

one, excellent singing, accompanied by the organ, which was played admirably by Mrs. Jones. Jones was full of leaving the Basin. I wondered how he could think of it; "of course," I said, "not being a cleric I cannot be supposed to understand all your reasons; but really the place is so pretty, and the people seem so nice, I think if I were in your place I would hardly like to leave." However, he seemed to have made up his mind, and perhaps if I had known the place as well as he did, I would have thought him wise.

It would seem that these little country missions are seldom sinecures; the incumbents receive wretchedly inadequate salaries, i. e. taking for granted that they are men of refinement and education, which I believe most of them are; so it is not to be wondered at if they make shift now and then to better their condition by a remove, though they may sometimes discover, when too late, that it had been "better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others we know not of."

As I said, I spent a very pleasant week. One day we went trout-fishing. Jones not being an angler, carried a basket in which the ladies had stored a capital lunch; so between eating, chatting, and fishing, we enjoyed ourselves amazingly, and brought home a good dish of trout. There are two excellent rivers here, and good sport may be had at either. Another day we went out to dine; our entertainer was a Major Phillips; he and his wife had been in India for many years; they were strong upon India. We had so much chat about Kitmulgars and Ayahs, and Bheesties and Tiffin, that I began to feel it quite sultry. The Major was most entertaining and kind, and hospitable to a degree—one of those that Jones most regretted parting with. After dinner we had some music the Major played the flute—the lady sang, and sang well; but the Major was a good deal out of practice; however, he made up for any deficiency in tone and tune by the admirable manner in which he manœuvred his instrument. At the plaintive parts of the melody he invariably elevated his elbow, and with it the small end of the flute, and the angle to which he managed to raise the instrument exactly denoted the degree of plain-tiveness which he was desirous, yet otherwise unable to express. I enjoyed the music far more than if he had been a good, yet stolid and immoveable flute-player.

At the Basin there are several excellent stores, where all kinds of goods and chattels may be purchased. One thing surprised me during my short visit; I had heard in Quebec that the place was rather notorious for the abuse of strong waters; but, as I not only did not see any one under "the influence," but moreover did not taste or even set eyes on, as much as a glass of wine during my stay, I wondered, and came away with a sort