

extended and very fertile and beautiful valleys, which are separated from each other by narrow mountain passes. Entering one of these passes we soon emerged into the most beautiful of these valleys. It was in the form of a vast amphitheatre, and surrounded on every side by lofty hills. The valley and the hill sides were dotted over by numerous pretty farm houses, and large flocks of cattle and sheep were feeding on the meadows and the hills. It seemed like an abode of peace and contentment shut in from the rest of the world, and is certainly one of the loveliest spots we have ever beheld. Nor were we less interested in the Congregational community of about forty families, whose inheritance, with the pretty Gothic Church conspicuous in the midst, is on the west side of the river.

We shall never forget the welcome which we met with from these people. Not since the death of their beloved pastor, Mr. Hart, about three years ago, had they seen the face of a Congregational Minister.

Their history is a most interesting one.

HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MARGAREE.

About forty years ago, when this valley was first settled, four English families, mostly of the Church of England, agreed to hold a prayer meeting, at which prayers should be read according to the English Prayer Book. One of their number, who was a Congregationalist, could exhort to edification, and his gifts were called into requisition. Thus for a few years these good people kept up ordinances with an Episcopal liturgy and Congregational preaching. About this time the Rev. Frederick Dairen, of Manchester, N. S., visited them, and, his preaching being blessed to many, a Congregational Church was formed, of which the "Church" party all became members. Of this little church the Rev. Mr. Hart became pastor on the death of his father, the pious and gifted brother above named. For many years he ministered to the people with varying success, and three years ago he was called to his rest.

The four families have now become forty, and, though other churches have sprung up in the valley, they still cling to their principles.

Their pastor being dead, and the dilapidated state of the church edifice making it uncomfortable for them to meet to worship, they gave up their meetings for a time. But they soon found that they went back. Their children either wandered in the fields or were being drawn to other churches, on the Sabbath. They therefore called a meeting, at which they resolved to resume their Sabbath services, and pray and exhort each other as they best could; and further, that they would pull down the old place of worship and erect a new and larger one.

This movement was blessed. The meetings were resumed in the school house, and were continued to be well attended by old and young; and souls have been "born there." A neat Gothic structure, capable of seating about three hundred, has been erected, though not yet finished. Such was the state of things on our arrival.

OUR RECEPTION.

We arrived on a Friday forenoon, about the second week in November. Though rejoiced to see us, they were grieved that their church edifice were not fit to preach in, the floor not having been laid nor the windows put in. It was decided that we should preach that same evening in the school house, when arrangements would be made for subsequent preaching. The school house was packed full, and we preached to a people literally thirsting for the word. After sermon we told them the object of our mission, which was to show the