

seated for over one thousand, is filled to overflowing, and there are several *quoad sacra* churches within the parish bounds. Come with me by Stirling and Dunblane to Perth; but refresh your memory with the legends of the Gowrie plot and the battle of the clans before you visit *The Inches*, and recal to mind John Knox and the Reformation ere you enter the old Church of St. John's. Here you are in sight of the Grampians and the Ochil hills—at the gate of the Highlands. The railway hence to Inverness carries you through some of the most romantic scenery in Scotland, along the banks of the Tay, the Tummel, the Garry and the Spey, through the pass of Killiecrankie and the field of Colloiden. It is well worth turning aside to see the splendid ruins of Elgin Cathedral. At this time the locality had an additional interest for me. In the neighbourhood is the parish of Duffus, one of the finest in the north, of which a worthy Canadian was recently elected the minister—the Rev. William Masson, for many years at Russeltown, in the Presbytery of Montreaux, and more recently of St. Andrew's Church, Galt, Ontario. His numerous friends in this country will be glad to hear of his welfare. I scarcely know whether the parish or Mr. Masson should be most congratulated, but sure I am that the success which has already attended his parochial labours, and those of his wife, especially in the Bible-class and the Sunday-school work, is largely to be attributed to the introduction of the Canadian system of instruction.

On the 21st of June, we sailed from the Mersey in the good ship *Caspian*, of the Allan Line, bound for Halifax, *via* St. John's, Newfoundland, with a full complement of passengers and cargo. We touched at Queenstown, in the south of Ireland, and admired its fine harbour and the beautiful hills by which it is surrounded. It is a busy little place. Most of the great ocean steamers plying between Liverpool and New York call here to receive or to send the mails, which are sent to or from Dublin by rail, whereby a few hours are saved—a consideration, in these fast days, of much importance to the commercial world. We thought to have a summer passage, but were doomed to disappointment. The weather was such as one might expect to encounter in November. It was blowing fresh when we left, and the wind increased until about midnight of the second day, when it reached a gale. By this time the sea was running very high—every now and then dashing against the sides of the ship with sledgehammer blows, or falling on the deck with a thud that made her tremble from stem to stern. At three o'clock in the morning the cry was heard—"A man overboard!" The

engines were immediately stopped, life buoys were thrown out, and a floating light that burned brightly amid the raging waves. But long before the ship could be brought back to the spot, Hughes, the Welsh seaman, was no more. Poor fellow! His comrades mourned for him sadly. They said he was both a good sailor and a godly man, so we trust that, short as was the notice, Jack was ready to go "aloft." And the ship sailed on. A subscription, amounting to some £25, was taken up for the widow and the three fatherless bairns. On the evening of the eighth day we were off the harbour of St. John's. It was a night to be remembered—dark as Egypt; enveloped in fog; rain fell in torrents; the lightning flashed only to make the darkness more visible; the wind blew a hurricane. But the *Caspian* faced the storm bravely, and rode it out. Next morning she was skillfully thrust into the harbour through a narrow channel lined on either side with lofty, precipitous rocks. We had the best part of a day to explore the town and neighbourhood, and made good use of the time. Proceeding at once to the manse of St. Andrew's, I met with a hearty reception from the Rev. L. G. Macneill and his wife. The population of St. John's is about 20,000, and of the island, about 200,000. Of Roman Catholics there are about 70,000. The bulk of the Protestants are Methodists and Episcopalians, the former having *sixty* ministers in the colony, many of whom undergo great hardships and privations in the exercise of their calling. The Catholic Churches are large and handsome, but the English Cathedral will be the finest edifice in the city when it is completed. St. Andrew's Church occupies a good central site. It cost about \$60,000, and is seated for 750. It is a beautiful building, but already too small for the large and increasing congregation. The people are well-to-do and liberal. Their contributions for the schemes of the church last year amounted to \$1,700, and for all purposes over \$12,000. Formerly there were two Presbyterian churches in St. John's. One of them was under the pastoral care of the Rev. Moses Harvey, whom it was also my privilege to meet. By a singular coincidence both the old churches were burned some years ago, which the people seem to have interpreted as a sign that they should unite, and I believe they have seen no cause to regret their union and their incorporation with the Presbyterian Church in Canada. At Harbour Grace, fifty miles distant, we have another congregation, under the care of Rev. Alexander Ross, which, in proportion to numbers, is also a liberal one. Besides these, there are mission stations at Bay of Islands, Little Bay Mines, and Bett's Cove.