

ation is not in operation, and they are pensioners of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and good Catholics. What they may be next winter is entirely a question of religious finance. Those, therefore, who feel disposed to recruit Protestantism from such a source will find ample scope for their means and their efforts in the Parish of Portland.

From this brief sketch it may be seen that the efforts of this energetic priest have done much good to the parish, and little harm to Protestantism. I never could bring myself in any way to think hard of him, or in any way hinder his efforts in promoting peace, sobriety and cleanliness among those over whom he has already had so much influence for good. And it has more than once occurred to me that a religion that can inspire as much fear as will keep men sober and clean, who would otherwise be drunken and dirty, may sometimes serve a good end. People, I think, may become, through indolence, ignorance and vice, so sensuous and depraved that nothing short of the forms and the fears of Popery can reach them. To make them Protestant in the true sense would be as difficult as to convert a Micmac to Presbyterianism. The faith that is so feeble as to be able with difficulty to obtain a dim notion of "The Crucified" from two bits of wood put crossways, is not likely to grasp the idea of the Cross that the Christian is commanded to carry continually in his heart.

GEO. J. CAIE.

Portland, March 24th, 1869.

REPORT OF MISSIONARY SERVICES WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.

I was present at the meeting of Presbytery, on the second day of December, at which time I received appointments for the next three months. In fulfilling my former appointments, I found that there was a great number of people in the charges at present vacant who do not understand English, and that in each vacancy an occasional service in Gaelic would be very desirable. Consequently, on this occasion, I have arranged several exchanges; but owing to the difficulty of procuring the services of a Gaelic-speaking clergyman, these exchanges have not been as frequent as they would otherwise have been.

My first appointment was at Roger's Hill. The attendance at both services was good, but not so good as might be expected. In this congregation I find that there are very many who are exceedingly good churchmen, but I am sorry to find that there are some who are not. What is wanted among them is an energetic and talented christian man as their settled minister—one who would spare no labour to arouse the indolent and encourage and assist the active. If our people at Roger's Hill could secure such a man to occupy their pulpit, make a united effort, and each one exert himself according to his means, I have no doubt that, in a very short time, they would become one of the most efficient charges in the church.

The day of my journey hence to Cape John is one of those in my history which have made an indelible impression upon me. Being loth to leave my comfortable quarters, I put off my journey till the last moment. And imagine my dismay when, on looking out on Saturday morning, I found that the gloomy sky of the previous evening was hidden in the confusing turmoil of a Nova Scotia snow-storm! However, there was now no help for my misfortune. The only course was to turn out and face it. So, after breakfast, prayers, and leave taking, we did so. This being my first *frosty* snow-storm since my return to the country, I looked upon it as a sort of old acquaintance, and for a few minutes I felt as enthusiastic as the storm itself. I have often *heard* of a person getting his enthusiasm *cooled*—this day I experienced it; snow flying into my face and eyes, half-blinding, half-choking me. Every way I turned to avoid for a moment the unpleasant contact with the elements, my only comfort was a