

men of no spirit. The education of a clergyman is the most laborious and most expensive of any profession. From the time of his entering a Grammar School to the period of his license usually occupies twelve long years; while in half that time and with half the mental labour and much less expense the same individual might qualify himself for the pursuit of some far more lucrative profession.

While staying at Pictou in the beginning of August, I fortunately enjoyed the opportunity of meeting with our new Missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Duncan and Lochhead. The former left for Charlottetown the following morning, and I had thus scarcely an opportunity of conversing with him, but with the latter I had the pleasure of a few days' intercourse. Mr. L. I regard as a great acquisition to our cause. He has already had considerable experience as a missionary. He possesses a vigorous and robust constitution, pleasing manners, and acute understanding and great powers of observation. In my humble opinion, the Colonial Committee could not have sent a better man to the colonies to support the interests of the Church of Scotland. Besides high qualifications, both from knowledge and experience, he seems to have a sincere love for the work in which he is to be engaged, and although his talents, which are of the first order, could easily have secured for him a rich and comfortable living at home, he appears to have no least connection with that worldly, ambitious class of men who enter the Church only for the sake of its loves and fishes.

When I told him of the great destitution in the Island, and that to the 10,000 of our adherents (more or less as they may be) we had as yet only one minister, and that for years this state of matters had continued, he expressed the deepest sympathy for the melancholy condition of so many people, and longed to be where the destitution was greatest. He required of me who was Convener here, and I asked him if he had brought with him a copy of the Bible. I told him that though I was neither Convener nor vice Convener, I yet knew a good deal about the Island, having had occasion to make several missionary visits thither during the last and present year. As he seemed determined to be upon the ground as soon as possible, I urged him to go at once to Georgetown, if he had not more specific instructions. I think, however, it would have been a very good thing if Mr. Lochhead had, first of all, enjoyed an opportunity of visiting the vacancies of Nova Scotia, proceeding to his destination. By the Colonial Committee, to my own certain knowledge, the Island is regarded as part of N. S. and their spiritual interests are in all respects equal. And all the people seem to me to have an equal right to see and to hear the new missionaries. It would do our adherents much good, the sight of them, and serve to encourage them to hope for better times, which we are just approaching, when our young men will be numerous enough to supply all our needs, and when none shall have reason to complain that they have been overlooked by the Church of their fathers.

It is truly refreshing to my spirits to see so many recently arrived from Scotland, who will come so far from home to be employed in the same good work with myself. It was a relief to find Mr. L. such a man as in the midst of the desert, to meet with them. When I found Mr. L. such a man as in the midst of the desert, to meet with them. When I found Mr. L. such a man as in the midst of the desert, to meet with them. When I found Mr. L. such a man as in the midst of the desert, to meet with them.

rant, debased Indian—around us, I felt more than I could well express. Speaking of Indians, let me tell a story; and I trust Mr. L. will excuse the liberty I now take with his name. He knows it is part of my vocation to write reports, and he knows further that they would be very *stumpy* without something to say. By and by, we hope to see some of his own in the pages of the Record, whose columns will, I am sure, be enriched by such valuable contributions as he will doubtless send. But, to the story. A straw will show which way the stream is flowing; and from this anecdote the intelligent reader will at once infer that the new missionary to Georgetown is indeed (though this is his least recommendation) a very *smart nian*, which appears to be the highest colonial degree, and one which is often found in practice to be superior to any that the most venerable College could confer. Strolling about one day we visited the wharf, and found a canoe with some Indians landing. It was the first Mr. L. had ever seen in his life; and after surveying it and its dusky proprietors for a little, he prepared, with their consent, to have a trial of the tiny bark, *alone*. In vain I expostulated with him, and in vain the Indians did the same. He had determined to have a sail in the "whirligig"—and to calm the fears of its owners, he assured them that, in case of accident, he could easily swim out with the affair in one hand. In he went and seized a paddle, sat down and took up a position in the canoe, the most scientific he could invent. One or two dexterous strokes soon brought him out into deep water, and onward he went in his perilous career over the smooth buoyant flood, like one who, instead of never having been in a canoe, appeared to have never been out of one. "Smart Scotch Indian that fellow!" said the dusky chief; "but I very much fear he won't be able to turn her round again—y-e-s." "Aha!" said I, "he is no Free Churchman that, I assure you, he is not going to leave us this time. And he *did* turn her round after all going out to about the middle of the Harbour; and after some magnificent ornamental flourishes with the paddle, (which seemed to fit his hand like a glove) as if to show that he was perfect master of the craft, he arrived at the point from which he set out, not, however, without eliciting the admiration of all who beheld so remarkable an exploit. Let our brethren of the Presbyterian and Free Churches produce another to match this, and we shall be prepared seriously to treat about a union.—And we expect more soon!

