

amongst them. The number in Canada is between seventy and eighty thousand. Those in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are for the most part Roman Catholics. In the Western Provinces the Church of England and the Methodists have been the most active in their efforts to convert and civilize. The first Protestant Church (Episcopal) in Ontario was built for the use of the Six Nation Indians near Brantford, by the British Government in 1783. It is still used for divine service. Upwards of 3,000 Indians are to be found in this settlement. They are chiefly Episcopalians and Methodists. The mission was nominally founded by the S. P. G. Society, and is now sustained by "The New England Company," a Society in England which also assists other missions to the Indians in Canada. The "Church Missionary Society" maintain a mission within the Arctic Circle, at Fort McPherson, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, where the Ven. Archdeacon McDonald has been labouring for the benefit of the Indians since 1852—the nearest to the North Pole of any Christian missionary, save the Danish and Moravian missionaries to the Esquimaux in the North of Greenland.

To be continued.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. JENKINS.

HYERES, S. OF FRANCE.

This is the 20th day of January. I am sitting in my room with windows open, the thermometer standing at 68°. The heat in the open air is so great that one is glad to take shelter from it; how could he use the time so well, as in writing to one's friends! The climate of the Riviera, to me who am testing it for the first time, is wonderful. I speak of its mildness and dryness. Its results on the health of the invalid are often satisfactory. To secure such results the patient should never be sent here in a condition of body so weak as to disable him from taking exercise, both walking and driving, in the open air. Many, alas! come here too late, and die. I have called the climate "wonderful:" The place abounds in palm trees—some of them as lofty as I have seen in India. The olive, magnolia, arbutus, aloe, and cactus flourish luxuriantly. Orange and lemon trees with their clusters of ripe, golden fruit are innumerable; every garden, yes, every small plot of ground, is adorned by their richness and beauty. The heliotrope, the geranium, the gladiolus, are in full bloom; roses and violets abound. From the garden of this hotel hundreds of branches of violets are daily gathered for the Paris market, and even for Covent Garden. You never had a warmer or a finer June day in Montreal, than we have enjoyed on this twentieth of January.

The town is ancient and quaint. The "closes" outvie those of Edinburgh in their dirtiest days. The new part of the town is very splendid and attractive; not so much for its buildings, as for its grand Boulevards. Some of these are completed, and with their rows of palm-trees, present a very fine appearance. Others are in course of construction, with a thoroughness as to masonry and road-making, which I have never known surpassed.

There is a French Protestant Church here of about 40 communicants, and a congregation of from 60 to 80. The minister is an earnest, well-read, intelligent, evangelical clergyman, who seems to understand his work, and tries his best to do it. His wife is like-minded with himself. Their work is arduous, for the Protestant French are in a small minority—very small; and their battle is with the triple-foe of religion—Superstition, Infidelity, and Worldliness. It is cheering, in presence of such influences, as we pass through one of the principal streets, to see an ecclesiastical building dedicated, "AU CHRIST REDEMPTEUR"—to Christ the Redeemer. This is the inscription over the Protestant Church.

The Church of Scotland has a Chaplain here—the Rev. David Scott, B.L., of Dalziel, near Hamilton. He commenced his services in the Church to which I have just referred. Soon after, his throat gave such signs of debility, that his medical man forbade his preaching. Since then, I have taken the service for him—an afternoon service on each Lord's day. I am very thankful to be able once more to occupy a pulpit. I may say, indeed, that the effect of this delicious climate upon my own health is most gratifying. The benefit has been greater than we could have anticipated. Our congregation numbers about 30—in wet weather, a rare occurrence, even fewer. A sad case occurred last week in the midst of our little Scottish circle here. The Rev. James Pennell, Minister of the parish of Ballingry in Fifeshire, came here several weeks ago in poor health, accompanied by his wife and daughter. His condition has been all along serious, but variable. Last week there were signs of improvement. On Thursday Mrs. and Miss P. went to dinner, leaving him quietly asleep. On Mrs. P.'s return—he was lying precisely in the same position, as she thought, still asleep. It was the sleep of death! I will not say, "Alas!" for it was rest from great suffering, and a translation to it. I took part in the burial service. While at the grave, I turned to look at the neighbouring graves; and my eye fell on the last resting place of one whom many members of St. Paul's, and many other readers of the RECORD, especially in London and Halifax, will remember as a worthy office-bearer of the Canadian Church, "WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM MENZIES. J. J.