

of him if it could be leased for a term of years. He corresponded with Bro Wilson, of Sheffield, in regard to the matter, who, we understand, has written to the Missionary Committee in London, to urge prompt and definite action, if, as is most desirable, Salem Chapel is to be occupied by a Congregational minister.

Though our destination was to the eastern counties and to Cape Breton, two letters received from Brother Kean, of Cornwallis, asking advice and counsel in difficulty, and, if at all possible, a visit, induced us to turn and see that excellent brother. Taking the morning train, we arrived in a few hours at

WINDSOR.

This is a town of considerable size and beauty, situated at the head of the *Basin of Minas*, an arm of the *Bay of Fundy*, and in the midst of a very rich agricultural country. Its chief export is plaster of Paris, which is found here in abundance. Windsor has five churches—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Roman Catholic. It is also the seat of a college, called *King's College*, an Episcopalian institution, quite a handsome edifice, and occupying a commanding position on the side of a hill near the town. Taking the coach at Windsor we crossed the river Avon, and passed through

FALMOUTH.

Falmouth is a very old and somewhat scattered place, of interest to Congregationalists as the home of the distinguished evangelist, Henry Alline. Here are still to be found some of his family connections. Here is also an old Congregational church edifice, which is now occupied alternately by ministers of different denominations. There are also a few Congregational families still. These are known to Brother Kean, who has preached here frequently to good congregations. The country here is good and well settled; but the means of grace are not abundant; and we are not without hope that something will soon be done to elevate again the Congregational standard. The drive from Falmouth to *Wolfville* is delightful: beautiful roads, an excellent coach and four, and a charming country. As you approach *Lower Horton*, the country is like an extensive garden. To the right is the Basin of Minas, with the tide rushing in and out with the swiftness of a race-horse; and skirting it are the luxuriant meadows of the *Grand Pré*—the scene of Longfellow's poem, *Evangeline*.

Throughout this part of our journey, we had a fellow-passenger, Mr. Wilson, one of the very few who survived the wreck of the ill-fated steam-ship *London*. He is but a delicate man to have endured such hardships. His nervous system received a shock on that occasion, from which he has not yet recovered. In dreams and visions of the night he is often startled by the awful spectacle of shrieking and drowning fellow-creatures.

At Wolfville, where there is a Baptist College, of which Drs. Cramp and Cawley are the leading professors, we proceeded to cross the country to *Canning*. Our road lay through extensive meadows of rich dyke-land, which has been redeemed from the sea by means of dykes or heavy embankments. For eight miles we drove through these meadows, and as the hay-crop had long before been harvested, they were covered with flocks of cattle and sheep, stretching far as the eye could reach—in one direction towards the mountains, and in the other towards the sea. The dyke-land is singularly productive, and I am told by Brother Kean that it is sometimes sold as high as £100 per acre. It is perfectly free from stone and has yielded splendid crops for generations without the application of manure. It is in contemplation to build more dykes, by which many thousand acres of equally good soil may be redeemed from the