

the General Convention of the American Church, to be held at Richmond, Va., in October next, and will probably assist at the consecration of the new Cathedral in Montreal.—*Church Record*, Sept. 1st.

LABRADOR.

From the *Colonial Church Chronicle* we extract the following sketch of a missionary's labours:—

The winter set in with unusual severity at the commencement of November. October had been and usually is, a frosty month; but the snow which falls during the earlier part of this month seldom remains. This year, however, the snow of October remained to be overlaid by all that followed. November followed with frost and snow in such a degree as to warn us thoroughly of what we might expect; and by the 10th of December the thermometer sank to 8° below zero, and remained there for several days and nights. The migration of seals took place shortly before the middle of this month; and the net seal fishery, which generally sadly interferes with the services of the Christmas season, was all over by the 10th, and by the end of the month the intensity of the weather had so increased that the very ocean (if I may so speak of the strait) would have been frozen up but for the prevalence of strong off-shore winds. On the 26th and 27th the glass sank to 14° and 18° below zero, and the open roadstead of Forteau became many times bridged over with ice, and again broken up by the swell and blown off. On the 7th of January, however, the bay was firmly frozen over with fair and beautiful ice, and the whole strait filled with floating masses and liquid ice, or disconnected particles assembled to a considerable mass, covering the surface of the water, and called here "ellob" and "lolley." This is the earlier stage of that abundance of ice which forms the permanent "pack" of the whole winter. The glass up to this date had not been lower than 20° at the coldest, but was seldom above 0° at the warmest. On the 27th January, the glass fell to its lowest figure for the whole winter, or 26°; that day having been preceded by nearly a week when the average temperature was about 21°. And it was more owing to the long range of cold weather than from the fact of the glass falling to a very low figure, that the past has been by far the severest winter of my experience. The low temperatures indicated above continued till the end of February, and were frequently accompanied by high winds, and on one or two occasions by very fierce gales. At these times it was impossible to preserve any portion of the parsonage in frost-proof security, though I remained up past midnight many times to give the house the benefit of a red-hot three-feet Canadian stove, which my lad rose but a few hours after to replenish with fuel. We had in these instances strong proof of the correctness of the local maxim, "the wind makes the weather." A sudden lulling of the storm is experienced indoors as surely as out, though there may be no attendant change of temperature. I have also found, by careful observation, that one may travel not only with safety, but even with comfort and pleasure, during a calm, with such a temperature (say between 0° and 15°,) as with a smart breeze of wind would become at once not only uncomfortable but highly dangerous. Below 20°, however, the maxim loses its entire consistency, becoming on the negative side useless—for one's flesh will freeze now in a dead calm.

From the beginning of March the intensity of the cold left us, and we experienced only an average of winter weather until the end of May and

first half of June, when the weather again became unseasonable, and we experienced snow-storms and severe frost. I will only particularly mention the frosts of the 13th, 14th, and 15th of June, which froze fresh water to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, and congealed the salt sea in its becalmed surface to the thickness of a penny, and a snow-storm which preceded these frosts one day, covered hill and dale with "robe of white."

I will add to these remarks upon the character of our winter, that the usual abundance of icebergs to be seen during the summer months seems this season to be multiplied at least a hundred times. On Midsummer-day, the whole prospect from Forteau bay was so studded with them, that nothing but their immense magnitude made the view different from that of midwinter, so far at least as regarded the water; and I did not succeed in crossing the strait for the first time till the 27th of June, while, at the time I am writing (July 20th,) their number around us is amazing, rendering navigation extremely hazardous, and, in fact, having almost suspended it. Such an enormous detachment and descent of icebergs as have besieged the whole of the North-eastern shores of Newfoundland, as well as the strait of Belle Isle and Gulf of St. Lawrence, during the last three months, might elsewhere suggest very interesting and curious inquiries concerning the Arctic regions.

I beg leave to conclude this part of my report by a few notes taken from my Journal in reference to one, out of very many, violent snow-storms—here emphatically called *snow-drifts*,—which characterised all the earlier part of the winter.

