

our hands the coveted prize, but in a short time it glides away, disappears, and the darkness is as intense as ever. A gracious Providence brings us safe to the home of the Presbytery Elder of the congregation, Mr. T. M. where I am kindly entertained for the night, and conveyed to the station next day before the bursting forth of the storm which covered the highlands with snow from Maine to Cape Breton, giving the boys an opportunity of snow-balling in the month of *September*!

This congregation was at one time supplied by Rev. Mr. Donald, who often traversed on foot the whole country. At present it enjoys the services and labours of Rev. Mr. Jack, whom to know is to esteem, and any one who spends a short time in his house will desire to renew the intercourse with his estimable family, as well as with himself, as soon as possible. I met there three generations—the children, the mother, and the venerable grandfather, Mr. McKenzie, once of Halifax, now of St. James, the veteran Colporteur of New Brunswick, an old acquaintance of my father, and one of the few who distinctly remembered his preaching at St. James' and St. Stephen's, half a century ago,—a venerable pillar bearing the hand-writing of the Spirit of God!

Mr. Jack occupies a comfortable manse, erected by the congregation for his benefit. The salary, like that of most of our ministers in New Brunswick, is not only small, but inadequate to meet the necessary outlay for food, clothing, and the education of a family; and yet it is probable that our people in New Brunswick contribute in proportion to their numbers at least equally with those of Nova Scotia. In this Province the congregations, with few exceptions, are much larger.

A blessing from the Master seems to rest on the small stipends of our hard-working brethren in the sister Province, for they are surrounded with all the comforts of life, a result which must in great measure be attributed to the excellent management, frugality and industry of their wives. There are cases, however, in which anxiety and too much toil and tension, are evidently telling on the health of these faithful partners, and premature death, and motherless children will be the monuments of the church's neglect of a clear, imperative, duty the discharge of which is fully within her power. We trust the Supplementing Committee will go on with the work entrusted to them by Synod, notwithstanding they may sometimes meet from an unexpected quarter with a heavy blow and sore discouragement.

P. G. McG.

Halifax, Nov. 11th, 1867.

The preceding sketches of congregations in New Brunswick, furnished by the delegates, may be fairly included under the head of Home Missions. It is equally desirable, however, that the church should have some definite information respecting the work of evangelization, in which our probationers and catechists are engaged; and we present, in the present number, extracts from two reports, one from a missionary in New Brunswick, and the other from a much more destitute part of Nova Scotia.

St. George's, Charlotte Co., N.B., }
October 5th, 1867.

In regard to my work here, I find it pretty hard; but there is great need of hard labour being performed in this part of the home field. In order that I might do my work better, and supply localities that would otherwise have been unsupplied, I, during the past spring, obtained for myself, and now keep, at my own expense, a horse and wagon, which enables me to preach three times every Sabbath—namely, at Pennfield, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the east; here, at St. George, in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock; and at Mascareen, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the south; and fortnightly, *i. e.*, every second Tuesday evening, to hold public service at Lepreaux, 20 miles off, on the road to St. John; also, to preach every alternate Saturday evening at Caithness, 3 miles to the south; and also to hold public worship, occasionally, in different other destitute localities; and, besides, to visit, and have worship with, about 300 families scattered over the country, including the above mentioned places."

The extracts which follow, are from the report of an earnest young man, who laboured during the past six months on a part of our Atlantic seaboard. We leave the facts detailed to speak for themselves.

"Seven miles below M. is another settlement called E. Here there are a large number of families, adhering, with one or two exceptions, to the * * * * * The people are living almost in a state of heathenism. Personal religion is a thing unknown. The Bible is almost a sealed book, lying upon their shelves or packed in their trunks, and seldom open. No Sabbath school exists, and the settlement has been without a day school for a period of eighteen months. The children are growing up in ignorance, and receive no religious instruction at home. In one family which I visited, after reading a chapter, I asked a little girl who gave us the Bible? She replied Adam. I again asked, Do you know who the Son of God is? She replied