

the Chair of Divinity, founded by a godly man, for the purpose of diffusing "Christ's holy Gospel," shall either pass into other hands, or be left in lonely dignity without a single disciple. It is a delightful fact that "pure and undefiled religion" is making effective progress in this city of the Puritans. The Lord has recently given large "testimony to the word of his grace," so that the ranks of enlightened, deep-toned, and active piety, have been wondrously filled up and multiplied. Boston is in every point of view an ornament to the country,—towards which dignified position be assured its *Congregational* Christianity has contributed no small measure of influence. Methinks, if an enlightened and pious "Apostolical Successionist" was to examine into the moral, intellectual, and religious condition of Boston, and (if such a thing be possible,) *without prejudice*, trace effects to their causes, he would have some sore toil to prove that Congregationalism was not the more excellent way, at least, as tried by the nature of the results.

Next morning, the Eastern Railroad offered an admirable conveyance to Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. Passing through Salem and Newburyport, one obtains a glance of these ancient homes of the Puritans. They are so much like English towns that it is difficult for an Englishman to imagine himself in the Western hemisphere. The same may be said of Portsmouth. A steamer lay at the wharf, on board which we embarked for the River St. Croix, and St. John, New Brunswick. On entering the St. Croix the next morning, we found ourselves nigh the dominions of our own noble sea-girt isle. Her Majesty's territory is on the one side, and the land of the citizens on the other; the "British Jack" floats in the breeze that agitates the foliage on the eastern bank, and the "stars and stripes" appear on the little citadel that crowns the western. We touched at Eastport in Maine;—a very appropriate name, for it is the most eastern port or spot in the United States. It is a pretty village; clean, lively, enterprising; having some four or five thousand inhabitants. Proceeding upwards, the steamer crosses the mouth of St. Andrew's Bay, a sheet of water of great beauty, and surrounded by magnificent highland scenery. The day was calm and bright, the dark shadow of the hills was flung far across the placid bosom of the bay, met, and kept back as it were, by the silvery radiance created by the gorgeous sun-light, producing a scene of no common splendour. I wish I could describe scenery; but that requires a poet, and alas! I am no poet.

The village of St. Andrews, in New Brunswick, lies on the St. Croix, at the mouth of this Bay. We saw its churches and houses, and heard that wealth and enterprise had lodgment there; but of the state of its churches I could not obtain information. The land was cultivated along the high hills, and over the tops of some of them, while it would appear that

the people retained all their veneration for the titular saints of the Father-land. There are settlements named "St. David," "St. George," I believe "St. Patrick." I have mentioned "St. Andrews," and a village opposite Calais is called "St. Stephen;" this last may peradventure have reference to the locality in which the Imperial Parliament so long assembled. We ran up the St. Croix 30 miles to Calais, in Maine, united to St. Stephen, in N. B., by a bridge: for this is the head of the navigation. We passed numerous ships in various parts of the river, loading with lumber; and it would seem that the people on both sides not only live in good fellowship as families, but they accommodate each other in trade. If the state of the markets renders it better to ship timber as American growth, the British lumberman floats it across the river, and ships it as American; whilst on the other hand, when the character of British timber has the advantage, equal accommodation is afforded to the American lumberman, so that he and his property are for the time quite "loyal." After walking about Calais a short time, we embarked, and returned to Eastport. I was desirous of getting to St. John; but the owners of steam-boats have their own interests to serve; and this sail up and down of sixty miles was afforded me gratuitously, but without any benevolent intention on their part. The delay rendered it impossible, on account of the tides, to reach St. John on that evening. The tides in the Bay of Fundy are certainly of tremendous force. As we had to spend Saturday night alongside the wharf at Eastport, I walked again into that village, and, discerning a light, in a part of one of the churches, I entered, and found myself in the Lecture Room of the Congregational Church. It was a meeting for conference and prayer. There were several who appeared to be male members of the Church, and a greater number, females. A gentleman, whom I regarded as the deacon, led the meeting. The prayers were fervent for their Pastor—the Church—the cause of Christ; and the remarks of the several speakers were spiritual and appropriate. The meeting was closed at nine o'clock. What an admirable introduction to the sacred services of the approaching holy day! I returned to the steam boat. At 5 o'clock next morning, ascending on deck, I found that we could see St. John, and at six, we were at the wharf; and I was soon on shore, and at my temporary home; sorry to be compelled thus to land on the Lord's day, having been promised arrival there on Saturday evening.

St. John presents a very commanding aspect as you enter the harbour. Said harbour is protected by an Island which lies in the centre of the inlet of which St. John forms the head. On this island stands a light house, telegraph, a small battery, &c. Running under its rocky side, the city lies conspicuously before you, ascending the water's edge to the summit of the three rocky elevations on which it is