

They cannot do their duty as a church unless this is done. And there is no apology for any family being without this paper, as it is within the reach of all by its cheapness. On Monday I was employed in baptising for two families, and visiting a sick young man, and came in the evening to Adington Forks. There I preached according to an arrangement made when passing through. The school room was about full. After service I took advantage of the occasion to speak a word in favour of the *Monthly Record*, as a number of people in that quarter are attached to the Church of Scotland; though very properly, in our circumstances, they hear the gospel in the ministrations of another church. I advised them also to put the small church in repair, so as to be of use to brethren who might pass that way. I may state for the information of those of your readers who may not be acquainted with this district of Lochaber, that it is of great natural beauty. Its features are large and expansive. The outlines are long and round. The mountains are high and imposing; and its rivers run through intervals spacious and rich. Its lakes, great and small, are innumerable; and some of them irresistibly remind us of scenes in the "land of Cakes." The people are from Lochaber in Scotland, near Fort William. The Secession of '43 did them no good, as while it did not give them a better religion it gave them great weakness and disunion. Oneness and independence have given place to division and ecclesiastical infirmity. We have not more than twenty-five families in Lochaber itself. I hope that God will preserve them in their integrity and their ancient attachment, and will cause his blessing to descend upon the labours of this small Presbytery in their behalf; so that their Christian knowledge and filial veneration for the word of God, the cross of Christ and the moral machinery of the Christian Church in general,—and that embodiment of it in particular, which is displayed in the doctrine, discipline and church government of our Church, may be preserved until a pastor of their own heart, and gifted with the magic flow of their native tongue may preach to them the hallowed word that saves Jew and Gentile. They are not unworthy. They subscribed £12 for the Young Men's Scheme. They pay for services; and they are about to try their utmost to build a Church. They take a lively interest in us, and we should interest ourselves in them. For this reason,—because you have often asked us to write an account of our missionary visits to your paper,—because the wants or the labours of one congregation may stimulate others,—and because the more such accounts are given, the more will the *Monthly Record* fulfil its purpose, and become a record of what is doing, I have troubled you with this letter

I am, &c.,

ALLAN POLLOCK.

New Glasgow, 27 Decr., 1855.

## The Deputation to Nova Scotia.

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE DELEGATES.  
(From the Presbyterian)

It was my intention to have sent you an account of the visit of the Deputation to Nova Scotia on our return: but, as I was informed that the proceedings of the Synod, &c., were to be published in the *Halifax Monthly Record*, I wanted to receive it before writing to you, as I thought your publishing both consecutively would connect them better in appearing in your columns. By some means the copy of the *Record* sent me miscarried, and it was only the other day I received it. I regret this exceedingly, and even now, though it is so late, I send you a few notes, though not so full as I at first intended.

I arrived at Halifax on Thursday Morning, 5th July, two days after the Synod met, and the day before Dr. Mathieson, accompanied by W. Edmonstone, Esq., who went via Boston. Words would fail me if I attempted to describe my feelings, on sailing down the Bay of Fundy during the clear bright sunshine of the previous day, or what I felt on entering the city of Halifax. The view of the harbour as we drove in by the Windsor road, was magnificent; the fog lying heavily as the morning's sun struggled through it, gave a grandeur to the scenery for which I was not prepared. On arriving at the hospitable mansion of the Hon. A. Keith, in whose company I travelled from St. Johns, N. B., I was fortunate in receiving my first salutation among the "blue noses" from the Rev. A. McGillivray, of the Pictou Presbytery, an individual whose name is well known in all the churches. When the seceding party had made their secession in 1843-4 the effect was to leave but few labourers among a very widely extended population, and these again were thinned by some going Home to enjoy the *otium* of a parochial charge in Scotland; he then resisting invitations from Home, restraining the yearnings of his own inclinations, feeling it his duty to remain, for years laboured, I may say, alone. The amount of his work then none can estimate except those acquainted with the locality. There he kept the flame alive for whose extinction the most energetic means were used, labouring incessantly, undergoing toils and privations almost incredible going from place engaged in his Masters work, dismayed neither by the summer's heat nor winter's cold nor his solitary condition. This was the brother who first greeted me on my arrival in Nova Scotia: proud was I of his hearty welcome.

