

funds were needed to supply numerous places at home which looked to the Church to send them the ministrations of religion. The friends of Foreign Missions had been greatly cheered and encouraged when learning that 20,000 heathens in Southern India had sought admittance into the Christian fold. Nor did the speaker fail to refer to God's Ancient People, and showed the debt of gratitude which was due to the ancestors of the present Jews, as well as to the first heralds of the cross, many of whom were Jews, and the events which had lately transpired in the East seemed to favor the belief that the great nation of which we were a part would be employed as an agent to bring about those designs which the Almighty had in reserve, "when he will build again the tabernacle of David which is fallen down, and will build again the ruins thereof and will set it up." The choir rendered effective aid in leading the frequent singing, in which they were heartily joined by the large attendance, who manifested deep interest in the proceedings to the very close. The offertory at each church was for the benefit of Foreign Missions.

On the following day, Thursday, there was a service at 11 a. m. at the new church of St. Mary, Barton, half way between Weymouth and Digby. The Rector said the prayers, and Canon Dart delivered a very instructive discourse on the "Transfiguration," and afterwards assisted, as on the previous day, the Dean in the administration of the Holy Communion. Here, as at the parish church, there was a very fair attendance, both as regards the worshippers and the communicants. It will be interesting to know that Mr. Fulton, to whom reference has been made, was formerly a preacher in the Wesleyan Connexion. After officiating in several circuits in this Province he removed to the United States a few years ago. But his doubts as regards the validity of his commission increasing he applied to Bishop Bissell, of Vermont, for Orders. Purposing to spend a portion of the summer among his connections in Weymouth he was recommended to seek the advice of the Rector in his reading, who applied to Archdeacon Gilpin, Ecclesiastical Commissary during the absence of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, for a license to enable Mr. Fulton to act as lay reader. He has now gone to Cumberland County on a visit to his relatives, after which he will return to Vermont and will be admitted into Deacon's Orders in December. We heartily wish Mr. Fulton God-speed, and we are persuaded that he will prove an efficient minister of that branch of the Church Catholic into which he has sought admittance, we are assured, from the sincerest motives.

THE NORTH EASTERN PART OF CAPE BRETON.—This part of the Island being an almost sealed book to tourists, yet richly endowed with natural beauty, your correspondent thought an account of a recent tour might be interesting, especially to seekers after "fresh fields and pastures new." One fine morning, starting from Baddeck—a pretty village on the beautiful Bras d'Or—we drove in an easterly direction, coming, in the course of an hour or so, in sight of the beautiful bay of St. Anns. This bay extends seven miles inland, and forms a most magnificent harbour—as yet unused save for the few sailing vessels that come in search of "squids." On the opposite side of the Bay stretched a fine mountain range—peak upon peak jutting up one above the other—peaceful looking interval land, with here and there a white house dotted. A little river emptying its waters into the bay, the waters of the harbour sparkling and dancing in the glowing sunshine; altogether making a picture so lovely, that even the most critical could hardly find a flaw. Every now and then we stopped, under the pleasant shade of trees, viewing the scene, our hearts raised in silent thanks to the giver of so much beauty.

At English-town we took dinner, after which we proceeded to cross the harbour in a most unhandy kind of a ferry-boat. The ferry man being old, and not very active, we did not succeed in getting his boat near enough to the shore to admit of our getting in without wet feet; however he marched up to the lady of the party, presented his back to her, intimating at the same time that if she would "mount" he would carry her over to the boat. We found the drive on this side quite as pretty, as

that already described; the mountains here being so close to the road, and so beautifully green. On the other side of the road is the broad Atlantic beating against the shore. We pass several little water falls, and go over innumerable bridges, arriving at about eight in the evening at a Gaelic farmer's, where we are to spend the night after our thirty-eight mile drive. Though one of our party was a perfect stranger, we received a most hearty welcome—none the less so that the good woman of the house could only speak Gaelic, we nothing but English.

Next morning we proceeded on our way towards Mount Enfurne, the highest land in Cape Breton, being 2,200 feet above the sea level. Our drive certainly does not lack the spice of "variety;" for this morning, the country is as ugly as yesterday it was beautiful. On reaching the foot of Mount Enfurne, we dismount and climb its steep and rugged side on foot. There is a carriage road over the mountain, but the ascent is so steep and tiresome, we prefer to walk the two and a half miles, which brings us to the top. Sometimes the path winds along close to the edge, and we look down a precipice hundreds of feet in depth, with the ocean roaring below.

The view from the top of Mount Enfurne—familiarily called smoky—is very fine. On a fine day St. Paul's Island and Sydney can be seen. Down the side of the mount we drive, sometimes under natural arches formed by leaning trees, till, after a time, we arrive at South Bay, Ingonish. South Bay was originally a fresh water lake, but the government, at a great expense, caused a breakwater to be made, connecting it with the ocean, so that now it forms a good harbour.

