

Monthly Messenger.

Edited by Rev. T. HALL, Congregational Minister, Queen's Road Chapel, St. John's.

NEW SERIES. VOL. V. No. 7.

JULY, 1878.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

After ten years' constant hard work I decided to have a rest. A city minister, who preaches three sermons per week, presides at several meetings for devotion and business, conducts an extensive correspondence, directs missionary labour, cares for schools, and attends to the multifarious duties of a pastor, will once in a while feel weary and careworn. Five years ago my thoughtful and indulgent congregation voted a long holiday, but I made such a bad use of it, that they had almost decided I should never have another. This time I promised that I would be quiet—take good care not to preach and lecture myself almost to death. So once more I was set at liberty, and on May 9, at 4.30 a.m., I was passing out of the harbour on board the good s.s. Venezia, Captain McMaster, commander. Very soon we lost sight of the dear old city where I left so many loved ones, and in which I have spent some of the most pleasant years of my life. Fog, fog, fog, so thick that you could almost drive a peg in it, and hang your hat on it. Ah, that first day at sea! I have unpleasant memories of it still—dark, and cold, and stormy, steamer light in ballast, rolling and tumbling, and—I will draw a veil over the rest, I will only remark there was very little singing, or walking, or eating—a good deal of sighing, and bawling, and wishing for *terra firma*, and vowing never to go to sea again. We had few passengers, but all were in the same condition fortunately. It is some comfort if you are in calamity to have companions, as an Irishman said when the winds had destroyed his corn fields, "It is not so bad, for neighbour McManus has lost his too." Among our passengers was an Irishman, whom we called the "Cow man." I'm sure I do not know his right name. He had charge of a herd of cattle for some lady near Montreal. I think each cow will cost about 400 dollars by the time it is on her farm. Next in importance was ex-school teacher McKeon, who is ex-soldier, ex-bellringer in the Roman Catholic cathedral, an excellent man in his way. I found him well informed on all municipal, political, ecclesiastical, and musical affairs. He is one of the old-time pedagogues, and, to give to the innovations of our modern civilisation, with his family has gone to seek his fortune in the much-abused Dominion.

But to resume: We saw neither sun nor stars, nor anything brighter than an iceberg (and we came unpleasantly near one of these) till we made the land at Cow Bay, Cape Breton. This we did in thirty-six hours from St. John's—good for Capt. McMaster, of whom more anon.

COW BAY.

Coal-mining is the principal business of this place; consequently everything is coaly. On going ashore I found myself soon in company with an intelligent young man from one of the stores. I generally pick up some such companion. "There is a light in the church; what is going on?" "A prayer-meeting, sir." "What church?" "Presbyterian." "Let us go." The roads were rather muddy, something like Water-street in April. I think until the Board of Works attends to the cleansing of Water-street we might name it Mud-street. But about the prayer-meeting. Alas! I got little information, for all the exercises were conducted in Gaelic. I renewed my acquaintance with the old-time practice of lining the Psalms by the precentor; and the tunes—well, there were no demi-semiquavers, nor quavers, nor minims; but the shortest would count six by the tick of the clock. I was introduced to the pastor, who glories in the good old Scotch name, McDougal. I found him a man every inch. He preaches once in Gaelic and twice in English every Sabbath, and conducts several meetings during the week. As I expected to be in the neighbourhood on the following Lord's Day I promised to assist in the evening service.

GLACE BAY.

We steamed into Glace Bay on Saturday at noon. The scenery is very beautiful, but the inhabitants are poor, owing to scarcity of labour in the mines. I saw more ragged children in these two ports than I have seen in all the out-harbours of Newfoundland. If they had as good times as in former years, there would be a great change in these mining districts, for I learned that the Temperance Reform movement had starved out the grog-sellers. I gave them a parting speech from the deck of our steamer to put down the grog-sellers. My advice was well received.

I was only a short time in this port when I was invited to conduct service in the Episcopal Church