

I AM working the field of South Cayuga and Rockport. The people are kind-hearted Baptist farmers. The South Cayuga church is about eight miles south-west of Dunnville. I preach one Sunday morning and evening in South Cayuga, and in the afternoon at Rockport. The next Sunday I have but two services, South Cayuga in the morning and Rockport in the evening. Prayer meeting in South Cayuga on Friday evenings. The scenery of this part of the country is very fine, the Grand River, the fields, the woods, the hills and valleys presenting a beautiful picture.

WM. F. CUTHBERT.

My home is at Lacolle, beside the River Richelieu, near where it widens out into the broad sheet of water known as Lake Champlain. The district itself is a part of the stretch of country commonly spoken of as the "Garden of Quebec," from the exceeding fruitfulness of the soil. The scenery of this part of Quebec is very beautiful, and the sporting facilities are excellent, and as Lake Champlain, although in the United States, is near home, I will take it as an example of the excellent fishing grounds; while the Adirondacks, which extend down to its shores, are a veritable paradise for hunters. The people about here are partly English and partly French; although the French are increasing, while the English are diminishing. I am working at home this summer, and endeavoring at the same time to do some studying.

CHAS. H. SCHUTT.

KINGSTON.—Every one who sees that name associates with it another word,—“limestone.” So it is called the Limestone City. It is rightly named, for we see limestone everywhere. The buildings, the doorsteps, the curbstones, the pavements, are all of limestone and the whole body of the earth is composed of it. A thin stratum of earth, barely sufficient to make soil for gardens and lawns is all that covers the bed rock, all solid rock. This makes the construction of sewers and the laying of gas and water pipes a slow and costly work. The sound of blasting becomes familiar.

This is one of our oldest cities. Life moves leisurely; nobody is in a hurry. This is due in some respect to the fact that most of the young life is drained off by Uncle Sam. We are so near him here that we feel his personal magnetism very much. Everybody here seems to know every one else and knows all about him. No one is lost in “the madding crowd’s ignoble strife.” All eyes are on the stranger. Each one has his opinion of him and expresses it to his neighbor.

This place might be a real summer resort. It is situated at the beginning of the Thousand Islands, where the amount and quality of scenery is not excelled in any part of the world. The scenes of this fairy land in an early June day or by moonlight pass description. It is just one grand panorama of enchanting views, one succession of variation, spread out as if purposely planned to please the eye, stir the imagination, and elevate the soul. This will surely be the school of America’s poets and painters.

This city seems to be fairly religious, though we will have to wait for a further acquaintance to judge whether it is godly. The Catholics