

and the sacred mission of ministering to others, and by so doing, exhibiting the spirit and power of the gospel, and being like Him, "who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many."

M. D.

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*For the Monthly Record.*—

Late Communions in Cape Breton.

Although our old friends of the Presbytery of Pictou have not, somehow, been able to come to assist us at our Communions this season, I doubt not but they and their people will peruse with wonted interest a dry statement of these solemnities, as celebrated here in three of our Congregations, last month.

At this time, owing to the political excitement prevailing in some localities more than in others, we arranged the Communions in the inverse order of River Inhabitants, Middle River, and Broad Cove.

Meanwhile, Mr. Brodie was out of the Island, and though daily expected across the Strait he had not as yet shewed himself. Notwithstanding, on Tuesday, the 10th I started for River Inhabitants, by the back of Judique, a wild and barren tract of country, but twenty miles shorter than by the shore road; and there I met with our junior Missionary, Mr. Fraser. He knew little about the missing man; which set us both on our metel, and we resolved to go on and go through with the work. We had the usual services on Thursday and Friday; on which latter day two men of the place spoke to the "question" to much purpose. Saturday was chilly after a rainy night, and drove us into the half-finished new Church; when I had the satisfaction of preaching the first sermon in it, whoever will preach the last one there. It is a substantial, tasteful structure, much to the credit of the Congregation and of their young Missionary, for the energy with which he has forwarded the work.

Not till a late hour that night did Mr. Brodie stand before us, wet and cold, pale and coughing. Next morning, however, after a good sleep, he looked better; and did most of the work of the day outside. Meantime, Mr. Fraser preached to a few English people in the Church. The day was fine. Many people from all hands, besides the Congregation, assembled about the tent; where, generally, they joined in the various exercises of divine worship; gladly listened to the joyful sound of the gospel, and reverently beheld the holy table spread beneath the canopy of the skies; around which a few sat in remembrance of the Lord till he come to judge the world in righteousness.

The day being short, the Congregation was dismissed at an early hour of the evening, when they quietly broke up, spread out, and slowly moved away in all directions. On

Monday, after a parting word in Gaelic, and afterwards fortifying the body against the odds of the journey with our hospitable friends here, we set our faces towards Middle River Communion that week, calling by the way on friends at River Dennis, Whycocomagh, and the Narrows.

At this river, notwithstanding all that has come to pass, we occupied the old church, without molestation, all the days of the Communion. On Friday, one of us discussed the question proposed; after which two men of the Congregation offered up earnest prayers. Sunday was fair again. The crowd gathered from all quarters sat down on a former bank of the river opposite the tent, with that subdued air and manifest interest in all that was going on, so characteristic of our Scotch Highlanders everywhere. Indeed a file of outsiders stood behind the Congregation, and there was some rumbling of wagons on the road; but Mr. Brodie's piercing voice reached, at times, the outmost bounds of the camp. And I should not wonder though some of them went away with the laudable resolution of sensible people of old,—“We will hear thee again concerning this matter.” This time also the Communion was administered in the open air; upon Mr. Fraser having come out of the Church with his English hearers. All were sent away at an early hour of the evening, as some of them had far to go to their homes.

On Monday, after a Gaelic Sermon, and next day calling on old friends up and down we directed our course towards Broad Cove Communion the same week.

Here, along with the Congregation, we found many strangers from Lake Ainslie to Baddeck, and from Margarie to the Strait of Canso. We were glad to see their faces, on the occasion, enjoy their fellowship, and feel more of the divine presence at our public exercises, always accompanying such people. Mr. Fraser preached on Thursday. I joined him on Friday and opened the question, whereupon a dozen of speakers were ready to discuss the topic, some more, some less, to the point. Mr. Brodie joined us on Saturday and undertook the work of the day. The golden weather continued, Sunday was beautiful still. I took the “action Sermon” at the tent, in the hollow above the Church. Mr. Brodie addressed a mixed audience of all tongues in the Church, when, I understand, he had a good time of it. At the Communion there were four tables, all outside. Mr. Fraser served the English table; Mr. Brodie the three Gaelic tables: when he appeared to be quite in his element; and when, besides, there appeared to be a movement among the dry bones in that hollow, and that, not only at the tables, but over the Congregation, now grown into a multitude by the accession of those from the Church, some sitting, some standing all round. There was much weeping and some crying; and who would wonder