I thought as I watched the many vessels in the harbour, the little fisher-boats darting here and there, the beautiful sand-beach and rocky cliffs, that it all formed as lovely a scene as I had ever witnessed. However, as our stopping place was to be North Bay, Ingonish, six miles further, we soon pushed on, and arriving, were warmly welcomed by the wife of a Newfoundland fisherman, with whom the Church Missionary lodges. The house being on a point of land divided for some distance from the mainland by a stream, our efforts at holding communication with the rest of the village were not a little amusing. There was no bridge or boat by which we could cross the stream. The day after our arrival we were content to enjoy the bracing sea breezes, and fish for the trout which abounded in our neighbour—the brook. The second day being Sunday, we thought we would proceed to the village Bethel. First, we scramble rather than walk down the steep bank; arriving at the stream the lady is mounted on a horse, which, by considerable skill in engineering, has been brought in safety down the bank. The horse being without saddle of any kind, the position taken by the fair rider across the stream was more secure than elegant. On the opposite side, she jumps off, turns the horse's head to "us-ward," gives a slap, and over he comes for the rest of his load. On this side we procure a waggon, and proceed in the usual common-place way. The Church is rather barn-like. From the window we sat next to could be seen Mount Enfurne, stern and grim, as if keeping guard over the ocean that rolled below its overhanging peaks.

Sunday over, we are taken in a boat *en route* for Cape North. Have a fine though rather rough sail, as the wind is in our teeth, or we in the teeth of it. New Haven is a settlement of Newfoundland fisher-folk. Brought up from their youth, and attached to the Church, they would feel it bitterly if deprived of her services. Fortunately, though they have no church, they have an earnest, hard-working clergyman, who has already commenced a church there, the expense of which must fall on him, as the people are still very poor. We go on to the extreme northern point of the Island. Passing to the left of us, high table land, elevation 1000 feet, and unexplored regions, said to abound in moose and Cariboo deer.

In the vicinity of Cape North we sojourn for a week, gazing to our heart's content on the fine range of North shore mountains, the lovely interval land, either cultivated or yielding a fine crop of hay. By day we climb mountains, fish, or hunt for botanical specimens, and, to ensure a good night's rest, a dip in the briny ocean, then

retire, sung to sleep by the lullaby of the waves. We found the people were most kind and hospitable, and ourselves the subjects of a good deal of kindly curiosity at having come from the fair city of Montreal: one man asking us if it were not a very "heartsome place."

We return home well satisfied, better in health and spirits, and not much lighter in purse for our summer excursion among the mountains and sea breezes of Cape Breton.

KING'S COLLEGE.—Michaelmas Term commenced Oct. 5, on which day an examination was held for matriculation in the University. The successful candidates were H. A. Hensley and M. A. B. Smith from the Collegiate School; T. Whitford, from Chester, N. S.; J. Lowry, from Moncton, N. B., and G. Ines, from St. Peter's School, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Some of the other candidates for admission matriculated at the close of Easter Term. The calendar of the University of King's College for 1878-9 is published, and may be obtained from the President on application.

SHELburne.—The members of this Rural Deanery met at Shelburne, Sept. 25. Divine service was held at 11 o'clock in the morning, with celebration of Holy Communion, the preacher being the Rev. T. B. McLean, the Rev. Dr. White, the Rural Dean, being celebrant. After service the usual meeting was held at the Rural Dean's residence, the clergy present being the Revs. Dr. White, Rural Dean, H. Sterns, C. Wiggins, C. Groser, J. R. Parkinson, T. B. McLean. Divine service was held at 7.30 in the evening, when the deanery sermon was preached by the Rev. J. R. Parkinson, a truly Catholic discourse which will be long remembered by all who had the privilege of hearing it. On the following day (26th) the whole of the clergy present drove to Lockport for the purpose of opening a new church in that thriving settlement. The building is in the early English style, and was designed by the Rev. Cecil Wiggins, Dr. White's indefatigable assistant. The plans were drawn by Mr. Hammond, of Liverpool, N. S. The windows are from the firm of Wailes & Strang, of Newcastle, and in keeping with the dedication of the church, "The church of the Holy Cross." The church will seat over 200 people, and all the sittings are free. The whole design of the building is in excellent taste, and its various adjuncts almost in perfect harmony. We notice particularly the taste and neatness displayed in the furniture, the faldstool, choir benches, pulpit, and altar, with its retable, being in perfect keeping with their surrounding and with each other. Precisely at 7.30 o'clock on Thursday evening the clergy, robed in cassock, surplice and stole, assembled at the west end of the church, and proceeded to the chancel, singing as a processional the beautiful hymn, "The Church's one foundation." The building was crowded to excess; nearly 100 had to go away for want of room. The service, as far as the third collect was read by the Rev. T. B. McLean, the remainder by the Rev. C. Groser. The lessons were read by the Rev. I. R. Parkinson. The Rev. Dr. Nicholls preached a most eloquent and appropriate discourse on Psalm lxxxiv. 1, "O how amiable are thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts." The discourse was listened to throughout with breathless interest, and, we trust, struck a chord in many a heart that will vibrate for ever and ever. The Rev. Dr. White delivered a short but appropriate address of congratulation from the chancel step, after which he pronounced the blessing. The singing was good throughout, and the responses hearty. We heartily congratulate both priest and people on the successful issue of their undertaking, the success being mainly due to the untiring energy of the Rev. C. Wiggins, and the faithful efforts of a few church people, backed by a grant from the S. P. C. K. The people are anxious to have a resident priest, and we trust that ere long their ardent desires in this respect will be gratified. There is a bell tower to the church, but no bell; this must be a great loss in such a settlement as Lockport. We trust that some liberal churchman will ere long furnish the means of calling glad worshippers to the house of God in this very interesting mission.