Vicar of Leeds, to preach the sermon at the consecration of his new church. His sojourn in England he most heartily enjoyed. He was the recipient of marked attention from the most distinguished men. He visited the House of Lords, where the Queen made a speech. Her Majesty passed within a yard of the Bishop and impressed him as a very fine looking woman. Her coach was magnificent and was drawn by eight white horses. The old coachman of George III. was on the box with a large bouquet of flowers. The Bishop of London spoke of the Bishop of New Jersey as a distinguished scholar and a divine in England as well as in America, a prelate of great piety and learning. He greatly enjoyed his visit to 'Stratford upon Avon,' and went to the house where Shakespeare first breathed, whose walls were covered with autographs of kings, princes, conquerors of men, statesman, philosophers and poets. His visit to Wordsworth was described by the Bishop in a most pleasing manner. While there, it rained before reaching the house, and Wordsworth insisted that his visitor should wear his coat until his own should dry, and also offered him his shoes. The Bishop wrote to his family in America—"To think of it, in Wordsworth's shoes." Wordsworth's great source of health was living in the fresh air, which I consider nature's great invigorator, a far better tonic than man can compound, though unappreciated by many. When asked where Wordworth's study was, his servant replied: "Out-of-doors." While abroad, the Bishop attended a meeting of the Religious Useful Knowledge Society, at "St. Mary's Hall," England. This coincidence affected the Bishop and caused him to think of his own "St. Mary's Hall," Burlington. His beautiful verses penned to departing friends, have but to be read to be admired. I have only space for the holy thoughts that came into his mind on visiting 'Northfield Vicarage.' This was a very pleasant old place with a pretty garden between it and the church, which is very old, with a square tower and a peal of bells that were merrily rung on the arrival of the great "American Bishop."

"This was in all my prayers when first I prayed,
A parsonage in a sweet garden shade,
The church adjoining, with its ivied tower,
A peal of bells, a clock to tell the hour,
A rustic flock to feed from day to day,
And kneel with them at morn and eve and pray.