

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

THE following extracts from letters received from our students will no doubt be interesting to our readers; post cards have also been received from many too busy to write us at length. Messrs. Warnicker and Thorold are in Montreal, and too much occupied to give us even a line. Messrs. Doolittle, Murduck, Evans, Mitchell, Young, Whidden, Gunton, Park, Routledge, Therrien, Reeve and Frith, send cards which indicate that they are thoroughly employed in their Master's work. We wish all our students a prosperous and pleasant vacation, and hope they will all return encouraged and invigorated.

THE loveliest spot in Canada is St. Catharines, and this lovely spot is at its loveliest just now. The blossom of the fruit trees, interblended with the green of the chestnut and maple, charms the eye. The lavish blossoms prophesy an enormous fruit crop in the fall. This old city is as irregular as the old Welland canal on which it has grown up. Starting from one of its banks, the streets have straggled off in a free-and-easy fashion, which delights the lover of nature. The place lacks, in a large measure the artificiality of many cities; none of your stereotyped square blocks here. It has the appearance of having *grown* rather than been *built*.

The Lyman St. church is just as interesting as the city. Small 'tis true, but it hums with busy-workers—a hive in which there are few drones and none wanted. The people are earnest and spiritual, and notably show an interest in the truth, a desire for souls, and a readiness to work. Congregations good; prospects bright. E. SELDON.

I FIND myself stationed for the summer month in the flourishing county of Prescott, in East Hawkesbury, or what the inhabitants here call Coquerell, about a mile from the village of St. Eugene, and five miles from the River Ottawa. But a few years ago the fields were covered with rocks and trees, to-day they are cleared and green with the coming crop; the pure country air is inhaled by the student from the city with delight, as he listens to the running brooks, and the singing birds, and imagines that he is at the far famed Caledonia Springs, which are but a few miles away.

On a corner, formed by the meeting of two roads, is situated our little brick church, known as the "Dempsey Baptist Chapel." There we are laboring for the Master, while on Sunday evening we speak in both French and English in St. Eugene village. Here Miss Frith is doing a noble work for the Master. This is a neat little village, the inhabitants being, with but few exceptions, French Catholics. In the centre of the village stands one of those great churches, with its spire stretching towards the heavens, the tolling of whose great bell declares that Rome rules. Nevertheless our motto for the summer is "Lift up Christ."

GEO. R. MACFAUL.