

to my mind its future aspects, I left this future glory to be imagined by the Confederationists, who distinguish themselves much in this line. I was very fortunate in making the acquaintance of Mr. Duncan in the cars—an elder in Dr. Donald's church, one of the original founders of that congregation, and a universally respected member of the large community of St. John. I was a stranger and he took me in—not to grief, but to paradise—for he lives in Paradise Row.

We had a fine congregation in St. Andrew's Church on the morning and evening of next day. The Church has been much renovated and improved. In the afternoon I heard Mr. Grant preach in the Temperance Hall in Portland, where Mr. Caie, a promising young missionary and a New Brunswick-er, is forming a fine congregation. On Monday night our meeting was thin, owing to a misunderstanding that it was a small meeting for business. It was by no means a small meeting, but we were assured that it would have been very large but for this misconception. The Hon. John Robertson, a tried friend of the Church of Scotland, took the chair, and after our addresses, Dr. Donald, the chairman, and Mr. Donaldson, added the weight of their experienced testimony to the urgent need of native education for the clergy of our Church. Then the Dr. and the chairman went vigorously to work with pen and paper to collect subscriptions. We travelled the city next day under the able pioneer-
age of Dr. Donald, to whom the Synod of Nova Scotia is under deep obligations, for able and zealous aid rendered to our mission. We were most courteously received and handsomely rewarded by the gentlemen of St. John. I shall ever retain a most pleasing remembrance of my visit to that city on this occasion, and of the acquaintance formed. Having left Mr. Grant there for another week, with his usual vigor he brought up the subscription by another £75, so that the St. John subscription amounted in all to £250. Having occupied so much of the space of the *Record*, it is high time for me to close this article with a general acknowledgment to the many friends who helped us on our way and assisted us by their contributions. It may be proper also to state that the sums mentioned above, as subscribed in different places, are only approximations; as the lists were not completed, and I write from memory.

ALLAN POLLOK.

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The Church of Scotland in Vancouver Island.

The following letter from the minister lately sent out by the Colonial Committee to the young colony of British Columbia, gives a promising account of operations there, and will be perused with interest by many of our readers;—

EXTRACT LETTER TO MR. LAURIE.

Having now been three months on this island, I think it time to give yourself and others interested a short account of our missionary labours. It took me two months to reach my destination. I left Southampton on 17th March, and on my journey was obliged to wait one day at St. Thomas, one day at Aspinwall, five days at Panama, eight days in San Francisco, four days at Portland, in Oregon Territory, arriving in Victoria on the 15th May. The beauty of the place excelled all the descriptions I had read of it. Opposite the town there tower up the hills of British Columbia, called the cascade range. These are at least fifty miles distant, but owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, and the fact that nothing intervenes but the glassy sheet of water, they appear close at hand. They are always covered with snow, and thus form a perpetual Alps that we can always survey with pleasure. They cool the warm summer breezes, and render existence here in the summer season always pleasurable and healthful. The city is built upon an inlet of the sea, that divides into three long arms, that come creeping along through every part of the town, with their banks lined with busy wharfs or terraced gardens. One of these arms stretches several miles inland, and appears more like a salt-water river. Upon this boats are always passing up and down with family and pleasure parties. On the other side of the town there is the public park called Beacon Hill, which also attracts many of our citizens for equestrian and pedestrian exercise. The sky has been clear and almost cloudless since the day of my arrival, so that, amid such attractions, the inhabitants spend much of their time out of doors.

I found that the first Presbyterian Church was a beautiful edifice, but the adherents less in number than I had been led to expect; indeed there were not more than 100, and many of these not members. We have been steadily increasing in numbers; and for the last month there has not been a single seat to let. So many are the applications for sittings, that we contemplate the speedy erection of an addition. There are many of our countrymen that never attend any church; there are many also who have joined the Episcopalian section of the Church, but there are also some who have remembered the Church of their fathers in the land of the stranger. To these our success has in a great measure been owing. I record, with gratitude, the invaluable assistance I have received from D. M. Lang, Esq., president of the bank in this place, formerly an elder in Sandyford Church, Glasgow, and one of the warmest and wisest friends the Church of Scotland ever possessed. I have also been under special obligations to John Wright, Esq., architect, whose fathers for a century have been resident in the parish of Killearn.