

wright, who proposed a plan which was followed. He advised him to take in pupils, and offered his four sons to begin with. In this way, he urged, he could be honourably and usefully employed—could have leisure to look around him—and if in the course of a year or two, he thought of returning to Scotland, he could do so comfortably and creditably.

He, accordingly began as teacher in Kingston, and was eminently successful in that work. While so engaged he had among his pupils not a few who became afterwards prominent and influential citizens, and some of them zealous cooperators with their former teacher in his various plans and projects.

How he came to join the Church of England we do not particularly know. He used to say that he was, even from early youth, considerably disposed in that direction, and that intercourse with Mr. Cartwright and Dr. Stuart, then of Kingston, finally determined him, at last to cast in his lot with the Episcopalians.

It was on the second day of May, 1803, that he was ordained Deacon by the Rev. Dr. Mountain, the first Protestant Bishop of Quebec, and on the third day of June, 1804, he was admitted by the same prelate into the order of Priests, and appointed to the Mission at Cornwall.

As a Bishop, and in his social relations, Bishop Strachan was very much liked by Churchmen generally, especially by those in his own diocese.

The annual Harvest-home Festival was celebrated in *St. Mary's Church, Bangor*, on the 16th inst. There was Welsh service the previous evening at seven o'clock, when the Rev. Lewis Jones, Minor Canon, feelingly intoned the Litany, the responses being well and heartily given. A powerful sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Morris, rector of Llanallgo. The sun rose brightly and cheerily the next day, which proved one of the greatest Church gatherings for prayer, praise, and thanksgiving ever remembered in Bangor. At eight o'clock the Rev. John Pryce, vicar, said Morning Prayer in Welsh. At ten o'clock the Bishop of Bangor, accompanied by the Bishop of New Zealand, the Dean of Bangor, and the Rev. John Pryce, entered the chancel. No. 224 and 145 and 223 of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* were sweetly sung by the choir. Mr. Owen, National Schoolmaster, playing on the harmonium. The Very Rev. the Dean of Bangor read the Litany, the Bishop of Bangor the Communion Service and Gospel, and the Bishop of New Zealand the Epistle. He also preached the sermon taking for his text 2 Peter, iii, 4—"Where is the promise of his coming?" On the glowing truth, the living trust, the burning zeal of Bishop Selwyn's sermon we must not dwell, for how could we venture to attempt a description of the thrilling feeling—the deep heartfelt emotions which were roused by the impassioned words, the sacred thought of hope, of one whose faith had never wavered, but had shone conspicuously in brightness and in gloom? He stood before us a living representative of the truth he taught; a sworn soldier of the Cross he had proved by self-sacrifice, by toil, danger, and strife that the words he spoke were not merely brilliant oratory, but the daily food of him who followed our great Exemplar in doing His Father's will. Looking at his beautiful earnest face, it seemed to shine with more than earthly lustre, as if in confident hope that in the great harvest day when the Lord is the husbandman, and the angels are the reapers, he will be garnered into celestial joys for ever. Very many of those who hope to meet him in heaven stayed to share with him the highest feast on earth. Welsh and English, rich and poor, old and young all met round the table of our common Lord, the Head of the one Church in all ages and climes, showing that although differing in tongue, apart in lot, divided by space they had the truest fellowship in heart.

CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY.—During the month of September the daily services at this London Church were crowded by merchants and business men generally. The *Daily Telegraph* of that city thus remarks upon the subject:—

It is a curious comment on the statements generally made as to the assumed indifference with which religion is regarded by men who are immersed in worldly business, that on a week day so many of those very men should throng to a particular church at considerable inconvenience. We know of nothing resembling it in the modern history of the city: the nearest approach to so unwonted an occurrence being the audiences that used to attend St. Margaret's, Lothbury, to hear the Golden Lecture, when Henry Melville was in his prime. To what is it to be attributed? Hardly to the ritualistic display, for that is not excessive, and the mere sight of a robed choir singing in procession one of the sweet hymns of Bernard of Cluny would not of itself take brokers and merchants from their counting houses at the busiest hour of the day. Nor is it the preaching. The first-class preachers of the Church of England may unfortunately almost be counted on one's fingers, and not one of them occupies the pulpit at St. Lawrence, and yet we believe that the reason for so peculiar a success in the competition between the Church and the Exchange is in no way obscure or doubtful; for unquestionably the scenes at St. Lawrence are among the most remarkably evidences of that revived interest in religious questions which we owe to the animated discussions of the last few months.