

are naturally very religious and would easily become superstitious. They never object to anything the Clergyman proposes. For this reason they need to have their minds educated that they may have an intelligent grasp of the truths of their religion. But the education which they need is more than in religion. In the one room of a log house were gathered father and mother and new born babe, the dying son and another young man who was also ill, the grandmother who speaks a little English and a number of young women. Often there were men smoking in the same room, and there never seemed to be less than a dozen people in it and two or three dogs. As it was only about twenty feet square, the conditions were not favourable to health, but there was always reverence and perfect decorum at the Services which were held here for the benefit of the sick. Here even more than in the Church there was the eager listening to the Gospel message, here even more than there, were we enabled to realize that the great multitude which no man can number shall be gathered from all nations and kindreds and people and tongues. Here as we witnessed the silent grief of the bereaved parents, as we gazed on the white shroud surmounted with a black cross which concealed all that was mortal of Alexander, last son of a fast failing family, as we spoke of the Great Shepherd of the sheep brought again from the dead through the flood of the Everlasting Covenant, as with faltering lips and a strangled tongue we pointed their thoughts to the day when all the sheep shall be united under One Shepherd in one flock, as we received their thanks mingled with their parting sobs, and as we left the last sad rites of the Church to be performed by a layman, we felt bound to ask the question, "With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?" in the hope that the Diocesan Church Society or some other agency may be moved to endeavour to meet this need more fully and to gather these sheep into the Good Shepherd's Fold.

Things to be Remembered.

1. Let nothing induce you to speak disparagingly of your Parish. Stand up for your Church as you would for your mother.
2. Pray for your Minister. He needs it. He is but a man with great responsibilities, and many to please.

PARISH HISTORIES.

NO. 4. ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, L'ANSE AUX GASCONS, MISSION OF SHIGAWAKE.

I received a few days back from my friend, the Rural Dean of Gaspé, a copy of an Address delivered by the celebrated Professor Stokes, of Trinity College, Dublin, to a gathering of Clergy in which he urged upon them the duty of rescuing from oblivion as far as might still be possible the history of their Parishes and the succession of Clergy in each of them. In a Church with such a lengthened history as that of Ireland this is no easy task; it ought not however to be so difficult in a Diocese like ours whose history extends back little more than a century. I propose, then, to show a good example to my brethren of the Clergy by writing down for our *Diocesan Gazette* the story of the Church and Congregation among whom I have sojourned for a few weeks this summer, one indeed of the remotest, smallest, poorest Congregations in the Diocese, and yet one whose chronicles I think will be found not devoid of interest.

[The Archdeacon evidently forgets the three Parish Histories in our February and March Numbers of this year.—Ed. Q. D. G.]

The settlement of *L'Anse aux Gascons*, or *The Gascons' Cove*,—doubtless so named because its earliest settlers were from Gascony,—occupies the extreme eastern portion of the Township of Port Daniel, County of Bonaventure, and extends along the north-eastern shore of the beautiful *Baie des Chaleurs*.

The little congregation of Churchpeople in this settlement numbers eighteen families, all of them descendants of one man, *Philip Chedore*, the first Protestant settler. This Philip Chedore was born in Jersey in the year 1794, and was brought out to Paspébiac by the Robins in 1819 to be their stonemason and bricklayer. There he followed his trade for four years, when he had the good fortune to win and marry Martha Ahier, the daughter of a most respectable Jersey family, but born on the Coast. New Carlisle was first settled by U. S. Loyalists who all received large grants of wild land from the British Government. One of these was Alexander Brotherton, Martha Ahier's grandfather