However, I mention this anecdote about the Indians more particularly to show the interest which he expressed for that poor, miserable class of people. In his celebrated sermon before the Queen, our prince of preachers takes occasion to observe that religion is the art of *being and of doing good*. We accept his definition, whether it be his own or not. It is a very good one. Now, there will be found in the world men who for so much pay will give so much preaching; who will preach according to the plan of a certain creed, just as a tradesman will make any article according to order—but beyond the mere formal work of their profession they feel not the slightest sympathy for any Christian object. They neither are nor do they care to do good—except to themselves.—Their souls are in California, wherever their bodies may happen to be. They are mere shop-divines who support religion because it supports them. But this is a man of quite a different stamp. I am sure he will show himself to be the advocate and supporter of every good and philanthropic cause. I am sure he

feels he is a missionary of the Church of Christ, as well as one connected with the Church of Scotland. He expressed himself deeply interested in the melancholy condition of the Indians, both temporally and spiritually, the former being in a great measure the result of the latter, and was delighted to hear of the progress which Mr. Rand seemed to be making towards their conversion from that base and and iniquitous system which, without greatly affecting their outward character, has yet some hold upon their spiritual instincts.

It was with reluctance that I tore myself away from my brother missionary, who had brought with him so much of the fresh and hearty and cheerful temperament of Old Scotia; but fate or the Presbytery of Pictou had decreed that I should preach next Sabbath in New Glasgow. The Church is now quite finished—it has a noble and capacious interior—and I preached in it the first Sabbath after it was opened. Here could not have been less than 8 or 900 present; and all parts of the house seem well adapted for hearing.

On Friday, the 8th of August, I preached in the School House in the Big Island, Merigomish, to a few of our people there. The attendance was very good. I staid in the meantime with Mr. McGregor, Elder, a useful and zealous friend to the cause, who drove me over next day to Upper Settlement, Barney's River, where I preached on the following Sabbath to a very crowded house. Commend me, when I am upon missionary rounds, to a man from Rannoch or Lochaber!

The following Lord's day I preached at Lochaber. The attendance was very fair. Here, as at Barney's River, I spoke a few words of encouragement, referring to the recent arrival of our two missionaries as a pledge of the interest felt by the Committee on their behalf. I said that I felt assured that these were the forerunners of many more, several of whom would no doubt have *Gaelic*. On Tuesday evening, the 19th, I gave a discourse in the house of Mr. McGregor, South River, Antigonish, when a good many attended.

After visiting some of our people, I next proceeded to East River, St. Mary's, where I preached on Sabbath, the 24th August.—Under the circumstances, the attendance was very good. On another occasion I may refer to St. Mary's.

Here I would beg to introduce an anecdote. The people of this country, I find, are generally of a shrewd turn of mind, with a slight dash of humour about them which gives additional zest to their observations, I was remarking to a man, whom I happened to meet one day, that there was a good deal of native ingenuity about the Nova Scotians. We happened at the time to be passing a field which was divided into three compartments, in each of which there were cattle and horses, all of them having on what are called *pokes*, to keep them from mixing, or prevent them jumping the fences. I pointed to this as an illustration of what I was saying. The man smiled. He then said, aye Sir, but there are other contrivances among us which are not so commendable. Did ever you hear of a *man-poke*, Sir? You see them dumb beasts—how mildly they gaze at each other over the fences; they are, as you see, in three different fields and would fain, for company's sake, be together, being the same kind of critters, but them pokes round their necks won't let them. Now, sir, as Solomon says, the things that are seen are the doubles of the things that are not seen. Them pokes may very aptly be compared to prejudices and prepossessions.—