

others. I love such a man: who has borne the snarls of the snarlers, the angry envy of little souls, the luke-warm help of half-hearted friends, the failings and perhaps at times the opposition of brethren, the scoff of scoffers, and all the artillery of an ungodly and gainsaying world. To gain a victory over these battalions, is a victory the jubilee of which will be kept up while there is a harp or a song or a seraph in heaven. Our brother Murry is now in Ohio, waiting in the patience of hope till the Master's trumpet shall bid him march into other ranks.

Helped forward on my general tour by the church at River John, immediately after I uttered my last word in public it was expedient to be on my way to Pictou in order to fill an appointment for the evening. Brother M. Sillars, son of father Sillars, measured the distance—twenty miles—with his carriage, and gave me a passage to Pictou, arriving there in good time for meeting. Spoke at Pictou not only on Lord's day evening, but also on Monday and Tuesday evenings, the latter occasion in the Meeting House of the liberal Presbyterians who have friend McArthur for their pastor, a full brother to our friend Peden of Hamilton in faith, fellowship, and practice. Whether however neighbor Peden would open his Meeting House for a heretic known by the name of disciple, I have no means of learning.

At this point I was pleased to see the four brethren Fullerton and their companions, brother and sister Griffith, sister Renton and daughter, and one or two Baptist sisters whose names do not come to the point of my pen at this moment. Meetings were thinly attended in this town. Visiting a quarry a few miles out, and observing the powerful levers to raise the large blocks of freestone forced out of their original bed, I could not help musing upon the expediency of securing as powerful a lever in the moral or ecclesiastical department to lift the masses of unhewn rock in the human quarry of Pictou, in order that 'living stones' might be prepared and polished for the pure temple of the Lord.

July 16th, in company with brother John Fullerton, the passage by steamer was made from Pictou to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, a distance of say sixty-five miles. Taking a little refreshment and a few hours sleep at Charlottetown, next day, after a pleasant journey of sixteen or eighteen miles, less or more, I looked upon the country of New Glasgow and mingled with some of the devoted friends of the Lord who have pitched their tents there. New Glasgow is the centre of brother D. Crawford's labours in the gospel, and it was a pleasure to have the testimony confirmed that his efforts in that region have been