

FROM HALIFAX TO OTTAWA.

A DIARY FOR THE "RECORD."

MAY 17th, 4 P. M., Rev. Mr. McMillan, of Saltspings, and the writer, took their passages for Portland by the "Chase," both being "out of harness." The weather was all that we could wish, and Halifax harbor was looking its best as we steamed out. In the evening we assembled a number of the passengers in the cabin for "family worship," after obtaining the permission of the chief officer. I may here mention, for the benefit of those who see the propriety of so doing while they have not known rightly how to manage it when at sea, that I have never met a captain who was unwilling to grant permission, or a set of passengers, some of whom were not anxious for it. The thing is easily managed, especially if two or three combine, and if one can start a psalm or hymn tune. That is all the advertisement that is needed. It brings in the willing ones, and drives out the unwilling, in a minute. Surely there is no place where we so feel our dependence on the "naked arm of God," as the sea, and none therefore more appropriate for at least the ordinary acknowledging of Him.

May 18th.—In the morning found ourselves off Cape Sable, in the midst of a fleet of fishing smacks; weather and air delightful, and every one able to be on deck; got acquainted with a good many of the passengers, several of them servant girls and young lads, chiefly from Pictou County, going to the States for employment. Some had been there before, and were not improved, in consequence, either in health, manners, speech, or dress. Ignorant and shallow people become imitators, and, as a rule, copy defects rather than excellencies. It is easier to do so, and besides, they are not able to distinguish which is which. These are the people who, after having had, as they consider, their eyes opened, and after having picked up the latest fashions, come home on a visit to astonish us poor natives with their wonderful borrowed feathers, and, unconscious of their dishonour, go about shouting for Annexation. If they—its blatant prophets—are fair samples of its effects on character, our prayer most certainly is to be forever delivered from it and them.

In the evening, after prayers, the wind freshened, and then came round ahead; and the poor rickety asthmatic "Chase" had hard work to push herself through the cross sea. This, we were told, was to be her last trip; and if half of what we heard on board about her was true, the public may be congratulated. About 9 o'clock everyone made for the state-rooms.

May 19th.—This forenoon, about 11 o'clock, we got into Portland, a town of which I shall always have pleasant reminiscences, on account of the week I spent in it last year at the International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations. Here, in this Puritan City, as in so many others, by far the handsomest Church is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, although the great mass of their adherents are only "helps" and day labourers, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, for the wealth of Protestants. What is the explanation of this? The one commonly given is that their priests extort so much more money from them than Protestant Churches can get from their people. I don't believe a word of it. The moral pressure to "extort" money is as strong in not a few Protestant Voluntary Churches as it can be in the Roman Catholic. But quite a sufficient explanation is that a great number of people pull together under the guidance of one head, and that they don't think it necessary that the whole church should be built within twelve calendar months; that is, they exercise common sense and patience, and these work wonders. And until Protestants cultivate those graces, we must be content with wooden Cathedrals and brick churches with cut-stone fronts and backs not meant to be seen.

At Portland I parted with Mr. McMillan, on the understanding that we should meet in Montreal, at the Synod of our Church for Ontario and Quebec, a fortnight later. He turned Boston-wards, and I took the Grand Trunk Rail-