

St. Lawrence.—It may, therefore, easily be imagined, that he was surprised when he beheld the nicely arranged premises, the immense barns and the fine large and sleek cattle, cropping the rich well watered pastures, or lying in the shade of some noble tree, everywhere seen on the latter part of our route; and though from his child's food accustomed to the heavy clay roads of his native parish, he could not but admire the delightful gravel roads, sometimes crossing a living stream clear as crystal, and at others winding around the foot of a projecting hill, ever presenting to our notice some new and interesting object.

As we approached Frelighsburg the country became still more beautiful; the mountains seemed more inviting, because more near; and the beautiful vale on our right, with the "Pike river" meandering through and skirted down to the water's edge with thick shrubbery, appeared richer than any thing yet seen. The first object that attracted our notice on approaching the village was (as it ought always to be) the Church. It is situated on an eminence, and well as the parsonage just opposite its door and within the same enclosure, overlooks the road leading into the village. They are both neat and commodious—monuments of our late worthy bishop's liberality and zeal. The village itself is small, but beautiful for situation, lying in a romantic spot at a short distance from the peak of the frowning Green Mountains. When we arrived at the parsonage, the bishop and my friend were busily engaged in the examination of the latter for Holy Orders. But in the evening I was joined by my friend, with whom I had sweet converse till late at night. He had gone the previous year as a Missionary to the 'Sault de la Pique,' and his account of the Indians, and of his success amongst them, was highly delightful and interesting. Every thing was new to me; and though I had risen before day-light, and had passed over fully fifty miles that day, yet I did not regard the hours as they rapidly passed away.

Of the many striking things mentioned by my friend, I shall notice only two; the one indicative of the savageness of the Indian character, and the other, showing the influence which the preaching of the Gospel has upon even the untutored savage. Immediately on my friend's arrival at the Sault, he had a council of Indians called, and stated to them that he had been sent by the Church, and by their "Great Father" at Toronto, as their teacher. "Echo," the chief speaker, arose, and in a speech abounding in native eloquence, expressed the sense of the nation on my friend's appointment. "But," said he, "how are we to know that you are sent by our Great Father at Toronto? We have had several teachers, and all professing to come from our Great Father." He paused for some time; then, calmly examining the seal on my friend's credentials, remarked: "I am no longer in the dark; the seal has just risen upon me: I perceive that the seal of 'Blackcoats' letter from our 'Great Father' and the seal bear the same stamp. 'Blackcoat' shall, therefore, be my teacher; for now I feel that he has been sent to us by our 'Great Father.' I give him my hand, and will open my ear willingly to his instructions."

Soon after this an Indian came express from one of the most northern posts of the Honourable Hudson Bay Company. He had "never as much as seen" of the Christians' God. Curiosity led him to visit the Missionary of whose arrival he had heard from his red brethren. He listened with the deepest attention whilst my friend laid open to his view the plan of God, the apostasy and corruption of man, and the unsearchable riches of Christ. When he heard of God's giving his own begotten, well-beloved Son, the brightness of his glory, a ransom for all, he became restive on his seat. He could not comprehend fully how that could be: yet he felt that it was true. The more he heard, the more restive he became; perspiration oozed from his forehead, till it ran in a stream from his face. At length he burst into a flood of tears, and rushed from the room, completely overwhelmed by his feelings. In the course of two months he returned a second time as express, to the Sault. Immediately he returned to the Missionary to enquire further about

the Christian's God, that so loved sinners as to give his own Son to death for them,—to inform him that he had been telling his brethren at the north of this good God—and to carry to him the request that he would come and preach Christ to them.

With such cheering accounts as these did my friend beguile the rapid hours, so that we could have listened till daylight, had not prudence warned us that we needed retirement and sleep, to prepare us for the interesting and highly important services of the following day.

When the morning of that day arrived, the congregation began to assemble from all the surrounding parish;—some coming in their comfortable family waggons,—the younger ones on horseback, and those living near the Church on foot. Never before had Trinity Church and the green under its windows and about its door, contained such a vast assemblage. An Ordination was a new thing there, and, when it was known that the young man to be ordained had devoted himself as a Missionary among the far distant heathen, the interest felt in the service was greatly increased. This, together with the anxiety of the people to behold once more their first and beloved pastor, emptied many a house of all its inmates. Every one appeared deeply affected by the solemn service,—and certainly it is a solemn sight to behold a youthful champion of the cross binding himself by the most sacred vows to the work of the ministry, and about to return to his far distant labours, away from his friends, and away from the comforts and amenities of more favored situations. None appeared to feel the solemnity and interest of the services more than the reverend preacher of the day—the Lord Bishop's Chaplain. Ere he had finished his excellent discourse, his feelings overcame his utterance, and he probably effected more by being unable to proceed, than he would have done had his feelings not been so overpowering.

