

efforts have always met with the most practical encouragement and warmest sympathy from Bishop Williams.

Little space has been left to speak of the many other lines of influence along which Bishop Williams' Episcopate has left its mark. His sermons, especially in the cathedral, where he preaches regularly when in town every other Sunday morning, are greatly appreciated by that cultured congregation, and are a real power for good. His labours in behalf of higher education, both as President of Bishop's College, and as Chairman for now many years of the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction have been incessant and invaluable. By the laity, especially the educated laity, much confidence is felt in his justice, good sense and sound judgment; he is entirely trusted, and has but to ask for what he sees the church needs to get it. His social influence, combining as he does so remarkably genial playfulness of manners, the kindest humour, and an unfailing store of anecdote, with intellectual powers and wide literary culture, is unbounded. And here it would be wrong to pass over the admirable helper he has always had in Mrs. Williams, who is mentioned, as was deserved, in both the addresses to the bishop, as "having ever shown herself ready to second the bishop's efforts in all that tends to the welfare of the Diocese and the comfort of both clergy and laity;" and as having won "the heartfelt gratitude" of the Diocese "for her graceful and unvarying kindness and hospitality, and for the deep interest she has ever taken and has so abundantly manifested in all good works."

The Bishop of Quebec is still active in his work, and may be reasonably expected to live many years yet. In his answer to the address of the synod, however, he speaks of "the unwelcome conviction obtruding upon him that his faculties for sustained exertion are growing less." He says: "I shrink from the thought of hanging on with impaired powers a weight and a drag upon the Diocese," but concludes with the hope that "the failure of his strength to work and his strength to live may come together." That day, in all human probability, is far off; but whenever it does come, the Church of England will have lost one of its most beloved and ablest bishops.

BISHOP STEWART AND THE MOHAWK INDIANS.

BY REV. G. A. ANDERSON, M. A.

VISITING one of my oldest Mohawk Parishioners yesterday I incidentally spoke of the extract from the late Bishop Stewart's Journal which appeared in the August number of this valuable magazine, referring to his visit to this Mission, the old church and confirmation held on that occasion.

It appeared to please the old man, John John, that anything should be said now about those early

days of the Church here and at once he began to tell me, in his quaint manner, what he knew about it. "The good Father," said he, "fixed a day for coming to see his Mohawk children. We were in the church from about 11 o'clock. John Hill, the catechist, was reading the confirmation service in our language and explaining it. We had no minister then. When we heard the waggon we jumped up and went out. We all knew Mr. Campbell for he had been here before. The good Father shook hands with the Chiefs, and we all walked back to the church. Prayers were said; the bishop laid his hands upon the heads of twenty-one; I was of the number. We sang hymns in our tongue; my father was leader in music those days; big choir; nearly all the people sing. The Fathers both talked to us long time, John Hill interpreted. At that time our people began to bury at the place where the stone church now is. We walked through the bush past where the parsonage stands, from the church to the grave, singing all the way; we used to sing then going to graves, the bishop and Mr. Campbell went in front."

"It is not," said I, "half a mile from the site of the old church to the present burying grounds."

"No, but through the woods white man think it long way. After the funeral we came back; we made big fire in the stove and the Fathers sat and talked to us. Most of the people remained until the boat stopped, middle of the night; we walked to the wharf; I carried the bishop's little trunk; he shook hands with me and gave me money. I forget who was buried that big day."

The above is my old friend's account of Bishop Stewart's visit and the "big day," his confirmation.

The church of those early days was that erected by the Mohawks soon after their arrival from the State of New York, a small frame building near the bay shore. Services were held in it every Sunday by a native catechist, paid by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, John Hill. The Mission, was occasionally visited by the rectors of Kingston, Picton and Belleville, until the appointment of the late Rev. Saltern Givins, the date of which I extract from a memorandum which he left with me when I succeeded him in April, 1850:

"Saltern Givins was ordained Deacon on Sunday, the 13th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and thirty-one, at Kingston, by the Honourable and Right Reverend Charles James Stewart, Lord Bishop of Quebec, and appointed missionary in the Mohawk Tract, and also in the Township of Picton and in the County of Lennox and Addington in the Midland District.

"N. B. took charge of the Mission, 17th March, 1831. S. G."

On the 29th of May, 1831, Trinity Sunday, I find that the Holy Communion was celebrated in this parish, the Reverend Thomas Campbell, rector of Belleville, being celebrant; there is a list of the communicants on that occasion: thirty-five Mohawks and nine whites; all are dead but two