

not only by our own people, but also by the French Canadians; none live there but such as are engaged on the railroad. On such occasions as those just referred to, after having conducted the usual services in English, I address the French Canadians in their mother-tongue as well as I can. At my first two meetings at the Tartigoux, I used three languages. Some German sailors who had been cast ashore at Rimouski, and were working for a time on the railroad, were present. Most of them did not understand English; I therefore, as I was not able to speak to them, read a chapter of the Bible and a portion of a tract in their mother-tongue. As the Franco-Prussian war was then raging, the use of the French and German languages at these meetings was all the more interesting. At my last but one there, Mr. Paterson was with me. I assigned him the English part of the exercises. He addressed the meeting from I. Timothy i, 15. Afterwards, I made a few remarks on the same words, sang a few verses of a hymn, and prayed in French. At the close, as on former occasions, I distributed tracts and religious papers, both in French and English, among those who were present. All the French Canadians who could read accepted French ones very readily.

Lately, I made a longer missionary trip than any of my former ones. Of it I now proceed to give a sketch.

*Monday, October 2nd, 1871.* This morning I set out. I intended doing so a week ago, in order to have moonlight for my meetings. However, as it rained from Sabbath to the Wednesday following, I had to alter my arrangements. To-day I went as far as the Tartigoux. The road—the old Kempt one—was very bad. At the best it is not good, as, like human life, it is full of ups and downs. But, of course, the rain of the previous week made it a great deal worse in many places. Several parts of the scenery are very beautiful. The appearance of the forest at this time was most gorgeous: maples, birches, rowans, willows, elders, and balm-of-Gileads were arrayed in their autumnal apparel: leaves of yellow, light green, blood-red, chocolate, liver, and dark-green colors, with the white trunks of the birches, and the dark grey ones of the maples, tamaracs, and spruces—all formed scenes on which an artist could gaze enraptured for hours. Bad roads, however, it must be acknowledged, interfere very much with a traveller's enjoyment of the beautiful or the sublime. About 4 p.m. I arrived at the house where I was to hold my meeting, and lodge for the night. After having given notice about the meeting, I spent the time till supper in walking about and examining the works. Some very difficult work has to be done here. For example, a long embankment seventy-six feet high is being made; a great deal of rock cutting, in some parts about sixty feet deep, is going on; several tunnels have to be made through the rock, for the purpose of turning the river out of its natural course. As in the case of the Mount Cenis one, the work is carried on from both ends. Some of them are open all the way through. As suitable stone would have to be brought a long way, and over bad roads, as well as for other reasons, it is cheaper to make a tunnel than it would be to build a culvert. Since the works here began, several accidents have taken place, some of which have proved fatal. One was that of a young Prussian, who shortly before came to this country as a sailor. He was so severely injured by a mass of earth and rock falling on him, that he died an hour and a half after. His remains were buried in the burying-ground beside the manse. Another was that of a French Canadian, who, contrary to strict orders, attempted to remove, with an iron tool, the powder of a charge to which the fuse had