

*To the Editor of the "Lennoxville Magazine."*

DEAR SIR,—As I have returned in safety from my trip to the Gaspé coast, I hasten, according to promise, to give you my impressions about that wild region and its inhabitants.

On the — of August I went on board the steamer Gaspé, lying at the Commissioner's wharf: though advertised to sail at three o'clock, at least three hours more elapsed before we started.

The vessel was in all the glory of fresh paint, a loud smell of which, as the Yankees would say, pervaded her length and breadth; everything was sticky. Tired of pacing the deck, I sat down on a bench and gave way to my very natural admiration of the view one leaves behind at Quebec; but on attempting to rise, I found myself secured like an unfortunate bird on a lime twig, and had not my duck pants been of the very best, I should certainly have left a portion behind as a warning to the weary. However, the paint dried as we got along, and nothing worthy of notice occurred, except that while yet in the river we frightened the crew of a small schooner out of their wits, by nearly running them down.

Fortunately, we only cut off their bowsprit: the captain cried "stop her," (the steamer of course, for the poor little schooner immediately hauled down her foresail)—and raising a binocular to his eyes looked through the gloom (9 p. m.) to see if she was sinking, and perceiving that she had not gone down, said cheerily, "she's all right," "turn her head full speed," and so we went on our way rejoicing. On the third day we reached Gaspé Basin, situated at the extremity of a deep bay, with mountains on both sides. The scenery here is very fine, and the view of the Basin is extremely pretty. As you approach, the wharves and stores and neatly painted dwellings backed by the rising ground, the green woods, and the distant mountains, form a delightful picture. I was met at the landing by the Rev. J. Jones, who was expecting me; so, full of mutual enquiries and talking of old times, we made our way to the pretty little parsonage, which, built on a hill that tries one's legs and lungs considerably, commands a capital view of the surrounding scenery.

Here, in the society of Jones and his amiable family, I spent a pleasant week; such a change from the turmoil and dust of the city to the peaceful quiet of the country, with its green fields and rustling trees and cool sea breezes coming up every evening from the Gulf. This is one of the earliest of the Church Missions on the coast. On Sunday I attended each of the little Churches; at both there were good congregations, and at