

Cape Breton Mission.

GRAND RIVER.

If the missionary in Cape Breton be not a happy and useful man, the blame will be very much his own: whilst he breathes the purest air under heaven, beholds the finest scenery in the world, and meets with kindness and respect wherever he goes.

The great drawback here, is the state of the roads in the back settlements; for which "our members" are responsible, who deserve to be brought to task for it. Otherwise you will have little to complain of; even there, now, you will get sugar in your tea, and a large feather-bed to rest your weary limbs on till eight o'clock in the morning, if you like. Then, after breakfast and family-worship, it is easy creeping from the house to the large barn, and there preaching to a crowd of people, as comfortably and effectively as if you were in a Church, even though it were consecrated. But the roads are all but impassable, and the conduct of members, in the case, is intolerable, scandalous, and cruel in the extreme. For instance, lately at Framboise, a settlement on the south-east shore of the Island, the men came up to meeting at Archibald McDumids, all blown and carrying their hats in their hands, the strapping young women with their hoops, could hardly get over the mud, and through the bushes at all, and some old people had to turn back, with tears in their eyes, after having come part of the way. It is long since I have said, there is no trusting any political party more than another. Part of the way here—for it is no road—for a distance of six miles, from Grand River, on to Framboise, is as rough and dangerous, though not so steep, as any I have ever met with, even in Cape North.

The principal colony here is Grand River, as it is called. This river is neither grand nor great, and must have derived its present title from the absence of any other river deserving the name, in this low, hard-featured section of the Island. It has however, a nice little fall hid amid the bushes near the head. Fringed with alder on its banks, and covered with spruce, in the back ground, this unpretending stream, issuing from Loch Lomond, ten miles into the interior, (like some men, who even do not make a little noise in the world,) without a murmur, quietly glides into the sea. Here again, the title bestowed on this lake is complimentary rather than appropriate; given it by some Bluenose, who it is likely, had never seen a lake in this life, save this same one. Here we have no Ben Lomond, nor any other Ben or hill, as an appendage in the case; but the lake itself, which is twelve miles in circumference, indented by numerous little head-lands, and dotted with several small islands, presents from different points of view, a fine appearance; and is an absolute relief to the traveller, emerging from the dark woods and rugged roads, as this

new scene, surrounded by the habitations of men, suddenly opens on his oppressed vision.

Here the soil is stiff and stony, but not so sterile, but that, from its quality of retaining the moisture, it generally produces good crops of oats and Scotch grass: and is a fit emblem of the renewed soul which retains the moisture from above. The inhabitants are industrious, and though poor, they are sober, which keeps them out of debt. You see no great farms here, but then you hear no drunken frolics, and meet with no idlers; and though, as in every poor country, the young men are driven to seek their fortunes far away by sea and land, in California and Oregon, they return with, at least, more knowledge of the world; and enjoy more their quiet homes during the rest of their lives. Of course, there is a sprinkling of devout people over the district. Meantime, however, it would take a Brainerd, or the Apostle Paul, to bring the whole community under a spiritual cultivation; of which, mayhap, more hereafter. This is an overgrown congregation entirely, and beyond all bounds,—numbering three hundred families, spread and scattered over a territory of twenty miles by fifteen, including the River, the Lake, Framboise, L'ardoise, Larchiveque, and other smaller settlements and hamlet, some, like the above, with French crabbed names.

There are two churches here, an upper and lower, the resident clergyman, who is a gentleman of education and refinement, is most liked at the lower Church: which is the more aristocratic looking one of the two. At the upper Church, a degree of dissatisfaction is felt with matters on measures of late; and a disposition is manifested on the part of the people there, and at Framboise, and elsewhere within the bounds, to adhere to the Church of Scotland, rather than any other, under these circumstances. And thus the matter stands.

The distance from this to Grand River is one hundred miles. but such was the hearty welcome I received there, and the kind attentions continued to me till I left the place, by these warm-hearted people, that, did time permit, nothing would yield me greater satisfaction than again giving them an early visit.

JOHN GUNN.

Soiree at West Carriboo, Pictou.

QUITE a successful soiree took place last month in this division of the Pictou congregation. The object was a very laudable one—to raise some money for repairing the school-house in that district. Much of the success is due to the efforts made by Mr. Ferguson, who superintended the whole management, and in whose commodious barn the meeting took place. The people of the district, almost without exception, contributed handsomely, and after paying all expenses, a surplus of between 3 and 4 pounds remained to carry out the intended object.