

selves entitled to at least a brief statement. We were unfortunate in being unable to start ere the season was too far advanced for comfortable travelling; and it so happened, that on that particular week in October, beginning with Sunday the 15th, the old surly Gulf of St. Lawrence was in an angrier mood than usual. Whether a great tempest was raised because no less than two runaway prophets were embarked on his swelling breast, or that, having dipping proclivities, he sympathized with the Baptists in being opposed to Dalhousie College, which was the subject of our mission, it is unnecessary to decide; but one thing is certain—namely, that, notwithstanding the skill of Capt. Bourke of the "Heather Belle," the storm managed to turn us back twice to safe moorings. In so doing, the sea-lion tossed his mane, danced and plunged, roared and foamed at the mouth, threw up the various substances at the bottom of his lair, and discoloured all things in such a violent and infuriated style, that we had the pain of witnessing many human beings, with visage changed, turn sick at the sight. The vivid recollection, in my own mind, that, twelve years ago, I had waited in Pictou for the "Fairy Queen," only to hear in the morning that she had upset about the place where we were being specially knocked about, added nothing to my comfort. However, having been thus delayed, we embarked on Wednesday in the Georgetown packet, thus changing our course a little, and crossed on the only calm day in that week. After floating past Pictou Island, where there are fine farms, coal, and a lighthouse, (a part of Mr. Herdman's parish,) we came, about 9 o'clock at night, to a certain Cape in the Island, which, after an hour or so, I got tired looking at, and which wind and tide were determined that I should see thoroughly, I crawled into a hole and laid myself on a shelf in the dark. Even a number of the *Record* upon the cabin table, containing an "organ" article, created no light within that dark receptacle of sleepy human clay. At 3 o'clock on Thursday morning, we anchored in the Georgetown harbour, and to create a heat in my numbened limbs on this chill morning, I assisted in furling the wet sail. We then made for the shore, and in a little time the hospitable house of Capt. Westaway received the weary pilgrims at an hour most unseasonable for the inmates, but most seasonable for the guests. O, the happiness of receiving a kind reception when one is tired and sleepy! It illustrates the wisdom and beauty of the oft-repeated Mosaic precept, "Be kind to strangers." Surely there must be a blessing in it to the donors as well as receivers. After visiting on Friday the most of the people, with Mr. Grant, who was here at home, and who was welcomed by all classes with a heartiness which fully attested the devotion he had shown to the interests of the people of Georgetown while there as a missionary,

I left for Belfast with Mr. McWilliam, on Friday morning, and pursued our journey during a breezy and raw day.

In the course of my day's prereginations in Georgetown, I observed changes for the better in the appearance of our Church property. When I was last there, the Church was dingy, dirty-looking and square, with no gallery. Now it is painted white, is gothic-looking, has a tower, and is very clean and comfortable. Moreover, there is beside it a large Manse, nearly finished. The tablet placed on the wall, to the memory of my old college companion, Mr. Lochead, awakened in my mind sad recollections. It was pleasant to see how the labors of an honest man had been appreciated, though he had died far away from this people in the discharge of his duty; and it was instructive to me to remember, that the last time I was in that Church, it had been my duty to induct him into this charge. Hard would be the heart that would not repeat the sentiment: "Be thou also ready; for thou, too, must put off thy harness." The improvements I have noted prove the success of the labors of the late Mr. Lochead and Mr. Grant, and that these are being ably continued by Mr. McWilliam. Mr. Grant preached on Sunday, and held meetings in Cardigan and Georgetown, and received from the people subscriptions amounting to about £30,—which were very liberal, considering that the people are making many improvements of a local nature.

As before stated, Mr. McWilliam kindly conveyed me on my way to Belfast on Friday. On my way, I beheld the, to me, novel sight of two horses threshing in a sort of treadmill. With their heads over the top, and their legs going vigorously, and their pitiable hard labor producing no progress, they presented to me such a queer sight as irresistibly produced laughter. "My lungs began to crow like chanticleer." Here was a picture of our Church during the period of my experience, and long before. No progress for ourselves, and threshing for others! During my own incumbency, a succession of laborers coming and going, and then leaving us as we were, and all this the fault not so much of the *men* as the *system* of depending upon foreign aid for a supply of ministers! Inferior men under a good system—a system founded upon sound and rational principles, will be much more successful than the best of men working under a wrong system. On parting with my kind friend, Mr. McWilliam, I was indebted to the often tried kindness of Mr. Peter Nicholson for conveying me to the hospitable manse of Mr. McLean. There I preached on Sunday and Monday, and held a meeting on the latter day, in conjunction with Mr. Grant, who had by this time overtaken me. Notwithstanding certain very adverse circumstances, the meeting was fairly attended, as I thought, but I was told that but a small por-