

and, as they have shared largely in a supply of Divine ordinances, since the disruption, we trust that the contributions which they have begun to make to the Presbytery's Mission fund, will be continued and enlarged. After our service, besides other business, which came before the meeting, they had under consideration an invitation to appoint delegates to meet with delegates from the adjoining congregations at Caledon West, Union Church, Esquesing and Norval, with a view to their ultimately concurring together in a call to some one Minister to take the oversight of them.

I was much pleased with the scheme, as, in the present state of almost all these stations, and the lack of ministers, there seems no way for their having a stated Pastor but by some such union. I think that Presbyteries should encourage such grouping of stations, not merely as Missionary fields, but as parishes, at least temporary ones.

On Thursday, the 8th, I preached in three different places, viz., in a school-house, on the 11th Line of King, at Lloydtown, and at Brownville. These are all new stations, but from the zeal of a few good men connected with them, they may soon, through the blessing of God, become the field of a Pastor's labours. To keep my appointment at this day, I had to ride nine miles before breakfast, and that over roads as rugged and devious as any I had to encounter, while a piercing snow-blast from the N. W. raged around.

In the morning and evening of Wednesday, I preached in the Scotch Church, West Gwillimbury and in the school-house at Bradford. The congregations in both places were large, and attentive to the word. Great exertions have been made here to persuade the people, that in separating from the Synod in connection with the Scottish Establishment, was unjustifiable; yet, I trust they will see that the very fact, that the Established Church of Scotland has well nigh cut herself off from the fellowship of all other Churches, is the best possible reason why we in Canada should not bear her name and avow and maintain a connection with her of the most intimate kind, especially when the spirit of the Church of Knox and Melville and Rutherford lives and thrives mightily in the Free Protestant Church.

On Thursday forenoon I preached in a school-house in what is familiarly called "Coulson's Settlement." Mr. Coulson is one of those who have prospered in the world: his house is a well-known resting place to the Minister or Visionary, and, I believe, he knows well, that he has in many ways a reward in welcoming those who come to him in the service of Christ. After a refreshment in Mr. C's, and a pleasant interview with his family, I intended to have preached in the afternoon of this day; in this, however, I was disappointed, as no intimation of preaching had been made.

On my inquiring by the way for the usual place of preaching I was directed to the house of Mr. Guy Allan, one whom all seemed to concur in regarding as "worthy." Here to my astonishment I met with my brother, Mr. Mackintosh, of Thorold, who was journeying with Mr. Muir, a Catechist, much as some primitive Bishop might have been supposed to have done with his Deacon. Mr. Mackintosh was returning from a long and arduous journey to the new settlements, on the road to and at Owen's Sound, and in Nottawasaga and adjoining Townships. Mr. Muir has been labouring for some time as a Catechist or exhorter to the Gaelic population in and around Nottawasaga. He had been known to some of the Ministers before the disruption, and since that event, has been desirous of connecting himself with our Church as the witness for Free Church principles. I had known him by letter only, until this occasion of meeting with him; and my interview with him confirmed the favourable impression which his letter had made. I doubt not that our General Home Mission Committee

will be disposed to avail themselves of his services amongst our Gaelic population in the distant settlements where he has heretofore been labouring, without any other remuneration than the spontaneous offerings of the settlers themselves. Mr. Allan's hospitable house received us all for the night. The rest, and opportunities for intercourse, and devotion with the family were very grateful. The reflective traveller has often cause to wonder at the number of topics or persons respecting whom he has some common acquaintance with the stranger with whom he meets. The mother of Mr. Muir, an aged Christian, soon told me that she had heard me preach on a Communion Sabbath in Dalhousie, about 10½ years ago, and named the text of the discourse. This was very pleasing to me, the rather, that the remembrance of the Sacramental service among the interesting people of Dalhousie, has not yet faded from my mind.

On the evening of Friday I preached in Barrie—a town in its very infancy—and which, if a lovely site, can compensate for the want of water power, and a good soil, may yet become considerable. Presbyterianism has here the aspect of having been well nigh killed out, from the unsavory character of some of its representatives, and the want of efficient Missionary labour.

On Saturday I journeyed into Oro. The road in the woods was over snow, which was somewhat uncomfortable, as my horse was smooth-shod;—22 miles without a halt, brought me to enjoy the hospitality and Christian intercourse of Mr. Wm. Rutherford, and his kindred, who live in this neighbourhood. Here I was pleased to learn the vigorous efforts that are in progress to erect a Church, and I received upwards of ten pounds as an instalment of their subscriptions to our Missionary Fund. A share in Mr. Buchanan's liberality would be very encouraging to them. But, should their application for this be too late, they will be enabled, I doubt not, through reiterated efforts, to finish their Church. I preached in two different places of the township on the Lord's day. The meetings were well attended. At one station the population is principally from the island of Isla. The tidings of the settlement among them of our Missionary Catechist, Mr. McKinnon, were very grateful.

