

in the number of marriages solemnized by him, for he marries at the rate of nearly a couple per week. As to the number of communicants received for the first time last year, if we allow for those congregations who do not specify such accessions, it will probably amount to over 200. Though Mr. Duncan seems to have had most removals, it is for the very simple reason that 14 or 15 out of the 29 removals he acknowledges unto, went to the new parish at St. Peter's Road, as they lived within its bounds. It is pleasant to see that the elders of so many of our congregations are in the habit of visiting the people. It is to be hoped that they do so regularly and faithfully, and that they are not receiving credit for more than they actually do. It is also most gratifying to notice that almost every congregation has one or more Sabbath Schools. Belfast has 7, but when it gives 20 as the number of scholars, 200 is surely what is meant. St. Matthew's, Halifax, has the most flourishing Sabbath School; and not only may it count the 220 in the chief school, but also a considerable number of others—whom the teachers have gathered together in the suburbs, and whom they instruct at great trouble and considerable expense to themselves.

I hope that no one will be offended at the freedom with which the above remarks are made. I have only noticed what each congregation laid before the whole Church. I have spoken "from book," wishing to direct attention to facts that it will be interesting and profitable to know, but which lay concealed amid the multiplicity of pages, columns, and figures.

G.

Lochaber.

PERHAPS there are no other people in the country, that more deserve the countenance and sympathies of the Church of Scotland, than her adherents at Lochaber, and South River, Antigonish &c. Greatly neglected by their own Church, although they have been; still, they maintained their steadfastness amidst many temptations and bitter taunts: they are, and always have been contributing to the missionary, and other schemes of the Church, more liberally, according to their number, than many others, much more favorably situated. There is not a family, but who receive and pay for a "*Monthly Rec-ord*."

It was the good fortune of the writer to pay a visit to this interesting people during the summer—and truly, Providence has cast their lot in a beautiful and fertile country, far surpassing in fine scenery, and generally in good roads, any other section in the eastern part of Nova Scotia. To visit Lochaber from the westward, the way over the Blue Mountains, is the most picturesque. After passing the water-shed, which divides the waters that fall into the Atlantic Ocean, from those, which empty into the Straits of Northumberland,

you arrive at Moose River, a place presenting not much interest, save what it has acquired, as being the scene of the murder of John Ker by the notorious Neil McFayden. I observed in passing, that the locality in which the crime was committed, is now cleared of woods and under cultivation—a dwelling house being built within a few feet of the spot, where the inextinguishable homicide buried the body of his victim. The Garden lake presents some fine views, as your road winds round its margin, the broad meadow lands at its head, studded with groups of large elm trees, their fan-like branches, spreading in every direction, cannot fail to arrest the attention. The Lake is from two to three miles long, and a number of pretty views of itself, its island, and the highland beyond, can be had. From the lower end of the lake to Squire Gunn's, the scenery is uninteresting. Gumpies of the river are got now and then, glimmering far below, in a gorge, as it forces its way between the mountains that confine it in its course. At Mr. Gunn's, the mountains retire back on both sides the river, making room for a neat and thriving settlement. Here, there are two places of worship—a Free Church, in the common style adopted by that body, and a tidy, ambitious-looking, little Kirk, planted on an eminence, about a mile from the other. This little building is highly creditable to the exertions, and taste, of the few adherents of the Church of Scotland, residing in this pretty settlement. From the County line, at which place, the road crosses to the west side the river, down to the "cross roads" at "Glenelg," the highlands contract again, and the scenery is sterile. At "cross roads," however, the view is both pleasing and extensive. Standing on a little hill, near Mr. Angus Cameron's house, (not the deacon of that name,) you see the river, which is here a broad and rapid stream, flowing past, the valley of "Glenelg," studded with farm-houses, and clumps of elm-trees,— "Glenelg" Lake in the distance, and the highlands, which border on the Atlantic Ocean, in the background. The soil is a rich, alluvial deposit, made up of accumulated, decayed vegetable matter, brought down by the east and west branches of the St. Mary's, which unite their streams, about a mile below the Lake. By-the-bye, if it be evening, and you wish for a quiet and comfortable lodging, a clean and tidy bed, good tea and breakfast, and a moderate bill of costs, I would advise you to remain at Mr. Cameron's, over night.

The first three or four miles from "cross roads," towards Lochaber, are dull and cheerless. After passing a mile or so, of dark and melancholy thickets of low spruces, you come unexpectedly on Loch Eil. Loch Eil! What mingled associations of admiration and sadness, does that Scottish classic name awaken? It brings back the recollection of a hundred years.—the stirring events of 1745.—The chivalrous, but unfortunate Charles Edward Stuart.—The Romantic Story of Flora MacDonald.