

twenty miles nearer Dalhousie than Port Daniel—resulting in the formation of quite a snug little Presbyterian congregation. They built a neat and handsome church last summer, in which Rev. Mr. George, from New Carlisle, preaches every Sabbath. Waiving all proselytizing intentions, I may say that if we had men of the right stamp on the ground all along the coast the year round, our cause would be tenfold more flourishing than it is.

Many of the people are avowedly sick of the ultra high-churchism so common, in fact universal, in the Province of Quebec. The only reason many more do not leave—to copy the expressive simile of a certain now famous M. D.: “like rats from a fated ship,”—is that they have not even raft or wreckage on which to float. True, there are the dying embers of a once flourishing “Plymouth Brethren” cause, but after leaving *almost* nothing they do not care to go to; even worse. So they hang hungrily upon our services during the summer season, but hibernate the rest of the year. It is really pitiful, and I fear not to say unfair, to leave those loyal Presbyterians from September till the middle of May practically without Gospel or ordinance. Is there any wonder some in despair of ever getting permanently more congenial services, gravitate into the English church—a process rendered, in many cases, very easy by intermarriage? As many as are able emigrate to more privileged places. Others, as true souls as ever rallied around our Presbyterian standard, unable to endure what they call the “idolatries of the English church” pass seven or eight of the dreariest months of the year without once being able to echo the joyous outburst of the psalmist: “I was glad when they said unto me: ‘Let us go into the house of the Lord.’” Surely in such circumstances the hackneyed question, “what is wrong,” is in order.

Our church building in Port Daniel is not in good repair, but I trust it soon will be. Although so few and weak we were able to raise about \$150.00 last summer for the purpose of improving the church. But with such meagre and irregular supply these brave old Presbyterians—uncheered by the hope that at eventime it shall be light—have no heart to take great pains fitting up a building in which they cannot even hope their sons shall worship.