

DIOCESE OF
FREDERICTON.

He received his early training in the schools at Bristol, Bewdley, Hammersmith and Cobham, and took his degree at Wadham College, Oxford, in 1826, after a three years' course. In 1828 he was ordained deacon, and, in 1829, priest of the Church of England. His three years at Oxford, no doubt, exercised a moulding influence on his life, for he was there at a time

when some of the greatest minds of the century were beginning to exert their powers. His removal to a colonial bishopric at a comparatively early time of life diverted his mind to some extent from the great movement which sprang from his own university and placed it upon that than which there can be nothing higher in the Church of God—active and vigorous missionary work in a new and sparsely settled country. The work of these pioneer bishops was incessant and hard, the means of travel from place to place fatiguing and slow, yet they held on with greater pertinacity than many of those who, from the improved methods of transit, can save much time and labour.

The Metropolitan departed this life in his Cathedral City of Fredericton at the advanced age of eighty-eight, just as the Provincial Synod, which met in Montreal on September 14th, was about to assemble. The delegates from Fredericton and Nova Scotia were delayed in their attendance at the Synod because of his funeral. In a manner very similar died the first Metropolitan of Canada, Dr. Fulford, who quietly passed away on September 9th, 1868, while the Provincial Synod was in session.

One great object that Bishop Medley had in view was the establishment of a cathedral for his diocese and this he was enabled to accomplish by building the handsome edifice which will ever be connected with his name and memory in Fredericton.

In 1881 the Rev. Hollingworth Tully Kingdon, of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, was appointed coadjutor Bishop of Fredericton, and he now succeeds Dr. Medley as Bishop of Fredericton. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Lewis, Bishop of Ontario, as senior bishop, becomes acting Metropolitan, and will continue in office till, within a few months from now, the House of Bishops will elect one of their number to that high and important position.

TWO LITTLE INDIAN BOYS AND WHERE THEY WENT.—(Continued).

BY REV. E. F. WILSON.



HE weather during our passage was fairly good, and neither of the boys suffered to any extent from sickness. On the Thursday evening after we started I gave a missionary address in the saloon, and the boys acted their parts as

usual, and the next night there was a concert at which Soney sang a song. The voyage was an uneventful one, and we arrived at Moville, on the north coast of Ireland, at 9 a.m., Sunday morning, June the 1st, "two days late," as we had been detained by a fog. From here I telegraphed to my friends in London to expect us by the train reaching Euston at 2.15 p.m. on Monday. I also received letters with the welcome intelligence that all necessary preparations had been duly made for our visit, that both myself and the boys would be accommodated in friends' houses, and that meetings had been already arranged for every day up to the 19th of June. As we were to sail again on the 26th, this seemed like a pretty good beginning. How green and beautiful the Emerald Isle looked under the lovely sunshine, the old castle ruin near the shore, the church spire rising up in the midst of a bed of deep green foliage, the fields and cottages of the people, all so different to anything one sees in Canada. Our boat only stopped just to put off a few passengers and to land the mails, and then on we went again, past the Isle of Man, and the Calf of Man, on towards Liverpool (England) and London. It was 12 o'clock in the night when we entered the Mersey, and we were not put ashore until about 8.30 in the morning. On landing from the tender we were immediately met and taken in charge by our good friend Mr. C., who had come to meet us, and through his kind help and influence got our baggage through the customs and on to a cab far in advance of the other passengers, and after rattling through the crowded streets we alighted at the Lime Street station and "booked" ourselves for Euston. The boys had plenty to look at from the carriage windows as our little train rushed along.

After a ten years' absence from the fatherland, amid the browns and greys of Canada, one is struck by the bright green lustre of English country. The parks, the gardens, the soft green meadows, with grazing sheep and cattle, the various emerald shades of wheat and oats and beans, all so bright and fresh-looking at this time of the year, as though watered and tended by a vast army of gardeners; and then the pretty villages and farm homesteads with their red-tiled roofs, and the old vineclad churches—all Church of England—so different to what one sees in a Canadian village, the smallest and most unpretentious of which invariably has its three edifices—Church of England, Presbyterian, and Methodist, and generally a fourth, Roman Catholic. To the boys, of course, the whole panorama, as we swept along, was one great novelty. The hedgerows, the stiles, the dress of the country people, the canals with covered barges towed by horses, the rattling at such high speed past what in Canada would be regarded as big towns, the English express train not deigning so much as to notice them. The