

you" They were then put in mind of their Baptism in which they were educated to the Devil, to do his work; one part of which is, that they may be strong to kill and to destroy: they replied, "We have lately heard what Mr. Marsden says against these things and will not join you."

(Communicated for the Colonial Churchman)

OLD FATHER MORRIS.

By Miss H. B. Stowe.

Of all the marvels which astonished my childhood there is none I remember to this day with so much interest, as the old man whose name forms my caption. When I knew him he was an aged clergyman, settled over an obscure village in New England. He had enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, had a strong original power of thought, an omnipotent imagination, and much general information. But so early and so deep had the habits and associations of the plough, the farm, and country life wrought themselves into his mind, that his after acquisitions could only mingle with them, forming an unexampled amalgam, like unto nothing but itself. It is in vain to attempt to give a full picture of such a genuine unique, but some slight and imperfect dashes may help the imagination to a faint idea of what none can fully conceive but those who have seen and heard 'Old Father Morris.'

Suppose yourself one of a half dozen children, and you hear the cry—"Father Morris is coming!" You run to the window or door, and you see a tall bulky old man, with a pair of saddle bags on one arm; hitching his old horse with fumbling carelessness, and then deliberately stumping towards the house. You notice his tranquil, staid, full moon face, enlightened by a pair of great round blue eyes that roll with dreamy inattentiveness on all the objects around; and as he takes off his hat, you see the white curling wig that set off his round head. He comes towards you; and as you stand staring with all the children round, he deliberately puts his great hand on your head, and with a deep rumbling voice inquires, "Ho do ye do, my darler? Is your daddy at home? My darter usually makes off as fast as possible in an unconquerable giggle. Father Morris goes into the house, and we watch him at every turn, as with the most literal simplicity he makes himself at home—takes off his wig—wipes down his great face with a checked pocket handkerchief; helps himself hither and thither to whatever he wants, and asks for such things as he cannot lay his hands on, with all the comfortable easiness of childhood.

The morrow is Sunday. The old man rises in the pulpit. He is not now in his own humble little parish, preaching simply to the hoers of corn and planters of potatoes—but there sits Governor D. and there is judge R. and counsellor P. and judge G.—But Father Morris rises—he thinks nothing of this—he cares nothing—he knows nothing as he himself would say, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. He takes a passage of Scripture to explain—perhaps it is the walk to Emmaus and the conversation of Jesus with his disciples. Immediately the whole start out before you, living and picturesque;—the road to E.—is a New England turnpike—you see its mile stones, its mullen stalks, its toll gates.—Next the disciples rise, and you have before you all their anguish, and hesitation, and dismay, talked out to you in the language of your own fireside.—You smile—you are amused—yet you are touched, and the illusion grows every moment. You see the approaching stranger, and the mysterious conversation grows more and more interesting. Emmaus rises in the distance, in the likeness of a New England village, with a white meeting house and spire. You follow the travellers—you enter the house with them—nor do you wake from your trance until with streaming eyes, the preacher tells you that they saw it was the Lord Jesus, and what a pity it was they could not have known it before!

It was after a sermon on this very chapter of scripture history, that Governor Griswold, in passing out of the house, laid hold of the sleeve of his first acquaintance.—"Pray tell me," said he, "who is this minister?" Well, he is an oddity—and a genius too! I declare, he continued, I have been

wondering all the morning, how I could have read the Bible to so little purpose as not to see all these particulars he has presented.

I once heard him narrate in this picturesque way, the story of Lazarus. The great bustling city of Jerusalem first rises to view, and you are told with great simplicity how the Lord Jesus used to get tired of the noise—and how he was tired of preaching again and again to people who would not mind a word he said; and how when it came evening, he used to go out and see his friends in Bethany. Then he told about the house of Martha and Mary—"a little white house among the trees," he said,—"you could just see it from Jerusalem"—and there the Lord Jesus and his disciples used to go and sit in the evening with Martha and Mary, and Lazarus. Then the narrator went on to tell how Lazarus died—describing with tears and choking voice—the distress they were in—and how they sent a message to the Lord Jesus, and he did not come, and how they wondered,—and thus on he went, winding up the interest by the graphic minutiae of an eye witness, until he woke you from the dream by his triumphant joy at the resurrection scene. He particularly loved the Evangelists, following the footsteps of Jesus Christ—dwelling upon his words—repeating over and over again the stories of what he did, with all the fond veneration of an old and favored servant *

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE MISSIONARY IN UPPER CANADA.

We extract the following statement of missionary labours and missionary wants in Upper Canada, from the "Church." A counterpart to both might be supplied from this portion of the field.

