

QUEBEC.

(From our OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LABRADOR.—(Continued).—There are in Hartington, seven families, forty-nine souls. This is a more prosperous settlement than Casco, and things look much more cheerful. At both places I strongly urged upon the people the duty of meeting among themselves on Sundays in the absence of a clergyman for the worship of God. At Casco, Mr. McLeod undertook to lead the worship, and here there had been such meetings, but a misunderstanding between two of the settlers had interrupted them, I trust only for a time.

Here too, and at other points along the coast, I distributed to the poorer families bundles of clothing sent down to them by Mrs. Williams. At four on Monday morning, 29th, Mr. Scott sent his boat for me, and we once more set sail. I regretted parting with my kind hosts, good simple-hearted religious people, with an unusual thirst for religious information. Mr. Macdonald especially far into Sunday night, eagerly plying me with questions upon various passages in the Bible when he wished more fully to understand. We made a fine run down to Mutton Bay, with a fair wind. I was now on familiar ground, and I soon recognised Mrs. Munger's island,—the most westerly point we reached on my visit to the coast seven years ago. Other well remembered points appeared,—the remarkable highland of Whale-head; and Gull Island, where Mr. Hepburn and I in 1871, in our lust for flesh, made a descent on the young gulls, and carried off from the old birds, screaming about our ears, enough to feast on for many days. Early in the forenoon we ran into Mutton Bay, the headquarters of our missions at Labrador.

The "Lady Head," was there, and Mr. Scott having business with Commander Lavoie, ran into the Bay to see him. While he was so engaged, I went ashore and explained to the people that as it was useless for me to remain now, being voiceless, I should proceed with Mr. Scott and visit them on my return. On joining Mr. Scott on the "Lady Head," then weighing anchor, I found she was bound for Greenly Island, the eastern limit of my work; evidently here was a rare chance for economizing time, and on my requesting it, the Commander most courteously granted me a passage. I bade farewell to my kind friend, Mr. Scott, arranging to rejoin him in a week at Bonne Esperance. We steamed out of the harbour, and in half an hour ran into Tabatiere, when I had the opportunity of visiting the two families of Messrs. Samuel Robertson, senior and junior, and arranged that they should come on to the service in Mutton Bay on my return. Mr. Robertson is probably the most considerable person on the coast, his circumstances having been much improved by his successful seal-fishing during the last two years. From Tabatiere we steamed away for St. Augustine, but failing to find in time the pilot who was to guide us through the intricacies of the islands, which here thickly fringe the coast, we anchored for the night in the little harbour of Pachechoo.

Next morning, Tuesday 30th, we steamed on before breakfast to St. Augustine, and the Commander, while transacting his own business, kindly sent me round three miles, in his four-oar, to Wm. Kennedy's. With them I held a brief service,—(my throat which was burnt out with caustic last night being already a little better and my voice somewhat returned) and was rejoiced to find old Mr. Kennedy, now long past work, quietly waiting in Christian hope for his change, soothed and comforted by the pious attentions of his children. Rejoining the steamer, we proceeded to Shecatia, where I was made very welcome by my old friends the Shitlers and the Gooseneys. I got the two families together; they formed quite a congregation of themselves, being 22 in number, baptized Mrs. Shitler's baby, and held a short service with them. In the afternoon we steamed on to the Bay des Rochers, and anchored in the river of the same name. Here we have two families, the Belben's and Bolan's, with 20 children between them; with them, I had evening prayer, and baptized Mrs. Bolan's child. By this time my throat was very sore again, but a second application of the friendly but painful caustic gave me relief. Wednesday, 31st we steamed away at day break for Bonne Esperance, where I visited Mr. Whitley

