

built. The entire scenery is bold; a high ridge of land separates the city St. John, from one of its suburbs, named Portland; while the tide water of this inlet separates from both, another suburb, denominated Carlton. These, in truth, form a part of the city of St. John, and are included in its municipal organization, though they have these separate names. Including them, St. John contains a population of upwards of 30,000 souls. But in its proper place I shall have more to say of this important city.

I attended St. Stephen's Scotch Church, and before service was introduced to its enlightened, pious, and zealous Pastor—the Rev. Mr. Wishant. He kindly insisted on my preaching for him in the evening, which, with no common pleasure, I engaged to do. It is refreshing to meet with this fine catholic spirit.

How much purer and nobler is this temper of mind,—how much more of heaven is there in its developments, than amid the revived jargon of “the Church” and “Apostolical Succession,” or amongst men, who, with the arrogance of the lady on the seven hills, unchurches and virtually unchristianizes, all who do not delight in her very equivocal smiles, or yield implicit credence to their monstrous dogmas. Mr. Wishant preached a faithful sermon to his flock. In the afternoon, I attended St. Andrew's Scotch Church, and heard a clear exhibition of truth from the Rev. Professor Macintosh, of Halifax. In the evening, I had a large and attentive congregation. It was quite obvious on the surface of things, that a desire to hear the word of life prevailed amongst the people of this city.

As the friend on whom I principally depended for information and co-operation had been called to Halifax, and as it was not material on what week I visited Nova Scotia, I left on Monday morning for that Province, deferring my work in New Brunswick until my return. The steamer, “Maid of the Mist,” left the wharf at seven o'clock on Monday morning, to cross the Bay of Fundy for Digby. This bay would have been appropriately named foggy, for assuredly fog is the rule rather than the exception, if one may judge from several trips upon it during the month of August, and from the dreary report of dwellers upon its shores. Our steam-boat proved a maid in the mist; we soon entered the fog on leaving St. John, and bade it farewell only when we entered the river Annapolis. The entrance to this river, through “narrows,” with hills on each side, rising precipitously from the water to an immense height, is truly magnificent. Passing through this “gut” we enter a sort of basin, in which stands the village of Digby. This place is far-famed for its herrings. Who has not heard of Digby herrings? From thence, turning up the river, the sail is delightful. I say nothing of the cleanliness, or the elegance, or the speed of the “Maid of the Mist.” The truth is, the people here are half a century be-

hind the rest of the world in their steam-boats; and the “Maid” is a very poor specimen of the very poor class in which they take delight. But the day was now beautiful, and the run, or rather crawl, up the river, was truly delightful. Imagine a fine river descending through a country of extraordinary fertility and richness, that country settled between two and three centuries, having first a gentle acclivity on which are built the neat houses and farms of the farmers, and then rising upwards gradually to a vast height, completely shutting out the cold blasts from the Bay of Fundy, and these hills cultivated to their very summits. Though, on the other side, the hills are more rugged, yet they as effectually exclude the storm that rages on the broad Atlantic beyond them. I am told that the best cheese in America is made on these farms; a fact indicative of their fertility. Probably the first regular settlement in Nova Scotia was effected here. It is said that Mons. De Montz an intelligent and enterprising Frenchman, having received full powers from the King of France, as governor-general of Acadia, with a monopoly of the fur trade, took out a number of volunteers in the year 1604, and, sailing into the Bay of Fundy, “entered a spacious basin, surrounded by romantic hills, from which descended refreshing rivers, bordered with beautiful meadows, and filled with delicate fish. Ponceincurt, De Montz's personal friend, was so charmed with the beauty and safety of this harbor, and the fertility of the land, that he received a grant from De Montz, and sailing eighteen miles inland, fixed his residence on a point of land, and called it Port Royal.” This point of land was sometimes in possession of the French, at others, the Indians; and now and then, the English, either direct from the mother country, or from the Colonies, westward of Nova Scotia, drove out its inhabitants, and became its inhabitants, until, at length, in the year 1714, its name was changed in proof that the latter class had obtained the victory, and the name of England's Queen, Anne, was bestowed, “Annapolis” thenceforth was its designation. At said Annapolis your humble traveller lauded—his luggage being carried up to the village by a stalwart—not man, but negro woman! Now, this village, though ancient, is very small, but very beautiful. There is nought here of American “go-a-head;” all is still, and peaceful, and very dignified. The very horses and coaches move in slow and stately solemnity. Here are elegant thorn hedges—n at garden plots—indeed, except that the houses are built of wood, one might imagine oneself in some little agricultural village in Devonshire, having an inn, a Post Office, a blacksmith's shop, and a few et ceteras; together with a staid and sober, but rather sleepy population. We arrived early in the afternoon, and it was designed that in this pretty Eden-like place, we should spend the night. Finding, however, that I could obtain no conveyance, and being desirous of spending at