

The British Government's representative reported last autumn that the condition of those who had been induced to settle on it was very serious. The inhabitants were mostly settlers from Newfoundland, who bitterly complained of the company having acted unjustly towards them. They had only got over *last* winter by breaking in upon the Government stores kept on the island for shipwrecked mariners. This year, their prospects were not improved, and will only tide over the winter by the help rendered by our Government. We saw the hull of a ship that had been wrecked and driven to the island by a storm. Part of the crew were saved, and passed six months on the island. When the captain returned to Glasgow, he found his wife the spouse of another. Before long we had land on both sides, and derived great enjoyment from the variegated scenery. At eight o'clock on Sabbath morning, we reached "Father Point," and cabled our arrival to Scotland. At half-past ten we assembled for worship. I preached from the words "Prepare to meet thy God." On Monday morning at seven we drew alongside the harbor at Quebec. How changed the whole scene! How different from past experiences. How altered from our anticipations. The sky was cloudless, the sun hot, and the thermometer standing at 80 degrees in the shade as we left the ship and made for the Grand Trunk Railway Station. We walked on wood, sat on wood, and was shaded from the sun by wood. Almost every thing *wood*. The Canadians smiled, and set us down as "awful green," and laughed outright at some of our Scottiscisms. We got our luggage transferred in good time to take "stock" of our surroundings. The houses, one, two, and three stories, were nearly all built of wood, and seemed neat and comfortable. The inhabitants generally spoke French, and could only converse in broken English, while our *Scotch* entirely *wandered* them. We were much pleased with the emigration officers here, and can cordially testify to their utility and wonderful efficiency in all that pertains to this department. Our money next took up our attention. We were led to believe that in Canada our half-penny was equal to their cent. We found that at Quebec at least, our sixpence would only go for ten cents, and our shilling for twenty. We profited by the infor-