

(To the Editor of the Monthly Record.)

however, that there was a very bad and rickety bridge leading to it (or, if you will, keeping the way to it) which, I humbly think, would greatly add to the effect, and be much more convenient and safe for such bad horsemen as myself if repaired. Just beside this same bridge stands a nice little church, which has lately been erected for the accommodation, as I understood, of members of all Presbyterian bodies. I would have preached there myself in passing, had not circumstances prevented me from carrying out my wishes.

Owing to sacramental arrangements, I preached in St. Andrews', Pictou, on Sabbath the 31st August, both before and afterwards, when, as usual, the attendance was very numerous. On the following Sabbath, I preached at Cape John,—embracing the opportunity after service to communicate to the congregation the recent good news about Missionaries. On the 14th I visited West Branch, River John, when, after preaching, I reminded them of the claims of the "Monthly Record," which in this quarter is not so well supported as it might be. I likewise assured them that their spiritual wants were likely soon to be more regularly supplied. I also did the same at Earlton, where I preached on the following Sabbath to a very respectable audience.

Towards the end of the month, I reached Wallace, where my little family are presently residing. I preached there on the 28th of September; and have been alternately between Wallace and Pugwash, as well as preaching at Gulf-shore, Fox-Harbour School-house, and other stations around for the last six weeks. I purpose soon, if I can find an opportunity, visiting our friends in the direction of North Shore, who have frequently requested me to do so, though from accidental circumstances I have never been able to comply.

Our friends in this quarter have recently sustained a very severe loss—the loss of a young but active, zealous, and most useful member of our church in Pugwash. To all who knew him the name of William Cooper will ever be associated with feelings of mingled regret and esteem, if not of affection; nor will his memory soon be forgotten by many in his neighbourhood, but will doubtless be remembered for long years to come as that of a man who well deserved to be remembered. Perhaps the most prominent feature of Mr. Cooper's character was his stern, unbending integrity. He was altogether incapable of any base or mean action, thoroughly honest and honorable in all his dealings. He was a townsman of my own, both of us having been brought up within a few streets of each other, in Aberdeen, Scotland. He was a man of an intelligent and an elevated mind, and possessed of strong devotional feelings. The church of his fathers, Mr. Cooper ever affected the strongest attachment; and it was mainly through his instrumentality that the new building was erected in Pugwash a few years ago. Our friend also took a large part in the management of the public affairs of the place; and his loss will be deeply felt by every sincere friend of social improvement. His funeral was very numerous, and in testimony of the respect in which he was universally held. I was asked to preach a funeral sermon on the occasion. Place, 13th Nov.

It was my intention to have written to you a few lines last month in reference to the Record, but I am glad to find that my sentiments have been anticipated, and my views upon that subject so well represented by another pen. Like your correspondent, I have no personal interest in the publication, further than the pleasure it affords me to peruse, from month to month, a periodical so ably conducted. I humbly think that without some such organ, our cause could be but feebly maintained amidst the activities of our brethren of other churches. Look, for example, at the Wesleyans. There is not, I am certain, one in a hundred of their number who does not subscribe for the missionary Record issued by that body. Look at the Free Church, with their constant demands upon the liberality of their people—is not their issue well supported by all their adherents? Look at the Baptists—have they not many friends who willingly subscribe for their publications? Look at the "Bible Christians," these indefatigable labourers, of whom we have not a few in these colonies,—have they no organ of their principles? Yes; every other religious body has a paper which its friends of each most heartily subscribe for; and shall we of the Church of Scotland be the only parties who show an indifference and lukewarmness to the maintenance and diffusion of our principles by means of that all-powerful instrument, the press, which is so well fitted to be a useful ally in our cause? Shall we permit ourselves to fall in the rear of the Christian army, while every other regiment is advancing with flying colours? I trust not. I trust that our Ministers, Elders, and friends who possess influence, will in their respective spheres exert themselves to diffuse a love for the literature of our church, which, I may safely assert, will stand a comparison with that of any religious denomination which could be named.

I am, &c.,

P.

Rev. Andrew Lochhead of Georgetown.

We received a few weeks ago, the following exciting and interesting account of Mr. Lochhead's movements since his appointment as a Colonial Missionary, for publication in our journal.

"After a short delay in Scotland," he informs us, "subsequent to my appointment as a Missionary to Prince Edward's Island, where I am now a resident, I went to Liverpool, to ship there for New York, as I intended to visit the United States before coming to take up my abode in the British Colonies. With a view to that end I engaged a passage in the Isaac Webb, a powerful sailing vessel, which in due course of time set sail for her destination.

The same night a fearful hurricane arose, when the ship being partly dismasted, and having her sails blown away, we were driven on the Welch coast. Here a scene of awful sublimity and terror, not to speak of danger, presented itself. You can fancy the appearance of between three and four hundred human beings staring death in the face, with all the madness and despair of such a moment,—men and women on their knees, making what preparation they could for a watery grave.—children clinging to their parents; and husbands and wives taking, as they thought, a last farewell, and everything else in keeping. The moment was terrible. I remember well the feelings I entertained as I held on by the ropes of the vessel, as it dashed against the rocks. But God had mercy in store for us, and we all got safe ashore, with only a slight accident to one of the passengers.

Here was an opening for the exercise of hospitality; the good people of the place did not fail to embrace the opportunity, for they came in multitudes to lend a helping hand, and offer friendly entertainment to the distressed; and thus were exhibited the truest features of genuine christianity.

Steamers arriving we were soon conveyed back to Liverpool, where after spending a few days, and preaching in two different places of worship belonging to the Church of Scotland, I again took my passage—not to New York this time—but to Halifax direct. Having got underweigh we steamed along smoothly, although I sometimes thought it rough enough, as I surveyed the crested waves, dashing and foaming past the paddles of the steamer. The sea is indeed terribly grand, and awfully majestic. But to my narrative. She sailed away beautifully, and at last we arrived on the banks of Newfoundland, where I preached to an attentive audience in the first cabin. After this we soon reached Halifax, and landed safely, after a good run of nine days and some hours. I spent a few hours in that fine city, wearied and a stranger without forming almost any acquaintance either with its ministers or people, as I had no letters of introduction, and was anxious to reach my destination in the Island.

From Halifax I came on to Pictou, where I preached in Mr. Herdman's Church to a large and intelligent audience. I wish we had more of such specimens of the success and prosperity of the good old Church of Scotland, in these Provinces. It is encouraging to know how much may be accomplished by diligence and fidelity in the discharge of pastoral duty, when accompanied with the divine blessing.

From Pictou I hurried on to Charlotte-town, where we have had a congregation established for many years; and from that to Georgetown, where I preached to a goodly number of the adherents of our Church besides a number of strangers.—Here a Church may be formed by faithful and laborious application—but it must have both. A well-told story by itself will not do. It will require hard work and bold work too, in that as well as other localities. The Gospel must be preached in its full extent, having at the same time a touch of the gentleness of the dove and the sternness of the lion. But I am losing sight of my journey.

After preaching and visiting I left Georgetown and preached in Belfast to a very large