

of a community, that such men may be sent forth from time to time from the land our fathers, satisfied as I am that the brightest of gem in the diadem of the Free Protestant Church of Scotland, will turn out to be the zeal with which the pious foreign relations.

A few years ago the number of Scotch settlers at Harbor Grace increased so considerably that a church in connection with the Free Church of Nova Scotia was formed. By the exertions chiefly of Mr. Munn, a man universally esteemed as a Christian merchant, a neat church has been reared in a central situation of the town and Mr. Ross, who received his education in the Free Church College of Halifax, is the first minister. To this place we paid a visit by the steamer from St. John's, passing the mouth of the splendid inlet called Conception Bay, twenty miles over, and calling first at Carbonara, an old and once thriving settlement, and thence on to Harbor Grace. We saw at some distance the Island of Bacalan, (the Indian name for cod,) and the rocky headland on which, in 1497, Cabot carved the initials of his name and the date of his discovery of the land. On rounding this headland, you enter Trinity Bay, a magnificent sheet of water, at the head of which is situated the apparatus for the Atlantic and European Telegraph Cable. At Harbor Grace we had much agreeable intercourse with the young pastor, with Mr. Munn, the elders and deacons, and a number of hopeful young and old men, actively engaged in the staple commerce of the place, and who met with me on Sabbath evening in the minister's house as a Bible class.* Mr. Ross has been visited with a severe trial, in the removal by death of his pious partner in life, whose venerable mother keeps in use with him and his motherless child. A great fire lately desolated the town, and Mr. Munn and other proprietors suffered severely, but the new buildings are rapidly rising, and the trade of the place, which is wholly in the fisheries, sustained but a temporary interruption.

St. John's is the seat of a Roman Catholic Bishop, and Harbor Grace is the seat of another. Newfoundland is one of the favorite preserves of Popery. Of 120,000 inhabitants, nearly one-half are Popish; and of 25,000 in St. John's, 18,000 are votaries of Romanism. This gives a vast ascendancy to Popery in the colony, and its influence moulds the Legislative and Executive, as well as the Province generally. The present Governor, however, Sir Alexander Bannerman holds the reins with a firm and independent grasp; and had the Episcopacy of the island acted with the spirit of the Sumner, the Tait, and the Bickersteth school, we might have had good hopes for evangelical Protestantism. A morbid mediocrity is a poor set off against the sternness of an iron Romanism. It is well that for thirty years the Methodist Church has been commendably zealous in Newfoundland, and at present the number of its adherents is 36,000. I know no field where an union of Protestants against the common foe would be more commendable; and for this end the prayers of all good men should ascend to the heavenly throne, that evangelical truth may be maintained in purity, and that scriptural godliness may give the tone to the community at large. In connection with these views, I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without paying a slight tribute to the character of Lady Bannerman whose moral excellence and consistent religious character throw a lustre around the influential station she has been called to occupy. Her sentiments are decidedly evangelical and liberal in the best sense of these terms. She is exemplary in her attendance on religious ordinances, and she takes the chief superintendence of the Sabbath school, in connection, not with the cathedral, but with the less imposing fabric which owns an evangelical ministry. She visits the sick and afflicted. She distributes funds, books and tracts; and is the patroness of everything patriotic and Christian. Her religious influence and example have already here

and in other places, been owned of God for great good.

I find I must delay my account of Cape Breton to another number.

R. B.

* We had at this class also the presence of a venerable tar who had fought under Nelson at the battle of the Nile.

WAYMARKS.—CONTINUED.

The River Saguenay.

It was between three and four o'clock, and a clear starlit morning, that the Steamer stopped at the entrance of the river, to await the arrival of a canoe from Tadoussac, containing a very welcome addition to our passengers, and in this gray light we caught the first glimpse of the fantastic shaped mountain crags that form the fit portal to the wild and romantic scenery of the Saguenay. As the steamer moved on, it seemed as though we were entering a vast cavern, and the dim light of the morning added to the impression of gloomy grandeur. On rounding the first point a short neck of the river is before you, and the view is bounded by savage precipices which project from either side across the river as if to forbid all passage. Another point is soon rounded and the river stretches away again with a sublime combination of mountain forms on either side. The light of early morning almost indistinguishably blending with the starlight produced a curious effect upon the crags and mountains, fantastic enough in themselves. It must be allowed that such a situation is not favourable to gaiety, but a pleasing excitement of spirits accompanies the surprise and awe occasioned by objects, in themselves so majestic, when seen in such a light. The mountains pass in rapid succession like scenes of magic.

