

We arose refreshed the next morning, and after, in vain, waiting for the arrival of two American clergymen from the opposite side, drove four miles down the river to Moore, where our first meeting was appointed for eleven o'clock. The season was highly unfavorable, because, after long delays, spring at last had come in good earnest, and the farmers were all busy getting in their crops; but there was, nevertheless, a very fair meeting, and it was gratifying to observe the genuine interest which was taken in the proceedings by those present. The meeting was addressed by the three clergymen present, and also by several laymen. Admiral Vidal moved the first resolution, with some short but pithy and sensible remarks; and Mr. Roberts, a candidate for holy orders, now assisting Mr. Salter, as lay-reader, delivered an animated and effective speech, in a manner which would have done credit to one of much greater age and experience. But the most interesting speech was that of Mr. Telford. He spoke of the reluctance with which he himself had given up some secular engagements, to attend this meeting, and of the unwillingness of men generally, to postpone their temporal affairs to the interests of eternity. And when in touching words, which reached every heart he alluded to the suddenness with which the day of life so often closes in the night of death, the thoughts of all instinctively reverted to the untimely fate of his talented brother, that great and good man, whose loss England has not yet ceased to deplore.

The church at Moore was built by a private individual, and is beautifully situated; but its internal arrangements are very bad; the pulpit, which is entered from the vestry room, projects in a most unsightly manner, directly over the centre of the communion table.

After partaking of Mrs. Salter's hospitality, we drove to Port Sarnia, where I took up my quarters at the house of my friend, and some time parishioner, W. P. Vidal, Esq. Here, also, the church was built by, and is still the property of an individual, Capt. Vidal; but I understood that the parishioners are about to take steps for purchasing it of him. It is evident, however, that in its present state it will not long suffice for the rapidly growing population. Port Sarnia must, before long, have a resident clergyman, when there is every reason to hope that the church will soon be in a very flourishing condition. This was the first meeting of the Parochial branch of the Church Society, and the interest which it excited was very gratifying. It is doubtless partly owing to good fortune, but in a great measure to his fidelity and zeal, that Mr. Salter receives the hearty support and co-operation of the influential members of his several congregations. The meeting at Port Sarnia contrasted very favorably with some which I have attended in places enjoying much greater advantages, where empty benches and lukewarm audiences exercise a chilling influence on the speakers. Several laymen took a prominent part in the proceedings; Mr. Vidal and Mr. Davis, both of them gentlemen of the legal profession (*Arcades ambo*) spoke with much animation, and with good effect. Altogether the meeting was a very satisfactory one, and was calculated to exercise a happy influence. After the meeting, I spent a pleasant hour in talking of mutual friends, with my kind host and hostess, and then sought the repose which was to fit us for the labours of the coming day.

Soon after five o'clock the next morning, Mr. Salter roused me from sleep with the intimation that there was no time to lose. We had three and twenty miles to drive to Plympton, and horrible suspicions regarding the state of the roads had been insinuated. Indeed, my

good friend Mr. Salter now began to hint that it was possible (!) we might have to walk the last two miles.

