

encouragingly successful. Father Stevenson, who, religiously, has "borne the burthen and heat of the day" in this portion of the vineyard, looks as fresh and as life-like and as nimble as though the dial of life had been put back twenty years. He and his sons, and their christian relatives, numbering between seventy-five and a hundred, are exerting a healthful religious influence in all that country; and, indeed, they are in a fair way, by a due share of christian enterprise, to waive the standard of the Great Captain over that whole country. All the influence of satan cannot resist the power of a few intelligent, devoted, persevering men, banded together by the love and spirit of Christ.

Speaking to the friends there about three hours and a-half, forenoon and afternoon, on Lord's day, 20th July, and being aided by the brethren, I was taken by father Stevenson, July 21st, to the village of Summerside, thirty miles west, calling at Bedeque to see mother Crawford, and her son who abides on the old homestead.

Arriving at Summerside just as evening twilight was wearing away, it was ascertained that an appointment had been circulated by brother Schuraman for a meeting, and that the hour had come. Chilled with the rain that had fallen, without a hymn-book or other book, I stepped out of the travelling conveyance and entered into the place of meeting, and tried to get the electric battery of speech to work for a short season.

Tarrying at the home of a kind sister for the night, next morning, after brother Stevenson and I had taken the parting hand, I took up my quarters in the cabin of a packet vessel bound to Shediac, on the New Brunswick side of the St. Lawrence Gulf, some seventy miles from Summerside: and while looking westward and southward that morning the reflection was not specially pleasant that I was between eleven and twelve hundred miles from the loveliest spot on all the earth—*home*. But on realizing that after leaving Moncton, otherwise called the 'Bend,' fifteen miles from Shediac, the power of steam by water and land would take the traveler over all this long road within sixty or sixty-five hours, stoppage not included, the distance appeared to be greatly shortened.

I returned by way of Boston—called at Worcester, Mass., and saw for a few minutes a beloved brother and sister who have read the Christian Banner the past two years—halted and spoke in public at Troy, N. Y.—spent a few hours with sister Oliphant's Uncle and Aunt near Utica—and so proceeded to Brighton without delay and without acci-