

required additional force to propel our little bark along. The orderly splash of the paddle, the whirr of ducks from the rice beds at our approach, with an occasional question put and answered, relieved the dulness of the morning. About 6 miles from the point of departure we rounded into Pigeon Lake. It is about 9 miles long, and in some places 3 broad. It lies nearly north and south; the water is deep, dark, and free from every obstruction. The township of Harvey lies on the east, and that of Verulam on the west; the former thinly settled, and without any means of religious instruction, the latter better settled, yet ill supplied with the means of grace. As you approach Bobcagean, and close in with the western side, the beach abounds with limestone, so regularly piled as to tempt you to think the hand of art has been busy there.

We reached Bobcagean about half-past ten. Sturgeon Lake is the next into which we passed. It contracts about a mile or two above the rapid, where its waters begin to move with accelerated yet noiseless force towards Bobcagean. Here they break the silence which they have maintained since they left the Falls of Fenelon, and as if awakened from the repose which they have long enjoyed, they raise their voice in a thousand murmurs, chaff over the rocky bed, linger for a season, whirl about in numerous eddies, then hasten away to the repose of Pigeon Lake. Unable to make our way through the rapids, we bore our canoe over land into the upper waters. There are many settled within a moderate distance of this place. They seldom enjoy public worship; they do not hear sermon above twice in the year, and not even that every year. Many of them are anxious to enjoy the occasional visits of a Missionary. One of our members lives in this vicinity, a good and zealous man. A supply of tracts has been sent them several times. They have also procured a £5 library, and have now commenced a Sunday School. May these prove the forerunners of a better spiritual supply.

We left Bobcagean about half-past eleven o'clock. As the wind was high and against us, so that we could not make above $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile an hour, we ran ashore and took some refreshment. The place where we landed teemed with raspberries; thus we enjoyed in the solitudes of nature, the delicacies which gardens yield the more favored sons of the city. We braced ourselves once more to contend with the elements. After much fatigue, shipping some water, and encountering a little danger, we reached the weather shore. The wind having somewhat abated, we set our sail, and lay along the Sturgeon point, which when we rounded, we

found the wind right a-head. Sturgeon Lake is in the form of an L, the long leg stretching from Bobcagean to Sturgeon point, the short one from the said point to the entrance of the river which leads to Fenelon's Falls. The scenery, as you move in towards the fall, becomes rather imposing. The wind having again abated, we moved forward with ease. The banks on each side rise to some height. The water Iris spread its broad leaves on the surface, while its flower exhibited the most delicate white. The distant murmur of falling water indicated our approach to some wonder of nature. The channel now narrowed, the tide flowed with quickened rapidity, and the banks rose into more frowning heights. Silence and thoughtfulness are most consonant with such scenes, yet I ventured to put a question to the interpreter as we glided onward. The answer being rather incoherent, I looked at him, and his face evincing strong emotion, I left him to enjoy the sacredness of thought, and resigned my own mind to the impressions which external objects were fitted to make. One turn more, and the waters of Cameron's Lake, chaffing on the edge of the precipice and flung into the turmoil below, met the eye. The fall is high and wide. The ear filled with the sound, the eye fixed with the sight, the hand occupied with the paddle, we pushed our little bark to the landing place to the right of the fall. Those waters, as they fret, rage, foam, linger and sink into apathy as they sleep in the bosom of the Lake, are an affecting emblem of the passions which agitate the heart of man, and disturb the peace of society, restless, resolute, dissatisfied, unblest. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, which casts up mire and dirt. There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God."

It was too late to accomplish the rest of our journey that day, so we remained all night at the Falls. We carried the canoe over the height, and left it on the margin of Cameron's Lake. Our toil being passed for the day, I endeavoured to ascertain what had so deeply affected the mind of the Interpreter as we moved into the Falls, and found that the recollections of youth rushed on his mind with such force, as to leave him unconscious of every thing else. Five years had elapsed since he last visited this place. Many spots on which his eye fell, reminded him of idolatrous scenes, the folly and wickedness of which he had now learned, as well as the more excellent way. He felt thankful to the God of Mercy for having delivered him from their baneful influence, and given him good hope through grace. In this place he had spent many of the days of his youth, and committed much sin, which he has in painful remembrance.