

the goods in in time, they will be carefully and properly packed, thereby saving needless expense; 5. The time is now rapidly approaching when I must up and away—not quite eight months. It is very desirable, therefore, that all mission goods or private packages going out to the Goodwills by me next autumn should be packed, addressed and invoiced ready for shipment by the first of October. This will prevent confusion and mistakes.

About the first of October—(if no unforeseen circumstances take place)—Mr. John W. McKenzie, myself, and probably Mr. Joseph Annand, will be bidding adieu to our dear native land, and turning our faces towards the dark isles of the southern sea.

Eight months may seem a long time to look forward to by those who are remaining at home, but to us who are then about to separate ourselves from kindred, friend, home and country, these few months yet to be spent with congenial friends and companions in our much-loved native land will glide away as swiftly as the morning cloud.

Then, who can blame us if we say
We love our native land?

But I fear, sir, I have already presumed on more than a reasonable share of your space; and although I intended to refer to some missionary meetings we had during the Christmas holidays, yet I must leave them to a future number and come abruptly to a close.

Ever yours, sincerely,

H. A. ROBERTSON.

Oxford House, Halifax, Feb. 1, 1871.

A Trip to Wallace.

To the Editor of the Record:

DEAR SIR,—Having frequently heard you complain, and not without reason, I daresay, of the very few “reminiscences” of the lives of “country parsons,” and jottings of their sometimes extended rambles, finding their way to your sanctum, I have concluded to send you a few notes of a tour to the North, lately made by me. I trust the effect upon some of the readers of the *Record* may be to make them turn over a leaf other than that on which the printer may display the said notes. Having received a kind invitation from the Rev. Mr. Anderson, to be present at a soiree to be given to his Sabbath scholars, on the evening of Wednesday 25th ult., I set out on Monday afternoon, from Folly Mountain, where I had been preaching the previous day. I reached the Manse at Wallace about half-past eight in the evening, as much like an icicle, it was remarked, as a

man could be. A hearty greeting from Mr. Anderson and his hospitable lady cheered my spirits, and a glowing fire soon warmed the body.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. McFarlane, who, notwithstanding the intense cold, had come early to the Manse, intent on preparation for the morrow's eve, were busily engaged at work. The temperature outside being in such striking contrast with that indoors that I was not tempted to go out, except for the purpose of making a visit to the church in the evening, I had a fair opportunity of inspecting the preparations going on. As they presented what was to me a novelty in S. S. soirees, and what I have reason to suppose would be such to many of your readers, I had better describe them. It was expected that about two hundred S. S. children would be present, and as many little bags of net, with variegated strings, had been prepared, which were being filled with apples, nuts, raisins, cakes, candies, &c., to be ready for distribution among them. By this means the trouble of setting tables was avoided, and, when the soiree came off, each one in primitive style received his portion, Benjamin's (if he happened to be present) depending not merely upon the capacity of his stomach, for all had enough and to spare. On Wednesday, the snow unfortunately took to dancing, whirling and waltzing about in a furious manner. Towards evening the temperature fell to about 20° below zero, and many were prevented from coming out, especially from a distance. Notwithstanding, there were over 100 children gathered in the church in the evening, four out of the six schools in the charge being represented. One little fellow had come, I believe, about eleven miles.

After praise, reading of the Word, and prayer, the little nets above mentioned were distributed, and to prove the truth of the old adage, “'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good,” as so many of the little ones had been prevented from coming out, we “older children” were made the recipients of the favours intended for them. Speeches were then made by the pastor, the writer, and Dr. MacLean. The choir and children, during the evening, sang several choice hymns in excellent time and harmony. These hymns were chiefly from the Scottish Hymnal, which has for some time been used in the school in Wallace, and is a great favourite with old and young.

I have heard several anecdotes of a celebrated peddler in Wallace whose demonstrations, so protracted and other meetings, to be in harmony with some other points in his character, are more singular than refined. He had not spent all his days in Wallace.