

Franco and Switzerland for men, for it was essential that they should be men of warm piety, and whose vernacular tongue was French. Providentially, the attempt here was eminently successful, and at once eighteen persons volunteered to come on this errand of mercy. A portion only of these could be provided for, but those who came among us have proved themselves the very men needed.

They arrived (five in number) in October, 1840, and immediately commenced the work, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." They found the people in many, many cases, debased by the grossest superstitions, of which the following are examples:

In one case, they were told by the Canadians that the priests could drive away grasshoppers from their fields, and had done so. That upon one occasion, "the fields were full of these insects, and the priest had offered up a prayer, and next morning they were all found dead." "They also said that he had the power of putting out the fire when a house was in flames; and that there was a house in Montreal which was on fire, and the Bishop went to it, and having put a piece of cloth on a pole and offered prayer, the fire was then extinguished." On another occasion, they were told, as the host was carried to a rich man, that it was the good God. Said the colporteur, "do you really believe that the good God can be carried about in a cart? God is a spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth." "Oh! sir," replied the woman addressed, "it is our religion."

On another occasion still, one of the colporteurs says that he was astonished that those whom he was addressing gazed continually at his feet. As he was leaving, one of them whispered to him that he should show his left foot.

Upon that, a woman said that in the latter days false prophets would come and that we were such, that we were malignant spirits escaped from the bottom of hell, and come to destroy their souls. "But, my dear hearers," the priest had said to them, "would you know them, then when they visit you, ask them to show their left foot, and they will be found cloven like those of a cow or sheep. Those however, who have not their feet cloven, are good people, and you can listen to them."

"After this reply, I took off my shoe and stocking, but oh! my dear brethren, it is impossible to describe what passed in my heart, on viewing these poor people crowding around me to look at my feet. I immediately saw a great change in their countenances. Their fear and prejudices disappeared, and I had the joy of announcing the gospel to them. They listened with much attention, and I took advantage of the pest of falsehood respecting the cloven foot, to show them that all the other things he had said against us, were alike false."

This is but a specimen of the prevailing ignorance and superstition, and is a demonstration that Chris-

tians in this land should spare no effort to ameliorate such a deplorable condition. Who will not do something to remove such degradation?

In your next, with your leave, I will give a succinct view of their labors up to the present time.

Yours sincerely,
A CATHOLIC (NOT ROMAN.)

FROM THE REV. H. WILKES.

HALIFAX, NOVA-SCOTIA, 23d August, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—On leaving you early this month, you requested me to note for you "incidents of travel" during my absence from home. The promise I gave was somewhat rash, for not only am I a poor writer of travels, but such is the rapidity and clock-work regularity of movement per steam packet and rail road, that the *imagination* rather than the *memory* would have to be taxed in order to the production of a series of "incidents." Yet conscience reminds me that you have my promise, therefore meagre as it is in thoughts or in facts, I must open my note book.

We parted at Laprairie on the 8th instant, you to return to our silver roofed city, and I to proceed to Albany and Boston. As "everybody" has seen the rail-road from Laprairie to St. Johns' I will not inflict a description, nor would it be wise in one jealous for the honor of Canada, to say a word concerning the country through which it passes, either as to the scenery or the style of agriculture there developed. St. Johns is an improving place; I imagine that few of our country towns are growing faster. The increasing commercial intercourse with the United States, introduces an Anglo-Saxon population, and they always improve a place. Unless I mistake, you do not need the information that the steamboats on Lake Champlain, are specimens of what are not often found in this world of ours—"perfection." I have not seen their equal either in Great Britain or the United States; it is true that is not saying very much, though I have seen a considerable number; but they appear, from all I have learned, to bear away the palm in general estimation—travellers generally declare their superiority.

In the good steampacket "Burlington," then, we left St. Johns punctually at one o'clock; and ere many hours, found ourselves amongst the magnificent scenery of that portion of Lake Champlain which is beyond the territory of the British dominion. It is a remarkably fine sheet of water in itself, but its points of beauty and grandeur are greatly multiplied by bold head-lands jutting out into its bosom, by numerous islands, and by the variety of mountainous and gently sloping banks. The villages and towns occupy admirably selected spots, and though small, appear to flourish. I walked about Burlington for nearly an hour. Its