

sionally too involved and parenthetical. In his extempore sermons, it was singularly easy and natural, full and flowing. But whatever the form of his discourse, he never lacked earnestness and unction. Even unimpressible people, we fancy, could never forget the holy energy of persuasiveness which the faithful man displayed in the pulpit. All admit that the Bishop was a man of elegant taste and scholarship. His memory was intensive, and he was apt at quotations from English or classic authors, especially the poets. In poetical composition he had no inconsiderable skill, and many of his effusions may be read with much pleasure. Indeed the whole Mountain family seems to have possessed much poetical sensibility, appreciation of external nature, combined with general cultivation and religious principle. It is impossible to read the partially quoted correspondence of the volume, without feeling this. That such a family should entertain for the Bishop the profound respect and love which they so amply express, is a most powerful testimony to his great excellence of character. He was remarkable for his abstemiousness—in common, it is said, with all the Mountains. His gaunt venerable figure could not fail to convey this impression. But, in our opinion the great glory of the good Bishop rested mainly upon the religious devotion of his character, and it is as one of the *saints* rather than of the prelates that he will be remembered. In this character has he bequeathed the memory of his episcopate as a precious legacy to the diocese of Quebec—nay, to the whole church. Who ever spent a day with the Bishop without feeling that he was in an atmosphere of holiness? Who ever witnessed even the hilarity of the Bishop, and it was not unrequent, without perceiving that it was the mirth of a saint, and relaxation of a soul that could never part with its holy reverential sense of a present God and Saviour? Surely any church-man in any part of the world, may give God thanks for the proof of the might of his grace in degenerate days, which is furnished in a *foot-note* in this volume, “When he heard that the delay in the appointment of a Bishop of Sierra Leone, arose from the difficulty of finding any one willing to run the risk of laboring in a climate which had already proved fatal to more than one occupant of the See, he wrote to the secretary of the S. P. G. to enquire whether that difficulty had been surmounted. If this had proved not to have been the case, he told me (what no one else ever knew during his life) that he intended to offer himself for the post, that he might “wipe away that reproach from the Church of England,” p. 257. This for an old Bishop more than sixty years of age! God will surely continue to bless and prosper the work of so faithful a servant, and we may expect to find the fruits of righteousness abound for many a day in a diocese favored with the life and labors of so devoted a soul.

The memoir from which we have compiled the meagre particulars of this paper, is very full—it is indeed a storehouse of interesting matter, respecting the early days of the province, a sort of ecclesiastical history from the first beginning of the Church here, as well as a complete picture of a beloved and venerated Bishop and a most saintly man. It is written with reverential care, and with great good

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