

In the township of Otonabee the village of

KENNES

is the principal place of business. As we approached it the number of houses, large and white painted, gave the idea of general prosperity. The churches are not conspicuous from the Southern approach unless we except the Roman Catholic Chapel, a small building, used some three or four times a year. The Wesleyan Methodist and Presbyterian interests are said to be strong in the locality, and the cause of temperance is flourishing.

The Indian river runs past the village in its course to the Otonabee, the view of which, as seen from the Presbyterian Manse, together with the appearance of the large bridge that spans it, and the land seen in the distance, is as fine as can be seen in any village we have visited. The village is not, however, as flourishing as it appears.

We had to pass through the township of

DOURO

in our way to Warsaw, and again in our way from Warsaw to Peterboro. This township is for the most part settled by Roman Catholics from the South of Ireland. They occupy the southern and central part of the township, while the north is occupied by Protestants. In this respect it is not unlike the Erin isle. It is not unlike it in other respects, for among the same class as are in the majority in Ireland, rowdyism, violence and bloodshed rule. Two murders have been committed within it, and the murderers have not been discovered. One or two isolated Protestants live in the South. They have been seriously annoyed on account of their faith, and but for the interference of the Priest, serious results might have been produced. The surrounding townships have a large number of Orangemen, and as sure as any persecution should result to any Protestant on account of his faith, civil war would commence, and it is impossible to say to what dimensions it would grow.

The village of

LAKEFIELD,

in the township of Douro, is one of the pleasantest we have seen for some time. The buildings are fresh, clean and tasteful. The river Otonabee, which flows through it, fed by nearly a hundred lakes, was at the time of our visit in full spring flow, rushing and fretting and foaming with impetuosity. As the cribs came over the slide, and darted like an arrow under the bridge, in the midst of angry surges, the activity of the men, the movement of the timber, and the splashing of the waves, appeared a most

exciting and dangerous scene. And we were sorry to learn that on this and on other places along the river, many lives are lost during the lumbering season. It is so common that when the event happens, the intelligence travels around, and when it is asked who was drowned? "Oh, only a raftman; only a raftman!" It is lightly said; nevertheless, it is a serious thing. A raftman is somebody's son, somebody's relation, probably a husband, a father, a brother, or the only support of a widowed mother. Whether or not, he has an immortal soul, and his sudden transition from this world to the next—perhaps unprepared—is an event of tremendous importance to him.

THE THINGS THAT PASS AWAY.

My friends, there is one more solemn thing. If sin, suffering, labour, change, and death are among the things that shortly shall have passed away, remember, life is also among the things that will have shortly passed away; and death will be found in its place. God is a God of justice, and He is certain to set two things in everlasting contrast; the one, Hell with its flames, the other, Heaven with its glory; the one, Hell with its groans, the other, Heaven with its songs—the blackness of darkness, the glory of brightness—Heaven and Hell. Now, we address sinners. As a sinner I speak. O, look—look at those multitudes. O, look at those young sinners! O, look at those parent sinners! O, look at those hoary-headed sinners! How may a child speak with these? O, sinners, hear the cry, the cry of one saved, one whom God has hold of, and one who will shortly be dead and gone! Sinner, hear one who would see you safe in the arms of Christ. We tell you your opportunities will be shortly passed away. Preaching will be shortly passed away; prayer will be shortly passed away; pardon will be shortly passed away; peace will be shortly passed away; hope will be shortly passed away. Your day is a fleeting one; it will set in clouds, and night cometh. Your joy is a fading one; it dies—it is short-lived. Hell cometh, pain cometh, suffering cometh, woe cometh, anguish cometh, torment cometh, night cometh, and eternity cometh. How shall we address you? O, might the dead speak to you! O, that we might call upon those who are among the lost to address you! God knoweth. Let them stand up; let them stand here, and we will leave this place, and go elsewhere. O, that the mouldering dead might come forth and tell you that all "former things" to them "are passed away." Might we but bid some of the lost in the deep pit to come up—might we but bid the sinner in