

charge. Well do I remember, when yet a mere lad, hearing a conversation between two old gentlemen, who, with myself, were storm-staid at Windsor one dark, wintry day,—and listening with great interest to what they were saying—“that the change which had been effected in the North End of the town, through Mr. Uniacke’s instrumentality, had been very wonderful.” Especially, did they speak of the good which had been done among the children. At that time, I had never, to my knowledge, seen the Rector, having spent much of my youth in the country; but the conversation of these two worthy men laid the foundation of my respect for him, and has ever remained fresh in my memory.

It is not probable that more than two or three persons are now living who can accurately remember the condition of this sacred edifice when he assumed charge. It was not as it is now; but in a rough and unfinished state. He entered with zeal into its completion, repair and enlargement. A friendly people strengthened his hands; the work progressed; church and school room were soon fitted for the accommodation of worshippers and pupils. God prospered him. Full of zeal and endued with physical strength, he went through the length and breadth of his allotted field,—by day and night attending to the spiritual wants of his people. Suddenly that frightful disease, the Asiatic Cholera, broke out in the town with malignant fury and resistless power. Immediately, he girded himself to meet the foe. As when that terrible scourge, the small-pox, visited the city a short time previously, his own house and stable had been converted into an hospital for the reception of its numerous victims, so now the one became the resort for medicinal relief of those attacked by this dreadful sickness, and the other