

to his house. It was pleasant to get once more into a comfortable home-like dwelling, and to settle one self into a comfortable armchair after being all night and all day on the train. Dr. K. was full of fun with the two Indian boys and made great friends with them, and after we had all had a good tea we set off for a walk down to the sea shore. Canadian sea shore is not quite like English; there do not seem to be the shingles or the sand or the rock or the crabs or the limpets that one finds at English watering places; but then this was not the open sea, it was only a small inlet of the Bay of Fundy. The tide was low and the great gaunts seaweed-clad piles of the wharves were standing high up out of the water; we clambered down over some big rocks till we got to the shore, and then the boys began to look about for shells and seaweed and anything they could find, and each of them had a sip of the water to see if it was really salt. Several Canadian boys were on the top of the wharf looking down at the two little Indians in their Shingwauk uniforms, and seemed to be highly amused at their quaint remarks about the sea. The meeting that evening in the church schoolroom was crammed to the doors. Next day at 2 p.m. we reached St. John, New Brunswick. St. John was almost entirely destroyed by fire in June, 1877, and it so happened that at that time I was paying a visit to the place with two little Indian boys, Charlie and Ben, and was in the middle of it. That was thirteen years ago, and Charlie and Ben are now grown up and making their own living, and I am glad to say have both turned out well. St. John is now all rebuilt and is very much improved since the fire; wide, open, well kept streets, handsome public buildings, and very tasty-looking shops. We enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. B., old friends whom I had known for many years. They welcomed myself and the two little boys warmly and had made every preparation for our comfort during our short stay of three or four days with them; the boys having a nice comfortable room to themselves with two dainty little beds in it, one for each of them. The aged and venerable Metropolitan, Bishop Medley, was also staying in the house when we arrived, there having been a confirmation the day previously, and when we sat down to dinner little Zosie had the honour of sitting between a Canadian Archbishop and a Canadian Canon, an honour which I fear his little thick apparatus scarcely enabled him to realize.

"NOTHING," says Dr. Perowne, the new Bishop of Worcester, "so enlarges the heart and carries us out of ourselves as to think of the great work that God is doing by the instrumentality of missionaries in setting up the Kingdom of His grace upon earth."

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 71.—ST. PAUL'S, COW BAY, C.B.



ABOUT one hundred years ago the original parish of St. George (Sydney, Cape Breton) was co-extensive with the Island of Cape Breton.

With the increase of members of the Church of England in the more prominent settlements along the coast, there naturally came the demand for an increased number of clergy, and more limited spheres of labour, till at the present time the parish of St. George is contained within nearly the town limits of Sydney; and North Sydney, Sydney Mines, Baddeck, Louisbourg and Cow Bay are respective centres of Church life, each with its own parish corporation as required by law.

The parish of St. Paul's, Cow Bay, in the special interest of which this article is prepared, was for several years previous to its final separation from the mother parish, known as "the Mission of Glace Bay." During that time its spiritual interests were looked after by Rev. Messrs. Alfred Brown and Charles Croucher.

At the time of Mr. Brown's appointment a little unsightly-looking and awkwardly arranged building was the only place of worship owned by the Church.

During the incumbency of Mr. Brown a well proportioned building was erected at Little Glace Bay, the land and \$500 being given by E. P. Archböld, Esq.

Owing, however, to a debt of some years' standing, the building was still unconsecrated when Mr. Brown resigned the mission.

Shortly after Rev. Charles Croucher was appointed, and with his unselfish love for God's Church, and his willingness to spend and be spent in the spiritual interests of the people committed to his charge, a series of improvements and church extension was inaugurated. The old square building at South Head, known as Christ Church, was made more church-like in appearance and form, by the addition of a chancel of good proportions, fitted with a beautiful oak altar, altar cloths, legal ornaments, brass lectern, choir stalls, etc.

The existing debt on the church in Little Glace Bay was provided for, and, as the result of many self-denying efforts, paid off, and the church consecrated to the memory of St. Mary.

A very neat little Gothic church was then erected at Big Glace Bay, and another of larger proportions at Cow Bay.

There being no debt on those buildings, they were consecrated respectively to the glory of God and in memory of St. Luke and St. Paul.

Up to this time the mission was not in possession of any place of residence for the clergy. This, however, was remedied by the parishioners deciding to purchase a house and several