

troublesome members.—In the Church at Hammond Plains not one was found to waver, and I have often thought that this church would be the hardest for me to give up: but I have not given them up; and it is not likely that they will soon give up their old Pastor.—The little Church at Beech Hill, with her beautiful Baptismal Jordan shining through her windows, is equally strong.—The little Church at Dartmouth, I am sorry to say, is in a divided state. This, I believe, is for want of being looked after. A child will not thrive and grow when half fed and poorly clad; and some children want more care than others.

A number of the brethren and sisters in Preston sent a letter to the Association, stating that they were in a divided state, and praying that I would take the oversight of them once more.—The majority of the members at Campbell Road addressed the Association by letter, praying that we would not cast them off, but allow them to continue with our body; and I verily believe that the majority of the members of the little Churches throughout the Province are of the same mind, were I to judge from letters received for me to visit them, and from short visits that I have made the past year.

Dear Brethren, the first day of March last, by special request, I left my home, *en route* for St. John, N. B. I remained in Annapolis one night and part of one day. I had strong solicitations to stop and preach for my people: but my appointment was ahead; and on the second day of March I crossed the Bay of Fundy with a light heart. I could see my way before me as clear as the water of the great Bay. That night I was safely in St. John, and spent a happy time with the Churches there. On the first day of April I left St. John for Digby, and while the steam paddles slowly moved our little bark off from the wharf I could see the wave of the hats and the unfurling of the handkerchiefs to the air, emblematic of love and attachment to the departed.

The same day I arrived at Digby, and proceeded immediately to the Joggin, and found most of my friends from their homes, attending the funeral of a young man, and brother Wilmot, one of our Licentiate Preachers, conducting the service. Thus I found him in the path of duty.

There being a good time there, and hearing that brother Gates was going to baptize, the next morning, at nine o'clock, it being Sunday, I at once concluded with my friends to go to