After breakfast I went to the place where the meeting of Synod was held, St. Matthew's Church. On entering I was much impressed with the antiquated appearance of the building, as well as the paucity of members present for you must bear in mind that the Synod had been defunct, and that this meeting was only the second since its resuscitation. My attention was instantly riveted on the Chair, which was occupied by the Rev. J. Martin, of St. Andrew's Church, Halifax. Since the decease of our venerated father, Rev. J. McKenzie, of Williamstown, Glengary, Mr. Martin is the oldest member of our Church in B. N. America; he has spent a long life in the most zealous fulfilment of the arduous duties of a devoted minister, and has gained himself the love and esteem of friends, the respect of opponents and the good will of all. It may be truly said of him that he has spent his *all* in the service of his Master, from whom

he will receive a reward more than commensurate for what he has given up. His venerable appearance, as Moderator, and the scene altogether, led back my thoughts to the early struggles of our Parent Church, and the names of those worthies whose memories are so dear to us. I cannot describe the awe that came over me, the feeling of solemnity on finding myself in such a place and such a situation. This soon gave way when the affectionate words of welcome were addressed to me from the Chair, and on receiving the hearty shake of the hand from the brethren as they extended theirs in all the warmth of friendship and Christian benevolence.

From the published reports of the proceedings I leave you to form your own judgement, of the manner in which the Deputation was received publicly next day on the arrival of Dr. Mathieson and Mr. Edmonstone, who was received along with us being one of the Clergy Reserve Commissioners.

The intercourse we held with the brethren during the remainder of the Diets of Synod was of the most refreshing kind. On the Sabbath Dr. Mathieson and myself filled the pulpits of the two city Churches alternately, when the congregations were large and attentive. On the Monday evening there was a large and influential public meeting held in St. Matthew's Church, at which we were cordially received, and we trust the sentiments then expressed will be responded to by both sections of the Church. On Wednesday 11th July, we left Halifax for the county of Pictou; we stopped by appointment at Truro, where Dr. Mathieson preached on Thursday forenoon in the U. P. Church, the use of which was readily granted by the Rev. W. McCulloch, from whom and others of his brethren in that county we got a warm and cordial reception. We have no stated congregation, although there are some of our people residing there. I may mention that in this Province the U. P. body has a large proportion of the population adhering to them; they were the first who occupied the field, and from their devotion and perseverance they have many large and influential congregations.

I am sure that the impression of the afternoon we spent in Truro, will not quickly escape from the remembrance of either Dr. Mathieson, Mr. Edmonstone or myself, as we wandered by the banks of the beautiful river, calling to mind our youthful days when we used to wander and sport by the burns of our dear native land; and we were all astonished at an expression used by a clergyman, whom I had met in Goderich and whom I asked how he liked the Upper Province; he answered: "I could not live out of the blue-nosed atmosphere of Truro." We left Truro on Thursday afternoon, and on arriving at the stage-house, I found that an appointment had been made for me to preach next day at "Salt Springs," one of the four congregations under the charge of Rev. Mr. McLean.

I received a hearty welcome from H. H. Ross, Esq., with whose amiable lady I was not permitted the pleasure of renewing an early acquaintanceship, owing to her being seriously indisposed, she being the niece of our parish minister in Caithness. I preached to a large congregation principally Highlanders from the North of Scotland, some of whom I recognised as countrymen. I must say from my individual experience, that no more pleasing feeling can animate a minister than to have those for his hearers from the same place at Home: the feeling to me is the pleasure is so great to meet thus on Ears