On the evening of the Lord's day I sojourned in Orillia, with a gentleman who had been in the public service, and who had settled here at the time that so many retired officers obtained grants of land in these parts. From him I learned that almost all the Presbyterian families in the neighbourhood had become Episcopalian; but I doubt not that an effective Presbyterian Minister might gain back some who have attached themselves to the Episcopal Church, from necessity rather than from choice.

On the morning of Monday I walked out to see the bridge with which the Narrows of lake Simcoe have been spanned. The view was delightful, albeit, that signs of the long reign of winter, in snow-heaps in some retired places, and ice in the bays within the Narrows, were abundantly visible. A noble road—like the bridge—the work of Government, conducts from Cold Water on lake Huron to the bridge. This is to be continued through the back townships to the shores of lake Ontario in the township of Whitby. And, the inhabitants of Orillia and the surrounding parts, who think that the good people of Toronto have not done all that they might have done, to open up an intercourse with them, are rejoicing in the thought that they will soon find their way to what may be called our high seas, without calling at Toronto.

On Monday I preached in the town line of Oro and Medonte; and on Tuesday on the Penetanguishene road, in the tavern of Mrs. Bruce, about 9 miles from Barrie; this appointment had been made for me on Saturday before I had left Barrie. I had been given to understand that the people from Medonte would meet me here; but the arrange-

ment in this respect was not judicious; however, I had an opportunity of preaching to a few; and as I became aware of the mistake in time, I had sent word to Medonte that I would preach there in the afternoon.

A tavern—from the way in which such houses are generally conducted—is not a very appropriate place for a religious meeting. Mrs. Bruce's house, however, was opened, when taverns were fewer, and so, more necessary, than they have now become, and the old lady protested to me that it was no haunt of tipplers. I was a night and a part of a day in it, but she declined any compensation for myself and horse, and told me that she had always given gratuitous entertainment to Ministers of all denominations. In parting with her, I told her that though I was not one of those who believed that Christ was of necessity shut out of an inn, yet that I believed that in her case—now far advanced in years, and under no necessity, from circumstances, to keep a house of entertainment—it was a duty to escape to a station of greater quiet in the evening of life, with a view to more deliberate preparation for the after-life, than what the many cares of her present station would allow. My advice seemed well taken, and so we parted.

In the afternoon of Tuesday I preached in Medonte, at the house of Mr. David Johnston. There a considerable congregation attended; and warm and lively was the interest they shewed in my visit, and in all the services. A Presbyterian Minister had been a rare sight to most of them. On my way to the place of meeting, a woman whom I met told me that, in 12 years, she had only heard one sermon from a Presbyterian Minister, and that she and her family had become Episcopalian. I overtook a young man who had travelled 7 miles to hear me at Mr. Bruce's, posting on foot to the meeting at Mr. Johnston's, though the distance was 10 miles. Where there is a speaking of the word from the heart, to the heart, as I think there was in this, and I may say in most of the meetings, I was privileged to attend—surely we may conclude that the spirit of God is present. Though my appointments were exhausted with this meeting, some of my hearers were so anxious for my preaching in another settlement in the same township, more remote from the Penetanguishene road, that I readily consented; notice was accordingly sent to it, that there would be service at half-past nine on the following morning. I spent the evening at Mr. Johnston's.

In walking out with him in one of his fields, he directed my attention to the fragments of Indian Pottery which were strewn about. These were chiefly small portions of coarse earthen vessels, which must have been baked in the fire, and which had been of various dimensions. Some might have contained a quart or two, others many gallons. I picked up a few specimens. They have the appearance of having been made from the debris of granite, as there are grains of quartz and mica visible in the texture, and in this case they had not been fabricated in Medonte nor in any township near it. They seem too, so spherical and smooth as to lead to the supposition that they had been turned in the potter's wheel. Where are the descendants of the race that fashioned them, and drank from them, and that roamed over these hills and valleys ere yet they were clothed with woods? The present race of Indians, it is believed, possess no such vessels, nor do they know the art of making them. Such remains, it is well known are found in many other places. A young man in Barrie told me that they might be gathered by bushels on his father's farm in Ionisfil. I trust our friends in the country will collect a few good specimens for the Museum of the Free Church College in Edinburgh, and, for the Museum—shall I say of the College of our Presbyterian Church in Toronto.*

* NOTE.—I doubt not our good friends, John McMurrich, Esq., and James Shaw, Esq., Toronto,