

They would also express their heart-felt sympathy with the bereaved family, and the earnest prayer that they may be comforted with the Divine consolations which He who has chastened them alone can give.

J. C.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILROAD.

(Continued.)

Tuesday, October 3rd.—After breakfast I set out for parts which I had not visited before. My destination for to-day was Sayabec House, twelve miles distant. For the first five miles the road was much worse than that over which I travelled yesterday—though the latter was bad enough. In many places, when it went through the woods, it was very little broader than the carriage. Often, when I passed by trees leaning over me, I had to close my eyes lest I should lose them. Now and then I passed through very pretty pieces of scenery; but long, deep and tough mud holes, and hills, steep, deeply furrowed, and full of large boulders, marred somewhat my enjoyment of them. How I longed to reach the Metapedia road, which I had often been told was a most excellent one! At length I could, like a certain army when it first saw the sea, exclaim, "The Metapedia road! the Metapedia road!" A little longer and I was on it: then I once more realized the truth of the saying, "Sweet is pleasure after pain." Even the four-footed companion of my journey gave evidence of being pleased with the change. The Metapedia road is a most excellent one, though wholly of clay. In a few places it is not very good in the spring or fall; but, with these exceptions, what I have just said of it is strictly true. It was made by Government. It extends from Ste. Flavie, adjoining Metis, to Cross Point, near Restigouche, N. B., a distance of 110 miles, and was five years in construction. It is wholly destitute of tolls, which so many travellers regard as a nuisance. There are very few houses on it: in some instances they are *twenty miles apart*. It is not likely that the inhabitants of these are much given to gossiping. There are four houses by the side of it, where the stage-horses are changed, and travellers can lodge. For this each of the proprietors receives one hundred dollars a year from Government. A large tract of woods through which it passes was burned several years ago. The dead blackened trunks which are still standing present a very desolate appearance. It is a lonely road, as one can travel on it many miles without seeing a human being. As it is so well made, this seems strange to one who has not travelled it before: he naturally expects, after passing one house, to come soon to another. This will give the reader some idea of a large portion of the route of the Intercolonial Railroad. It is said, I may remark in passing, that 500 families are coming out from Alsace and Lorraine, to settle in the valley of the Metapedia. Like the U. E. loyalists, they are unwilling to live under their new masters. But, to go on. The remaining seven miles of my journey were soon travelled. One of the few houses which I passed on this part of it, a French Canadian one, had an inscription above the door, the lettering, spelling and composition of which were all alike wretched. After toiling for a while in trying to decipher it, I was rewarded for my pains by learning that a Mons. Gagné had for sale within certain fluids which total abstinence place in their *index expurgatorius*. Not being a "drouthie" traveller, I did not take the hint which the inscription gave me. I thought that if the liquors were of the same nature as the inscription, drinking