However, invigorated by a cup of coffee which my kind hostess had prepared, we started in good spirits, and enjoyed a beautiful drive for ten miles when we reached Maxwell, the residence of Mrs. Jones, where a plentiful breakfast and a cordial welcome were awaiting our arrival. Here the rumors regarding the state of the roads, assumed a more definite shape, but I still placed reliance in the deceitful assurances of Mr. Salter, that we should be able to accomplish all but two miles in the waggon. Soon after leaving Maxwell, we reached a cedar swamp, and here our troubles commenced; but, as most of your readers know what is meant by "mudholes" in Canada, I will not harrow their feelings by a description. After four miles of "mudhole," we reached a place called Errol, of which I confess I did not, on a brief acquaintance, form a very flattering opinion. So, day or other it will, doubtless, be a highly refined and luxurious city. It being very evident that any further progress by our present mode of conveyance, was hopelessly out of the question; it being now ten o'clock, and the meeting appointed for eleven; and there being yet eight (*qu. ten?*) miles to travel, it was proposed and carried by a vote of two to one, that we should abandon the waggon, borrow saddles, and "ride and tie." The dissentient was Mr. Jamieson, who maintained that he was not used to such a species of locomotion, and that he would rather trust to his own legs than to those of a four-footed beast; but he was voted down, and we prepared to carry our resolution into effect. The only inhabitant whom we could discover in Errol was a phlegmatic Dutch gentleman, from whom, after some difficulty, we extracted the startling fact that Errol possesses only one saddle, that we had passed the house which is its legitimate abiding place about a mile back, and that it was very doubtful whether we should find it at home. So the minority was triumphant, we tied the horses to a fence in front of the tavern (after a fruitless endeavor to find the landlord), tucked our trousers into our boots, and started off in Indian file, Mr. Salter leading the way at a great pace, notwithstanding Mr. Jamieson's pathetic remonstrances touching the comparative length of our lower limbs. We carefully avoided the road, and kept close to the bank of Lake Huron, enjoying the magnificent view of its mighty waters, and refreshed by the breeze which just rippled its surface. For two miles we got on very well; we had now and then to scramble up and down the sides of a steep ravine, at the bottom of which a rushing streamlet was chained by a fallen tree; but we all had sufficient experience in bush travelling to be able to "walk a log," and we rather enjoyed the adventure. The difficulties, however, increased; at one place we had to construct an extempore bridge, and showed ourselves to be skilful engineers; at another, there was no bridge, and no materials for building one. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to jump; Mr. Salter and myself, trusting in our long legs, cleared the chasm, and stood, one on each side, to receive Mr. Jamieson who, we thought, might be in danger of falling back upon reaching the farther shore. To our amazement, however, he came bounding over between us, like an Indian rubber ball, and did not give us a chance of trying our benevolent intentions into execution. The last four or five miles were very toilsome; at one time we had to fight our way through a dense bush, and when to avoid this, we descended to the lake shore, the loose shingles rendered our progress slow and fatiguing. At length we reached our destination, not, how-

ever, until one o'clock, two hours after the appointed time. To our great delight, however, we found a large concourse of people assembled, so that although twenty or five and twenty had gone away, there were still one hundred and five persons present at the meeting. And truly, the attention with which our remarks were listened to, and the evident pleasure and interest which all took in the proceedings, were more than a sufficient reward for our fatigues. Mr. Crooks, a retired officer of the navy, spoke with much energy, but he was the only layman who could muster courage for the ordeal, and we unfortunately were too much exhausted by our three hours walk, to do full justice to the subjects we had to bring before them. Yet the zeal of our audience made amends for our deficiencies, and we had the satisfaction of feeling that the meeting, the first that had been held, was eminently successful. Mr. Salter is only able to visit this distant part of his mission, situated nearly thirty miles from his home, once a month. And that on a week day, yet the congregation have subscribed £180 in a short period, and have erected a commodious and exceedingly pretty church, which is so near completion that we were able to use it for the first time on this occasion.

After the meeting we partook of a handsome and abundant collation in the house of Mrs. Hill, who with her daughter and six sons, gave us a cordial welcome, and made us feel as if we were old friends, instead of new acquaintances. The afternoon was fine and calm, and some of the young men rowed us to within two miles of the village where we had left our horses. And so at 10 o'clock at night we reached Port Sarnia, wearied in body, but refreshed in spirit, and gratified by the display, in a remote and secluded spot, of so much zeal and energy, so much kindness of heart, and unaffected christian liberality.

On the next morning we again embarked on the Ruby, and after depositing our excellent friend and pleasant companion at Algona reached Detroit in safety at an early hour of the afternoon. My account of this excursion has far exceeded the limits within which I intended to confine, but I trust that it may not be altogether without interest to some of your readers. I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

E. H. D.

Sandwich, May 18th, 1854.

To the Editor of "The Church."

Hawkesbury Mills, May 18th, 1854.

REVEREND SIR,—I enclose you by to-morrow's mail, a copy of an address presented by the congregation of Trinity Church, West Hawkesbury, to the Rev. J. Travers Lewis, on his departure for Brockville, and his reply. You will confer a great favor on the "Congregation" by publishing them in the next issue of the *Church*.

I am, Sir,

Your obed't servant,

JOHN HAMILTON,

Church-warden Trinity Church,
West Hawkesbury.

To the Rev. John Travers Lewis, A. B., Incumbent of Trinity Church, West Hawkesbury, in the Diocese of Toronto.

AN ADDRESS from the congregation of the above Church, assembled in vestry meeting, on Easter Monday, 17th April, 1854.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—On the eve of your removal from amongst us, to accept a preferment to the mission of Brockville, we would account it undutiful on our part did we not avail ourselves of the opportunity which our