

CORRESPONDENCE.

We hope to be able from time to time to lay very interesting articles before our readers under this heading. There is much force in the following remarks copied from a private letter received by us a few weeks ago, from a young minister: "You will no doubt find it easier to prevail on young men like myself to write occasional articles for your columns, than on the few experienced and venerable fathers who are still spared among us for the service of the Master and the benefit of the church. He who writes for the *Record* writes for the instruction of the whole church. It is surely befitting that days should speak and multitude of years should teach wisdom. One ounce of pure gold is more precious than a ton of stones and stubble. A very little of well matured thought from those reverend veterans should be more for edification than large masses of youthful crudities. So let old age be provoked to love and good works. Let our fathers continue to lead well and wisely, and by grace assisting us, we will endeavour to follow them so far as they follow Christ." The difficulty is that the "veterans" are generally so worn down with many toils, that it is extremely difficult to prevail upon them to write a line. There are exceptions indeed, but they are few; and thus it may be that for lack of anything better, the church may have at times to feed on "youthful crudities". We have reason to believe that future numbers of the *Record* will be graced by contributions from many of the ablest and most experienced ministers of the church. Our readers will have much pleasure in perusing the following characteristic letter from the Rev. JOHN SIMON:—

To the Editor of the Home and Foreign Board of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces.

MANSE OF TULLOCHGORM, Dec. 26, 1860.

The settlement of Musquodoboit was occupied by Indians until the close of the American Revolution. Francis Paul, the famous Indian hunter, has been seen passing down the river with sixty moose skins in his canoe. It was at first settled very slowly, and the white people did little to sweep down the forests, and improve the soil. They could easily acquire a living: for the fish came into the pan, the moose-deer to the door, and the cattle lived until they dropt their horns. In time the settlement filled up more rapidly and there was a sprinkling of houses on the bank of the river for fifty miles. When I came to Musquodoboit forty years ago, it had only three little schoolhouses and one church. It has now eight religious buildings, and fourteen handsome school houses. I suppose the population to be about 2,000. The chief source of their wealth is the rich intervale, and good meadow on the banks of the river, which yield an abundance of hay, and they sell beef, butter, and wool. The farmers on the river live well, but the back settlers on the high lands have for the most part, (like the Amorites of the Old Testament) to pitch their tents at no great distance from humble poverty, yet being all free-holders they make a living, and are better off than servants in the mother country. In olden times we were nearly twenty miles from the Post Office, but now we have excellent roads, and the mail coach passes through the settlements twice in the week.

The people of Musquodoboit were originally a small colony from Truro, and, like them, of sharp intellects, that could almost see into the shell of a tortoise. The chiefs among the early settlers were baptized by the names of Burke, Price, Hamilton, Washington, and other popular names, and this