, as it were, of a beneficent compensatory law, to minister to the increase of this sentiment. I have travelled more than once through the county of Renfrew, and been in the adjacent parts, for the purpose of baptizing, aiding the cause of Missions, &c. The impressions produced on my mind by these visits were singularly compounded of the very pleasurable and very painful. A few examples will explain. A mother, for instance, has heard of my intended visit; she anxiously watches and patiently waits. Sectarian preachers daily pass, and she lets them; she rushes out and stops me. Her hut is swept and garnished; it assumes a holiday look—so does she, so do her children, and so does every thing around. Her welcome warm and respectful, and pleasingly familiar. She arranges, semicircularly, seven or eight children, homely but cleanly attired, for baptism. It is administered in the midst of an atmosphere of holiness and reverence, which irradiates every counte-

nance, and leaves an ineffaceable impression on the memory of the administrator. This poor woman had not seen a clergyman for more than twenty years!

'Through a rocky and intricate pass, I penetrated to a full-grown family, many in number—all, except the parents, unbaptized. These, with few others, were periodically visited for instruction in the Christian doctrine, and, after a suitable progress, voluntarily presented themselves before a large congregation for holy baptism. The number was fourteen, half of them marriageable, and one a father.

'Again, further on, a father has grown grey, and his family grown up around him, without his once seeing the face of a minister of the church. For more than *thirty years* he lives in the midst of dissent, and prefers to incur the charge of bigotry, rather than to be lured by their noisy professions. He waits in faith that the church will come to him before he dies. On such occasions, the numbers which gather round the clergyman, to listen to the word of life, to hear again the once familiar language of the Prayer-Book, to rejoice in the sight of the surplice, and to hear the voice of the church, are truly astonishing. Their "joy and gladness" are exhilarating to behold; but the emotion is much damped by the thought, that the visit is but a fleeting ray of light, which leaves the "darkness darker still."

As a specimen of what some Canadian clergymen have to undergo, in the discharge of their sacred but laborious duties, the same clergyman writes to me thus: 'I have always had four stations, one 25 miles from home. Fifty miles is no uncommon distance for me to travel on a Sunday. I leave home at 7 a.m.; travel 12 miles; stop for Sunday-school and Divine service; rush off, dinnerless, 13 miles further, generally on horseback in summer, the thermometer, perhaps, 120° in the sun; the roads so bad, as to necessitate caution, and oftentimes to dispirit the horse; yet I have to travel against time. I frequently dine on horseback, going at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. After Evening Service, I return home (if no sick visits detain me), where I arrive generally at 11 p.m. The country of which I have spoken above, including my own Mission, would give constant and laborious employment to at least twenty clergymen, and yet it has but two.'

The other clergyman to whom I have referred, writes in a similar strain: 'The whole of this section of country is *one vast want*—a waste of not less than 900 square miles, over which the foot of a Church Missionary rarely wanders, and in which "the form of sound words," as heralded by the church, is seldom ever heard. With justice might this waste be extended from "The Nation" to the western extremity of the Diocese of Montreal, inasmuch as the flourishing Mission of Hawkesbury is the only one (at least inland from the St. Lawrence) in which the Church has been able to enter upon her work. I say *able*, for she has lacked the means wherewith to answer the cry of want; and thus are we, even at this hour, presented with the melancholy spectacle of a tract of country of no less than 2,000 square miles, peopled in many places most thickly by sons and daughters of the church, and in every part having the strongest claims upon our sympathy, left destitute of that "Bread of Life," which the church was commissioned to dispense "to every creature." In the immediate vicinity of my own Mission, which of itself covers an area of 250 square miles, the call for missionary labour is most urgent. The people feel that they and their children are perishing—are sinking deeper and deeper into habits of ungodliness and