

How we Went to St. John.

HERE is a Japanese proverb which says that "the road of one thousand miles begins with one step." That one first step! It is always an important one, and often shapes the course of all the rest. In this instance the editor stepped from the wharf at Montreal on board the fine steamer "Quebec," bound for the ancient capital of Lower Canada. The distance is some 180 miles, and the running time ten or eleven hours. It is a delightful change from the dust and turmoil of the city to inhale the cool breezes and get passing glimpses of green fields and "smiling villages," and parish churches picturesquely perched on the summit of every prominent headland. The steamer itself, though some twenty years old, is beyond comparison the finest in Canadian waters, and it is creditable to the management to say that during all these years there has been no accident of any consequence, although the passage is always made during the night, and the channel is a somewhat intricate one. On reaching Point Levis, about six in the morning, the first thing that arrested our attention was the charred remains of the Grand Trunk wharf and railway buildings. The fire had made a clean sweep of the latter, of which nothing remained but misshapen scraps of tin and iron that had covered their roofs. Our first step towards St. John, New Brunswick, determined our route. We must go by the Intercolonial Railway, a distance of 588 miles from Quebec. Although a longish journey, we had no cause of complaint; the road was in good order; the "Pullman" afforded palatial accommodation; all the officials were polite and obliging; at convenient distances there was ample time for "refreshments," and the fare was good, especially the salmon, fresh out of the water. On reaching Rimouski, about two in the afternoon, we found a large concourse of people about the station. It was "nomination day," and the candidates for parliamentary honours, taking advantage of the railway platform, were expounding to the people the nature of the different planks in their own several platforms. It appeared to be a mass meeting, in which both sides of politics were represented, the rival candidates speaking simultaneously to their friends at a short distance from each other. Though one could not understand what was said, you could not help admiring the fluency and the energy of the candidates, who seemed to speak with their eyes and their hands quite as effectively as with their voices. Our train drew up within a few yards of one of the groups, to the no small annoyance of the speaker. Father Chiniquy was with us, and this was his native county, where in former

years he had been well known as a parish priest. Several persons in the crowd recognized him, and one after another came up to the stairs of the carriage and shook his hand so warmly as to leave no room to doubt their sincere friendship. By-and-by the news spread among the crowd, and all faces were turned in this direction as the old "Père" began to address a few words to them. He had not proceeded far, however, when some turbulent spirits, under the influence of liquor, discharged a volley of anathemas. From this they proceeded to make use of stones, thrown at the old man's head, but which fortunately missed their mark. It was very pleasing to notice that the number of these rowdies was very small, and that they received no countenance from the body of the people, but, rather, were restrained by them from their rude attacks upon the venerable father who had given them no cause of offence. The Revs. Messrs. Coussirat, Cruchet, Amaron, Doudiet, and Allard, all commissioners to the General Assembly, freely mingled with the crowd and conversed with them. One of their number, a most respectable looking person, handed his name and address to Mr. Coussirat, requesting him at the same time to send him a supply of books and tracts, which he said he would undertake to distribute. The cause of delay at this point for an hour or more was the arrival of the English mail steamer, which thus afforded some of our number an unexpected opportunity of doing a little missionary work by the way, and the rest of us, besides being interested spectators of an incident that will not be soon forgotten by the Rimouskians, had our patience rewarded by receiving the latest news from the old country.

In thus passing through a country, albeit in some sense to us almost *ignotum*, it is always pleasant to notice names of the stations along the line of railway which remind us of some of our Presbyterian congregations with whom we are in monthly correspondence. The first of this kind that we meet after leaving Quebec is "St. Flavie," in the neighbourhood of which are grand and little Metis, originally a Scotch settlement. The resident population is now almost entirely French, but it is becoming a favourite resort of summer visitors. The Rev. Thomas Fenwick has laboured faithfully at Metis for many years, and I suppose there is not another protestant minister residing within a hundred miles of him at least. In the prosecution of his pastoral work he joined our party for a short distance, and seemed highly pleased with the opportunity of having even this brief interview with so many of the "fathers and brethren." Campbellton and Dalhousie were the only other places of note until we reached Moncton. Branching off at this point we pass through a pretty undulating country, watered by the