

tians, who mean business for the Lord. Preaching services, Sunday school, mission band, prayer meetings, etc., are well attended. Our drawback now is an uncomfortable school room—too small even for the prayer meeting. Our hope is, in a short time, to occupy a neat and comfortable chapel, free of debt. The amount for the building is already subscribed. One hundred dollars more will complete all for occupancy. The field is wide, the prospect bright.

C. W. KING.

KINGSEY FALLS is a small village of about six hundred people. It is situated near the G. T. R., just half way between Montreal and Quebec City. A few years ago both the village and surrounding country were peopled altogether by the English, now the population is more than half French. These are all staunch Romanists. The place derives its name from the beautiful little falls here on the south branch of the River Nicolet. The Dominion Paper Company's mills, located here, provide the chief employment in the place. Ten miles to the south are located quite extensive asbestos mines. The country is slightly rolling, with beautiful streams flowing in every direction, varied by frequent wood-covered mountains of rock that rise abruptly out of the level ground. There are two Protestant churches—Baptist and Methodist. From this point northward, however, with the exception of Quebec City, you will not find another Baptist church, and very few Protestant churches of any kind, till you reach the North Pole. Perhaps there are some there, but I have not heard of them.

E. NORMAN.

I AM settled for the summer with 2nd Markham church, twenty-five miles north-east of the city. This church possesses two chapels, in both of which service is conducted on the Lord's Day. It also sustains a flourishing Sunday school and a large and interesting prayer meeting at each end of the field. A little over a year ago, the church enjoyed a season of great spiritual blessing, when nearly one hundred young people were led to Christ. The work of the student lies along the line of training and building up the young converts.

E. J. STORO.

I AM living at present in the rich agricultural township of Lobo. There are no mountains, no deep glens, no rushing cataract, no lake dotted with steamers and pleasure-boats, yet on all sides beautiful sights meet the eye. The land is very gently undulating and abounds with green fields, blossoming orchards and fresh-leaved woods. The roads are unequalled by any others in the country, and the comfortable dwellings, large barns and tidy fences bespeak a peaceable, industrious population. I miss the rumble of the Belt Line street cars, the clatter of hoofs, the screech of the C. P. R. whistle, and the musical harmony of the guitar and mandolin, yet the country air and country sights are refreshing and exhilarating. My occupation for the summer—canvassing for the *McMASTER MONTHLY*—will bring me in contact with many different kinds of people, and make me acquainted with many of our Baptist churches.

WALTER DANIEL.