In the afternoon many "faithful soldiers and servants of Christ" came forward to ratify before God, his Bishop, and their assembled friends and neighbours, their baptismal vows and obligations. I could not help being struck at the appearance of these young people. There was present with them all a sense of the momentous duty which they were engaged in; and the neat white dresses of the young women (so appropriate to the occasion, and so becoming to a rural population) were indicative, I trust, of the purity of their minds.

Before leaving, I had a long and highly interesting conversation with that eminently excellent and devoted man, not inaptly styled "the Apostle of the Canadas." The parish where these interesting services were performed was the scene of his first labours in Canada. He found the people "without God in the world." The only preacher of the cross that had preceded him, was obliged to leave the village discouraged by their waywardness and inattention. But no ways disheartened by this, the zealous Missionary called the people together in a "hired room" of the tavern; after a time they assembled in a school house, erected at his own expense, and in the following year, so greatly had their number increased, in their present excellent and commodious Church; another fruit, I understand, of his liberality.

Among this devoted people he had long labored, willing to "spend and be spent" for their good, spiritual and temporal. And when, through the blessing of God on his self-denying labours, they had become a well-organized parish, he commended them, with many prayers, into the able hands of him who still breaks to them the bread of life; and he moved forward on to build up a new people in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Here his ample means enabled him, and his large generous heart constantly prompted him, to assist his parishioners in their temporal difficulties, so that when he removed from this scene of his early labors, the complaint was often made (without considering the vast difference between their two cases), that "Priest — was not so good to them as Priest Stewart."

It was cheering to behold the delight with which his old parishioners beheld once more their former pastor, and the interest which he still evinced in their welfare. Many hearty welcomes did the good Bishop that day receive, and many were the kind and minute questions put by him to his still beloved pro-

ple. As he left the Church they pressed around him, rejoicing to behold him again in the enjoyment of comparative health and strength; and all seemed to vie with each other in inviting him (as they did in former times), to their hospitable dwellings. But such were the Bishop's various engagements, that he could promise only one old lady the high privilege of "drinking tea" with her.

In giving me some account of his early labours in this place, his Lordship remarked: "When I first came here, this country was very different from what you now see it. Then we had to get whatever we wanted from Montreal, as there were no stores in the country, and the northern parts of Vermont were as yet unsettled. Our route to Montreal was much longer than the present one. Whenever I went there, I rode my horse twelve long miles to Missisquoi bay, except where the roads were so bad that I had to dismount and lead my horse by leaping from log to log on the road side. Across Missisquoi bay I went in an open boat to Plattsburg in the State of New York, whence I took a larger craft to St. Johns to Laprarie, over the worst road in America, I went in a waggon, and from the latter place to Montreal in a batteau." Before this devoted Missionary, a son of a noble house, could purchase for himself the most common necessaries of life, or mingle in cultivated society, he had to take this troublesome journey, then requiring three days to effect what is now easily accomplished in much less than one. As we stood at the parsonage window, looking at the village lying below and opposite us, his Lordship remarked, as he pointed out to me a very poor looking house; "Mr. —, you see that house. It is the only house I ever owned, and it is much better now than when I had it, for they have put another story upon it!" Not very long after this conversation I left this delightful parish; thankful for and, I trust, profited by what I had seen, and more convinced than ever of the entire devotedness to his great duties, and the single-mindedness, of its first and well beloved pastor.

DUTY OF PARENTS.

There is one excellent practice of former times, which I fear is falling more and more into neglect, even in pious families. Our fathers and mothers, used to make a point of questioning their children upon the sermons, "after meeting," in order to find out what they recollected, to quicken and improve their memories, and by a concise repetition of the most important truths, to impress them more deeply upon their consciences. This habit is of great advantage to parents as well as children; and by persevering in it, almost any parent will find himself able to conduct the exercise with a good degree of ease and advantage. Ours is an age of more hearing, than thinking and remembering and digesting. Too many, who feel as if they could hardly live without three sermons a day, greatly neglect the religious instruction of their families at home, and excuse themselves by the plea, that they have no time, or that they are too much fatigued with hearing, to do any thing else. This is permitting one duty to crowd out another; or rather it is, except in extraordinary cases, hearing one sermon too much for their own profit, to the neglect of those fire-side duties which by the blessing of God would be of the highest advantage to the children.—*Dr. Humphrey.*

*Anecdote of George III.*—In one of the king's excursions during the hay harvest of 1795, in Weymouth, he passed a field where there was only one woman at work. His majesty asked her where her companions were. The woman answered, "they are gone to see the king." "And why did you not go with them?" rejoined his majesty. "Why," replied the woman, "the fools that are gone to town, will lose a day's work by it, and that is more than I can afford to do; I have five children to work for." "See," said his majesty, putting some money into her hand, "you may tell your companions who are gone to see the king, that the king came to see you."