

with bell and clock tower for Town use. But the Baptist and Methodist are the largest congregations by far, and next to them the Episcopalian. My impression is that the town is not overdone with sanctuaries, and that thorough evangelistic work, with the pouring down of the Holy Spirit's influences, would fill them all. Their home is upon the sea; the people are moulded upon a sailor model: accordingly dull, dry, cold disquisitions in the pulpit will, more rapidly than in many places, empty the pews. They must have lively, earnest, somewhat off-hand manner, and matter that warms as well as enlightens. The sailors, or a people having the sailor mould, soon weary of dull solemnity.

My friend Cornish returned by the way we came, namely, to and through Boston: Mr. Wilson and I rode along the coast to Digby in a stage coach which carries the mail. The first half of the way was brilliantly done. Our driver was a man of enterprise, energy and sobriety; his steeds were in good condition, full of life, and were well handled. One likes good driving, and, riding on the box seat, to be fanned by the breeze as one's steeds make short work of the journey. The country was, on the whole, fertile and picturesque. The second half of the journey was another affair. A finer country, and perhaps better roads; but such a team and such a driver! The latter soaked and soaking all the way, and the former, more wise than their master, bore sad traces of his neglect. Truly it was a "slow coach," except down hill, and then with such a driver, one was afraid for one's neck. It is time that another mail contractor had this man's post, he certainly is not fit for it. The day was beautiful; and at length we reached Digby in safety—in subordination to our Great Protector—more thankful to the horses than to their driver.

Digby is a very pretty place, built on terraces, and surrounded by striking scenery; the arm or basin of the sea and Annapolis river, adding to the variety and beauty of the scene. We had to while away some 20 hours here, waiting for the steamer to take us across the Bay of Fundy to St. John, N.B. A run of about four hours, requiring "sea legs" and "sea stomachs," placed us alongside the wharf at that handsome and thriving colonial city, where kind friends welcomed us.

Congregational matters at St. John are pleasant and promising. Our good brick structure contains on the Lord's day a congregation respectable in size and character, under the ministry and pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Smith, an improving, popular and able young minister. We held a missionary meeting on Friday evening, which was well attended and spirited. Our missionary movements were explained, and effective co-operation with us in them was urged.

In order to understand the arrangements on the Lord's day, it may be needful to state that several years ago a worthy member of the Methodist body, a ship builder and ship owner, erected a very neat place of worship and a parsonage, at his own expense, in an important locality, intending to have it supplied by Methodist ministers, but to keep the place in his own hands. He had some dissatisfaction with movements in the existing Methodist places. Of course, without having it made over to Conference, our Wesleyan brethren would have nothing to do with it, and this the proprietor would not do. By an interesting providential turn of affairs, which it would take too long to describe, a young minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose preparatory studies were not completed, who is of Congregational parentage, and