

usually taken for turning aside and resting a while came, and ministers with few exceptions betook themselves to some forest-lake, or some sea-side cool retreat. Some were away during August, some during July, and some during a part of each. All returned browned and strengthened. One (so economical of time) combined the honeymoon with the holiday. Now all have bent themselves to the yoke, or put on the harness, and the hum of ecclesiastical organization is heard in the land.

Some, however, owing to local or special conditions, remained at home the whole season. Among these may be mentioned Rev. S. T. Martin, Chalmers' Church, Quebec, and Rev. Duncan MacLeod, Lingwick—the latter comparatively new to his field, and doing an excellent work of *restoration*. Another who through all conditions of the thermometer and barometer remained at a strenuous post is Rev. Dr. Paterson, Immigration Chaplain (during the season of navigation) at the port of Quebec—that great gateway to our great country for the greatly increased number of immigrants seeking livelihood and homes therein. The work, while not even and continuous each day of the week, is very strenuous while it lasts, and places the chaplain under great strain when the great steamers (especially the Glasgow ones) crowd each other in the harbor. Observing ones can see the lines of care deepening on the Chaplain's face, though he is still in his prime. During the past six months there were met and welcomed 14,700 Presbyterians (11,905 at Quebec, the balance at St. John, whence Dr. Paterson came in the spring, and to which he returns at close of navigation of the St. Lawrence); and he expects to meet on an average 1,500 for October and November. The names of those interviewed have been forwarded, with their prospective destination, to the "Department of the Stranger"—from which department notices go forward to the nearest minister to the said destination. Occasionally his services include much more than the hurried welcome to the landing immigrant, the recording of name and destination, few words of encouragement and possibly direction for some (owing to various causes) are kept or stranded in Quebec for a time, alone, separated from friends and unacquainted with our ways. These weary, troubled hearts have often been cheered and encouraged by the Chaplain, and they will hold him in grateful remembrance in years to come, and will bear a kindly feeling to the church that put such a friend in their way.

The strain placed upon congregations by reason of removals ("much of the best blood going to the Great West) and the constant influx of French Roman Catholics, is felt with much acuteness in this