

We started for Metis on board the Southern, a fine steamer of splendid dimensions—the mate of the Northern which was stranded a short time before, on her first trip down the river. We passed her, as she still lay on the beach, and the thought suggested by her position was certainly one of wonder how she could have got ashore in such a situation, almost close to a wharf, and a lighthouse. Our experience of the Southern was in every way satisfactory. The cabins and staterooms were large and airy, and the motion of the engine scarcely perceptible. If this fine vessel is continued on the same route next season, I doubt not she will become a favorite boat. We left Quebec about 3.30 in the afternoon, and on going on deck in the morning, we found ourselves in view of the fine scenery at Bic. We afterwards passed Father Point, where vessels generally receive and discharge their pilots; and by 9.30 we were off Metis. As there is no wharf, we had to disembark from the steamer,—a process, however, which their excellent arrangements rendered not in the least difficult,—and land by a sail-boat. Once landed, we found friends on the shore, and soon reached the Manse, which is about a mile and a half from the point where passengers land. We met with a most warm welcome from our excellent and self-denying missionary, Mr. Fenwick, and his mother, who resides with him. The Church and Manse stand quite close to the river,—if river it can be called, it being here about 40 miles wide—high-water mark being almost close to the fence which surrounds the Manse and Churchyard. It was a pleasure to walk among the rocks, and enjoy the smell of the salt water, and watch the numerous vessels making their way up or down the noble river. While walking out on the beach for the first time, I came upon a real specimen of the genus *Phoca*, which had received its death-wound, and retired to the rocks to die. The treasure-trove was duly taken possession of, and was expected to yield some gallons of oil.

During the few days preceding the Sabbath, I accompanied Mr. Fenwick to various corners of his diocese, and saw several members of his flock. I had also the pleasure of meeting several families who had gone to Metis for the summer, and among others, one of the Professors of McGill College, who finds Metis a pleasant summer retreat for himself and family. We visited the Falls of Metis (Grand Metis), really well worth seeing, and the works on the Intercolonial Railway, which crosses the Grand Metis above the Falls by a very fine bridge, the foundations of the last pier of which they were preparing to lay at the time of our visit. On the Sabbath, I preached in the church to a good congregation, and in the afternoon accompanied Mr. Fenwick to a Sabbath School three or four miles from the church, in a settlement where the Presbyterian element almost entirely prevails. I had the opportunity of addressing not only the Sabbath School—teachers and scholars—but a considerable number of parents and others who were present. I had great pleasure in meeting with so many, both at the church and the Sabbath School. Metis is really an interesting settlement, extending seven or eight miles along the St. Lawrence, and reaching through three or four concessions back from the river. Many of the farms are owned by the occupiers, others are still held at a small annual payment, according to the seigniorial system. Some of them are well cultivated and in good order, while others exhibited few marks of improvement. No doubt there has been, in the past, rather a want of energy and enterprise, probably in part occasioned by the isolated situation of the people, and the want of a market for their produce. But the Railway, which will soon be in operation, will, no doubt, introduce a change, and give a stimulus to