

respectively. We were everywhere well received by the inhabitants, many of whom were either wholly or partially Indian, nor did they conceal the joy and satisfaction they experienced in our visiting them. Up to the time of, and for a year or two after, our visit, these poor people had never known the happiness of being cared for by a resident pastor. This is now, I am thankful to say, no longer the case. The Reverend Frank Colley, a young and zealous missionary, offered himself, and was accepted by the Bishop of Newfoundland for work in the neighborhood of Hamilton Inlet and Sandwich Bay in 1884, since which time he has lived and labored faithfully and alone in that isolated, though extremely interesting region. During our very interesting sojourn at Rigolette, which extended alittle over two days, to our great surprise, a party of Montagnais, or Mountaineer Indian women, who had by some means, heard of our being there, and notwithstanding that every member of their tribe is Roman Catholic, travelled from the interior, bringing with them a newly-born infant, for whom they sought, and I need scarcely say, obtained at the hands of Mr. Curling, the grace of holy baptism. They were picturesquely and neatly clad, in appearance scrupulously clean, and in manner prepossessing. However, as I shall have occasion hereafter, to refer to the Montagnais, as well as other Indian tribes, I will now pass on to speak a little further of the physical features of the countries under consideration, which is the subject proper of this article, and from which perhaps, I ought not to have digressed.

In a recent valuable and deeply interesting book on Newfoundland and Labrador, by the Rev. M. Harvey, I find the following remarks on the physical features of the latter country: "Perhaps no country on the face of the globe is less attractive, as a permanent residence of civilized man. Much of the surface of the country is covered with low mountains and barren plateaus, on which are vast plains of moss, interspersed with rocks and boulders. At the heads of the bays and fiords only, is there a large growth of timber; and here and along the margin of some of the rivers, patches of cultivable lands are to be found. The Atlantic coast of Labrador is a great and terrible wilderness, more than a thousand miles in length, but still not without scenes of awe-inspiring beauty. The thunders of the Atlantic have been breaking upon its shores for countless ages; the frosts and storms of winter have been carving the rocks into the wildest and most fantastic shapes which the human imagination can conceive. When the interior is reached, it is found to consist of a vast table-land, which in one region is 2,240 feet above the sea-level. Of this table-land, Professor Hind, in his useful treatise on Labrador, says: "It is preeminently sterile, and where the country is not burned, cariboo moss covers the rocks, with stunted spruce, birch and aspen, in the hollows and deep ravines. The whole of the table-land is strewn

"with an infinite number of boulders, sometimes three and four deep: these singular erratics are perched on the summit of every mountain and hill, often on the edge of cliffs, and they vary in size from one foot to twenty in diameter. Language fails to depict the awful desolation of the table-land of the Labrador Peninsula."

Although I would not for a moment deny the truth of a single word of the foregoing remarks, still I must in honesty say that they absolutely fail to convey a true impression of the natural features of the country described. As usual, far too much is made of the uninteresting, to the detriment of the many interesting features which it undoubtedly possesses;—hence it is that the very name Labrador is held by the majority to be synonymous with complete desolation and other physical deformity. It is the fashion, too, to pity the hard lot of those who are condemned to "eke out a precarious existence," as the phrase is, on its inhospitable shores. This, I can safely say, is indignantly resented by a very large number of the good Labrador folk whose lot, generally speaking, is far from what it is almost universally supposed to be. I do not say that want and misery are unknown amongst them, but neither do I say is improvidence, their prolific parent. Also, it is quite true that a considerable portion of the coast is anything but beautiful or inviting; but I think the uniform grandeur and loveliness of the scenery around its many bays amply atones for this. I must confess that the magnificence and beauty of the pageant of nature as exhibited in Hamilton Inlet and Sandwich Bay is surpassingly superior to anything I ever witnessed. The same might also be said, and with equal truth, of most of the remaining bays and fiords. I shall never forget the keen enjoyment which fell to my happy lot on a certain day when crossing the then placid waters of Sandwich Bay. The breeze was steady and gentle, and just enough to keep our snow white sails full. The mission schooner glided peacefully along over the numerous hidden sand banks known as the Huntingdon Flats, whose presence in the bay renders navigation there at all times exceedingly perilous. I was so charmed with the loveliness of the scenery that I mounted the rigging in order to take it all in. Would that I could adequately describe it, and thereby say a good word for much maligned Labrador! Northward, southward, eastward and westward, stretched the calm waters of the bay, whose surface, ruffled with tiny ripples, was thickly dotted with little black-capped islands, around whose shores hosts of sea-birds were busily feeding, or, for it was the breeding season, discussing family affairs. The playful seals, too, popped up their heads in every direction, winked cunningly with their beautifully liquid eyes, and then dived again to explore the submarine regions in pursuit of food. In the nearer distance a chain of low hills of various heights, thickly wooded to the crest and bathed in the exquisitely softened light of the summer day, arranged themselves in a fairy-