

neighbourhood. Here they had frequent meetings both on Sabbath and week days, and a considerable number were baptized by their preacher. On one occasion, I held a public disputation with one of them, the result of which, appeared to be beneficial to the large audience who attended, though none of the followers of the imposture acknowledged a doubt of the truth of their new profession. The Mormon preacher was one Russell, a native of England, who had, as I learned, been a preacher or exhorter amongst the Methodists. From the strain of his speaking, I was led to infer that he was partly a crazed fanatic and partly a knave. He laboured to show that my objections to the Book of Mormon applied equally to the Bible, and thus he was preparing the people for absolute infidelity, so soon as the baseness of the imposture should be manifested to them.

On the following day I chanced to fall in with him, and one of his proselytes, when waiting for the steamboat at Port Credit, and had a short conversation with him. I took him aside, and requested that he would answer me a question which I had to propose to him, which he promised to do. I then said, "Do you really believe those things about the Book of Mormon, which you were openly holding forth yesterday?" "Believe them?" he replied, "I not only *believe* them—I *know* them to be true." As he hinted on the preceding day, that he himself as well as other teachers of Mormonism, had received communications from heaven, I asked him, "Do you mean to say that you yourself have had revelations from heaven?" he replied that he had, and proceeded to tell me of one in particular. He said that one morning as he was meditating, he saw the heavens opened, and the glory of God, and, I think, he added, he saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and he heard a voice saying to him "Follow thou me." This he told me in a serious and solemn strain.—Being in a hurry to pursue my journey on horseback, as the steamboat had passed without touching at the wharf, and having withal no desire to protract the conversation, after such a disclosure, I replied to him, "I now understand you much better than I did yesterday, and have a somewhat more charitable opinion of you, and I can only pray for you that God would deliver you from your delusions."

The recent accounts of battles in Missouri, between the Mormons and the other inhabitants of that region, do happily "turn for a testimony" to some here, who had been urged by them to flee from Canada, because of impending woes, to the refuge they pretended to have found in the "Far West." One good woman whose fears had been

strongly appealed to by one of their leaders, very properly replied, that they need not think of trying to escape wars, by leaving Canada for Missouri, so long as they had Mobs and Indians to fight with there.

On Tuesday the 16th, I proceeded from Churchville to Lot 28th on the III concession E., in Chinguacousy. Intimation had been sent thither of sermons in Gaelic and English, by Mr. Ferguson and myself. On my way, I overtook my copresbyter with one of his elders. They had been detained for a time, attempting to assist a loaded waggon up a hill: but their efforts were in vain; a yoke of oxen had to be sent for. The man whom they had thus been attempting to relieve had been, as I was told, one of the rebels on Navy Island.—Would that public clemency and private kindness might have a softening influence on the hearts of those who have been the open enemies of Government, law, and social order and peace!

Though I had written announcing the service at the place above mentioned, upwards of a fortnight previously, the letter had been received only three days before our arrival. In consequence of this, and the occupations of the season, the more distant settlers did not attend. The Gaelic sermon was therefore postponed until another opportunity.—The families who attended were chiefly such as had known and valued Christian privileges at home, and who keep up social meetings for worship on the Lord's day.

On the evening of the same day, we pursued our journey to Caledon, to attend a meeting of the Presbytery. As I approached that township, I was struck with the appropriateness of the name. It being, if not a land of mountains and floods like ancient Caledonia, at least a land of hills and springs and brooks. Few of the names of our townships are either so descriptive or euphonic as this happens to be.

As we ascended some of the highest ridges of Caledon, we had views which are second only to that which is obtained from the monument on Queenston heights. The sublime in these views, is of the simplest kind; it is the vast expanse, the ocean, we may say, of woods, canopied by the sky. Here and there, a clearing is indicated by the smoke of the log heap, and the course of a river by the darker foliage of the pines which crown the ridge of its banks; and a minuter and lovelier diversity is seen in the varied tints of the autumnal foliage, and the outline of the trees; but these do not distract the mind from the simple impressions of immensity, which the vast silent wilderness of woods makes upon it. As I was gazing upon