

Free-Will Baptist Church; now I am generally reverent in a church, but the manner in which they conducted their devotions nearly made me laugh outright; they began by one gentleman giving out a psalm; during the time he was reading, another gent starts up and bawls out a number and the name of a tune; they then sang it to a ranting air; then one prayed, then another, until six men had prayed, and then, as a climax, a young lady pops on her knees and prayed; this young lady's prayer, which I thought better and sweeter than the men's, finished the praying department; there was no one in the pulpit; after the praying was done, one old gentleman invited any one to step up and give their "experience"; no one stepped up, however, so he gave us his own experience, beginning in a whisper, getting louder and louder as he went on until he ended in a bellow, and sat down quite exhausted. I left the church before the service concluded; I was quite disgusted with the exhibition; I could not call it a religious service. We did not leave Woodstock next day; we took a rest to-day, but it was no rest to me, for I was on guard; Woodstock is a small village, only distant 12 miles from the State of Maine.

*February 4th.*—Left at 9 a.m., only six men in a sleigh; as the roads were getting worse, passed through several villages; walked a good deal to-day, our course still lying along the bank of the St. John River; we arrived at the village of Florenceville at 3 p.m.; travelled 25 miles to-day; lodged in the basement rooms of a hotel; lay again on the floor, which was only covered with pine-boughs.

*February 5th.*—Left Florenceville at 7 a.m.; roads very bad; still along the bank of the river, and close by the State of Maine; weather clear, frosty and cold; no villages along the road, but plenty of clearings; saw a small animal resembling a squirrel, a crow, and some birds of most beautiful plumage; arrived at a pretty village called Tobique; slept on pine boughs freshly gathered; day's journey, 40 miles; very tired.

*February 6th.*—Nearly frost-bitten in the fingers; when I washed in the morning the iron basin stuck to my wet fingers; was obliged to run inside and rub my fingers. Left Tobique at 8½ a.m., crossed the river Roustac on a very handsome bridge, leaving the St. John on our right; saw a large grist mill; our road lay for the most part through a forest, saw some splendid pine-trees; arrived at the Grand Falls of St. John at 2½ p.m., good quarters, plenty of room, and pine branches to sleep on; had my dinner, and then went out to have a look at the falls; there is a bridge about one hundred and fifty yards below the falls, from which a splendid view is obtained; the river here tumbles over a rock seventy-four feet in perpendicular height, whilst the spray rose in a misty cloud above it; below the grand falls it rushes away at the rate of forty miles an hour, falling seventy feet more in a few hundred yards length: after feasting my eyes with this truly grand and terrific sight, I took a stroll through the village, and then went to bed—our day's journey twenty-five miles.

*February 7th.*—Left Grand Falls at 8 a.m.; the settlers in this part of the country are all French; we crossed the river on the ice to the right bank along which our road lay for many miles; the roads were very bad to-day, full of ruts, and very dangerous. The pigs in this part are of a French breed, very lean, would make good hunters; they have a hump on their backs like camels; they are of a dirty brown, or russet colour, some of them having a white ring round their body, which give them a strange appearance; others were striped like tigers; they were the dirtiest and most disgusting looking pigs that belong to the porcine tribe. Crossed several rivulets spanned by handsome wooden bridges; it snowed during the last two hours of our journey; we passed a handsome French Church, covered all over with crosses, also a college and shrine. We arrived at Little Falls at 5 p.m., terribly tired, having been 9 hours on the road; Little Falls is a French village; we had travelled 40 miles to-day. We again had pine-boughs to sleep on; numbers of the Frenchmen came to hear the pipers play.

*February 8th.*—Left Little Falls at 7 a.m.; terribly cold to-day; the first 7 miles we were nearly shaken to pieces, the roads were so bad; the snow had also drifted a good deal during the night; we crossed the boundary line between Canada and New Brunswick about 9 a.m.; the road was now broad and good; snow ploughs go along every day to keep it clear, and we went along as smoothly as on a railway, and at a greatly increased speed; our road to-day