

continue this blessed work and fight the battle of the Lord.

I send you 100 copies of my answer to the Priest of Rome, the Rev. Mr. Kilroy, for those of my dear benefactors who will continue to help me. I hop you have still some of my answers to the Grand Vicar, and some photographs.

Believe me your forever grateful,
C. CHINQUY.

Home Mission.

Mr. Cumming at the Tobique.

By direction of St. John Presbytery, Rev. T. Cumming has recently visited and preached for five weeks at different points along the river, as well as at the village of Tobique, and the following Report will not only show that the mission was every way successful, but will present a new and important Home Mission field to the church. The Presbytery of St. John is doing all in its power to obtain a suitable agent to supply the stations calling for an Evangelist, and we trust they may soon succeed.

Oh for more labourers! Had we double the number, and all earnest men, they would soon find and occupy fields of usefulness.

REPORT OF REV. T. CUMMING.

To the Moderator and other members of the Presbytery of St. John :

BRETHREN,—Ten weeks ago, I set out from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to visit the mission field of Tobique in New Brunswick. The omens—an old Greek or Roman would say—were decidedly unpropitious. The weather was cold and stormy; it was deemed unsafe to cross the Bay of Fundy in the old, rickety *Empress*, and the highways and railroads of New Brunswick were completely blocked up, so I had heard, by recent snow storms. With such unfavourable omens staring me in the face, you need scarcely be surprised that I was very reluctant to exchange the much-loved society of my library companions for the toils and trials of a far distant mission field. Indeed, when I was first asked to go on the mission, I replied with the seemingly disobedient son of the parable, "I will not;" but, like that same magnanimous youth, I "afterward repented and went."

Three days and three nights of almost incessant travelling by rail-cars, steamboats, and mail-sleighs brought me safely to the

allotted sphere of missionary operations. I immediately addressed myself to the work which had been assigned to me, and during my five weeks' residence in the place, I worked as diligently and as faithfully as I have ever done in any portion of the Master's Vineyard. A few descriptive words may be necessary in order that you may have a correct idea of the large missionary field that is white already to harvest.

RIVER TOBIQUE.

The River Tobique, let me say, runs through the extensive County of Victoria, and falls into the St. John River at a distance of about two hundred miles from the ocean. Though a tributary stream, it is about one hundred miles in length, and is quite as large, I would say, as any of the rivers of Nova Scotia. The scenery in several places along its banks is highly picturesque, and the soil of its extensive intervals is generally of excellent quality. Gypsum and limestone are found in great quantities, and have been extensively utilized for agricultural and building purposes. If the country were only more thickly populated, and the land more thoroughly cultivated, it would soon become one of the most delightful and prosperous places in the Lower Provinces. Professor Hind, in his valuable report on the *Geology of New Brunswick*, describes the valley of the Tobique as "a fertile and beautiful region, capable of sustaining an agricultural population of one hundred thousand souls." The present population is scarcely a tithe of that large number, but the number is increasing every year by the addition of new settlers from the older parts of the Province and from the Fatherland. Every where you can see unmistakable evidences of rapid progress.

STATONS.

Along this peaceful and prosperous valley there are the preaching stations of Arthur-ette, Three Brooks, Long Island, and Rocky Brook, at the respective distances of sixteen, twenty, thirty and fifty-five miles from "the mouth" of the river. Then there is Tobique Village, pleasantly situated on the St. John, about two miles below the place where the tributary stream from which it takes its name, falls into the main river; and three miles further down, there is "Presbyterian Hill"—so called in ecclesiastical parlance. In or near each of these localities there are groups of Presbyterian families—four, five, six or more in number—intermingled with families of other religious persuasions. I preached several times at each of these stations on Sabbath days and week days, and I am happy to say that the services were remarkably well attended. It was very encouraging to notice the marked