"The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground;
And all its thousand turns disclose,
Some grander beauty varying round."

The impression deepens until the steamer passes almost immediately under the hutting rock of Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity. We had expected that after passing these points the rugged grandeur of the mountains would gradually soften down. But in this we were agreeably disappointed. For many miles above, the majestic river continues its winding course, each of its reaches surrounded by bold promontories and mountains of sublime form towering above each other though the rocks in front rising almost perpendicularly hundreds of feet from the waters edge, prevent you from catching more than a glimpse here and there of the wild peaks of the mountains beyond.

Unexpectedly you pass out from amongst the dark shadows of these rocks into the smooth waters of Ha! Ha! Bay. The clear still waters of this beautiful estuary crowded with boats and canoes of every size and form—the green fields on either side—the romantic village and sloping hills in front and the shore lined with many objects of interest—all seen in the sunshine of a cloudless summer day combine to form a picture which it would not be easy to describe.

We landed in one of the boats, and walked briskly to the top of the hill behind the village. An immense extent of undulating country stretches away to the north and west, not very fertile, yet covered with verdure, and we gathered a bunch of wild flowers which were growing in great profusion, though not in much variety. Here too we met with the first traces of rock belonging to the transition period.

Our return voyage deepened the impression

which had already been made upon us, and it possessed this advantage that the excitement had in some measure subsided, and we were enabled to observe the features of the scenery more minutely. The promontories already referred to constitute a foreground of ever varying and majestic pictures. The banks are precipices, varied with narrow terraces, and slanting sheets of naked rock, and broken by deep and apparently impassable ravines. These vast walls are beautifully adorned by numerous small trees which have taken root in the fissures of the rocks, and which frequently wind in beautifully irregular lines along the terraces already mentioned. Here and there as you look to the mountain tops, you see a body of water wreathing itself down the rock. It is of the purest white colour, and as the sun-beams strike upon it, it sparkles as though it were composed of myriads of diamonds.—now it dashes over a perpendicular rock of between three and four hundred feet in height, and plunges merrily into the dark waters of the Saguenay, and is lost to our sight. Very wonderful too are the echoes among the mountains, as you hear the loud Ho! Ho! repeated again and again, and reverberating from crag to crag and just as you think that it has died away, it comes back upon you again from a still greater distance, with surprising force and clearness. Our obliging captain put into the bay between Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity, and remained there for some time. The passengers seemed as with one impulse to pause and keep silence. There was not a sound to be heard, not even an insect to hum in the air—nature was voiceless—the stillness seemed to be not of this world. But the majesty of the mountains on either side of us and close to us is not to be conceived. It is a spectacle of the grandeur of earth never to be forgotten.

There is in all this scenery nothing of what the poet has called the "blending of all beauties." There are here no memories of euphorion, and dark tales of high daring and chivalrous deeds—no stately fortresses crowning those rugged heights—no frowning ruins to tell the tale of man's doing in the "olden time"—no villages at intervals, dotting the banks—no valleys smiling with the beauties of cultivation. From the Tadoussac, to Ha! Ha! Bay you do not see the smoke of a single cottage. Even the wild animals seek no shelter among the rocks, and there are neither gulls nor eagles, plentiful enough in all other parts of the Lower St. Lawrence, whirling in the air above you. All is savage iron grandeur. But though there are neither "Chiefless Castles," to tell of the past, nor smiling cottages to remind you of home, the first glance of this wild region carries us back to a time when these mountains formed an impassable barrier to the waters which filled the whole valley to the north and west. They tell us of the action of the most powerful agents in nature which have torn these heights from summit to base. The rocks on each hand exhibit the evident marks of this terrible breach. The broken and rugged faces of these mountains, are monuments of convulsions which must have shaken the earth to its centre. Through the enormous gorge thus formed, the tidal waters rush up as far as Ha! Ha! Bay. From the north rest the quiet waters of the Saguenay, having for some distance ranged along the foot of the mountains to find a vent, approach these tidal waters, but driven back by the stronger force of the tide they form the Grand Bay, and there quietly mingling, they pass off together to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence.

Parting from old and new friends first at Riviere du Loup, and afterwards at Quebec, I passed on my way southward, but my notes of this interesting journey must again be reserved for another month.