

ear. In vain—in vain! In went the fork again, and in again. The savory was not soft. I thought it would never be; but I thought I had to deal with something more impenetrable still. What was to be done?

I held in my hand the rather profuse allowance that had been voted to the urgent case, for the proper expenditure of which I was responsible, as well as for the administration of something better than silver and gold to the nearly departing soul; but what could I do? Except as a third between herself and her cabbage, she remained quite indifferent to my presence in the place. Seen me she had not; listened to me she had not; but as she had spoken to me, I suppose she knew that somebody was there. I hopelessly resumed my efforts, and was proceeding with my commonplace observations upon religion, when, as must naturally occur, I used the name of Jesus. The figure turned instantly its horrible bleared eyes upon me, and with an extraordinary emphasis on the second word, said: "Do *you* love Jesus?" It is probable I was surprised into a strong expression of assent. Whatever it was, it was enough; the magic key was found; the sullen heart was unlocked. She raised herself as much as she was able from the chair, laid down the fork, and forgot the cabbage while we talked together of the name of Jesus. This poor stupid insensible mass of scarcely animate matter, as it had seemed, contained an enlightened mind—an ever-living soul. She conversed with me freely of her previous life, the circumstances of her conversion, and many other things in which there was nothing unusual; I don't remember what they were: but in proof that she was no unintelligent, unreflecting disciple of Him whose name had acted so like magic on her, I remember the doctrinal exactness with which she accounted to me for having subsequently joined another communion in preference to the Wesleyan, in which she was first awakened. I also remember her relating a conversation she had recently had with some one who asked her how she thought to answer for herself when she came to appear before God, to which she had replied—"Sir, I am not going to answer: Jesus is to appear and answer for me." No wonder she loved the name if it was so she understood it.

CAROLINE FRAY.

To be silent, to suffer, to pray, when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word, received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer.—*Fenelon*.

"LAW," says Hooker, "in her highest essence, is the perfection of goodness, justice and wisdom; her voice is the harmony of the world, and her seat is in the bosom of God."

Notes of a Visit to the Lower Provinces.

BY PRINCIPAL LEITCH.

(Concluded.)

PICTOU COUNTY, July 14.—Drove in the evening to New Glasgow. Met the Rev. Dr. Blaikie of Boston. He has been carrying on a law suit for the recovery of the Church of the late Dr. Channing. It seems that, by the original deed, the Church required to adhere to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Scotland, and it is held that the Unitarians have lost all claim by departing from both. The matter is not finally settled, and the strongest opposition may be expected, as this case may rule many other cases. Dr. Blaikie, though not a minister of the Church of Scotland, still holds that he maintains her doctrine and discipline more closely than she does herself.

July 15.—Squire McKay, M.P., drove me to Salt-springs, one of the charges of the Rev. Mr. McKay. The squire corresponds to a justice of peace in the old country, and as the appointments are, in general, judiciously made, he exercises much influence on the community around. All the squires I met with are men of great intelligence and sagacity, and strongly attached to the Church of Scotland. From this class the members of parliament are generally chosen. The people prefer men of position and influence in society to clever adventurers. It is not wealth, however, that gives position. Few legislators either of the Upper or Lower House are rich men. An honorable member may be seen following the plough or wielding the axe in the forest. All the respect due to wisdom and worth is freely accorded, though the possessor be as poor as his neighbours. There is, however, no absolute poverty. The people seem all to live in comfort; but there are not many that rise much above the ordinary level. They all farm about 100 acres, half of which may be under the plough. It is not profitable to work more, farm labor being so expensive. The only rich men are the shop-keepers in towns and villages, and their number is small. These remarks apply only to the county of Pictou, the stronghold of the Church of Scotland. There is a widely different state of things in the other counties of the Province.

We passed through the region of barrens where the Moose deer roams. One was seen crossing the road two days before. The farmer's son who saw it described it as trotting over the fences without pausing to take a bound. One is at first astonished that such huge animals could subsist in a settled country, like Nova Scotia. These barrens are, however, of vast extent, affording abundance of food and a fair chance of escaping the hunter. The Indian, at certain seasons, makes them an easy prey by imitating their call and thus willing them within reach of his rifle.