

month, and his labours have been great and serviceable. On Monday I accompanied him to one of his Congregations, and confirmed twenty-eight persons. After divine service, I was informed of the death of Mr. Geddes's father, of cholera, a few days before, at Kingston. He was assistant-surgeon to the forces there, and highly esteemed. He has left a very large family to deplore his loss. His son, the young Clergyman, not being quite well, had remained at Mr. Pinchay's. While I was at March, I consecrated the church, and sixteen persons were confirmed Mr. Pinchay contributed largely to the building of the church. The want of a parsonage house in this Mission is exceedingly apparent. Mr. Padfield pays for his residence, a poor and old one, 25*l.* per annum. It is situated in the extreme corner of his Mission, but he could procure no other. His two best congregations are in the townships of Goulburn and Huntley, and the roads are very bad. I have frequently seen the inconvenience experienced by Missionaries, arising from the difficulty of finding a residence, but I am particularly sensible of it in this case, for Mr. Padfield is a patient and laborious pastor, and, when he was ordained by me, in April, 1833, he relinquished a situation in Upper Canada College, and a salary of 150*l.* a year, since which time he has received only 100*l.* per annum, now the usual salary of new Missionaries. I shall not fail to amend Mr. Padfield's income whenever it may be in my power.

On the 14th of August, we went to Richmond. The circumstances of the Church here are in an unsatisfactory and unsettled state; not so with regard to the Mission of Oxford and Marlborough, under the charge of the Rev. H. Palton. On the 16th, after crossing the Rideau, we proceeded to Mr. Palton's house, at Kemptville, in the township of Oxford. He is an active young man, and rides more miles, and preaches oftener, than Missionaries in general can do. Since I was here, in September, 1829, a church has been built in Marlborough, which, together with a burial-ground adjacent to it, were now consecrated. In this church, and that at Kemptville, I confirmed forty-three persons.

Pursuing our journey to the westward, and then to the north, about twenty-seven miles, we came to the church at Beckwith, which is now called Franktown. The Rev. Jonathan Shortt, who was lately appointed to this Mission, has not yet arrived from Laprairie, in Lower Canada. He is a good and promising young Clergyman; and I have, within this short time, received from him pleasing accounts of his new situation.

From Franktown we rode to Carleton Place, nine miles. This is a new mission, whither the Rev. E. J. Boswell went in October, 1833: it proves to be a flourishing place, situated on the banks of a river named Mississippi, which runs into the Ottawa. The scenery is pretty, and the banks of the river afford what is called in this country, good water privileges, namely, sites for mills, forges, building boats, &c. The Rev. M. Harris, of Perth, the planter of the church in this part of the province, formerly attended a congregation here, as well as in other places in the neighbourhood. The congregation has increased, and is now a large one; and they and their minister seem to be well attached, and mutually attentive to each other. Mrs. Boswell contributes to her husband's usefulness as a help-meet for him. I might have made a remark similar to this before I arrived at this part of my report; but my having neglected to do so in other places, is not, I think, a sufficient reason for omitting it here. On Sunday, the 24th, a congregation of more than three hundred persons were assembled in the church, of whom I confirmed ninety-seven. The church is not completed; I had, therefore, great satisfaction in being enabled, by the bounty of the Society, to promise a donation of 50*l.* In some places, such a gift is particularly well deserved, and profitably bestowed, and this is one of them. On the following day, we ascended the river, nine miles: disembarked, and then rode to Perth, thirteen miles. We remained here four days, and held a Confirmation, when that holy ordinance was administered to one hundred and twenty-one persons. Perth was originally a military settlement. Since my first visit to it in the year 1820, the population in this part of the country has greatly increased; and the friends of our Church continue to be more numerous than those of any other denomination, which is much to be attributed

to the activity of the Missionary, the Rev. M. Harris.

We now bent our course southward to Brockville, on the river St. Lawrence, forty-one miles. It is one of the prettiest and largest villages in the province. The church was completed in the year 1832, but had not yet been consecrated. It is a very handsome stone building, well finished within and without; there is a good gallery at one end; and this, as well as the pews, is made of black walnut. It does credit to the zeal and taste of those who have contributed to the erection of it; but I am disposed to give them more credit for making up to their present minister the amount of the annual salary which his predecessor received. I have already observed, that the salary now granted to new Missionaries from public funds is not more than 100*l.* per annum, an income clearly insufficient for the due maintenance of a Clergyman in this country. The congregation here contribute to the support of their present minister another 100*l.* This gentleman is the Rev. Edward Denroche, who came from Ireland in the year 1833. His ministry is acceptable and profitable to the people, and they live together in peace and unity, and mutual good will. This is one instance, among others, in which providence has turned the distresses of the Church and people in Ireland to the advantage of Canada. Many good Protestants and their ministers have, I may say, been constrained to leave their native country, and have found refuge in this, and are benefitting themselves and others by living to the glory of God and the good of their fellow-creatures. This will especially apply to several of our new Missionaries, who came to Canada during the last and preceding year. And here I shall particularly mention the Rev. C. B. Cronyn, who is at London; the Rev. A. Palmer, at Guelph; the Rev. R. H. D'Olier, at Peterborough; and the Rev. R. Flood, at Caradoc. On Sunday, the 31st of August, the church at Brockville was consecrated. It was a matter of regret to me that I could not conveniently at this time consecrate also the church at Lamb's Pond, situated near a small lake, about nine miles to the north of Brockville. It is a neat edifice, constructed under the direction of the Rev. John Wenham, who was a benefactor to it to the utmost of his means. He was formerly minister at Brockville, and is now the chaplain at Point de Galle, in the island of Ceylon. Lamb's Pond is in the Mission of the Rev. W. Gunning, who has a laborious charge, to which he is duly attentive. He has a useful auxiliary in the person of Mr. John O'Neill, a Catechist in his neighbourhood, a very humble, and a very faithful Christian. Catechists like him are of great service to the Church; and I am happy to say that there are in the diocese several very good Catechists, for whose support we are very much indebted to the bounty of the Society.

