

For the Monthly Record.  
**Congregation of Cape North.**

It is related of a worthy minister, once in Scotland, that he was in the habit of entertaining his audience, by repeating, at the beginning of his sermon, the gist of what he had said on the Sabbath before. Following this, at least, methodical way of treating the subject, I may, in reference to my last report of our congregation in Cape North, remind such of the readers of the *Record*, as take any interest in that *ultima thule* of Christianity, that, then, I gave, for their perusal and particular information, a somewhat detailed outline of the origin and progress of the first settlement here, dating above fifty years ago.

Thus, it may be recollected, that, then, I intimated, not indistinctly, that the congregation, lying, as it is, eighty miles beyond the nearest minister in the Island, the people here, all this time, had but little gospel sent to them, whether by us or other parties concerned. Hence, the natural consequence has been, as I ventured to add, that many of the present generation fall far short of what, generally, their devout, exemplary forefathers had been. And, when the editor of the *Halifax Record* takes the liberty of pronouncing this representation, in the case, a "libel on their character," we all know that he has his reasons for doing so, though he does not believe what he writes.

A few weeks ago, I was down there again. And if, in December, my last look of Cape North was dark and stormy—the sea lashing on the mountain sides,—I found it, in July, as bright, and green, and warm, as the great luminary of day, with its light and heat, could render such a combination of land and water, wilds and wastes, rugged shores and restless ocean. Yet, here, in summer, as in winter, Boreas is the ruling power by day, and the Aurora Borealis the attraction by night. If, going to sea here, you, at night, take the advantage of the South wind, blowing off the land, as we did,—sitting abaft in your little boat, you find yourself next neighbours to these tall, fleeting spectres,—the Polar Star, with its cold, distant eye, taking little notice of them, whilst its massive Pointers, gradually bearing down upon them, appear to drive them back, when they all lie down, till next time, about the Pole. Then, you miss their light; and now the air is chilly. But, you turn to that star, blazing through the top of that tall spruce, on the top of a high mountain, to the left; and you can see stars of the first magnitude, like ships of the line, resting on the western horizon. And now, the moon, or a piece of her, has climbed up the sky, from behind the dark mountains. But you are almost trembling with the cold, though all the hands have cast off their jackets, in the calm, pulling hard the oars—some singing hymns, some songs. The way to warm you, is to take yourself an oar. And, all along, you feel that

the sea is a terrible monster, with many monsters within his belly, even Death. But, look up! and, oh! what countless, glittering worlds are overhead—far, far up, and all around! Oh! what Power must that be, that put them there, and kept them in it—I cannot tell how long! But, I have long thought that God is as powerful a Saviour, as He is the Creator and Upholder of the sun, moon and stars—not excepting our own good Planet. But now, at length, here is the wharf. Knock up our friend in that house! Now, light the lamp! Kindle the stove! A nice thing, a stove, coming off the water, this bleak morning. After refreshments, and the exchange of news—with their pipes in their teeth—all about fish, and nets, and the westerly winds, all retire for a while. And, let not heaving boat, or monster of the deep, or Aurora Borealis, disturb our brief repose.

Returning from this digression, I may now say that I have had a most successful excursion, this time, to the north, in regard to the hearty welcome received, on my arrival, from the people, and their attention, in general, to the preaching of the Word, which, I doubt not, has done good to some poor souls. A few days after, I had to mourn the loss of our chief man in the congregation—Mr. Roderick McKenzie, magistrate and merchant, remarkable for his public spirit, integrity and generosity. The Cape men and women had stood before his sick-bed; and, on the day we laid him in his narrow house, all felt that his premature end was a public calamity in the place, and that each had lost a personal friend.

As, in certain latitudes, it is said that it never rains but it pours; so this destitute congregation had never, at once, had so much preaching and teaching, as at this time. The local Presbytery sent two different deputations here, during my stay, so that there was less occasion, in one way, for my services, however much there might be in another. This Presbytery has £100, to grant, by way of aid, toward the erection of a church in the Bay of Aspy. And, fifteen families have duly accepted the seasonable boon, wisely considering that, if rejected on any account, it is hard to say when they should have a similar offer. However, we have got this gap in the congregation filled up. In my former report, when alluding to the English settlers here, there was no reason for giving their number. Now, I may state that, of these, there are forty families in all the bays and settlements—all opposed, on other than ecclesiastical grounds, to the new party; and who, from their scattered position, as they can never join to get a minister for themselves, necessarily fall in with us—to whom they are not opposed, on ecclesiastical, or any other grounds I know. The number of Scotch here, as given in my other report, is one hundred families. Thus, it will be seen that, so far as human eye can penetrate into the obscure future, like the unstable past, there will always, notwithstanding,