

336, we observe that 16 have got charges in Scotland after leaving Canada; 47 have retired, resigned, or been dismissed; and 4 have seceded to the Anglican communion.

But for every detail concerning the outward apparatus and inner life and work of the Church we must refer those interested in Canadian affairs to the report itself. It will be read, we feel sure, with real pleasure, and will give a distinct impression of an ecclesiastical organisation, the offspring and representative of our own and yet in many respects suggestively and picturesquely modified by the conditions of Colonial life, social and political. Might it not be well, with a view to the better study of these, and to the strengthening of our brethren's hands in Canada, that a deputation were sent out to go through the colony "confirming the churches"? A Canadian welcome—no less hearty than a Scotch—would greet it. R. H. S.

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Colonial Missions.

NEW BRUNSWICK—SUNDAY IN THE FOREST.

The following letter from the Rev. Mr. Cate of Portland, St. John, will interest our readers by its graphic sketch of travel in the woods of New Brunswick in the depth of winter, and of a Sunday's work among the lonely tenants of the wilderness:—

Since I last wrote you I have made a missionary tour into the back settlements of New Brunswick, and carried the Gospel of Christ far into the deep recesses of the forest. About six years ago a tract of land was surveyed and laid out for settlers in lots or blocks of land, about 44 miles from St. John. The land was excellent, and the timber naturally of large growth and of the best quality; it was called the Clarendon settlement. Inducements were held out by Government to parties to become settlers, and a number of hardy pioneers resolved to bid farewell to civilisation, and hew out for themselves and families a home in the dark forests. Their first care was to provide a shelter from the rigours of winter and the rains of summer. This was accomplished by cutting down the beeches and oaks and birches and laying them one on top of the other, and fastening them securely at each corner. The chinks between the logs were stuffed with moss and mud. The door was low, and made of planks hewed out of the logs. The windows were small, and consisted of a square hole cut in the logs and filled with glass. A huge chimney, built of rough stones, occupied the one end of the cabin, and was large enough to receive as much wood as a horse could draw at once. I have seen the same kind of fireplace in old castles in Scotland, where a whole ox was often roasted at one time. Everything in the shape of furniture was of the most primitive kind. Such were the houses or

cabins built by the hard and knotted hands of the first settlers of Clarendon, and such they still remain, with addition of some slight internal luxuries, such as beds and chairs and tables.

One of my Portland parishoners had been among the first to build a little log home in the green woods, and the first to become dismayed by the loneliness and difficulties of a forester's life. He left the settlement and came to Portland to work at his trade of rope-maker. But still his forest-home had charms for him, and the deep feelings of sympathy that had grown up in his heart for his brethren of the woods while they swung the axe together, or whiled away the long cold winter nights at each other's fireside in Clarendon, had made him anxious to pay them a visit. He promised to me his endeavours to get me to accompany him, and often told me of the lonely life of the poor settlers, and their intense longing to hear the Gospel read and preached. They are all Protestants, and chiefly Presbyterians. I gladly availed myself of the first opportunity to pay them a visit, and on Saturday last Mr. Anderson brought a horse and sleigh at an early hour to carry me to Clarendon. The sleighing was excellent, and our swift horse flew over the ice-bound rivers and roads at a rapid pace. We crossed the Kenebecasis, or Little Snake river, at its confluence with the St. John. The ice is several feet thick over the whole surface. The river is, almost 2 miles wide where it unites with the St. John. Our journey was shortened several miles by our crossing the grand bay of the St. John river. This bay is about 6 miles wide, and the travelling over its frozen surface on Saturday was excellent. We drove along the right bank of the St. John for 12 miles; and then turning to the left in a south-westerly direction, we followed the snakelike wanderings of the Nerepis river, through a beautiful and romantic valley walled in on either side by well-wooded hills. A drive of about 13 miles farther brought us to the mouth of the Douglas stream, and again turning to the left, we entered the valley that takes its name from the little stream that waters it. The scenery in the Douglas valley is extremely beautiful. The hills are high and clothed with dark heavy forests to their very summits. The land along the valley is among the finest in the province, and yield an abundant supply of hay every year without any cultivation.

On leaving the Douglas valley we turned in a south-westerly direction, and were soon twisting and turning through the lofty forest of pines, birches, elms, and oaks, on our way to the settlement. In summer the road is impassable for carts or waggons. The trees are merely cut down and removed to one side. In winter, however, the swamps and brooks are frozen, and the forest floor carpeted with snow, and the sledges pass over