"Thursday, 25th February, 1858.—The snow drift continued till late yesterday evening, the earlier part of the day having been the densest and most searching snow-storm I ever experienced. I discovered to-day, as a most astonishing effect of it, that the new church (built so tight and perfect as not to admit a drop of rain) had received through its nice seams and joints, enough of the 'dust of snow' so to speak, to cover the whole interior length and breadth of the building. I entered the church to exhibit it to a couple of strangers who had just arrived, and was not surprised to find some quantity of snow in the south porch, but upon opening the inner door I was really startled at the wonderful and beautiful sight before me. From the Communion-table under the east window to the stone font under the tower at the west end, including pulpit, prayer-desk, lectern, seats,—every object, large and small (except on their vertical faces,) was covered with a uniform garb of exquisitely fine-powdered snow. I cannot describe the pure and spotless beauty of the scene. The little church is elegant enough in its simple form and outline and its correct internal finish to challenge some allowance of art and skill in its favour; but when nature had, as it were, crept in by stealth, and adopted the outline as her own, by that 'saintly robe of white' thrown so perfectly and impartially over every part, so for the moment forgot art and skill, acknowledging the adoption and beholding nature's perfect work. My whole family soon came to witness the work, and almost ad seemed the necessity by which it was all soon to be swept away. During the same storm the parsonage and all the stores and buildings shared a somewhat similar intrusion; but the matter was not so well received, nor did it meet with any admiration. This insinuating power of snow, with high wind and low temperature, is truly astonishing

"I heard also to-day a curious little story further illustrative of the character of such storms. A solitary sportsman, who lives a great part of

the winter in an exceedingly small 'cabin' or 'tilt,' far removed from the coast, partly, perhaps, from the love of being alone, but particularly from a preference of game and venison to salt pork,—found himself this morning completely snowed in. This is frequently the case with all small houses, where surrounding objects, stunted trees (in the case of the tilt), or neighbouring buildings, cause the driving snow to accumulate in banks. Our hermit, therefore, expected to find himself thus immured: but upon opening his little door, and trying the wall of snow which presented itself with the usual careless thrust of the hand, and then the more deliberate attack of the foot, he found a surface so hard and solid that he looked anxiously round his little prison for some better implement of working his way out. 'Fortunately,' said he, 'the space, which is usually outside of the huntsman's cabin, that he may dig his way in, was at hand.' He found the snow so closely compacted that it required a very vigorous blow to insert it half its depth. His embankment proved to be thick as solid, and it was not until by painful and tedious degrees he had nearly filled his tilt with blocks of snow that he obtained a peep of the blue sky of a brighter day. These little hunting tilts commonly have no other or better window than a very small opening in the door, or in one of the sides (walls,) which at night and in bad weather is closed by a wooden slide.

"After such storms as yesterday, the temperature being at the same time sufficiently low (say *i. e.* more or less below zero,) the snow becomes so hard in all exposed surfaces, that the traveller needs no snow shoes (or rackets,) and leaves no print behind him; and a horse travelling at full speed (if we could try the experiment) would no more than leave a trail. This will not consort with English experience of snow, and scarce will English notions comprehend it; but in these almost Arctic regions, and this truly Arctic climate, where at the distance of two hours you may see the hardy reindeer beating up their winter fodder, and must stoop to desecrate the outline of their sharp hoof on the snow,—the sight of wastes of snow thus converted, as it were, into hills and dales of alabaster, is so common that one forgets to express one's wonder and admiration among those born to such scenes, who see no cause of wonder or admiration in them."

Respecting my missionary journeys during the past winter, I find, by reference to my Journal, that I travelled twice to the settlements East of Forteau, and three times to those west,—comprising in the five journeys a distance of about two hundred and thirty-five miles, all performed over the snow and ice by the aid of dogs and sleigh (*cometque*.) This statement does not include very numerous shorter travels to places more in the vicinity of Forteau (say between two and seven miles from home,) which, if reckoned, would alone cover perhaps half as many miles more. I beg leave to offer a few extracts from my Journal under their respective dates.

The following extracts relate to a journey to Bradore, upon summons to visit a sick lad there:—*January 30th*—This day broke with a continuation of yesterday's gale and snow-drift, which prevented my starting for Bradore during the forenoon; but by three P. M. the weather became suddenly mild, even to the temperature of rain. At half-past three, in the midst of pelting rain and a gale of north-east wind, we set out. The boy's complaint appeared, from the description of the messengers, to have alarming symptoms, and I supposed it was either a case of rupture, of colic, or inflammation of the bowels. This was the third day since the summons reached me. Were it otherwise, neither I nor my guides would