and the Rev. Mr. Butler, the genial and intelligent congregational missionary who is resident here. The congregational mission has been established there about the same length of time as ours. There is, however, this difference in the operation of the two, that while our missionary is ceaselessly engaged travelling up and down the coast for some 300 miles, both summer and winter, seeking out the people in their homes, the congregational missionary remains at his post ministering to those who seek his services. Eight families, I was told, profess to belong to this mission. The congregationalists have maintained from the first an excellent school at this post, of which many of the settlers have availed themselves. I also searched out and conversed with several men belonging to us, working in Mr. Whitley's room, whose families I subsequently visited at their homes. Our visit to Bonne Esperance now was brief, as the "Lady Head" was to return there in a day or two again. We now steamed away to Greenly Island, where I hoped to find letters by the "Napoleon," but she had not arrived, and I was obliged to turn my face Westward again, and to submit to go on for several weeks more without any tidings from home. The weight at one's heart under such circumstances helps one to realize in some degree what a trial it is for our missionary to be shut in on the Coast for seven or eight months every year without any possibility of knowing anything of his friends at home. After one visit to the new lighthouse to enquire for the "Napoleon," we made our way to the LeBontillier room, where we were very kindly welcomed by the Agent. On my telling him that I wished to see his Church fishermen, he said, "they are all together, sir, just outside the door." I went out, and to my surprise and pleasure, found some 25 of my old friends from Shigawake, who had gathered to see me as soon as they heard that I was come. After our mutual warm greetings were over, I offered them such a short religious service as the disabled state of my throat permitted. I was quite touched with the eagerness with which this was accepted, one of them adding with emphasis, "we hear very few words like them here, sir." We at once adjourned to an empty fish store, where, I need not say, with very few aesthetic helps to devotion, we held our service. The earnestness and deep attention and gratitude of those poor fellows I shall not soon forget. I had now reached the extreme eastern limit of the Diocese of Quebec. Before me on the mainland in the far recess of the bay, lay Blanc Sablon, just over the border in the territory of Newfoundland. On my right was the Isle au Bois, with the ill-fated schooner in full view cast away on its shore, which the Newfoundland wreckers from the fishing schooners in the bay had robbed of everything, fiercely resenting all interference with their plundering. The commander was turning his face westward also; and on consultation with him as to the places he was about to visit, I found that I could do all my work more effectively, and of course more rapidly, by remaining on the "Lady Head" than by rejoining Mr. Scott. I therefore thankfully accepted the Commander's invitation to continue my work from the "Lady Head," and to return on her to Gaspe. Bidding farewell to our friends at Greenly Island, we steamed away to Bradore Bay, which we reached early in the afternoon. I at once took a boat and was rowed over to Mr. Jones at Bradore. I was interested to see Mr. Jones, once a rich man living here in the great house of the coast, subsequently reduced to absolute want, with whose sufferings Mr. Gregory's graphic narrative of his visit to Labrador in 1870 made us familiar. The great house amid the ruins of which Mr. Gregory found Wm. Jones in such destitution in 1870, has now disappeared, and is replaced by a small ordinary Labrador house. I found Mr. Jones very ill from a severe attack of jaundice. Six of his children were at home. Mr. Edward Jones's family, who live close by, joining us in our evening service. After the service Mr. Jones' son whose affectionate anxiety for his father's recovery was very touching, came back with me to the steamer to obtain medicines for his father. Dr. Lavoie, I may here say, I noticed as always most kind and patient in administering gratuitously as a medical man to the numbers who, everywhere on the coast, with real or imaginary maladies, crowd upon him. On Wednesday morning, 1st

August, the Commander was engaged in the trial of a Newfoundlander for using an illegal seine; the rest of the day we were detained by fog. I went ashore on the island which forms Bradore harbour and found there another family, the wife being a member of the Jones family. While I was with them, Wm. Jones himself came in and with him Mr. Bodmin from Long Point. I found also two young Churchmen from Newfoundland working on a room on the island. These I got together for a service. I was thus enabled to minister to every Church family in this neighborhood except one. It is a sad drawback to one's comfort while among these poor people to find that so large a portion of them cannot read. How still more necessary it is under these circumstances, that they should never be without a loving pastor to seek them out in their homes and there care for their souls! Early on Friday morning, 2nd August, we steamed back to Bonne Esperance, and I went off at once to visit the three families belonging to us there—the Tuckers, Snows and Parkers, numbering 23 souls. These I soon got together for a service, including the baptism of Mrs. Tucker's child. The fog which had lifted for a little while was now back again; and it being evident that the steamer could not proceed, the Commander kindly sent me on in his boat to visit my old friends the Goddards, at Stick Point. We took a compass and sailed away into the fog, feeling our way round the bay, until at last to our relief we came upon John Goddard's room. I was very warmly received by the Goddards, who have prospered in this world's matters very much since I was there in 1871. The aged Esquimaux great-grandmother is still with them, but growing feeble, though retaining her faculties. I baptized Mrs. Goddard's seventh baby, and held a very interesting service with these good Christian people. With some difficulty we found our way back to the steamer through the fog. It was not till the afternoon of the next day, Saturday, 3rd Aug., that the fog suffered us to leave Bonne Esperance, when we ran up to St. Augustine, and anchored for the night in the river near our old mission station long since abandoned. Here I was rejoiced to receive a visit from my old friend, Louis Robin, formerly of Old Fort Island, who came on business to the Commander, little thinking to find me on board. With him I held a long conference in my cabin, after which we had the evening prayer together. The next day, Sunday, the 4th August, I had hoped we should pass in Mutton Bay, but the fog would not suffer us to leave the river. Louis Robin spent Sunday morning with me, and we two had our full morning service together, remembering that "where two are gathered together in His Name, there is He." The day was outwardly most cheerless,—unbroken rain and fog; but in our attempts to realize the communion of saints, we were not without inward comfort. At nine, on Monday, we ventured to steam out of the river, and cast anchor at St. Augustine, whence I again paid a visit to Mr. Kennedy's hoping to find there my dear friend, Mr. W. D. B. Scott. There he was, and I was rejoiced to find myself once more on board the "Ellie" and to have the opportunity of thanking my friend for all his kindness. My first three weeks on the coast would have been cheerless, indeed, had it not been for the unwearied kindness and companionship of Mr. Scott, I bid him farewell not without the hope of soon meeting again. After another short service with the Kennedys, the "Lady Head" steamed away to Mutton Bay, which we reached early in the afternoon. As the "Lady Head" was to remain to the next morning I had ample time to visit all the people in their houses before the evening service, which was held at seven in the vacant parsonage. There are nine Church families in Mutton Bay, containing 45 souls. An air of cheerfulness pervades this interesting little settlement. About 50 persons, including some from the schooners in the bay, assembled for the service, which consisted of Evening Prayer, Litany and Holy Communion. The service was very solemn, and heartily entered into by all the people. My throat was by this time much better, and I once more ventured on a sermon of the usual length. It was nearly eleven before I bade these good people farewell, and found my way back to the steamer. This service was the conclusion of my work on Labrador. On Tuesday

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