

number about one-third of the population. Presbyterians are as strong as would be expected under the wing of Queen's University, Methodists well represented, Congregationalists two churches and a mission. Baptists are weak in numbers though fairly wealthy, only one church and the mission in which I am engaged. Our mission has a Sunday school of about thirty-five, and our evening services number about forty. Prayer meetings well attended for a new cause.

This child is young, but we think it has health, and with careful nursing will develop.

J. E. CHUTE.

PORT ELGIN, a town of over 2,000 inhabitants, is situated on the main line of railway from Guelph westward, in the far-famed Scotch County of Bruce. The main street is the well beaten Goderich road which runs about parallel with the shore of Lake Huron, and about half a mile from the water's edge. The streets are regularly laid out, most of them being lined on both sides with beautiful maples. The people speak both German and English. The churches are numerous, representing seven or eight distinct bodies. There are High and Public schools, both flourishing. Employment, as in most Canadian towns, from some unknown (?) cause is at present somewhat slack. Among the most noteworthy manufactures are brushes, brooms and buttons, together with the common industries, foundry, grist mill, tannery, sash and door factory, etc.

The situation and scenery of Port Elgin are beautiful. The soil, a sandy loam, forming a gentle slope to the water, renders mud almost unknown. The street walks are, to a large extent, the green sward of nature. Strolling over to the lakeside in the evening, we behold a scene which few towns of Ontario can provide—sunset upon the water. The golden orb of day has almost finished his course, and now, slightly uplifted and with blazing beams, seems to halt before sinking into his watery bed. As he slowly sinks, between the eye and the far-off scene lies an undulating path of golden blazon, lined on either side with borders of red. Up the shore is the beautiful park, "Goble's Grove," with its gurgling springs, used as a summer tenting ground. Here, too, we have mineral baths for the comfort and healing of citizens and visitors. On the right is the revolving light of Chantry Island lighthouse, twinkling on the horizon like some huge meteor, while off to our left we can hear the ceaseless murmur from the lapping of the waves upon the rocky shore.

H. L. McNEIL.

I am away down beside the sea, at Port Medway, N.S., farthest away of all, I think, from home and friends. "Home," all hail! "Friends," greeting! Backward season, rough weather and hard times are with us. Stout hearts, a good country and determination come to our assistance in the struggle. I inhale the vigorous breath of the Atlantic and say "alas! that all are not able to enjoy the same blessing." The people here differ much from those that dwell inland. Somewhat rugged in manner, they are correspondingly rugged in heart.