



QUEEN'S HIGHWAY, ST. GEORGE'S BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Rev. J. G. Mountain, for many years a hard working missionary in remote portions of Newfoundland, describes well the nature of the work that the missionary is obliged to do there. In the summer the whole population seemed busy with the occupation of catching fish, and in winter they retired to the woods for shelter and lived comfortably, though with but little to help them either spiritually or morally. "The wind," he says, "and storm might howl without, and the snow-drift whirl in fury all around, and the deep ponds become almost solid blocks of ice; yet within, the little room was thoroughly warmed by a huge square-piled fire of wood, which sometimes half filled the area of the floor; and as the flame blazed up the wide open wooden chimney, it mattered little if it caught fire, for a cup of water extinguished the flame as soon as it was caught, and a little clay repaired the damage."

During the fishing season, he says,— "I have known men not take off their clothes for a week together, or get more than a snatch of an hour's broken sleep with their clothes and boots on for the whole time. Except at this season, the men begin to come away from the fishing-ground a few hours before sunset; the splitting and salting are done shortly after dark, and then follow supper and bed. This is the opportunity of the missionary; when on his visits he arrives at one of the smaller of these settlements, where there is no school, and few families, he can occupy himself most profitably

in teaching the children and women; or if they are not ripe for even this partial and occasional instruction, he has to wait patiently till the hour when the *cod* fishing has ceased, and his fishing of *men* can begin. Then he has his time; and, wearied as they are, in most cases they willingly attend prayers, as soon as they have concluded their hasty meal; and, in many cases, though not so generally, they will also attend prayers in the morning before setting off to fish, if the missionary can be early enough on his ground. This practice was first instituted in my mission by the laborious and faithful Rev. J. Colley, in spite of his weak and declining state of health."

In 1856 the Rev. T. Boland was frozen to death within a mile of his own house. Mr. Le Gallais, another missionary, was called in October, 1869, to visit a sick woman six miles away from him. On his return he was caught in a gale; his small open boat could not live in the stormy sea, and of himself and his companions nothing more was heard or seen. Such is the nature of the work that has to be done in this rigorous mission field.

The progress made by the Church during the long episcopate of Bishop Feild, assisted as he was in later years by Bishop Kelly, was greatly promoted by the staff of fellow-laborers, whom his noble example attracted to the uninviting coast of Newfoundland. Never had general a braver staff of subordinates. The names of Le Gallais and of Boland, of Mountain and of Hutchinson, will long