

horse going right in the middle of the road, we had to borrow a sleigh with wide runners, and shafts fitted for the horse's running in a road that had the double track as in our western country. On the following day we reached Melbourne in the forenoon. The distance from Nanby being only twelve miles. Here we met with kind and intelligent christian friends; and, as we looked down from the house of our host in Niddry Park on the knolls and hills among which the St. Francis—for the time rigid with ice, and white with snow—finds its way. I was reminded of some of the banks of the Tweed and the Tay. I preached on the following day to a respectable congregation. This post of our Church has yet been occupied only by catechists, and, the esteem in which they have been held by the people, favoured the recommendation which I made of the claims of Knox's College on their support. Melbourne is beautifully situated on the south-west bank of the St. Francis. It is connected by a long covered bridge with the village of Richmond on the opposite side, and will doubtless in course of time become a considerable town: for, in addition to all the advantages of water-power, and a surrounding fertile country in which the seigniorial tenure is unknown, it is to be a station of the great railway now in progress that is to connect Montreal with the Atlantic coast at Portland; and, if the Quebec branch be carried through, it will also be the point of junction for it. When I looked on the rich British-like country around Melbourne, I could not but wish, for the sake of Quebec, that this railway might be formed.

It was Thursday when I preached in Melbourne, and as it was necessary for me to be in Montreal on Saturday, it was thought best that I should travel to a tavern on the Sherbrooke Road, where the stage for that city should take me up on the following day. I accordingly parted with my kind friends in Melbourne somewhat late in the afternoon. A worthy member of the congregation conducted me to his own house seven miles on the way: after feeding his horse and a hasty refreshment to ourselves, we proceeded on our way; the distance was fifteen miles. Night was just setting in, and a heavy snow-storm had just begun to blow, while the road in some places led through fields where the sleigh-track could with great difficulty be observed. My conductor was far from promising to get me through it, without stopping until the light of the morning, and many a time had he to get out of the sleigh and grope about for the track; but by dint of perseverance, we were brought to the place he aimed at, before the inmates of the tavern had retired to rest.

My conductor was one who could speak of the preciousness of Gospel Truth as he had heard it, from pious ministers of the Church of Scotland, whom I had known in early days, and in discourse about them and in occasional recitation of the sweet songs of Zion, the hours that we were exposed to the drift and darkness, passed pleasantly away. The inn was of a humble kind, but its accommodations were very grateful to us after escaping from the storm. Its inmates were French and Romanists. In my bed-room, instead of a bible I found a rosary suspended on the looking-glass; and, in the sitting-room there was a picture of the Virgin standing on the globe and treading on the serpent, with the inscription in French,—“O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thy goodness.” Deluded people! how truly as Paul foretold do they “believe a lie.” Here was a pictured lie originating in a mistranslation of the vulgate, which represents the woman as bruising the head of the serpent, (Gen. iii. 15) and, a written lie originating in the desire to justify the idolatrous homage which in the invocation of the Virgin is rendered to a creature.

The following day I got the stage from Sherbrooke, and reached Chambly at night, and on the morning of the following day, (Saturday) reached Montreal, having crossed the St. Lawrence on the ice from Longueuil.

Having been so long absent from home, I could

only afford two Sabbaths to St. Gabriel Street church. In Montreal I met with a very zealous and intelligent member of our Church from North Georgetown. He appreciated the reasons which I had for departing from that city early in the second week after my arrival, but at the same time shewed me a plan by which I could preach at two different stations on the Chateauguay on my homeward journey, with very little loss of time. In accordance with his suggestions I went to N. Georgetown on Monday, travelling the most of the way on the ice; preached there on Tuesday, to a numerous congregation, and was conducted by the kind friend who had made these arrangements for me, to La Guerre, on the evening of the same day, a distance of not less than twenty-six miles. Here I preached on the Wednesday, crossed Lake St. Francis on the ice, to Lancaster, where the Upper Canada stage took me up at night and carried me safely onwards, partly on runners, partly on wheels, to Toronto, on the night of Saturday.

The districts around the Chateauguay and English River, are very wide and important fields, in which two or more labourers from our Church are greatly wanted. The departure of Mr. and Mrs. Fettes is much regretted. One old lady told me, that his preaching and conversation had been the means of delivering her from the errors of pelagianism, which here, as in other parts in recent times, have been presented under a seeming evangelical garb; and all who spoke of him, did so with much affection, and would be glad to see him back in this part of the Colonial Missionary Field.

