

cruited wearing nature, were again ready to encounter the difficulties of duty.

After *night* they started for the residence of the Rev. H. Roe, Upper Ireland, a distance of nearly *twenty* miles. Mr Ward was left on the way, at his own house. The rest had scarcely got within shelter, at a late hour, when the rain came down in torrents.

The next day was very favourable, and a tolerable congregation appeared. The Holy Communion was here administered before Morning Prayer, and some half-dozen lay people shewed their sense of the privilege by communicating with apparent devotion—a privilege which for some time they have not enjoyed, as their Minister is only in Deacon's orders. The Rev. W. King read prayers, and administered the Holy Communion, the Rev. H. Roe assisting in the latter. The Rev. J. Carry read the lessons and preached. The Clerical speakers went over, at the Meeting, the old ground; and some of the congregation took an active part in the proceedings, one of whom (Mr. Woodside) pointed out in a very effective manner how the country people could contribute to the funds of the Society, a vast increase without at all coming up to the character of a heroic self-denial. Another, who emigrated but a few years since, contrasted the then state of the Church with its present condition—both beautiful and comfortable. Then, on removing his hat from the seat of the pew on which it had rested during Divine Service, he was obliged to use some force, and thereby lost a good portion of the little fur it had on—it had *frozen* beside him! He might well say people could not then profit fully by the services. He also pathetically stated, that he had taught in a Sunday School in "*Old*" Ireland, the children of which contributed their pence to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and he little thought that in *New* Ireland he should be a partaker of spiritual privileges procured by the agency of those pennies.

This Church, together with the other of the Missions of New Ireland and Inverness, is a delightful and profitable element of the untiring zeal and Christian activity of the late respected Secretary of the Diocesan Church Society, the Rev. W. Wickes. It is hoped that the services of the day—to which no less attention was shewn here than elsewhere—will be the means of exciting a livelier concern for the common cause, and a graver sense of individual responsibility.

The Rev. Mr. Roe's guests were made very comfortable by Mrs. Lord. After dinner, and an hour's profitable conversation on Church matters, having implored the Divine blessing on the labours of the day, and commended themselves in united prayer to the protection of God, Messrs. King, Carry and Ward again set forth, *after night*, feeling no small regret that the rare happiness of these occasional meetings was so soon interrupted.

The roads had now become very soft and unfit for travelling, so that it was half-past one in the morning when Messrs. King and Carry reached the Parsonage, Leeds. Next day the rain fell with great violence, the roads having become still worse; and yet the Rev. W. King had to go forth, but poorly defended by an umbrella—buffalo coats, &c., being oppressive incumbrances during rain.

There was now no other appointed meeting until Thursday, the 24th February, at Frampton East.

On the Tuesday evening previous, in the midst of a violent snow-storm, the Revs. W. King and J. Carry started from St. Sylvester, and with no small difficulty reached Mrs. Lilliot's, 15 miles distant. Here they received every kindness. The next morning, in a heavy fall of soft, wetting snow, they proceeded, with some of the family, over shockingly drifted roads, to the Village of St. Mary, a station of Mr. King's, and where he now purposed holding Divine Service.

The congregation consists of two families and two young women, sisters, who were servants in one house. After prayers, Mr. King catechised an interesting and intelligent little girl, who went through her whole Catechism admirably. She boards at the Convent School. Whether this be consistent or judicious in Protestants, is at least very doubtful. Just before sermon the

Rev. H. Roe came in, after *hard* driving, to overtake his brethren, who could not afford to wait for him. The little congregation seemed to prize much the blessing of an occasional service—all that the Reverend Itinerant can give them. On the Rev. J. Carry's addressing some words of encouragement and advice to the isolated sisters, to keep firm to their religion, and to practice its duties; their eyes filling with tears, they assured him that they had to resist many temptations from Romanists; that they read their Bible daily together, and did not neglect their prayers. They proposed leaving the place as soon as possible.

Being sufficiently refreshed, for which the hospitable Protestant Innkeeper, Mr. Moore, would receive no remuneration, the Clergymen once more started for Frampton. Mr. Roe was obliged to hire a fresh horse, with which he got an old sleigh and harness. This was the source of some trouble and delay, as before many miles were got over, the harness gave way—providentially at the door of a blacksmith's shop. The soft snow had now become most uncomfortable—the travellers were becoming cold and wet, their buffalo coats and robes were thoroughly saturated, while they had to *wring* their gloves repeatedly. Slowly and wearily did they drive over soft and heavy roads, and at length were glad to stop at a miserable house in the woods, where there was no fire to dry or warm them, no food, no cover for their horses, which had to feed in the *rain*, which now began to fall in a most ominous manner. Their poor tired horses being fed, they were glad to begin their journey, made somewhat more patient by the consideration of the permanent wretchedness which they had witnessed. The rain also proved even more tolerable than the soft snow. For the *five* hours which it took to reach the Clergyman's residence in Frampton, it rained incessantly, and as if poured from buckets. They sat in pools of water, drenched to the very skin, and almost jolted to death through cahots. In a doleful plight, at half-past ten they arrived at Mr. Merrick's, where every possible attention was paid to their wants with the most genuine kindness. They were soon in dry clothes, and under the influence of a good supper and hospitable looks of welcome forgot the manifold disasters of the journey. The only drawback, and that was a great one, was to find their estimable brother confined to his bed by severe indisposition. The next day, however, he was sufficiently well to be able to get up, which contributed a great deal to the happiness of all. The day was, by one of those sudden changes but too frequent this winter, bitterly cold; and the people, not supposing it possible for any one to have arrived in such weather, turned out, of course, very thinly. Had the arrival of the Clergy been thought possible, the roughness of the day would not, they were assured, have prevented a very large number from assembling. Leaving Mr. Merrick to assist, by his private prayers, the cause in which they were engaged, they proceeded to the Church, where between twenty and thirty persons were assembled. The Rev. Messrs. King and Roe performed Divine Service, and the Rev. J. Carry preached. At the Meeting, over which the Rev. W. King presided, several Resolutions were moved and seconded on important and practical matters, which received the hearty concurrence of those present, who listened with much interest and evident satisfaction.

The Church, a new one of stone, not yet quite finished, built after a good model, and promising to be one of the most ecclesiastical in the Diocese, afforded a striking testimony to the zealous exertions of the Mission. The Rev. J. Torrance, Chairman, and Rev. J. Van Linge were expected, and would have been present but for the dreadful weather.

Next day Messrs. King, Carry and Roe left their kind friends, whose unaffected hospitality they cannot readily forget, and turned their faces homewards. It was slow and tedious work, the roads being covered with vast masses of hard drifted snow. The breaking of Mr. Roe's sleigh, caused by getting into the deep snow, off the road, caused a second time some delay. At length they reached, cold and hungry, Mr. Moore's, at St. Mary's. Again did this good Gains send them on their way refreshed, and without expense. Mr. King remained, to proceed on one of his long trips up the Kennebec. The difficulties of the way may be esti-