

this side the Strait. There were about thirty wigwams, and the men were engaged in the mackerel fishery. I ought, in justice, to state, that it was not a man, but a *woman* that "raved" at me, and struck me. The men were nearly all away at the time. There were about ten wigwams in one place, and about twenty in another, further on, standing in a line along the shore. I came first to the smallest cluster. Having met with a kind reception, I went after a while on to the rest. Meanwhile the news, I suppose, had been carried across, the alarm had been sounded, and as I approached I saw a band of women drawn up in a hostile attitude to oppose me. I paid no heed to their threats or to their blows, but walked on, endeavouring to soothe them with kind words, till I reached the farthest wigwam. In that I saw a man at his work. I entered and found him "all right," and in a few minutes was "in my element,"—reading and expounding the Word of God. I came away rejoicing in the Lord, who hath all hearts in his hand, who "openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth." Again I had to "run the gauntlet" to pass the whole line of wigwams. But not a cross word did I hear, not a sour look did I see. "Not a dog moved his tongue" at me; and the next day I had no difficulty in obtaining listeners to the Scriptures, from among them, so long as I choose to read.

The preceeding, without going further into details, will give a tolerably correct idea of the progress of our work. No one needs to be reminded of the difficulties with which we have had from the first to contend. The adversaries of truth have not ceased from their ancient taunt, "What do those feeble Jews? will they make an end in a day? will they revive the stones out of the heaps of rubbish which are burned?" And more than one "Ammonite" has scornfully predicted "even that which they build, if a fox go up he shall even break down their stone wall." Still, "by the good hand of our God upon us," the wall has continued to rise, "for the people have had a mind to work." Some of those "unsightly stones" have already been polished after the similitude of a palace, and others present a vastly different appearance at this day from what they presented when we began to dig them out of the rubbish. Though we have been grieved and disappointed in poor "Ben," we will not forget the consistent perseverance, so far as I can learn, of poor "Susan," his wife; and little Harriet's happy triumphant death, may not be lessened in importance because her poor father has "stumbled." We cannot forget "John Paul's" faith respecting his widow and fatherless children, whom he was enabled to commit so confidently into his Heavenly Father's hands, as he caught the shout from the celestial city, "John Paul has come! John Paul has come!" and *lived*—not *died*—"in rapturous