A few remarks on THE POPERY OF CANADA EAST, must close these cursory observations.—And I would, that I could, impress all the readers of the *Record* with a deeper sense of the strength of Popery in this part of the Province.—When we think of the lies which it embodies in its creed, and of the idolatry which it admits into its worship, we are ready to suppose that it cannot have any strong hold in the public mind, at least, that, for its overthrow it can be only necessary to present in contrast with it, a system of pure doctrine and worship, like our own. But false and idolatrous as Popery is, it is seen in actual existence as the national religion of the people; it has magnificent churches; these are crowded with earnest worshippers on Sabbath days and fast days. It has numerous priests, who, besides all other means of influence, have, through the confessional, an almost unlimited influence over their people.—In illustration of this, it may be mentioned, that instances are not unfrequent, in which workmen who have committed depredations on their employers, are made by the command of the priest, to make retribution to them. They, the priests, have their classes of young people who attend to their instructions, and value a certificate of communion with the church. So, too, Popery has its Colleges of men devoted to the instruction of the young; and Colleges of women devoted to attend infirmaries, to nurse children, provide for the aged, and attempt the reclamation of the abandoned of their own sex. In these and similar aspects, Popery is a most imposing religion,—a religion which commands the reverence and subjection of those who have been brought up in it. Compared with it, in these aspects, the religion of many Protestants is a cold and ineffective theory in the eye of earnest Romanists, contemptible, because it seems to have no uniting power over the many sects who profess to hold by it. We would have our readers then to think more of the strength of Romanism in Canada East, and we would earnestly press on all who come into contact with its adherents, to be more deeply concerned to exhibit in their own profession and lives, Protestantism as the earnest, elevating, and holy embodiment of Scripture truth. We must not let Romanists suppose, as they do suppose, that Protestants have no religion. We must not let them think that we believe that their system is good enough and safe enough for them, but praying much for their conversion, we should embrace every prudent

and kindly method of discovering to them those glorious truths of the Gospel, in the knowledge and influence of which, all that is excellent and distinctive in Protestantism consists. Let the members of our Church, in Canada East, interest themselves in the operations of the French Canadian Missionary Society, in the way of aiding its funds. Co-operation with its Missionaries and Colporteurs, and praying for them. Let all those who have popish domestics consider that they have a peculiar responsibility in regard to these. Even though such domestics may absent themselves from family worship; they draw their own inferences in favour of Presbyterianism, from knowing that it is regularly maintained in the families in which they live. I was convinced of this when speaking to a popish servant girl, in a family with whom I sojourned a season, in which the word and worship of God found their due place. The individual referred to, had a high opinion of herself, because of her punctuality in observing the various fasts, feasts, and other observances of Popery, and a corresponding low opinion of Protestants, and then she justified this by saying, “that she had been in many Protestant families and yet never knew any of them, except the one in which she then resided, to profess any religion.” I then inquired on what grounds she concluded they had no religion; her reply was—“they did not observe family prayer.” This reply was suggestive to myself of many painful reflections.

I would close these remarks by mentioning the observation of a French Canadian Female, in the same condition of life, which may suggest thought as to the means by which Popery is to be resisted and overcome. In calling at a pilot's house, I gave a French Tract to the girl, who could not read, requesting her to get it read to her. She had done as I requested, and afterwards told her mistress that her sister had read the tract to her, and, that it treated of the Holy Scriptures. She added that “the Bible was a good book, but that it was not the best book, that Catholic books were better.” Her mistress endeavoured to shew her that the Bible was the best of all books, just because it is God's Book; but she reiterated her former statement and concluded with these words—“The Bible is not good for my religion.” Most true! THE BIBLE IS NOT GOOD FOR POPERY.—Let our French Canadian fellow-subjects only be taught to read the Bible and be put in possession of it, and their disenthralment from Popery shall then be at hand. May God hasten this event, and the setting up of the kingdom of his Son throughout our land.

W. R.

THE COUNSEL OF THE WICKED BROUGHT TO NAUGHT.—Mary, the bloody queen of England, after having put to death multitudes of Protestants in England, Scotland, and Wales, signed a commission in 1558, authorizing the persecution and annihilation of all Irish heretics, which was committed for execution to Dr. Cole, a zealous Catholic. He immediately started on his cruel errand, and while at Chester told his business to the mayor, at the same time pointing to a box which contained that which “should lash the heretics of Ireland.” A woman friendly to the Protestants, who had a brother in Dublin, hearing these words, was troubled, and watching her opportunity, opened the box, took out the commission, and placed in its stead a sheet of paper, in which she had wrapped a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost. The doctor set sail the next day for Dublin, and immediately appeared before the lord-deputy and the privy-council, to whom he presented his box, on opening which, to their amazement and confusion, nothing appeared but the pack of cards. The doctor, chagrined, returned to England, obtained another commission, but was detained by unfavorable winds, and while he was waiting, the queen was called to her dread account, and thus God preserved the Protestants of Ireland.