"During the last year the Rev. H. H. O'Neill, has extended his labours through the Niagara, Gore, and home Districts—meeting everywhere with a hearty welcome from the inhabitants; but at the same time encountering difficulties which, to a person, of less energy and experience, would have proved very discouraging. Inquiring at O—, whether we had any Church-people resident in the Village, the Inn-keeper answered—"I am neither an Englishman, nor an Episcopalian, but a Yankee: as to religious creed I have none—and in regard to your Church, there is not a single member belonging to it in the Town." Not entirely crediting this account, Mr. O'Neill again returned, and having given a general notice, preached to the largest congregation that had ever assembled in O—; and discovered no fewer than twenty five families of Church of England people—many of whom met for the first time, in mutual surprise to find each other of the same religious persuasion. Sometimes incidents of a very touching nature occur to the Missionary in his travels. Being requested to baptize seven children in the Township of Essa, Mr. O'Neill read prayers and preached. When he knelt down, no person joined in the General Confession, or in the Lord's Prayer; as he proceeded, there were no responses—a dumb spirit pervaded the whole assembly: at length a woman, who, with some others, had brought her child to be baptized, giving her sleeping infant to another female in the crowd, took hold of a prayer-book which he was reading, and made their proper responses, whilst her voice and hand trembled exceedingly. Shortly after this, a man drew a prayer-book from his pocket, and followed her example: a third soon after joined. But in Canborough, where he had Service at a subsequent period, there was no Church-woman to set a good example, nor a prayer-book seen in the congregation. At Duanville the congregation is large and attentive, and the responses devoutly made. In this neighbourhood there are many Church-people, who have enjoyed Christian privileges, and hail the appearance of the Missionary with joy; others come to see and hear, and depart without much seeming impression: and with many even the Sabbath disappears with the Clergyman. Something permanent is necessary, and to this Mr. O'Neill judiciously attends—and endeavours, in every settlement, to make arrangements for the regular assembly of the people on Sunday.—Some discreet and pious persons engage to read the

Service and a Sermon. In some places this duty is taken in turn by several persons, and a Sunday School is commonly added, and all this is attended with the happiest effects. This excellent plan is recommended as opportunity offers by all the Missionaries, and begins to obtain in many parts of the Province, where the services of a Clergyman cannot be procured.

Evening prayer was read and a Sermon preached the 23d April, at Port Colborne, which is advantageously situated, where the Welland Ship Canal joins Lake Erie, and as several children in the village were unbaptized, Mr. O'Neill gave notice, at the request of the parents, of service next evening. On this occasion a striking proof was afforded, in the presence of a large congregation, of the preference given to the Apostolic Ministry of our Church. The parents had frequent opportunities of attending Preachers of other denominations, but they deferred the baptism of their children in the hope of one day meeting a Clergyman, and now with delight they brought them forward.—Very kind feelings were expressed next day towards our ministrations; "Sir," said an American, "I have been nine years in this Province listening to Preachers of all sorts, but in your prayers and doctrines I heard something becoming the dignity of my God."

"A meeting was held in the township of Esquesing on the 25th July, for the purpose of entering into a subscription for building a Church. On a former occasion the sum of £107 Currency was subscribed, but as no hope of a Clergyman was afforded, the matter was given up. Now, however, that they have heard of a Society at home which devotes its attention to the religious wants of Upper Canada, they have taken great courage. One of the persons present gave an eligible site along with his subscription. Upwards of £20 were added on the spot, by those who had not subscribed to the former list, and when the meeting had broken up, a farmer came over from the crowd and whispered to Mr. O'Neill, that if seasoned lumber and other materials could be procured, he would himself put up the frame of the Church this autumn, at his own expense, and wait the convenience of the subscribers to reimburse him, modestly adding, that he had this in contemplation, but did not like to appear to take too much upon himself by stating it before the meeting.

"Some time ago, this worthy man, in the forty-sixth year of his age, came forward in the presence of a large congregation to be admitted a member of the Church of Christ by baptism, and his life has been consistent, both before and since that profession. It would render this Report far too long to make further extracts from the interesting Journal of this excellent Missionary; the few which have been taken leaving a multitude of equally interesting incidents, sufficient to shew the vast benefit which accrues from the travelling of even one clergyman. Every page corroborates the religious destitution of the Colony, and the great ignorance which prevails respecting the Church. Mr. O'Neil states, that many Dissentists were agreeably surprised that the Church Service was not delivered in Latin. The children, hundreds of Emigrants, who are members of the Church, are growing up in perfect ignorance of doctrines, discipline and government, from the want of Clergymen, and the parents are gradually becoming lukewarm and indifferent. On the whole, Mr. O'Neill urges the need of ten or twelve additional Clergymen, as immediately required in the region through which he passed, and gives evidence that as many more would be wanted in a very short period, and so on at brief intervals, till three or four Clergymen are settled in each township."

BISHOP WHITE PRAYER BOOK SOCIETY

THE SAME PRAYERS.

We come not to the Church, as to a theatre, for recreation: we have old, constant, daily wants; and if we had daily a new sense of them, our old prayers will seem Public wants, which are the subject of public prayer, much the same and why need we vary the phrase? Wantonness, not devotion, makes that necessary.

*From the 6th Annual Report—Philadelphia, 1838

*To be concluded in our next number.