

industry of every kind. The land is not bad, and in many places the crops were fair—the potatoes especially looked remarkably promising.

The division, which took place some years ago, and which has now settled down in the establishment of a Methodist congregation, in addition to our Presbyterian one, while the settlement is not too large for one pastor, undoubtedly has been an evil. But the division has now taken place, the people have taken their position either in the Presbyterian or in the Methodist connexion; and it would be most undesirable that they should be left without supply of ordinances. At the same time there is little prospect of any great or rapid increase, either in the number, or in the financial ability of the people. Mr. Fenwick has connected with him 40 families, and something upwards of 50 communicants; and although these numbers are comparatively small, it would be most undesirable that anything should be done to discourage either the missionary or the people. Mr. Fenwick has labored most diligently, not only discharging the duties of a Christian missionary, but seeking in various ways to stimulate the energies of the people, to enlarge their views, and educate and elevate their taste. He has also been a most diligent advocate of the temperance movement. At Metis, as at too many other places, drinking has proved a great and extensive barrier to the progress of religion and morality.

It was with regret that I left Metis on the morning of Monday, the 11th, and parted with our hospitable friends at the manse. We made our upward journey as far as Quebec by land; and the scenery is so fine that we really enjoyed it quite as much as the trip by steamer. Besides, we were enabled to see more of the country and to form a better idea of it. From Metis to Rimouski, a distance of something above 30 miles, we travelled by one of the carriages of the country, which many of our readers will know as a *buckboard*. It is really a very comfortable vehicle, and suits the roads well. Almost the entire distance to Rimouski, the road runs along the shore of the river, and is perfectly level and smooth. We passed through a succession of French parishes, Ste. Flavie, Ste. Luce, and Rimouski. In each pretty village, the prominent object is the large church. Would that these churches were connected with a purer faith, and were the means of setting forth a more simple and scriptural gospel! At Rimouski we got on board a car attached to a construction train on the Intercolonial Railway, and proceeded by it to Trois Pistoles. Through Bic, the scenery is grand, and the railroad winds in a very picturesque way, through narrow defiles, and round rugged hills and rocks. Every village almost is beautifully situated, and we doubt not, when the railroad is in operation, many will resort thither for summer quarters. We spent the night at Trois Pistoles, I believe in the same hotel where the Rev. Wm. Rintoul died, when on his way to Metis in 1851. Starting in the morning, after a drive of five miles, we got on board a regular train of the Intercolonial which proceeds to Cacouna, Riviere du Loup, connecting there with the Grand Trunk. It was our intention to proceed directly on, but kind and hospitable friends at Cacouna constrained us to abide for a week. The week was one of great enjoyment. While here, I had an opportunity of visiting the grave of Mr. Rintoul, at Riviere du Loup, as well as of meeting with his widow and daughter, who were spending the summer at Cacouna. I preached twice on Sabbath at Cacouna, glad to relieve Dr. Cook, on whom the burden of supplying during the season mainly rests. On the Monday, I met, for a short time, with Principal McVicar, who had been preaching at Riviere de Loup,