

spoke of a wondrous movement in that direction existing in Mexico amongst lay men and clergy, and said it only lacked the guidance and headship of Bishops to make it an enduring work. One Mexican Bishop, convinced of the necessity of a return to the earlier purity of the Church, had thrown himself heartily into the work, but he said he had been poisoned. We want, added the Rev. gentleman, a Bishop with a Martyr's courage, and such a work of Reformation will follow as took place in England three hundred years ago.

The majority of the churches I saw in New York and elsewhere were fine buildings. I noticed that very many parishes had provided for the comfort of their rectors by erecting good parsonages close to the churches. There seemed something very practical and excellent in this evidence of attention to what must be so essential to the efficiency of a parish, and it occurred to me that not a little remains to be done in this way in our own Provinces in British America.

Two places of much interest in New York, which were shown me under the kind auspices of the Hon. Mr. Ruggles, were "The Century Club" and "The Astor Library." At the former, which holds a reunion of all its members one evening in the month, I was introduced by Mr. Ruggles to many persons eminent for public services in literature and art. The library is one of the finest in the world, is free to all who choose to use it, and is the munificent gift of founders of the name it bears.

After a visit to the United States Navy Yard, and a very interesting one to the charmingly situated Military School at West Point, on the Hudson—at both of which I met much kind attention from the Staff—I went to Springfield and saw its Armory, being shown over the extensive manufactories by its very courteous Commandant, Colonel Benton. The Government buildings at this place are finely situated, and command a view of the valley of the Connecticut river of singular beauty and of great prosperity.

From Springfield I went to the residence at Middletown, of Dr. Williams, Bishop of Connecticut, under whose kind auspices I visited Trinity College, at Hartford. Here I saw the mitre worn by the first American Prelate—Bishop Seabury. Trinity College, of which Bishop Williams is the head, appears an excellent one, and from it many students go from year to year to the "Berkeley Divinity School" at Middletown. Of this School the Bishop is also the chief, and his Lordship told me the greater part of the clergy of his Diocese passed out from his training in the one to his supervision in the other, and that he thus, from the very first, knew his clergy well, and they him. The students may be said to live under his roof, and it was very pleasing indeed to hear the tone of affection with which he spoke of them all, whether going, or already gone forth. Pleasant, too, was it to hear him tell of the cordial readiness ever evinced by the laity of the Diocese to respond most liberally to every Church ~~claim~~ or call. The very beautiful chapel of this school is the memorial gift of a lady—Mrs. Muter—to her husband. Just such another munificent gift is being made by another devoted church-woman—the widow of the late Colonel Colt, of Hartford.

Along with Bishop Whipple I was shown over the very extensive establishment for the manufacture of "Colt's Revolvers" by General Franklyn, who was most kind in explaining, as he pointed out the whole process.

From Middletown I proceeded to Boston, where Bishop William's introduction provided me with kind friends. There I saw the old Kings' Chapel, now, alas! Unitarian, in which are still carefully preserved the Church Books, with the Royal Arms engraved on them, which were in use when the States were our Colonies.