

A VISIT TO THE EAST.

It is not to the Oriental possessions of our Queen that we wish to direct the attention of our readers. These lands, however interesting and nationally important, are too far away for us to visit. It is to the East of our own Canadian country that we would, at this time, invite our readers. We have a vast territory stretching from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the line of 45° , bounded on the East by the State of Maine and the British Province of New Brunswick, and on the North by the St. Lawrence. To many this land is a terra incognita, and supposed to be only a fit habitation for the bear and the fox, and perhaps an adventurous French habitant or two. Certainly it has not met with much favour at the hands of the public for many a day. As compared with the more sunny West, it is generally represented as barren and inhospitable, and little, if anything, better than the Arctic circle. A hasty run through those parts will, we are sure, dissipate such impressions, and convince the most sceptical that there are noble lands in the East ready for settlement—waiting for the hardy sons of the Mother Country to come in and possess them. We had lately the pleasure of visiting a considerable tract of the easterly division of the Eastern Townships, and of forming a personal estimate of the people who have there become the pioneers of civilization and religion.

Starting from Montreal by the Grand Trunk Railway, we passed through a country, which, for beauty and fertility, if properly cultivated, is not surpassed by any part of Canada. The far-reaching and well-cleared plains were bounded by the bold bluff outliers of the White Mountain range. As we approach Richmond—the point at which the railroad intersects the River St. Francis—we find the land rising into gentle undulations and picturesque hills, through which the river cuts its somewhat rapid course. This is an old settlement, and it seems to be flourishing. Scotch, English and American people have fixed their homes here, and their enterprise and intelligence have been crowned with considerable success. For many years we have had a station of our Church in this place, which, though not large, has yet been faithful and persevering. They have had the services, for more or less extended periods, of many of our faithful ministers. The station contains several Gaelic families, who look to us for the bread of life, and whom we have endeavoured to supply with the ordinances of the Gospel. On account of this diversity of tongue, it has hitherto been difficult to find a permanent pastor to occupy this field. Various attempts have been made by the people in this direction, but as yet without success. They are, however, steadfast in the maintenance of their pure Presbyterian principles; and hopes are now entertained that ere long a devoted servant of Christ, speaking both languages, will be permanently settled among them.

We pass from Richmond along the banks of the St. Francis for some distance through a delightful country of well-cleared and cultivated hill and dale, till we reach the flourishing town of Sherbrooke. This town is the centre of a most enterprising district. The lumber trade is here carried on to a large extent. The River St. Francis has a considerable fall at its passage through the district and affords abundant water-power for manufacturing purposes. The Presbyterian Church has no representative in this place, chiefly from the fact that the number of resident Presbyterian families has never been very great, and also that a Congregationalist Church was early established here under the pastoral of an able and evangelical minister, a native of Scotland, who, for a period of nearly a quarter of a century, has gathered around him the Puritan and Presbyterian families of the country.

Having left the cars at Sherbrooke, we now obtained a horse and wagon, and, passing from the County of Richmond, entered that of Compton. The