

certainly had few attractions. It was truly a wretchedly comfortless place? One could easily perceive that rum or whiskey was its bane. The night was very cold; one might shiver in the dog-days to think of such a night spent in such a room? Glad to get into my buffalo skins and sleigh next morning, I left early in order to reach Brome in time for Divine Service. The morning was exceedingly beautiful. The sun shone brilliantly, and the atmosphere was so dry and buoyant as to make the drive delightful. The scenery at and beyond Cowansville, is quite romantic, the stillness and solemnity of the day, the holy Sabbath—the glorious works of the Maker omnipotent—the inner hills rising here and there without form or order, with the road now skirting their sides and now ascending to or descending from their summits—and the outer gigantic ranges rising as mountain barriers “the bulwarks of some viewless land,” all combined to affect the mind and heart. Such a scene at such a time affords a vast temple wherein it is peculiarly appropriate to worship the Lord of Hosts.

The people at the Western end of Brome were assembling when I reached the School House. Our young brother, Connell, who has been labouring in the work of the ministry amongst the people of this township during some months, was there. I preached to a very attentive assemblage. An interesting old soldier who was in active service during the long war with France, was present. I was struck with his eager attention, and was rejoiced to learn afterwards that he gives pleasing evidence of being one of the happy fruits of our young brother's ministry there. We hope he has “yielded himself to the Lord.” After some refreshment, Mr. Connell and I proceeded six miles towards the centre of the township, where another Congregation had assembled. The school house was full; I again preached to a people exceedingly serious and attentive, and appointed another meeting at noon the next day. Brome has been settled forty years—the farms are large and good, the people have done well in their worldly concerns, and yet there was not one regular Congregation in the town, until Mr. Connell went. Occasionally an individual passed through and preached for a few weeks—but they have never had, so far as I could learn, an organized Congregation and a regular ministry of the word. Carelessness the most apathetic on the one hand, and error the most fatal on the other have had an almost universal dominion. A few have “sighed and cried,” but the multitude have “cared for none of these things.” Universalism, which appears to be a sort of baptized infidelity, that must prove a curse to whatever people it enthralles, has had extensive and chilling influence amongst the people. But blessed be God, better days seem to have dawned on Brome. Amid many difficulties our young brother is encouraged. Sunday schools are in effective

operation—the young are interested and affected—others are disposed to attend the means of grace—a place of worship is in course of erection, and with some things to depress, there is much to cheer. At noon on Monday, I had a very large Congregation, to whom I again preached; and afterwards held with them a conference. They expressed very great desire to retain Mr. Connell amongst them, and entered into subscriptions towards his support. After some counsels and arrangements, I departed on my way for Stanstead.

The drive through Bolton is the most romantic I have seen in the Township. I was exceedingly struck with the wild grandeur of the scenery, which without hyperbole, might be denominated “Alpine.” But as I did not linger whilst passing through, I must not linger with attempts at description. Eighteen miles passed on, three of which were on the Lake Memphramagog (one of the finest lakes for its size, and encompassed by the noblest scenery I have seen in Canada,) the sweet little village of Georgeville lying on the shore of this lake, was reached, and there I spent the night. A very neat school house, which, because of its tower and other appurtenances, might be mistaken, for a Church, graces this village. Divine service is occasionally held therein, but this entire country long and thickly settled much needs, very much needs an efficient Congregational Ministry. No other would do half so much good. When will our Churches arise and in the name of the Great Head possess the land.

On Tuesday, passed through “Griffin's Corner,” where a remarkably neat Church has been erected on the union plan, and where one of our ministers is earnestly desired for a portion of his time, and after driving another five miles, reached Stanstead Plain, on which stands the village. Here are several churches, amongst others one associated with our Congregational Union. Of this we shall have an early occasion to write more at length. Compton, twenty miles distant was my resting place for the night, and on Wednesday a drive through the woods brought me to Eaton Corners. At this place there is a thriving and efficient Congregational Church under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Sherrill, who with his accomplished and excellent Lady are a blessing to the community. They have erected and finished a beautiful church in this village—very creditable to the taste of the Congregation at a cost of about £500.

Having enjoyed the society and hospitality of Brother Sherrill for a couple of hours, I proceeded to Bury. The readers of the reports of the Colonial Missionary Society are aware that the Church at Montreal sent one of their Members to Bury, upwards of four years since in the capacity of Catechist. He has steadily laboured there since, and has been the means of accomplishing a large amount of good. The ministers of our body in the Eastern Townships have from time to time