After staying at Brockville for three days, we embarked in a steam-boat for Kingston, where we stopped for a few hours, and then proceeded to Toronto, formerly York, where we arrived on the 4th of September. My residence here was short, for my plan was to return to Kingston, and then to visit the Missions in the Bay of Quinte, and afterwards those of Cobourg, Port Hope, Peterborough, and Cavan. This I accomplished; for, leaving Toronto on the 22d of September, I visited all these places before the end of October.

I shall not enter upon a detail of this part of my Visitation, but content myself with observing, that I am very thankful to the good providence of Almighty God, for the health and protection granted us during the excessive heat of the summer, and the raging of the cholera in several places at the time of our visiting them; also that, upon the whole, the increase of the Church, and the state of the Missions in the diocese, afford me satisfaction. I have however to regret, that the extent of the diocese, comprising the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, is so great, that it is quite out of my power to watch over and attend to its interests sufficiently, or in the desirable and efficient way which might be accomplished by the appointment of a suffragan bishop, whose duty it should be to preside over the Church in the lower province. I hope that his Majesty's Government will, with the sanction of the head of our Church and the Chairman of our Venerable Society, ere long make this appointment.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

DAVID SAUNDERS, THE ORIGINAL OF THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

Many of our readers are acquainted with that beautiful tract, *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*. The substance of this narrative is a correct account of David Saunders, of West Lavington, who died about the period of its publication. The conversation represented as passing between the shepherd and Mr. Johnson, really took place with Dr. Stonehouse, a neighbouring clergyman, who afterwards befriended the shepherd on many occasions.

Dr. Stonehouse, who was on a journey, and somewhat fearful from the appearance of the sky that rain was at no great distance, accosted the shepherd with asking what sort of weather he thought it would be on the morrow?—"It will be such weather as pleases me," answered the shepherd. Though the answer was delivered in the mildest and civillest tone that could be imagined, Dr. S. thought the words themselves rather rude and surly, and asked him how that could be? "Because," replied the shepherd, "it will be such weather as shall please God, and whatever pleases Him always pleases me."

Dr. S. was quite satisfied with this reply, and entered into conversation with the shepherd in the following manner:—"Yours is a troublesome life, honest friend," said he. "To be sure, Sir," replied the shepherd, "it is not a very lazy life; but 'tis not near so toilsome as that which my great Master led for my sake, and he had every state and condition of life at his choice, and chose a hard one, while I only submit to the lot that is appointed me." "You are exposed to great cold and heat," said the gentleman. "True, Sir," said the shepherd; "but then I am not exposed to great temptations; and so, throwing one thing against another, God is pleased to contrive to make things more equal than we, poor, ignorant, short-sighted creatures are apt to think. David was happier when he kept his father's sheep on such a plain as this, and singing some of his own psalms, perhaps, than ever he was when he became king of Israel and Judah. And I dare say we should never have had some of the most beautiful texts in all those fine psalms, if he had not been a shepherd, which enabled him to make so many fine comparisons and similitudes, as one may say, from a country life, flocks of sheep, hills and valleys, and fountains of water."

"You think, then," said the gentleman, "that a laborious life is a happy one?"

"I do, Sir, and more especially so, as it exposes a man to fewer sins. If King Saul had continued a poor laborious man to the end of his days, he might have lived happy and honest, and died a natural death in his bed at last; which you know, Sir, was more than he did. But I speak with reverence, for it was divine Providence overruled all that, you know, Sir, and I do not presume to make comparisons. Besides, Sir, my employment has been particularly honoured. Moses was a shepherd in the plains of Midian. It was to shepherds, keeping their flocks by night, that the angels appeared in Bethlehem to tell the best news—the gladdest tidings that were ever revealed to poor sinful men; often and often has the thought warmed my poor heart in the coldest night, and filled me with more joy and thankfulness than the best supper could have done."

A few additional particulars respecting David Saunders may be acceptable to our readers.

God blessed him with an excellent wife and numerous offspring; he had sixteen children, and twelve of them at one time wore "like olive branches round his table." It is not to be supposed that a poor shepherd, with such a family, could be without difficulties, especially as his wife suffered much from sickness; but she was a most pious, notable woman; and all the children were brought up in early habits of industry.—*Barbadian*.

POVERTY IS NO DISGRACE.

Not many days since, we rambled a short distance from the more compact and thickly settled part of the town, both for exercise and to breathe a purer air than can be found amidst a dense population. We saw by the way-side a little urchin, apparently about six or eight years old, busily engaged in picking barberries. His clothes were neat and clean, but patched with many colours. His countenance open, frank, and the emblem of innocence. We stopped a moment to look at and admire the apparent contentment and industry of the little fellow, and while so stopping, a very respectable and fine looking middle-aged lady, with a lad of about ten years, came up who like ourselves, were walking to take the morning air. On seeing the little fellow among the barberry bushes, the lady of ten with finer clothes, but a coarser heart, abruptly accosted him with "I say boy, what do you wear your clothes patched up so for?" With a countenance that bespoke his wounded feelings, he readily replied, "I have no father—my mother is poor."